

## Hymn No. 73

## O Worship the King

- 1 O worship the King, all glorious above,  
O gratefully sing God's power and God's love;  
our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,  
pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of God's might, O sing of God's grace,  
whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;  
whose chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,  
and dark is God's path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old;  
hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,  
and round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;  
it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
and sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;  
thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
and Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

**Hymn No. 436**

**The Voice of God is Calling**

**(11 o'clock service only)**

- 1 The voice of God is calling its summons in our day;  
Isaiah heard in Zion, and we now hear God say:  
“Whom shall I send to succor my people in their need?  
Whom shall I send to loosen the bonds of shame and greed?”
- 2 “I hear my people crying in slum and mine, and mill;  
no field or mart is silent, no city street is still.  
I see my people falling in darkness and despair.  
Whom shall I send to shatter the fetters which they bear?”
- 3 We heed, O Lord, your summons, and answer: Here are we!  
Send us upon your errand, let us your servants be.  
Our strength is dust and ashes, our years a passing hour;  
but you can use our weakness to magnify your power.
- 4 From ease and plenty save us; from pride of place absolve;  
purge us of low desire; lift us to high resolve;  
take us, and make us holy; teach us your will and way.  
Speak, and behold! we answer; command, and we obey!

## Savior, Let Me Walk with Thee

- 1 O Savior, let me walk with thee  
in lowly paths of service free;  
tell me thy secret; help me bear  
the strain of toil, the fret of care.
- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move  
by some clear, winning word of love;  
teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
and guide them the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me thy patience; still with thee  
in closer, dearer company,  
in work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
in trust that triumphs over wrong.
- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray  
far down the future's broadening way,  
in peace that only thou canst give,  
with thee, O Savior, let me live.