

Please see the pages below for all the hymns for this Sunday:

First Hymn:

Hymn 595 - When My Heart Is Lost in Sorrow

Words: Susan Booth Mack Snipes, alt.

Music: Susan Booth Mack Snipes; arr. Soo Loomis and Robert Rockabrand

When my heart is lost in sorrow,
And light seems far and dim,
There's a tender prayer I can always pray:
Simply praising Him.
Praise the creator.
Let all within me sing!
For that's what I am made to do,
And comfort it will bring.

When weariness engulfs me,
Discouragement sinks in,
There's a hopeful prayer I can always pray:
Simply praising Him.
Praise the creator.
Let all within me sing!
For that's what I am made to do,
And courage it will bring.

When my days are much too busy
To find where prayer fits in,
There's a timeless prayer I can always pray:
Simply praising Him!
Praise the creator.
Let all within me sing!
For that's what I am made to do,
And stillness it will bring.

When earth seems satisfying,
My joys filled to the brim,
There's still a prayer I need to pray:
Simply praising Him.
Praise the creator.
Let all within me sing!
For that's what I am made to do,
And goodness it will bring.
For that's what we are made to do,
Let all the earth now sing!

Second Hymn:

Hymn 329

Words: Frederic W. Root

Music: Joseph Barnby

The heavens declare the glory
Of Him who made all things;
Each day repeats the story,
Each night its tribute brings.
To earth's remotest border
His mighty power is known;
In beauty, grandeur, order,
His handiwork is shown.

His law man's pathway brightens,
His judgments all are pure,
His Word the thought enlightens,
And ever shall endure.
To heed His testimony,
And Wisdom's way to hold,
Is sweeter far than honey,
And better far than gold.

In daily contemplation
Of Thee, I take delight;
O, let my meditation
Lay hold of Thee aright.
O, aid me in suppression
Of idle thought or word;
O, keep me from transgression,
Redeemer, strength, and Lord.

Third Hymn:

Hymn 542 - O Life That Maketh All Things New

Words: Samuel Longfellow, alt.

Music: Andrew D. Brewis, alt.

O Life that maketh all things new,
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men;
Our pilgrim feet, wet with Your dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The seekers of the Light are one:

One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the heart's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God; —

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view;
The sense of Life that knows no death, —
The Life that maketh all things new.