

Please see the pages below for the words to the solos for this Sunday:

Through the Eyes of Love

Words and Music: Rebecca Minor

A man ventures into town,
But he's robbed and he's beaten down.
More than one person passes him by,
Without offering to lend a hand.
'Til a man with a foreign face
Takes notice and slows his pace.
He casts aside social barriers,
And he takes the stranger under his care.

And the grateful man, he asks "Why did you save me?"
And he answers, "In this world we all share
One Father, one Mother; each heart like the other.
Look through the eyes of Love,
And you'll only see your brother there.
There's power in forgiveness. I believe we can live this.
Look through the eyes of Love and you'll see
You're not that different from me."

Now you say that your God's not mine,
And that's why you draw this line.
There are too many differences,
And it's best we remain status quo.
But we travel from shore to shore,
So our worlds collide all the more.
We're given chances to reach out
Like that kind stranger long ago.

And if we could only try to hear each other
We would learn that in this world we all share
One Father one Mother; each heart like the other.
Look through the eyes of Love,
And you'll only find your brother there.
There's power in forgiveness.
I believe we can live this.
Look through the eyes of Love and you'll see
You're not that different from me.

One Father one Mother; each heart like the other.
Look through the eyes of Love,
And you'll only find your brother there.
There's power in forgiveness. I believe we can live this.
Look through the eyes of Love and you'll see
You're not that different from me.
Just believe you can see through the eyes of Love,
Through the eyes of Love.
Look through the eyes of Love and you'll see
You're not that different from me.

Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire

Words: James Montgomery

Music: Sally Deford

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast,

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high,

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heav'n with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, He prays!"
And cry, "Behold, He prays!"

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus at the Father's throne
For sinners intercedes.

O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.
O thou by whom we come to God,
Lord, teach us how to pray.