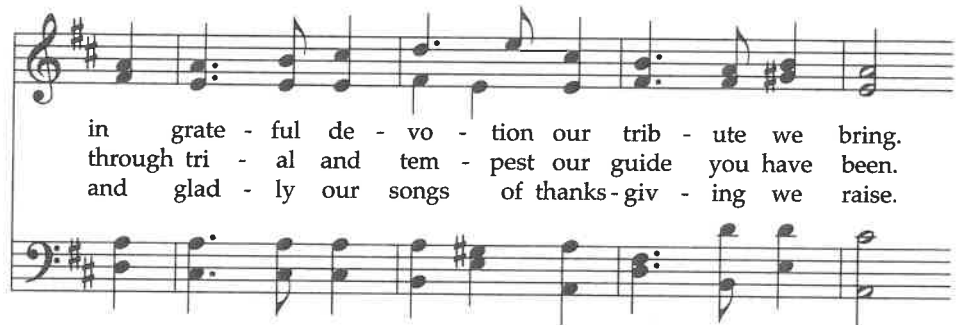
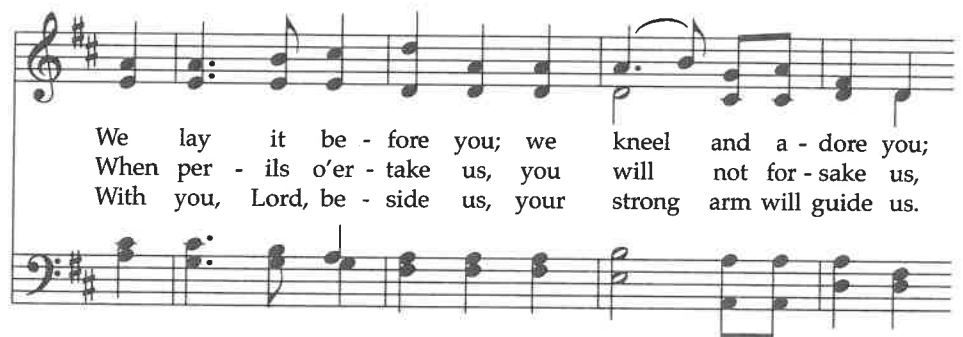


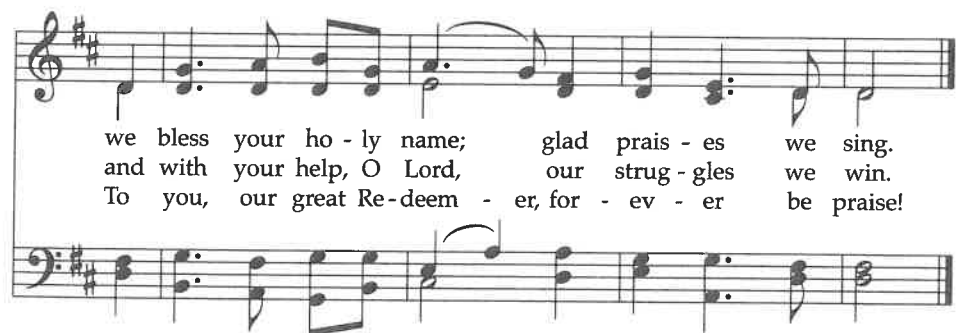
1 We praise you, O God, our Re - deem - er, Cre - a - tor;
 2 We wor - ship you, God of our fa - thers and moth - ers;
 3 With voic - es u - nit - ed our prais - es we of - fer



in grate - ful de - vo - tion our trib - ute we bring.
 through tri - al and tem - pest our guide you have been.
 and glad - ly our songs of thanks - giv - ing we raise.



We lay it be - fore you; we kneel and a - dore you;
 When per - ils o'er - take us, you will not for - sake us,
 With you, Lord, be - side us, your strong arm will guide us.



we bless your ho - ly name; glad prais - es we sing.
 and with your help, O Lord, our strug - gles we win.
 To you, our great Re - deem - er, for - ev - er be praise!

The author wrote this text when only nineteen years old in response to a request from the organist of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City, who wanted another Thanksgiving text to sing to this Dutch tune. He regarded the usual text (see no. 336) as too full of conflict.

TEXT: Julia C. Cory, 1902, alt.

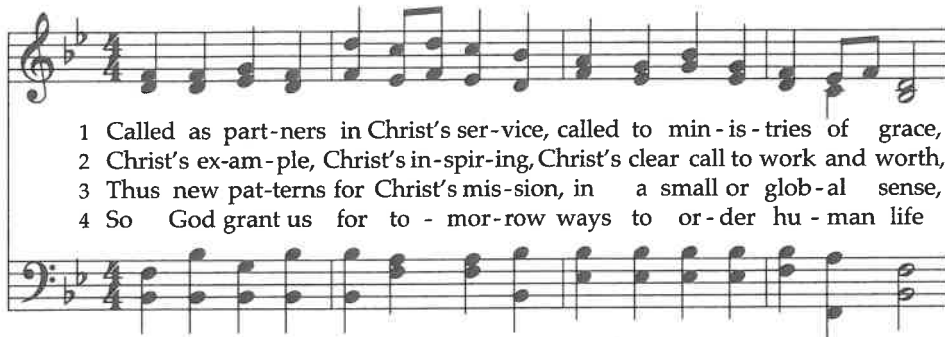
MUSIC: *Nederlandsch Gedenck-Clanck*, 1626; harm. Eduard Kremser, 1877

KREMSER

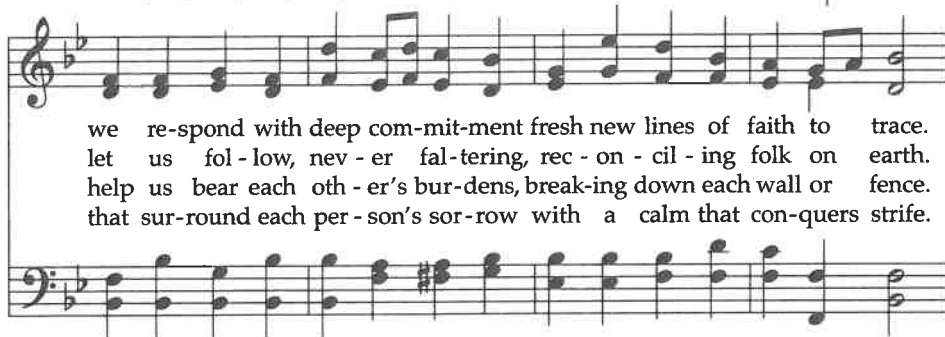
12.11.12.11

(this tune in a lower key, 336)

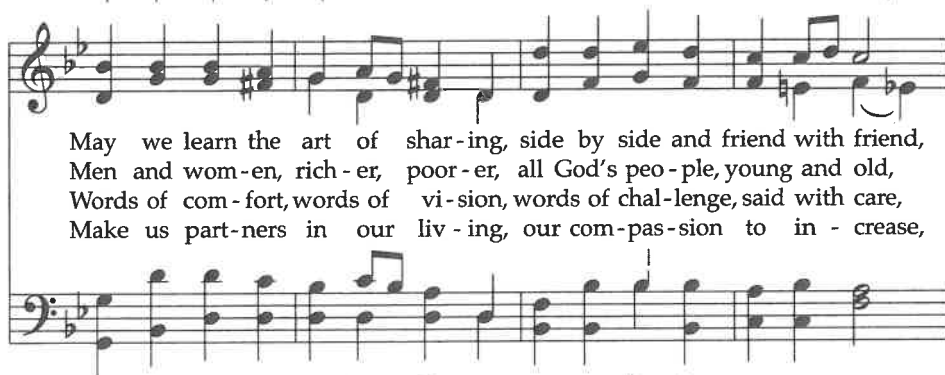
761 Called as Partners in Christ's Service



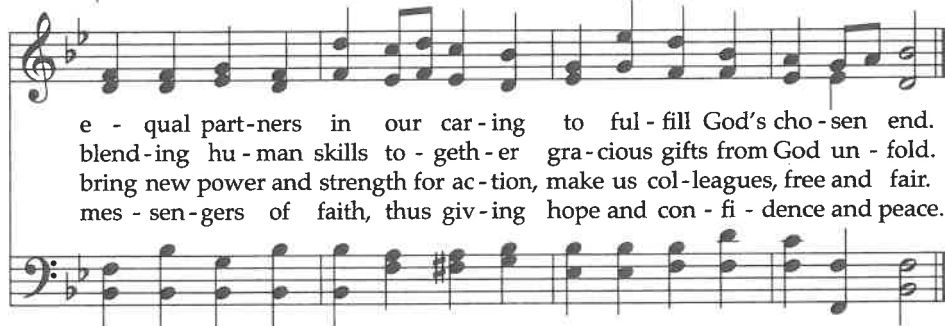
1 Called as part-ners in Christ's ser-vice, called to min-is-tries of grace,
2 Christ's ex-am-ple, Christ's in-spir-ing, Christ's clear call to work and worth,
3 Thus new pat-terns for Christ's mis-sion, in a small or glob-al sense,
4 So God grant us for to - mor-row ways to or - der hu - man life



we re-pond with deep com-mit-ment fresh new lines of faith to trace.
let us fol-low, nev-er fal-tering, rec-on-cil-ing folk on earth.
help us bear each oth-er's bur-dens, break-ing down each wall or fence.
that sur-round each per-son's sor-row with a calm that con-quests strife.



May we learn the art of shar-ing, side by side and friend with friend,
Men and wom-en, rich-er, poor-er, all God's peo-ple, young and old,
Words of com-fort, words of vi-sion, words of chal-lenge, said with care,
Make us part-ners in our liv-ing, our com-pas-sion to in-crease,



e - qual part-ners in our car-ing to ful-fill God's cho-sen end.
blend-ing hu-man skills to-geth-er gra-cious gifts from God un-fold.
bring new power and strength for ac-tion, make us col-leagues, free and fair.
mes-sen-gers of faith, thus giv-ing hope and con-fi-dence and peace.

This hymn is a celebration of mutuality and diversity as well as a challenge to the Christian community to live out a ministry of reconciliation and inclusion. This 20th-century text is set to a 19th-century tune named for the noted pastor and preacher Henry Ward Beecher.

TEXT: Jane Parker Huber, 1981
MUSIC: John Zundel, 1870
Text © 1981 Jane Parker Huber (admin. Westminster John Knox Press)

BEECHER
8.7.8.7.D
(alternate tune: EBENEZER)

450

Be Thou My Vision

1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true Word;
 3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise;
 4 High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tower;
 thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 raise thou me heaven - ward, O Power of my power.
 High King of Heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Guitar chords in Pew Edition do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

These stanzas are selected from a 20th-century English poetic version of an Irish monastic prayer dating to the 10th century or before. They are set to an Irish folk melody that has proved popular and easily sung despite its lack of repetition and its wide range.

TEXT: Irish poem; trans. Mary E. Byrne, 1905; vers. Eleanor Hull, 1912, alt.
 MUSIC: Irish ballad; harm. David Evans, 1927
 Music Harm. © 1927 Oxford University Press

SLANE
 10.10.10.10