

Lord, Whose Love In Humble Service UMH 581

1. Lord, whose love through humble service
Bore the weight of human need,
Who did'st on the Cross, forsaken,
Work with mercy's perfect deed;
We, thy servants, bring the worship
Not of voice alone, but heart
Consecrating to thy purpose.
Every gift thou dost impart.

2. Still thy children wander homeless;
Still the hungry cry for bread;
Still the captives long for freedom;
Still in grief men mourn their dead.
As, O Lord, thy deep compassion
Healed the sick and freed the soul,
Use the love thy Spirit kindles
Still to save and make men whole.

3. As we worship, grant us vision,
Till thy love's revealing light,
In its height and depth and greatness
Dawns upon our quickened sight,
Making known the needs and burdens
Thy compassion bids us bear,
Stirring us to tireless striving
Thine abundant life to share.

4. Called from worship unto service,
Forth in thy dear name we go,
To the child, the youth, the aged,
Love in living deeds to show,
Hope and health, good will and comfort,
Counsel, aid and peace we give,
That thy children, Lord, in freedom
May thy mercy know and live.

There Is A Balm in Gilead UMH 375

Refrain:

**There is a balm in Gilead
to make the wounded whole,
there is a balm in Gilead
to heal the sin-sick soul.**

Sometimes I feel discouraged
and think my work's in vain,
but then the Holy Spirit
revives my soul again.

Refrain

2 If you cannot preach like Peter,
if you cannot pray like Paul,
you can tell the love of Jesus
and say, "He died for all."

Refrain

Be Thou My Vision UMH 451

1. Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
be all else but naught to me, save that Thou art;
be Thou my best thought in the day and the night,
both waking and sleeping, Thy presence my light.

2. Be Thou my Wisdom, be Thou my true Word;
be Thou ever with me and I with Thee, Lord;
be Thou my great Father, and I Thy true son,
be Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

3 Be Thou my Breastplate, my Sword for the fight;
be Thou my whole Armor, be Thou my true Might;
be Thou my soul's Shelter, be Thou my strong Tow'r,
O raise Thou me heav'nward, great Pow'r of my pow'r.

4. Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
be Thou mine inheritance, now and always;
be Thou and Thou only the first in my heart,
O High King of heaven, my Treasure Thou art.

5. High King of heaven, Thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant me its joys, after vict'ry is won;
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be Thou my Vision, O Ruler of all.