OPENING HYMN  

Joyful, joyful, we adore thee

1 Joyful, joyful, we adore thee, God of glory, Lord of love;
hearts unfold like flowers before thee, praising thee, their sun above.

2 All thy works with joy surround thee, earth and heaven reflect thy rays,
estars and angels sing around thee, center of unbroken praise.

3 Thou art giving and forgiving, ever blessing, ever blest,
well-spring of the joy of living, ocean-depth of happy rest!

Melt the clouds of sin and sadness; drive the dark of doubt away;
giver of immortal gladness, fill us with the light of day.

Field and forest, vale and mountain, blooming meadow, flashing sea,
chanting bird and flowing fountain, call us to rejoice in thee.

Thou our Father, Christ our Brother: all who live in love are thine;
teach us how to love each other, lift us to the joy divine.

Words: Henry Van Dyke
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, and press with vigor
2 A cloud of witnesses around hold thee in full sur-
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice that calls thee from on
4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, and press with vigor

on; a heavenly race demands thy zeal, and
vey; forget the steps already trod and
high; 'tis his own hand presents the prize to
on; a heavenly race demands thy zeal, and

an immortal crown, and an immortal crown.
onward urge thy way, and onward urge thy way.
thine aspiring eye, to thine aspiring eye.
an immortal crown, and an immortal crown.

Words: Philip Doddridge
Music: Siroé, George Fredric Handel; adapt. Melodia Sacra, 1815
CLOSING HYMN

We thank you Lord of Heaven

1 We thank you, Lord of Heaven, For all the joys that greet us,
For swift and gallant horses, For lambs in pastures springing,
For home-ly dwell-ing - pla - ces Where child-hood’s vi-sions lin - ger,

For all that you have giv - en To help us and de-light us
For dogs with friend-ly fa - ces, For birds with mu-sic throng-ing
For friends and kind-ly voic-es, For bread to stay our hun - ger

In earth and sky and seas; The sun-light on the mea-dows,
Their chan-tries in the trees; For herbs to cool our fe-ver,
And sleep to bring us ease; For zeal and zest of liv - ing,

The rain-bow’s fleet-ing won - der, The clouds with cool-ing sha-dows
For flowers of field and gar-den, For bees a - mong the clo-ver
For faith and un-der-stand-ing, For words to tell our lov-ing,
The stars that shine in splendor—We thank you, Lord, for these.
With stolen sweetness laden—We thank you, Lord, for these.
For hope of peace unending—We thank you, Lord, for these. A-men.