OPENING HYMN

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand

1 God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
leads forth in beauty all the starry band
of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
in this free land by thee our lot is cast;
be thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay
thy word our law, thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
be thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
thy true religion in our hearts increase,
thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,
lead us from night to never-ending day;
fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
and glory, laud, and praise be ever thine.

Words: Daniel Crane Roberts
SEQUENCE HYMN
Take up your cross, the Savior said

1 Take up your cross, the Savior said, if
2 Take up your cross, let not its weight fill
3 Take up your cross, heed not the shame, and
4 Take up your cross, then, in his strength, and
5 Take up your cross, and follow Christ, nor

1 you would my disciple be; take up your cross with
2 your weak spirit with alarm; his strength shall bear your
3 let your foolish heart be still; the Lord for you ac-
4 calmly every danger brave; it guides you to a-
5 think till death to lay it down; for only those who

1 willing heart, and humbly follow after me.
2 spirit up, and brace your heart, and nerve your arm.
3 ceased death up on a cross, on Calvary's hill.
4 bountiful life and leads to victory o'er the grave.
5 bear the cross may hope to wear the glorious crown.

Words: Charles William Everest.
Music: Bourbon, att. Freeman Lewis.
Ye holy angels bright

1 Ye holy angels bright, who wait at God’s right hand, or
2 Ye blessed souls at rest, who ran this earthly race and
3 Ye saints, who toil below, adore your heavenly King, and
4 My soul, bear thou thy part, triumph in God above: and

with a well-tuned heart sing thou the songs of love! Let all thy
through the realms of light fly at your Lord’s command, assist our
now, from sin released, behold the Savior’s face, God’s praises
onward as ye go some joyful anthem sing; take what he
with a well-tuned heart sing thou the songs of love! Let all thy

days till life shall end, what e’er he send, be filled with praise.
song, for else the theme too high doth seem for mortal tongue.
sound, as in his sight with sweet delight ye do abound.
gives and praise him still, through good or ill, who ever lives!
days till life shall end, what e’er he send, be filled with praise.

Words: Richard Baxter; rev. John Hampden Gurney
Music: Darwall’s 148th, melody and bass John Darwall; harm. William Henry Monk, alt; desc. Sydney Hugo Nicholson