

Hymn No. 101 From All That Dwell Below the Skies

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
let the Creator's praise arise;
let the Redeemer's name be sung,
through every land by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies Lord;
eternal truth attends thy word.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
till suns shall rise and set no more.

- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
in songs of praise divinely sing;
the great salvation loud proclaim,
and shout for joy the Savior's name.

- 4 In every land begin the song,
to every land the strains belong;
in cheerful sounds all voices raise,
and fill the world with loudest praise.

Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire

(11 o'clock service ONLY)

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed,
the motion of a hidden fire that trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh, the falling of a tear,
the upward glancing of an eye, when none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech that infant lips can try;
prayer the sublimest strains that reach the Majesty on high.
- 5 Prayer is the Christians' vital breath, the Christians' native air;
their watchword at the gates of death; they enter heaven with prayer.
- 6 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!

Hymn No. 582 Whom Shall I Send?

- 1 Whom shall I send? Our Maker cries;
and many when they hear God's voice,
are sure where their vocation lies;
but many shrink from such a choice.

- 2 For who can serve a God so pure,
or claim to speak in such a name,
while doubt makes every step unsure,
and self confuses every aim?

- 3 And yet, believing God who calls
knows what we are and still may be,
our past defeats, our future falls,
we dare to answer: Lord, send me!

- 4 Those who are called God purifies,
and daily gives us strength to bend
our thoughts, our skills, our energies,
and life itself to this one end.