

Hymn No. 131 We Gather Together

- 1 We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing;
He chastens and hastens his will to make known.
The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing.
Sing praises to his name; he forgets not his own.

- 2 Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
ordaining, maintaining his kingdom divine;
so from the beginning the fight we were winning;
thou, Lord, wast at our side, all glory be thine!

- 3 We all do extol thee, thou leader triumphant,
and pray that thou still our defender wilt be.
Let thy congregation escape tribulation;
thy name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!

Hymn No. 500 Spirit of God, Descend upon My Heart
(11 c'clock service ONLY)

- 1 Spirit of God, descend upon my heart,
wean it from the earth; through all its pulses move;
stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
and make me love thee as I ought to love.

- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
no sudden rending of the veil of clay,
no angel visitant, no opening skies;
but take the dimness of my soul away.

- 3 Hast thou not bid me love thee, God and King?
All, all thine own, soul, heart and strength and mind.
I see thy cross; there teach my heart to cling.
O let me seek thee, and O let me find!

- 4 Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
teach me the struggles of the soul to bear.
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh,
teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

- 5 Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
one holy passion filling all my frame;
the kindling of the heaven-descended Dove,
my heart an altar, and thy love the flame.

Hymn No. 400 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing, tune my heart to
sing thy grace; streams of mercy, never ceasing,
calls for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious
sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above. Praise the mount!
I'm fixed upon it, mount of thy redeeming love.

- 2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer; hither by thy
help I'm come; and I hope, by the good pleasure,
safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a
stranger, wandering from the fold of God; he, to rescue
me from danger, interposed his precious blood.

- 3 O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained
to be! Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
bind my wandering heart to thee. Prone to wander, Lord, I
feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my heart,
O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.