

January 28, 2024 Hymns

17. O Worship the King

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
and gratefully sing God's wonderful love,
our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

2 How great is your might! How steadfast your grace!
Your robe is the light; your canopy, space;
your chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
in majesty riding the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, your power has founded of old,
established it fast by a changeless decree,
and round it has cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Your bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
in you do we trust, nor find you to fail;
your mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

595. Be Thou My Vision

1 Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
naught be all else to me, save that thou art
thou my best thought, by day or by night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

2 Be thou my wisdom, and thou my true word;
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
thou my redeemer, my love thou hast won,
thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

3 Riches I heed not, nor vain empty praise,
thou mine inheritance, now and always:
thou and thou only, first in my heart,
Great God of heaven, my treasure thou art.

3 Great God of heaven, my victory won,
may I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

638. In the Bulb There Is a Flower

1 In the bulb there is a flower;
in the seed, an apple tree;
in cocoons, a hidden promise:
butterflies will soon be free!
In the cold and snow of winter
there's a spring that waits to be,
unrevealed until its season,
something God alone can see.

2 There's a song in every silence,
seeking word and melody;
there's a dawn in every darkness
bringing hope to you and me.
From the past will come the future;
what it holds, a mystery,
unrevealed until its season,
something God alone can see.

3 In our end is our beginning;
in our time, infinity;
in our doubt there is believing;
in our life, eternity.
in our death, a resurrection;
at the last, a victory,
unrevealed until its season,
something God alone can see.