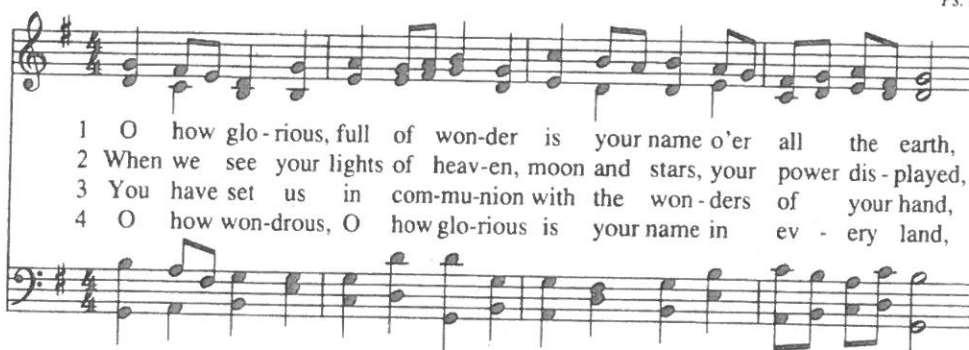


O How Glorious, Full of Wonder

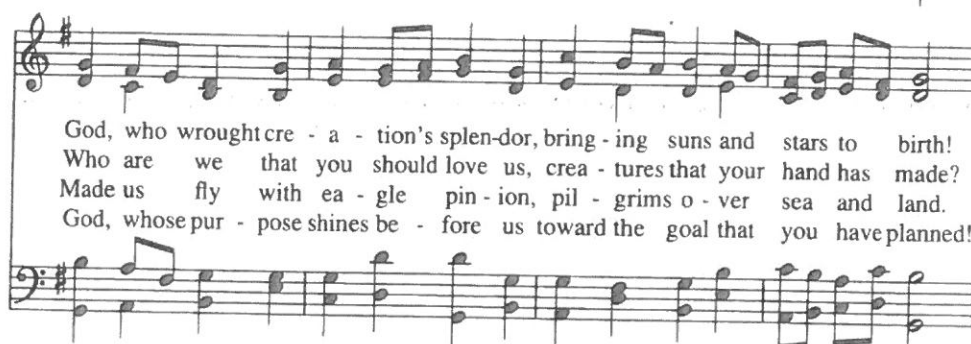
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Curtis Beach, 1958, rev. 1980; alt.

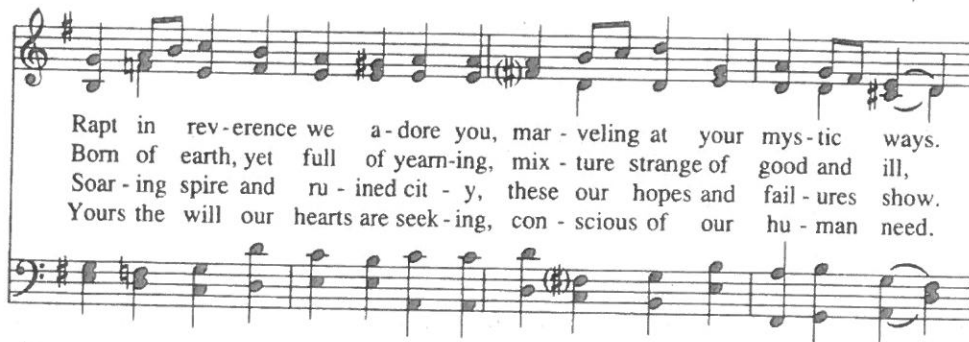
Ps. 8



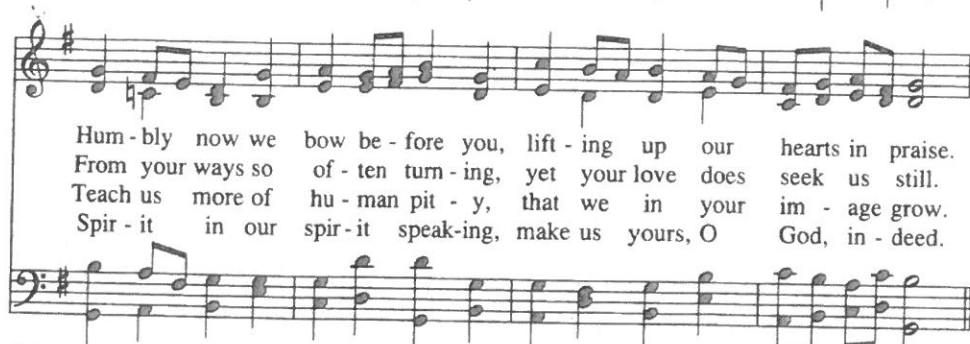
1 O how glo-rious, full of won-der is your name o'er all the earth,
 2 When we see your lights of heav-en, moon and stars, your power dis-played,
 3 You have set us in com-mu-nion with the won-ders of your hand,
 4 O how won-drous, O how glo-rious is your name in ev-ery land,



God, who wrought cre-a-tion's splen-dor, bring-ing suns and stars to birth!
 Who are we that you should love us, crea-tures that your hand has made?
 Made us fly with ea-gle pin-ion, pil-grims o-ver sea and land.
 God, whose pur-pose shines be-fore us toward the goal that you have planned!



Rapt in rev-erence we a-dore you, mar-veling at your mys-tic ways.
 Born of earth, yet full of yearn-ing, mix-ture strange of good and ill,
 Soar-ing spire and ru-ined cit-y, these our hopes and fail-ures show.
 Yours the will our hearts are seek-ing, con-scious of our hu-man need.



Hum-bly now we bow be-fore you, lift-ing up our hearts in praise.
 From your ways so of-ten turn-ing, yet your love does seek us still.
 Teach us more of hu-man pit-y, that we in your im-age grow.
 Spir-it in our spir-it speak-ing, make us yours, O God, in-deed.

United Church of Christ minister Curtis Beach submitted this hymn to the editorial committee of the Pilgrim Hymnal (1958). It was one of two psalm paraphrases by Beach to be accepted. The hymn was also included in The Hymnal of the United Church of Christ (1974).

Tune: IN BABILONE 8.7.8.7.D.
 Traditional Dutch melody
 Arr. Julius Röntgen, c. 1906
 Alternate tune: HYMN TO JOY

Now the Green Blade Rises

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*John M. C. Crum, 1928; alt.**Matt. 27:57-28:7; Luke 23:50-24:12*

1 Now the green blade ris - es from the bur - ied grain;
 2 In the grave they laid their Love whom hate had slain,
 3 Christ came forth at Eas - ter, like the ris - en grain,
 4 When our hearts are win - try, griev - ing, or in pain,

Wheat that in dark earth for man - y days has lain;
 Think - ing that their Love would nev - er wake a - gain,
 Je - sus, who for three days in the grave had lain,
 Christ's warm touch can call us back to life a - gain,

Love lives a - gain, that with the dead has been:
 Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps un - seen:
 Quick from the dead the ris - en One is seen:
 Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:

Refrain
 Love is come a - gain like wheat that ris - es green.

John M. C. Crum, an English priest who was canon of Canterbury for fifteen years, wrote these words for this ancient French Christmas carol tune when it was included in the Oxford Book of Carols (1928).

Tune: NOËL NOUVELET 11.10.10.11.
*French noel, 15th century
 Harm. Martin F. Shaw, 1928*

God, Who Stretched the Spangled Heavens 556

Catherine Cameron, 1967

Gen. 5:1-2; Isa. 42:5-9

1 God, who stretched the span - gled heav - ens in - fi - nite in time and place,
 2 We have ven - tured worlds un - dreamed of since the child-hood of our race;
 3 As each far hor - i - zon beck - ons, may it chal - lenge us a - new,

Flung the suns in burn - ing ra - dian - ce through the si - lent fields of space;
 Known the ec - sta - sy of wing - ing through un - trav - eled realms of space;
 Chil - dren of cre - a - tive pur - pose, serv - ing oth - ers, hon - oring you.

We, your chil - dren, in your like - ness, share in - ven - tive powers with you;
 Probed the se - crets of the at - om, yield - ing un - i - mag - ined power,
 May our dreams prove rich with prom - ise, each en - deav - or, well be - gun;

Great Cre - a - tor, still cre - a - ting, show us what we yet may do.
 Fac - ing us with life's de - struc - tion or our most tri - um - phant hour.
 Great Cre - a - tor, give us guid - ance till our goals and yours are one.

Catherine Cameron, a professor of social psychology in California, wrote this text in 1967 with Haydn's Austrian Hymn in mind. This tune, Holy Manna, appeared in The Columbian Harmony (1825), and was attributed to the compiler of that volume, William Moore.

Tune: HOLY MANNA 8.7.8.7.D.
 William Moore, 1825