

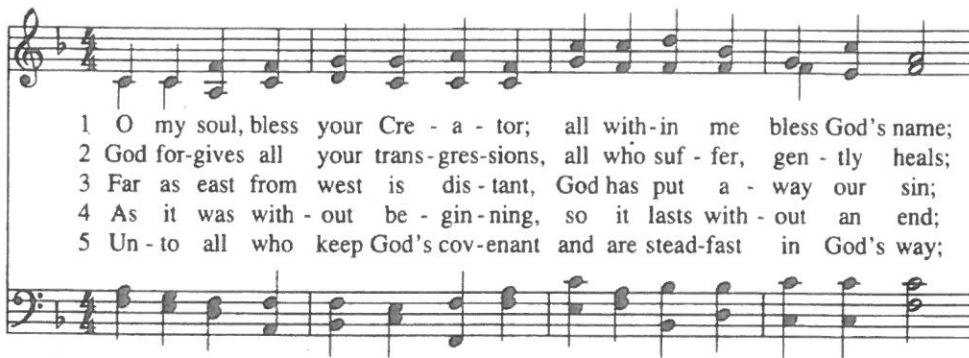
O My Soul, Bless Your Creator

13

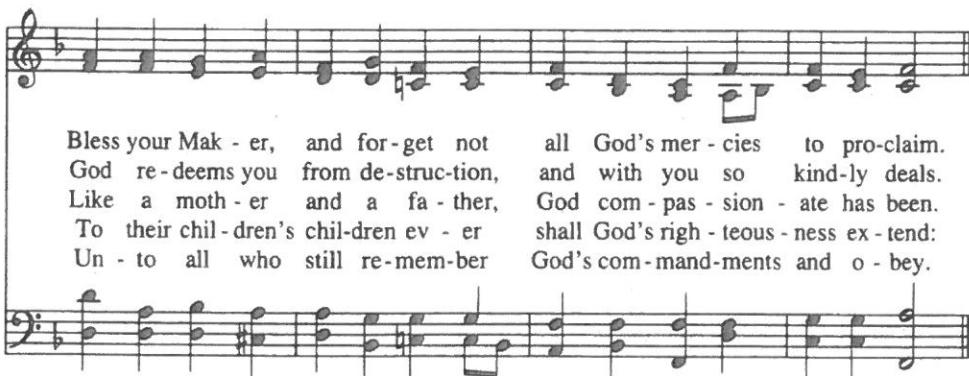
Anon.

United Presbyterian Book of Psalms, 1871; alt.

Ps. 103



1 O my soul, bless your Cre - a - tor; all with-in me bless God's name;
2 God for-gives all your trans-gres-sions, all who suf - fer, gen - tly heals;
3 Far as east from west is dis - tant, God has put a - way our sin;
4 As it was with - out be - gin-ning, so it lasts with - out an end;
5 Un - to all who keep God's cov-enant and are stead-fast in God's way;



Bless your Mak - er, and for-get not all God's mer - cies to pro-claim.
God re - deems you from de-struc-tion, and with you so kind-ly deals.
Like a moth - er and a fa - ther, God com - pas - sion - ate has been.
To their chil - dren's chil-dren ev - er shall God's righ - teous - ness ex - tend:
Un - to all who still re-mem-ber God's com - mand-ments and o - bey.

Psalm 103, a beautiful psalm of thanksgiving for God's forgiveness and steadfast love, is summed up in the lines of this hymn. The author of the paraphrase is unknown.

Tune: STUTTGART 8.7.8.7.
Attrib. to Christian F. Witt
Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715

Take My Gifts

562

Shirley Erena Murray, 1991

1 Take my gifts and let me love you, God who first of all loved me,
 2 Take the fruit that I have gath - ered from the tree your Spir - it sowed,
 3 Take what - ev - er I can of - fer— gifts that I have yet to find,

gave me light and food and shel - ter, gave me life and set me free,
 har - vest of your own com - pas - sion, juice that makes the wine of God,
 skills that I am slow to sharp - en, tal - ents of the hand and mind,

now be - cause your love has touched me, I have love to give a - way,
 spiced with hu - mor, laced with laugh - ter— fla - vor of the Je - sus life,
 things made beau - ti - ful for oth - ers in the place where I must be:

now the bread of love is ris - ing, loaves of love to mul - ti - ply!
 tang of risk and new ad - ven - ture, taste and zest be - yond be - lief.
 take my gifts and let me love you, God who first of all loved me.

Shirley Erena Murray recounted that Colin Gibson composed this tune for her stewardship text "almost instantaneously." Gibson has served as professor at the University of Otago, as well as organist and choir director in nearby Dunedin, New Zealand.

Tune: TALAVERA TERRACE 8.7.8.7.D.
 Colin Gibson, 1991
 Alternate tune: HOLY MANNA

Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

543

Frank Mason North, 1903; alt.

Luke 19:41; Matt. 10:42; Rev. 22:20

1 Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, where sound the
 2 In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, on shad-owed
 3 From ten - der child - hood's help - less - ness, from hu - man
 4 The cup of wa - ter given for you still holds the

cries of clan and race, A - bove the noise of self - ish
 thresh-olds framed with fears, From paths where hide the lures of
 griefs and bur - dened toil, From fam - ished souls, from sor - rows'
 fresh-ness of your grace; Yet long these mul - ti - tudes to

strife, O Christ, we hear your voice of grace.
 greed, we catch the vi - sion of your tears.
 stress, we know your heart does not re - coil.
 view the deep com - pas - sion of your face.

5 O Sav-ior, from
 the moun-tain-side,
 Make haste to heal
 these hearts of pain;
 A-mong these rest-less
 throngs a-bide,
 O tread the cit-y's streets a-gain:

6 Till all shall learn
 com-pas-sion's might,
 And fol-low where
 your feet have trod,
 Till glo-rious from
 your realm of light,
 Shall come the cit-y of our God.

This hymn was written for the 1905 Methodist Hymnal by Frank Mason North, a Methodist minister who was deeply committed to the role of the church in urban life. North later served as president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

Tune: GERMANY (GARDINER) L.M.
 William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815