

1 Great is your faith - ful - ness, O God, Cre - a - tor,*
 2 Sum - mer and win - ter, and spring - time and har - vest,
 3 Par - don for sin and a peace so en - dur - ing,

with you no shad - ow of turn - ing we see.
 sun, moon, and stars in their cours - es a - bove,
 your own dear pres - ence to cheer and to guide.

You do not change, your com - pas - sions they fail not;
 Join with all na - ture in man - i - fold wit - ness
 Strength for to - day and bright hope for to - mor - row,

all of your good - ness for - ev - er will be.
 to your great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love.
 bless - ings all mine with ten thou - sand be - side.

Refrain

Great is your faith - ful - ness! Great is your faith - ful - ness! Morn - ing by

morn - ing new mer - cies I see; All I have need - ed your

hand has pro - vid - ed, Great is your faith - ful - ness, God, un - to me!

I Would Be True

Phil. 4:8-9

St. 1, 2, Howard Arnold Walter, 1917

St. 3, anon.; alt.

1 I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
 2 I would be friend of all, the foe, the friend-less; I would be
 3 I would be prayer-ful through each bus - y mo - ment; I would be

pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
 giv - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,
 con - stant - ly in touch with God; I would be tuned to

there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for
 for I know my weak - ness; I would look up, and
 sense God's slight - est whis - per; I would have faith to

there is much to dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
 laugh, and love, and live, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and live.
 keep the path Christ trod, I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod.

The first two stanzas of this hymn are from "My Creed," a poem that Howard Walter sent to his mother from Japan, where he taught English before becoming a Congregational minister. Walter died at the age of thirty-five while working for the Y.M.C.A. in India.

Tune: PEEK 11.10.11.10.10.
 Joseph Y. Peek, 1911

O for a World

575

Miriam Therese Winter, 1987

Acts 4:32-35; 1 Cor. 1:26-31; 1 Pet. 3:8-12

1 O for a world where ev - ery-one re - spects each oth - er's ways,
2 O for a world where goods are shared and mis - er - y re - lieved,
3 We wel - come one world fam - i - ly and strug - gle with each choice
4 The poor are rich, the weak are strong, the fool - ish ones are wise.
5 O for a world pre - par - ing for God's glo - rious reign of peace,

Where love is lived and all is done with jus - tice and with praise.
Where truth is spo - ken, chil - dren spared, e - qual - i - ty a - chieved.
That o - pens us to u - ni - ty and gives our vi - sion voice.
Tell all who mourn: out - casts be - long, who per - ish - es will rise.
Where time and tears will be no more, and all but love will cease.

Inspired by Charles Wesley's phrase "O for a thousand tongues" and the familiar tune Azmon, Miriam Therese Winter wrote this hymn envisioning a new world order for the Presbyterian Women's Triennial Conference in 1982. It was later recrafted and recorded by the Medical Mission Sisters.

Tune: AZMON C.M.

Carl G. Gläser, 1828

Adapt. Lowell Mason in Modern Psalmody, 1839