

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 - diance 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

When Peace, Like a River
(It Is Well with My Soul)

Ps. 146; Col. 1:19-23; 2:13-14; 3 John 1:2

Horatio G. Spafford, 1873; alt.

1 When peace, like a riv - er, up - holds me each day, when
2 Though e - vil should tempt me, though tri - als should come, let
3 My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought— my
4 O God, speed the day that is filled with your light, when

sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, you have
this blessed as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my
sin— not in part, but the whole— Is nailed to the cross and I
clouds are rolled back as a scroll; The trum - pet shall sound and the

Refrain

taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, and has paid life and blood for my soul: It is
bear it no more. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, O my soul!
Lord shall ap - pear, "e - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

well with my soul, it is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well with my soul.

This hymn was written out of grief over the loss of the author's four daughters in the sinking of the SS Ville du Havre. After leaving his Chicago law practice, Horatio G. Spafford and his wife settled in Jerusalem.

Tune: VILLE DU HAVRE 11.8.11.9, with refrain
Philip P. Bliss, 1876

For the Healing of the Nations

Fred Kaan, 1965

1 For the heal - ing of the na - tions, God, we pray with
 2 Lead us for - ward in - to free - dom; from de - spair your
 3 All that kills a - bun - dant liv - ing, let it from the
 4 You, Cre - a - tor God, have writ - ten your great name on

one ac - cord; for a just and e - qual shar - ing
 world re - lease, that, re - deemed from war and ha - tred,
 earth be banned; pride of sta - tus, race, or school - ing,
 hu - man - kind; for our grow - ing in your like - ness

of the things that earth af - fords; to a life of
 all may come and go in peace. Show us how through
 dog - mas that ob - scure your plan. In our com - mon
 bring the life of Christ to mind, that by our re -

love in ac - tion help us rise and pledge our word.
 care and good - ness fear will die and hope in - crease.
 quest for jus - tice may we hal - low life's brief span.
 sponse and ser - vice earth its des - ti - ny may find.

Fred Kaan's most widely published text was first sung at Pilgrim Church in Plymouth, England, at a service of worship marking Human Rights Day in 1965. It has been used for many subsequent occasions, including the twenty-fifth anniversary of the United Nations.

Tune: WESTMINSTER ABBEY 8.7.8.7.8.7.
 Henry Purcell, c. 1680
 Arr. Ernest Hawkins, 1842