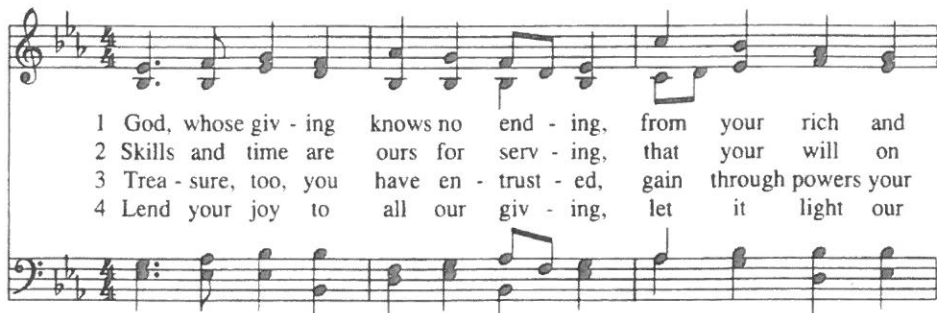
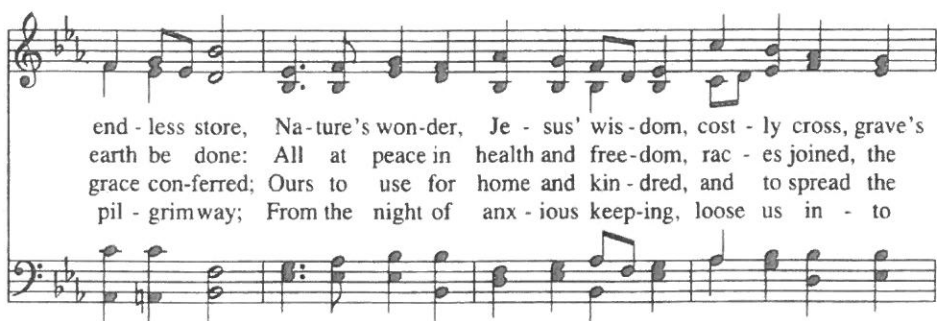


God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending

Robert L. Edwards, 1961; alt.


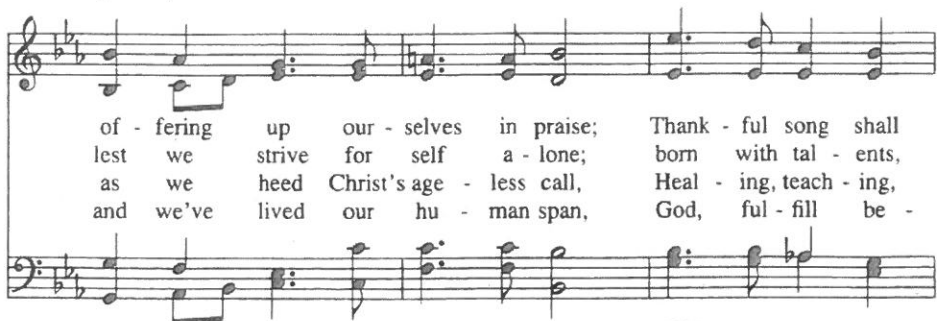
1 God, whose giv - ing knows no end - ing, from your rich and
 2 Skills and time are ours for serv - ing, that your will on
 3 Trea - sure, too, you have en - trust - ed, gain through powers your
 4 Lend your joy to all our giv - ing, let it light our



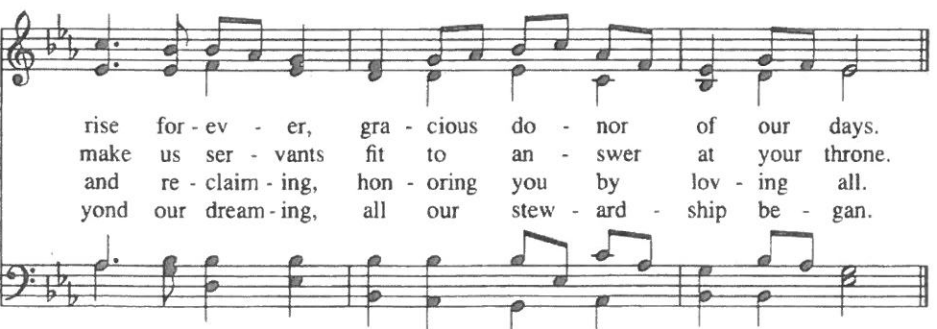
end - less store, Na - ture's won - der, Je - sus' wis - dom, cost - ly cross, grave's
 earth be done: All at peace in health and free - dom, rac - es joined, the
 grace con - ferred; Ours to use for home and kin - dred, and to spread the
 pil - grimway; From the night of anx - ious keep - ing, loose us in - to



shat - tered door: Gift - ed by you, we turn to you
 Church made one. Now di - rect our dai - ly la - bor,
 gos - pel Word. O - pen wide our hands in shar - ing
 gen - erous day. Then when years on earth are o - ver,



of - fering up our - selves in praise; Thank - ful song shall
 lest we strive for self a - lone; born with tal - ents,
 as we heed Christ's age - less call, Heal - ing, teach - ing,
 and we've lived our hu - man span, God, ful - fill be -



rise for - ev - er, gra - cious do - nor of our days.
 make us ser - vants fit to an - swer at your throne.
 and re - claim - ing, hon - oring you by lov - ing all.
 yond our dream - ing, all our stew - ard - ship be - gan.

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.

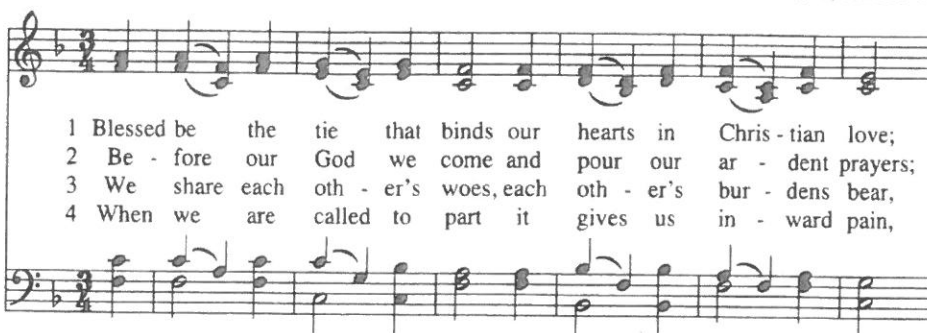
Tune: TALAVERA TERRACE 8.7.8.7.D.
 Colin Gibson, 1991
 Alternate tune: HOLY MANNA

Blessed Be the Tie That Binds

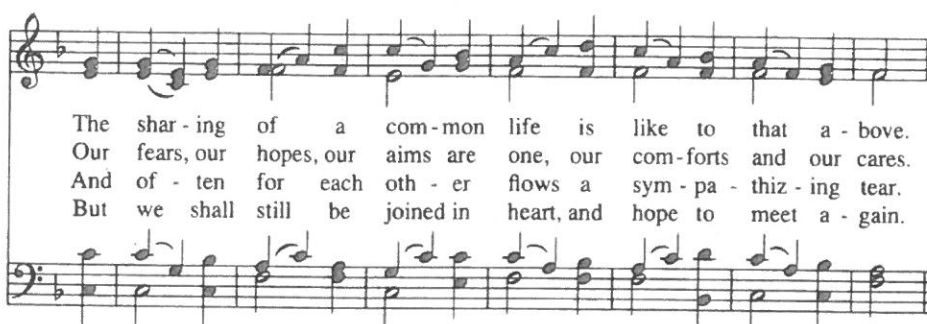
393

John Fawcett, 1782; alt.

Gal. 3:28; 6:2; Col. 3:13-15



1 Blessed be the tie that binds our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2 Be - fore our God we come and pour our ar - dent prayers;
3 We share each oth - er's woes, each oth - er's bur - dens bear,
4 When we are called to part it gives us in - ward pain,



The shar - ing of a com - mon life is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our com - forts and our cares.
And of - ten for each oth - er flows a sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, and hope to meet a - gain.

An English Baptist minister, John Fawcett published a number of poetic works. His entire ministry was spent at a church near Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, where he wrote most of his hymns to follow his sermons.

Tune: DENNIS S.M.
Melody by Johann G. Nägeli (c. 1768-1836)
Adapt. Lowell Mason, 1845