

God of Grace and God of Glory

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Harry Emerson Fosdick, 1930, alt.

1 God of grace and God of glo - ry, on your peo - ple
 2 From the e - vils that sur - round us and as - sail the
 3 Cure your chil - dren's war - ring mad - ness; bend our pride to
 4 Set our feet on loft - y plac - es; gird our lives that
 5 Save us from weak res - ig - na - tion to the e - vils

pour your power; crown your an - cient church - 's sto - ry;
 Sav - ior's ways, from the fears that long have bound us—
 your con - trol. Shame our reck - less, self - ish glad - ness,
 they may be ar - mored with all Christ - like grac - es,
 we de - plore; let the search for your sal - va - tion

bring its bud to glo - rious flower. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age,
 free our hearts for faith and praise. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age,
 rich in things and poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age,
 in the fight to set us free. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age,
 be our glo - ry ev - er - more. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age,

for the fac - ing of this hour, for the fac - ing of this hour.
 for the liv - ing of these days, for the liv - ing of these days.
 make our bro - ken spir - its whole, make our bro - ken spir - its whole.
 in the quest for lib - er - ty, in the quest for lib - er - ty.
 serv - ing you whom we a - dore, serv - ing you whom we a - dore.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, a prophetic preacher and writer, taught at Union Theological Seminary from 1915 to 1946. This hymn was written for the opening service and dedication of Riverside Church, New York City, which he served for twenty years.

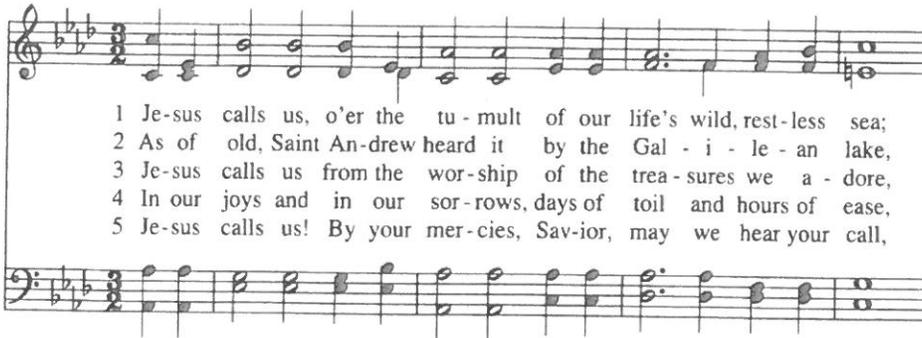
Tune: CWM RHONDDA 8.7.8.7.8.7.7.
 John Hughes, c. 1907

Jesus Calls Us, o'er the Tumult

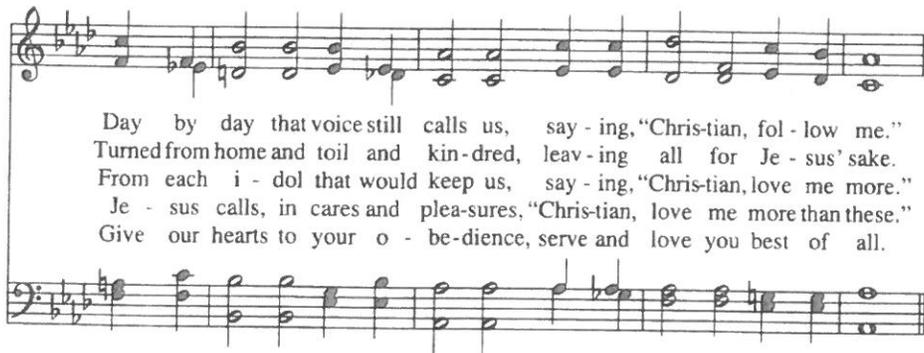
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Cecil F. Alexander, 1852; alt.

Matt. 4:18-22; Mark 1:16-20; John 21:15



1 Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2 As of old, Saint An-drew heard it by the Gal - i - le - an lake,
3 Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship of the trea - sures we a - dore,
4 In our joys and in our sor - rows, days of toil and hours of ease,
5 Je-sus calls us! By your mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear your call,



Day by day that voice still calls us, say - ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low me."
Turned from home and toil and kin-dred, leav - ing all for Je - sus' sake.
From each i - dol that would keep us, say - ing, "Chris-tian, love me more."
Je - sus calls, in cares and plea-sures, "Chris-tian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to your o - be-dience, serve and love you best of all.

Cecil Alexander, who in Ireland wrote sacred verse to teach children the meaning of the catechism and liturgy, designated this poem for St. Andrew's Day. Many years later Galilee was composed for this text by an English organist, William Jude.

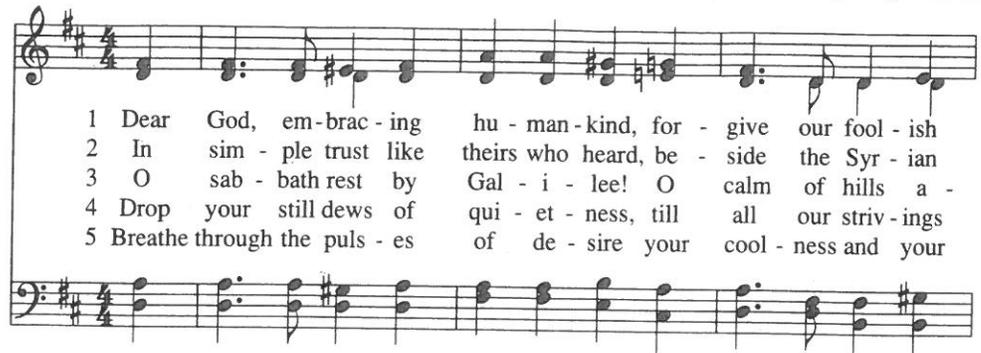
Tune: GALILEE 8.7.8.7.
William H. Jude, 1887
Alternate setting: ST. ANDREW

Dear God, Embracing Humankind

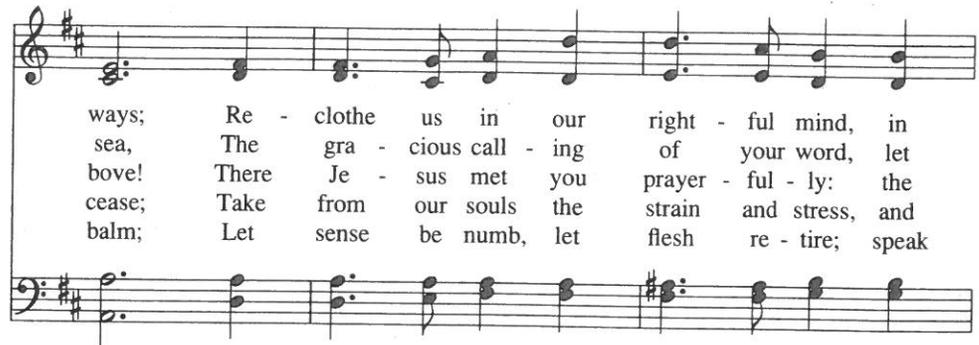
502

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872; alt.

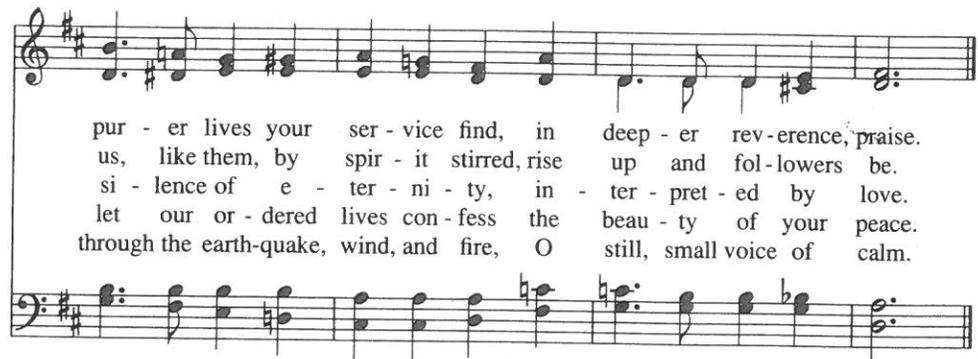
Mark 1:16-20; Matt. 14:22-23; 1 Kings 19:11-12



1 Dear God, em-brac - ing hu - man - kind, for - give our fool - ish
 2 In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, be - side the Syr - ian
 3 O sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a -
 4 Drop your still dews of qui - et - ness, till all our striv - ings
 5 Breathe through the puls - es of de - sire your cool - ness and your



ways; Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind, in
 sea, The gra - cious call - ing of your word, let
 bove! There Je - sus met you prayer - ful - ly: the
 cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, and
 balm; Let sense be numb, let flesh re - tire; speak



pur - er lives your ser - vice find, in deep - er rev - erence, praise.
 us, like them, by spir - it stirred, rise up and fol - lowers be.
 si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty, in - ter - pret - ed by love.
 let our or - dered lives con - fess the beau - ty of your peace.
 through the earth - quake, wind, and fire, O still, small voice of calm.

In his poem "The Brewing of Soma," New England poet John Greenleaf Whittier compares frenzied ecstasies of a sect of Hindu priests to the noisy Christian revivals he found so offensive. This hymn of quiet worship is from the final stanzas.

Tune: REST 8.6.8.8.6.
 Frederick C. Maker, 1887
 Alternate tune: REPTON
 (repeating last phrase)