



Praise to the Living God

Ps. 84:1-2


Curtis Beach, 1966; alt.




1 Praise to the liv - ing God, the God of love and light, Whose
 2 Praise to the liv - ing God, from whom all things de - rive, Whose
 3 Praise to the liv - ing God, who knows our joy and pain, Who
 4 Praise to the liv - ing God, a - round, with - in, a - bove, Be -



word brought forth the myr - iad suns and set the worlds in flight;
 Spir - it formed up - on this sphere the first faint seeds of life;
 shares with us our com - mon life, the sa - cred and pro - fane.
 yond the grasp of hu - man mind, but whom we know as love.



Whose in - fi - nite de - sign, which we but dim - ly see, Per -
 Who caused them to e - volve, un - wit - ting, toward God's goal, Till
 God toils wher-e'er we toil, in home and mart and mill; And
 In these tu - mul-tuous days, so full of hope and strife, May



vades all na - ture, mak - ing all a cos - mic u - ni - ty.
 hu - man-kind stood on the earth, as liv - ing, think - ing souls.
 deep with - in the hu - man heart God leads us for - ward still.
 we bear wit - ness to the Way, O Source and Goal of life.

Curtis Beach, born into a family of several generations of ministers, was educated at Harvard University, the Boston University School of Theology, and the University of Southern California. A minister in the United Church of Christ, Beach authored *The Gospel of Mark: Its Making and Meaning*.

Tune: DIADEMATA S.M.D.
 George J. Elvey, 1868


LENT

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Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Isa. 32:2; Gal. 6:14



Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872; alt.





1 Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I glad - ly take my stand,
2 Up - on the cross of Je - sus with - in my mind I see
3 I take, O cross, your shad - ow for my a - bid - ing place;




the shad - ow of a might-y rock with - in a wea - ry land;
the ver - y dy - ing form of One who suf - fered there for me;
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than the sun - shine of Christ's face;



A home with-in the wil - der - ness, a rest up - on the way,
And from my griev-ing heart with tears two won - ders I con - fess—
Con - tent to let the world go by, to know no gain or loss,



from the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, and the bur - den of the day.
the won - ders of Christ's glo - rious love and my un - wor - thi - ness.
my sin - ful self my on - ly shame, my glo - ry all the cross.

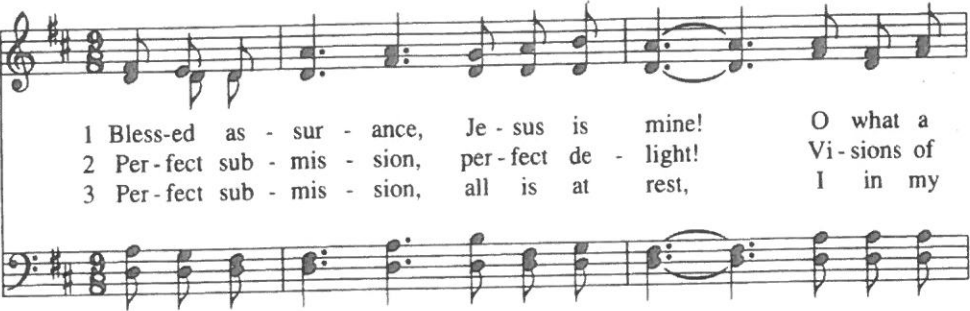


Elizabeth Clephane was known during her short lifetime for her charitable work in her hometown of Melrose, Scotland. After her death, this hymn was compiled from several stanzas of a longer poem that had appeared in a popular Scottish religious magazine.

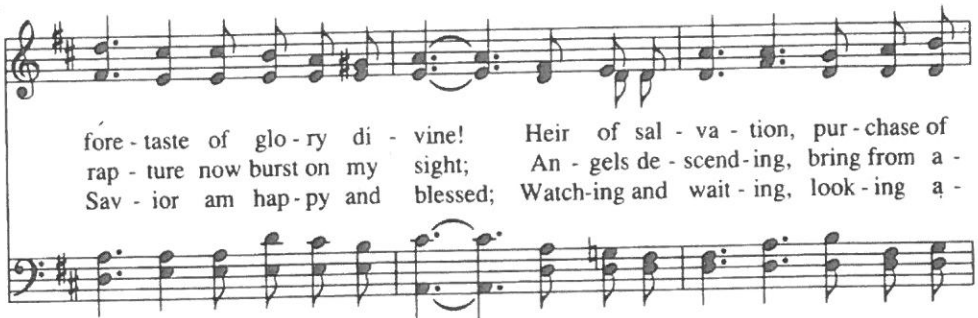
Tune: ST. CHRISTOPHER 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.
Frederick C. Maker, 1881

Acts 17:30-31; Rev. 7:9-14

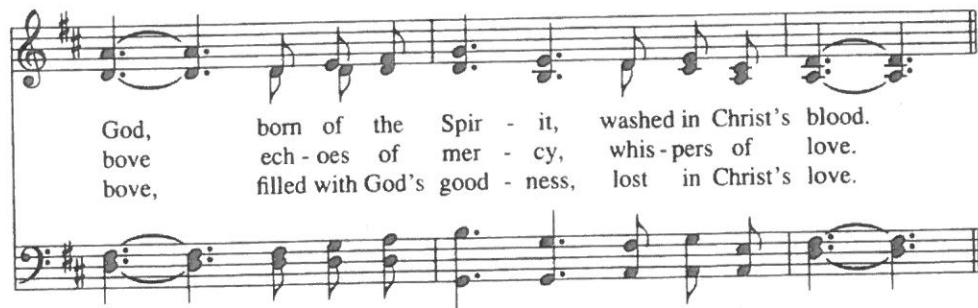
Fanny Crosby, 1873; alt.



1 Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a
 2 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light! Vi - sions of
 3 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

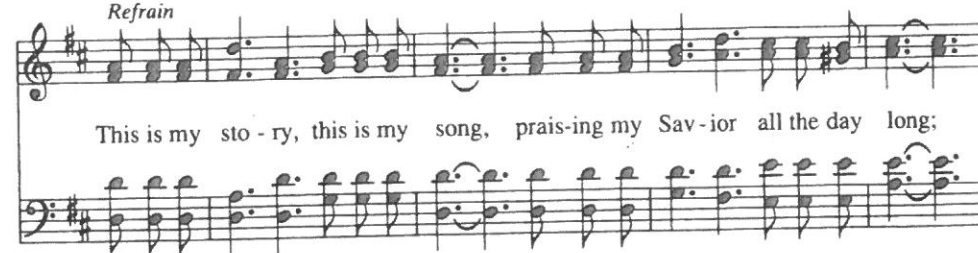


fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of
 rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sav - ior am hap - py and blessed; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a -

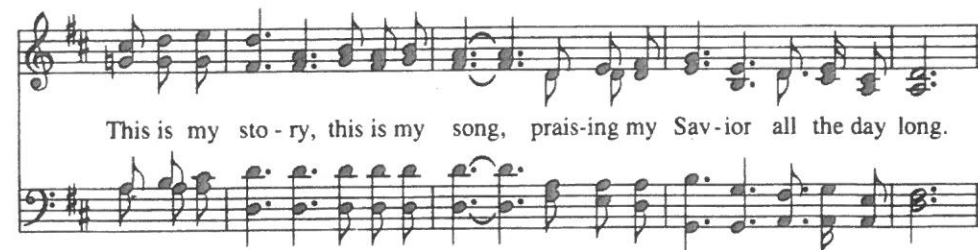


God, born of the Spir - it, washed in Christ's blood.
 bove, ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 bove, filled with God's good - ness, lost in Christ's love.

Refrain



This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long;



This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.