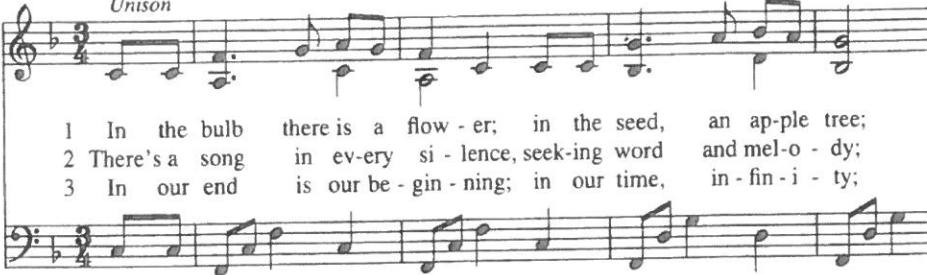


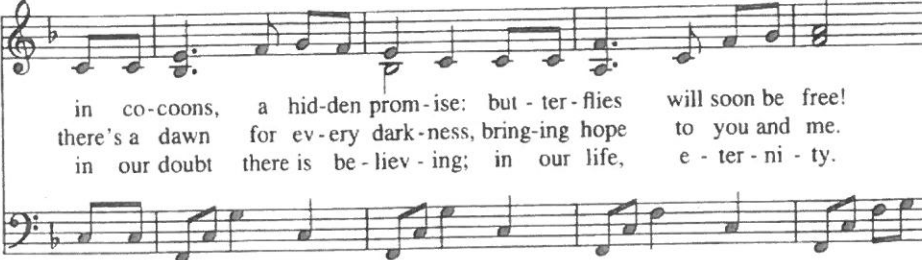
In the Bulb There Is a Flower

Natalie Sleeth, 1985

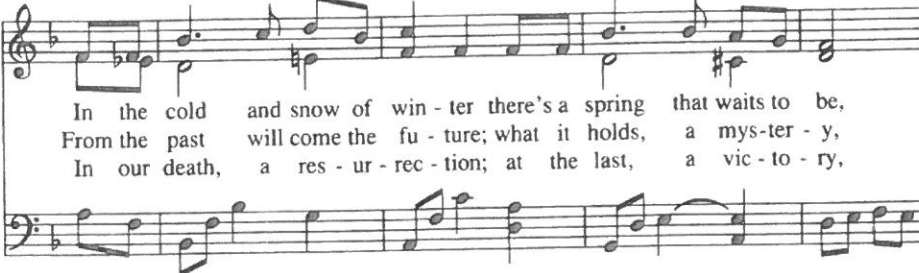
Unison



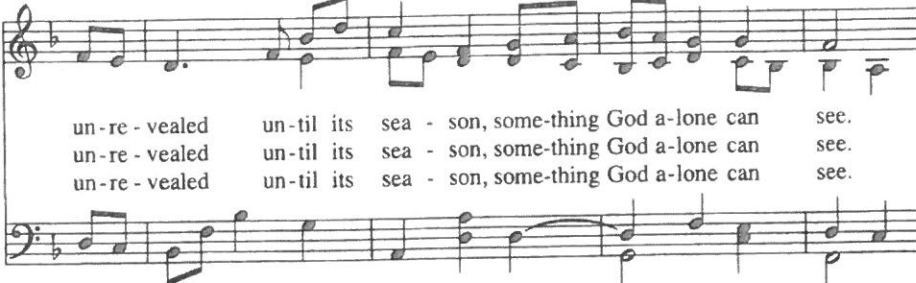
1 In the bulb there is a flow - er; in the seed, an ap - ple tree;
 2 There's a song in ev - ery si - lence, seek - ing word and mel - o - dy;
 3 In our end is our be - gin - ning; in our time, in - fin - i - ty;



in co - coons, a hid - den prom - ise: but - ter - flies will soon be free!
 there's a dawn for ev - ery dark - ness, bring - ing hope to you and me.
 in our doubt there is be - liev - ing; in our life, e - ter - ni - ty.



In the cold and snow of win - ter there's a spring that waits to be,
 From the past will come the fu - ture; what it holds, a mys - ter - y,
 In our death, a res - ur - rec - tion; at the last, a vic - to - ry,



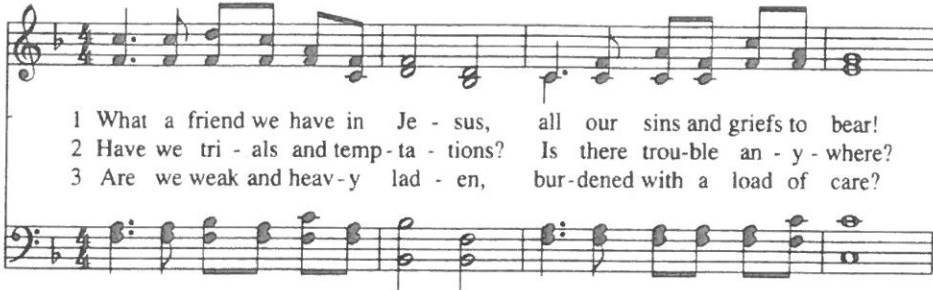
un - re - vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.
 un - re - vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.
 un - re - vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.

Natalie Sleeth composed her "Hymn of Promise" first as a choral anthem and then adapted it to this version for congregational singing. It was dedicated to her husband, Ronald Sleeth, who died shortly after she completed it.

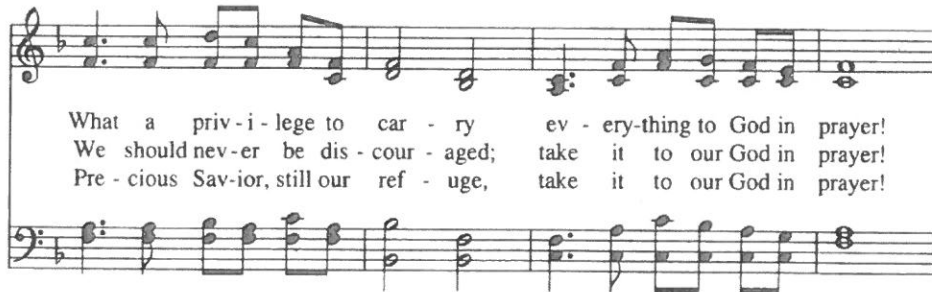
Tune: PROMISE 8.7.8.7.D.
 Natalie Sleeth, 1985

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

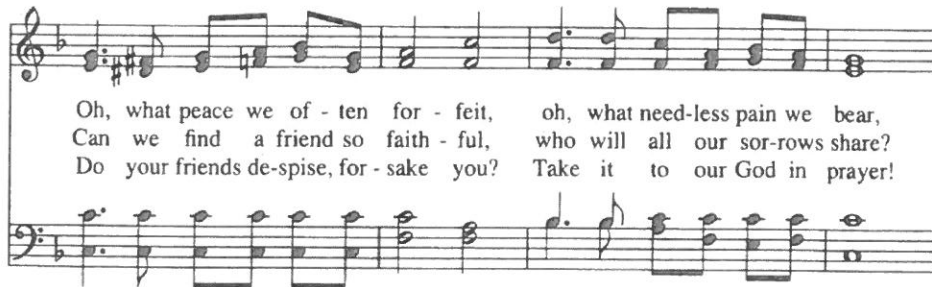
506

*Joseph Scriven, 1855; alt.**Phil. 4:6-7*


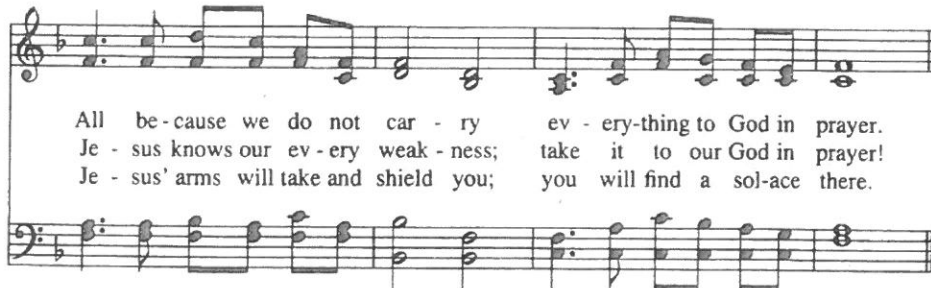
1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
 2 Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
 3 Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, bur - dened with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged; take it to our God in prayer!
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, take it to our God in prayer!



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, oh, what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do your friends de - spise, for - sake you? Take it to our God in prayer!



All be - cause we do not car - ry ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak - ness; take it to our God in prayer!
 Je - sus' arms will take and shield you; you will find a sol - ace there.

No stranger to sorrow himself, Joseph Scriven wrote this hymn to comfort his mother in Ireland. Scriven, who moved to Canada as a young man, attempted to follow literally the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

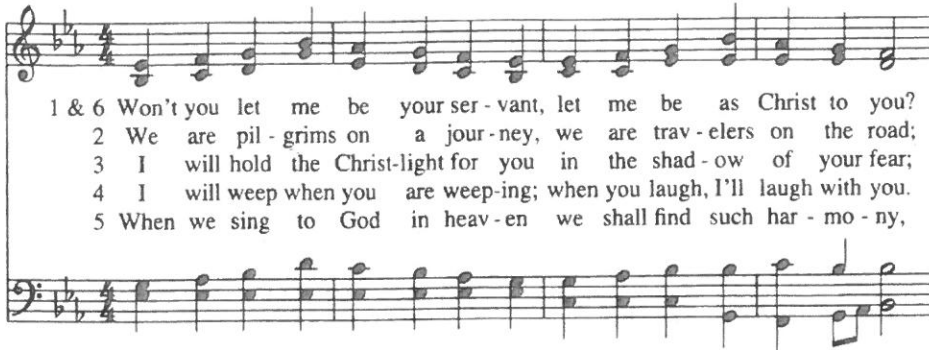
Tune: ERIE 8.7.8.7.D.
 Charles C. Converse, 1868

Won't You Let Me Be Your Servant?

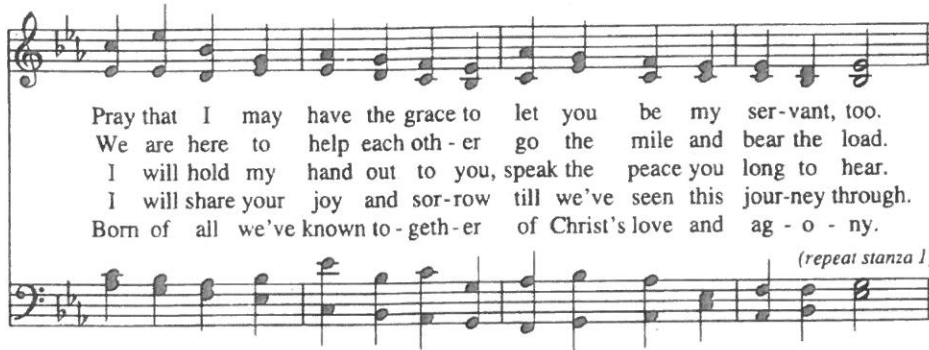
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Richard Gillard, 1977; alt.

Rom. 12:9-18; Col. 1:24-29



1 & 6 Won't you let me be your ser- vant, let me be as Christ to you?
2 We are pil - grims on a jour - ney, we are trav - elers on the road;
3 I will hold the Christ - light for you in the shad - ow of your fear;
4 I will weep when you are weep - ing; when you laugh, I'll laugh with you.
5 When we sing to God in heav - en we shall find such har - mo - ny,



Pray that I may have the grace to let you be my ser- vant, too.
We are here to help each oth - er go the mile and bear the load.
I will hold my hand out to you, speak the peace you long to hear.
I will share your joy and sor - row till we've seen this jour - ney through.
Born of all we've known to - geth - er of Christ's love and ag - o - ny.

(repeat stanza 1)

Richard Gillard was born in England and later made his home in New Zealand. Largely self-taught, Gillard has described his musical style as "folk." This is the best known of his many songs in the United States.

Tune: SERVANT SONG 8.7.8.7.
Richard Gillard, 1977
Arr. Betty Carr Pulkingham, 1977; adapt.