

What Gift Can We Bring

533

Unison

1. What gift can we bring, what pres - ent, what to - ken? What
 2. Give thanks for the past, for those who had vi - sion, who
 3. Give thanks for to - mor - row, full of sur - pris - es, for
 4. This gift we now bring, this pres - ent, this to - ken, these

words can con - vey it — the joy of this day? When
 plant - ed and wa - tered so dreams could come true. Give
 know - ing what - ev - er to - mor - row may bring, we're
 words can con - vey it — the joy of this day! When

grate - ful we come, re - mem - bering, re - joic - ing, what
 thanks for to - day, for stud - y, for wor - ship, for
 giv - en God's word that al - ways, for - ev - er, we
 grate - ful we come, re - mem - bering, re - joic - ing, this

song can we of - fer in hon - or and praise?
 mis - sion that bids us turn prayer in - to deed.
 rest in God's keep - ing and live in God's love.
 song we now of - fer in hon - or and praise!

WORDS: Jane Marshall, 1987, alt.

MUSIC: Jane Marshall, 1987

ANNIVERSARY SONG

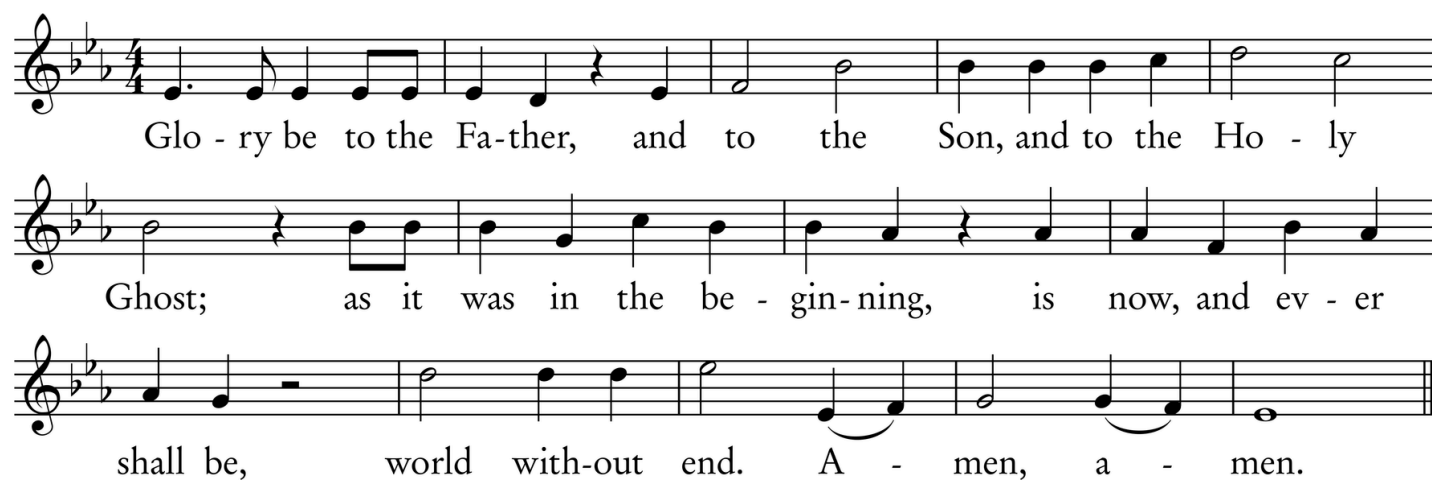
11.11.11.11

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*GLORIA PATRI

“Glory Be to the Father ”

GREATOREX



Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly
Ghost; as it was in the be - gin-ning, is now, and ev - er
shall be, world with-out end. A - men, a - men.

460 Here, O My Lord, I See You Face to Face

1. Here, O my Lord, I see You face to face;
 2. This is the hour of ban - quet and of song;
 3. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God,
 4. Too soon we rise; the sym - bols dis - ap - pear;
 5. Feast af - ter feast thus comes and pass - es by;

here would I touch and han - dle things un - seen;
 this is the heaven - ly ta - ble spread for me;
 here drink a - new the roy - al wine of heaven;
 the feast, though not the love, is past and gone.
 yet, pass - ing, points to that glad feast a - bove,

here grasp with firm - er hand e - ter - nal grace,
 here let me feast, and feast - ing, still pro - long
 here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load,
 The bread and wine re - move; but You are here,
 giv - ing sweet fore - taste of the fes - tal joy,

and all my wea - ri - ness up - on You lean.
 the hour of fel - low - ship so rich and free.
 here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - given.
 near - er than ev - er, still my shield and sun.
 the Lamb's great bri - dal feast of bliss and love.

WORDS: Horatius Bonar, 1855
 MUSIC: Edward J. Hopkins, 1869

ELLERS
 10.10.10.10

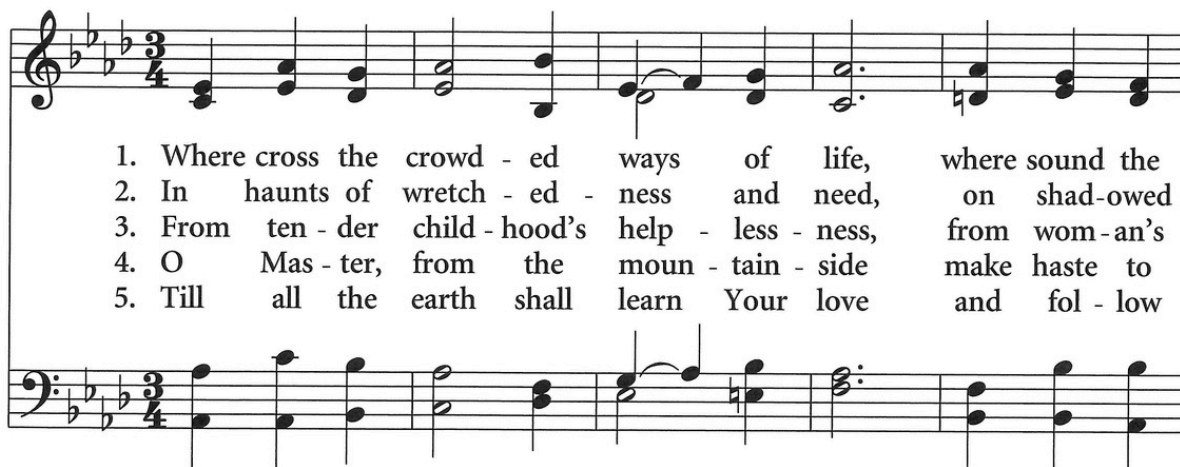
Higher key, No. 36
Alternate tune, MORECAMBE

*DOXOLOGY “Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow” OLD 100TH

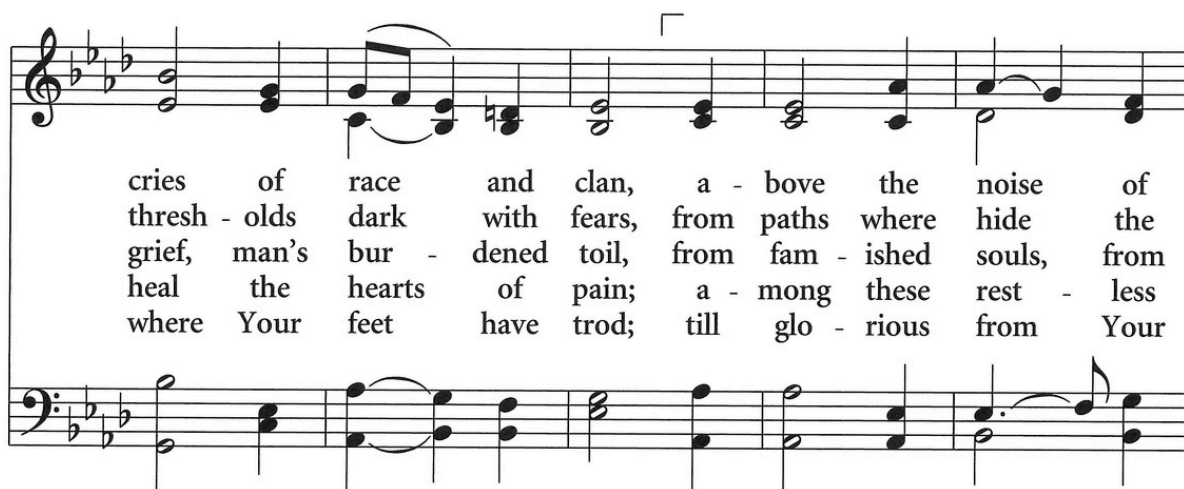
The musical score is written for a single voice part in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is composed of quarter and half notes. The lyrics are: 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise'. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: 'God, all creatures here be - low; praise'. The third staff continues with: 'God, a - bove ye heaven - ly host; praise'. The fourth staff concludes the piece with: 'Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.' The final measure of the fourth staff is a double bar line followed by two measures of whole notes, indicating the end of the piece.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise
God, all crea - tures here be - low; praise
God, a - bove ye heaven - ly host; praise
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

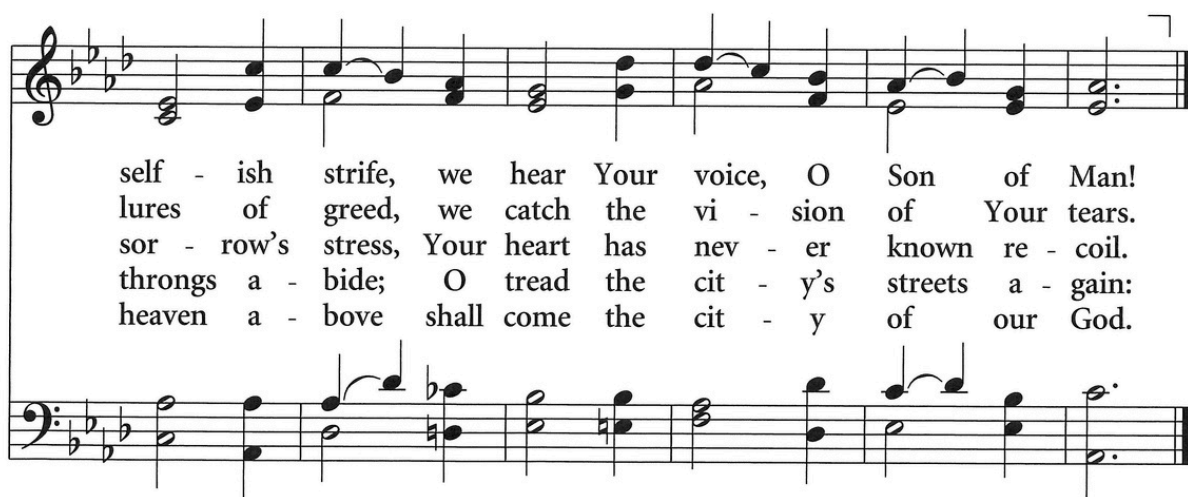
657 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life



1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, where sound the
 2. In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, on shad-owed
 3. From ten - der child - hood's help - less - ness, from wom - an's
 4. O Mas - ter, from the moun - tain - side make haste to
 5. Till all the earth shall learn Your love and fol - low



cries of race and clan, a - bove the noise of
 thresh - olds dark with fears, from paths where hide the
 grief, man's bur - dened toil, from fam - ished souls, from
 heal the hearts of pain; a - mong these rest - less
 where Your feet have trod; till glo - rious from Your



self - ish strife, we hear Your voice, O Son of Man!
 lures of greed, we catch the vi - sion of Your tears.
 sor - row's stress, Your heart has nev - er known re - coil.
 throngs a - bide; O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain:
 heaven a - bove shall come the cit - y of our God.

WORDS: Frank Mason North, 1903 (Matt. 10:42; Mark 9:41)
 MUSIC: William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

GERMANY
 LM

Higher key, No. 672