

Lord of Light



1 Lord of light, your name out - shin - ing all the stars and
 2 By the toil of faith - ful work - ers in some far out -
 3 Grant that knowl - edge, still in - creas - ing, at your feet may
 4 By the prayers of faith - ful watch - ers, nev - er si - lent



suns of space, use our tal - ents in your king - dom
 ly - ing field, by the cour - age where the ra - diance
 low - ly kneel; with your grace our tri - umphs hal - low,
 day or night; by the cross of Je - sus, bring - ing



as the ser - vants of your grace; use us to ful -
 of the cross is still re - vealed, by the vic - to -
 with your char - i - ty our zeal; lift the na - tions
 peace to all and heal - ing light; by the love that



fill your pur - pose in the gift of Christ your Son.
 ries of meek - ness, through re - proach and suf - f'ring won:
 from the shad - ows to the glad - ness of the sun:
 pass - es knowl - edge, mak - ing all your chil - dren one:



Refrain
 Fa - ther, as in high - est heav - en, so on earth your will be done.

Text: Howell E. Lewis, 1860–1953, alt.

Music: ABBOT'S LEIGH, Cyril V. Taylor, 1907–1991

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There Is a Balm in Gilead

Refrain



There is a balm in Gil-e - ad to make the wound-ed whole;



there is a balm in Gil-e - ad to heal the sin - sick soul.



- 1 Some - times I feel dis - cour-aged and think my work's in vain,
- 2 If you can - not preach like Pe - ter, if you can - not pray like Paul,
- 3 Don't ev - er be dis - cour-aged, for Je - sus is your friend;

Refrain



but then the Ho - ly Spir - it re - vives my soul a - gain.
you can tell the love of Je - sus and say, "He died for all."
and if you lack for knowl - edge, he'll ne'er re - fuse to lend.

Text: African American spiritual

Music: BALM IN GILEAD, African American spiritual

Come, Ye Disconsolate



1 Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;
 2 Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing,
 3 Here see the Bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing



come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel.
 hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure;
 forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove.



Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
 here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,
 Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing



earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
 "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."
 earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

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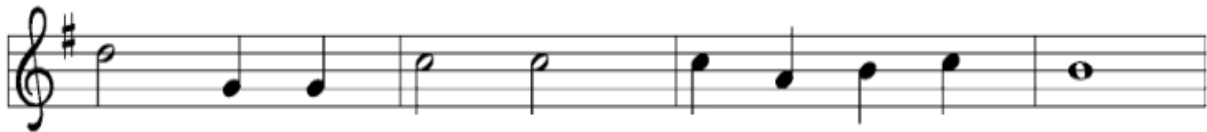
Savior, Again to Your Dear Name



1 Sav - ior, a - gain to your dear name we raise
2 Grant us your peace up - on our home - ward way;
3 Grant us your peace, Lord, through the com - ing night;
4 Grant us your peace through - out our earth - ly life,



with one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
with you be - gan, with you shall end the day;
for us trans - form its dark - ness in - to light.
our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;



once more we bless you ere our wor - ship cease,
guard all the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
Keep us from harm and dan - ger till the dawn;
then, when your voice shall bid our con - flict cease,



then, low - ly bend - ing, wait your word of peace.
that in this house have called up - on your name.
your eve - ning pres - ence prom - ise to your own.
call us, O Lord, to your e - ter - nal peace.

Text: John Ellerton, 1826–1893, alt.

Music: ELLERS, Edward J. Hopkins, 1818–1901