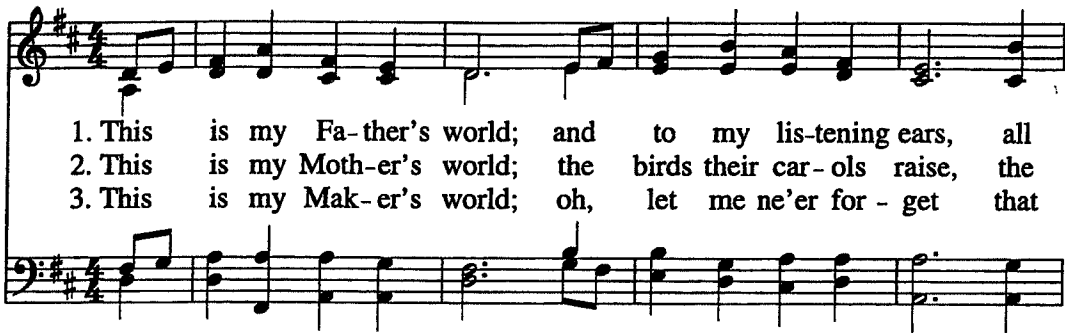
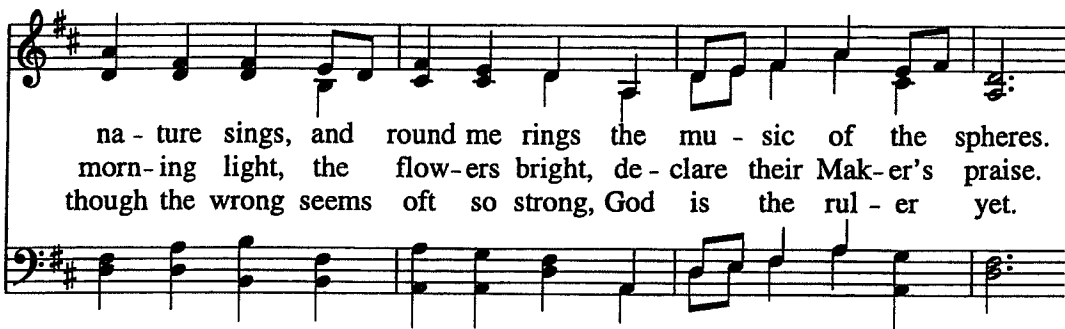


This Is My Father's World

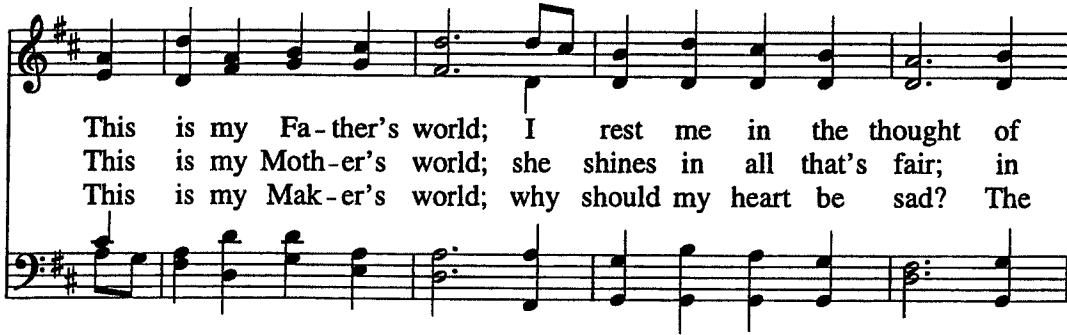
60



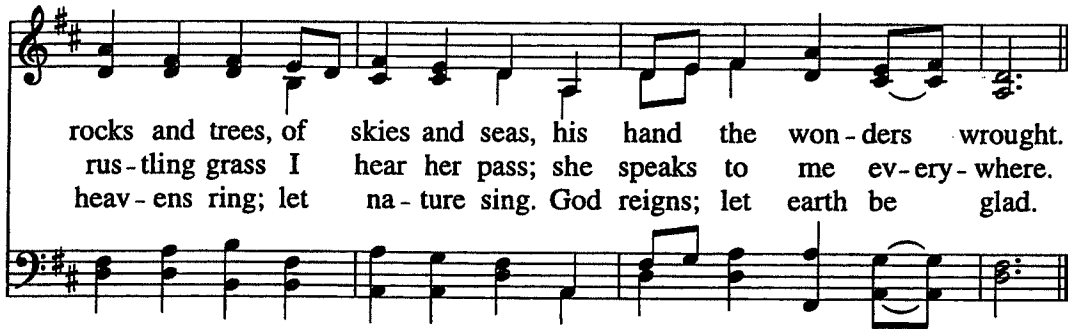
1. This is my Fa-ther's world; and to my lis-tening ears, all
 2. This is my Moth-er's world; the birds their car-ols raise, the
 3. This is my Mak-er's world; oh, let me ne'er for - get that



na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres.
 morn - ing light, the flow - ers bright, de - clare their Mak - er's praise.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the rul - er yet.



This is my Fa-ther's world; I rest me in the thought of
 This is my Moth-er's world; she shines in all that's fair; in
 This is my Mak-er's world; why should my heart be sad? The



rocks and trees, of skies and seas, his hand the won - ders wrought.
 rus - tling grass I hear her pass; she speaks to me ev - ery - where.
 heav - ens ring; let na - ture sing. God reigns; let earth be glad.

WORDS: Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901, alt.

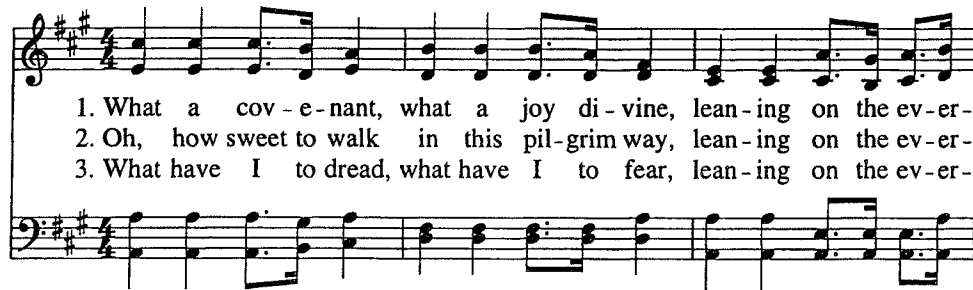
MUSIC: Traditional English melody; adapt. Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915

TERRA BEATA
SMD

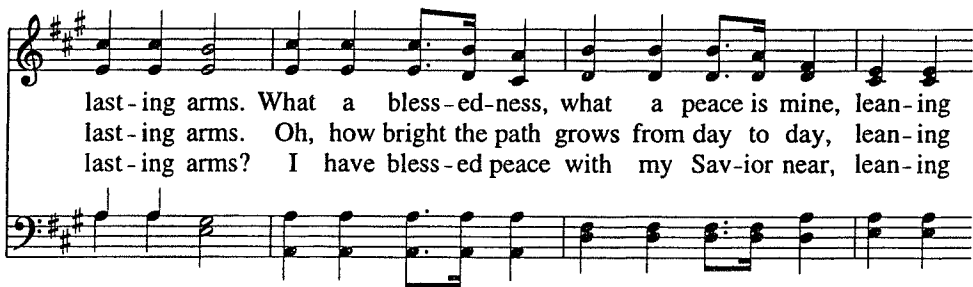
Lockport NY Presbyterian pastor Babcock often walked out to a sweeping view of Lake Ontario, saying as he left the house, 'I am going out to see my Father's world.'

What a Covenant

S 44

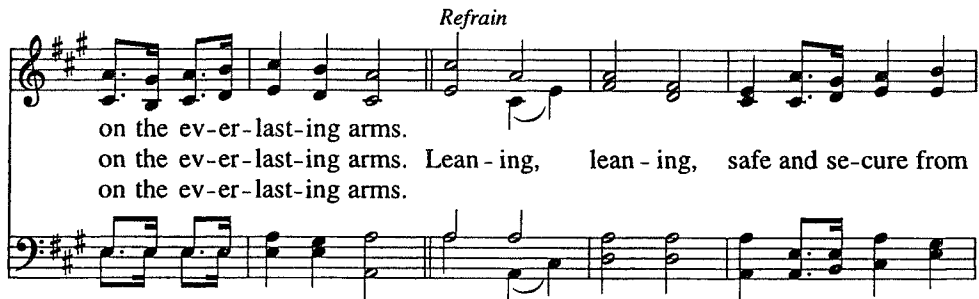


1. What a cov - e - nant, what a joy di - vine, lean - ing on the ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, lean - ing on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, lean - ing on the ev - er -

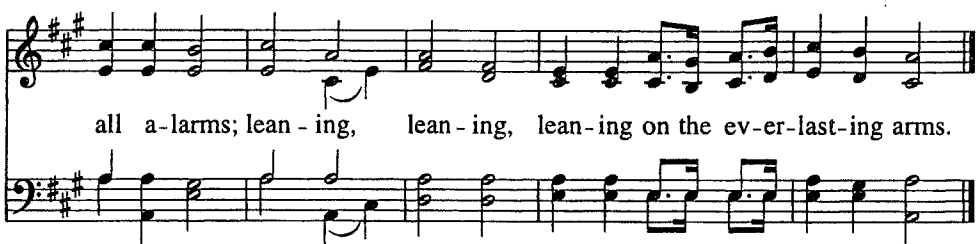


last - ing arms. What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine, lean - ing
 last - ing arms. Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, lean - ing
 last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Sav - ior near, lean - ing

Refrain



on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing, safe and se - cure from
 on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

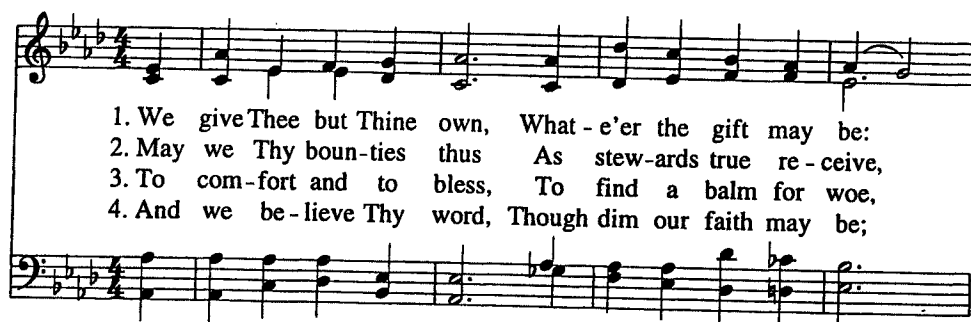


all a - larms; lean - ing, lean - ing, lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

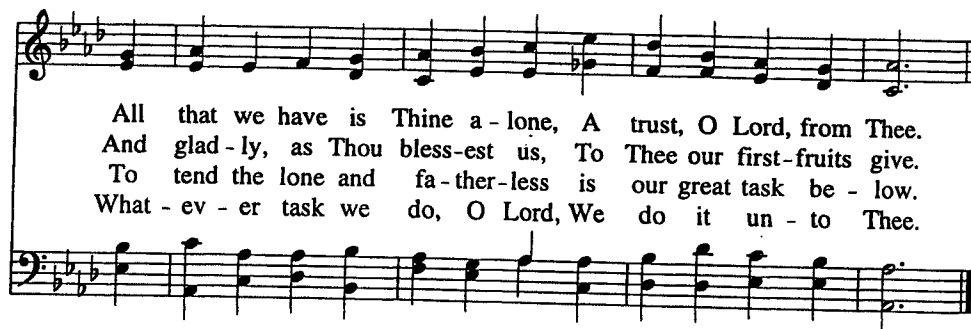
WORDS: Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929, alt. (Deut. 33:27)
 MUSIC: Anthony J. Showalter, 1858-1924

SHOWALTER
 5.5.9 D w. refrain

We Give Thee but Thine Own



1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be:
2. May we Thy boun-ties thus As stew-ards true re - ceive,
3. To com-fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,
4. And we be-lieve Thy word, Though dim our faith may be;



All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
And glad - ly, as Thou bless-est us, To Thee our first-fruits give.
To tend the lone and fa - ther-less is our great task be - low.
What - ev - er task we do, O Lord, We do it un - to Thee.

WORDS: William W. How, 1823-1897
MUSIC: Mason and Webb's *Cantica Laudis*

SCHUMANN
88.68

I Cannot Dance, O Love

1. I can-not dance, O Love, - un-less you lead me on.
 2. Love is the mu-sic 'round us, we glide as birds in air,
 3. O bless-ed Love, your cir- cling u-nites us, God and soul.

I can-not leap in glad-ness un-less you lift me up.
 en-twin-ing, soul and bod-y, your wings hold us with care.
 Your arms, from the be-gin-ning, em-brace and make us whole.

From love to love we cir-cle, be-yond all knowl-edge grow,
 Your Spir-it is the harp-ist and all your chil-dren sing;
 Hold us in steps of mer-cy from which you nev-er part,

for when you lead we fol-low, to new worlds you can show.
 her hands the cur-rents 'round us, your love the gold-en strings.
 that we may know more ful-ly the dan-ces of your heart.

WORDS: Jean Janzen, 1991; based on the writing of Mechthild of Magdeburg
 MUSIC: Swedish folk tune; harm. Lahrae Knatterud, 1983, adapt.

BRED DINA VIDA VINGAR
 76.76D

Janzen based this text on the writing of Mechthild of Magdeburg (1212-1283), the most influential of the German mystics. Her movement was a reaction against formalism and worldliness in the church.

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