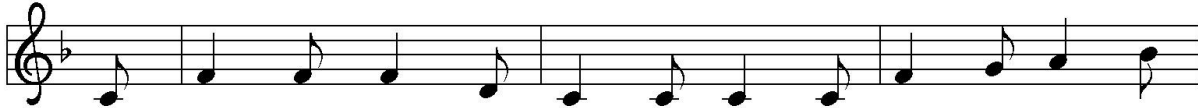


Hymns

I Come with Joy



1 I come with joy, a child of God, for - giv - en, loved, and
2 I come with Chris - tians far and near to find, as all are
3 As Christ breaks bread, and bids us share, each proud di - vi - sion
4 The Spir - it of the ris - en Christ, un - seen, but ev - er
5 To - geth - er met, to - geth - er bound by all that God has



free, the life of Je - sus to re - call in
fed, the new com - mu - ni - ty of love in
ends. The love that made us, makes us one, and
near, is in such friend - ship bet - ter known, a -
done, we'll go with joy, to give the world the



love laid down for me, in love laid down for me.
Christ's com - mu - nion bread, in Christ's com - mu - nion bread.
strang - ers now are friends, and strang - ers now are friends.
live a - mong us here, a - live a - mong us here.
love that makes us one, the love that makes us one.

Text: Brian A. Wren, b. 1936

Music: DOVE OF PEACE, W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*, 1835

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Forgive Our Sins As We Forgive



- 1 "For - give our sins as we for - give," you taught us, Lord, to pray;
- 2 How can your par - don reach and bless the un - for - giv - ing heart
- 3 In blaz - ing light your cross re - veals the truth we dim - ly knew:
- 4 Lord, cleanse the depths with - in our souls and bid re - sent - ment cease;



but you a - lone can grant us grace to live the words we say.
that broods on wrongs and will not let old bit - ter - ness de - part?
how tri - fling oth - ers' debts to us; how great our debt to you!
then, by your mer - cy rec - on - ciled, our lives will spread your peace.

Text: Rosamond E. Herklots, 1905–1987, alt.

Music: DETROIT, *The Sacred Harp*, Philadelphia, 1844

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Lord, Take My Hand and Lead Me



1 Lord, take my hand and lead me up - on life's way;
2 Lord, when the tem - pest ra - ges, I need not fear;
3 Lord, when the shad - ows length - en and night has come,



di - rect, pro - tect, and feed me from day to day.
for you, the Rock of A - ges, are al - ways near.
I know that you will strength - en my steps toward home,



With - out your grace and fa - vor I go a - stray;
Close by your side a - bid - ing, I fear no foe,
then noth - ing can im - pede me, O bless - ed Friend!



so take my hand, O Sav - ior, and lead the way.
for when your hand is guid - ing, in peace I go.
So, take my hand and lead me un - to the end.

Text: Julie von Hausmann, 1825–1901; tr. *Lutheran Book of Worship*
Music: SO NIMM DENN MEINE HÄNDE, Friedrich Silcher, 1789–1860
Text © 1978 *Lutheran Book of Worship*, admin. Augsburg Fortress

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Old Rugged Cross

- 1 On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suff'ring and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.

- 2 Oh, that old rugged cross so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above,
to bear it to dark Calvary. *Refrain*

- 3 In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see;
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me. *Refrain*

- 4 To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Christ will call me some day to my home far away,
where his glory forever I'll share. *Refrain*

Guide Me Ever, Great Redeemer



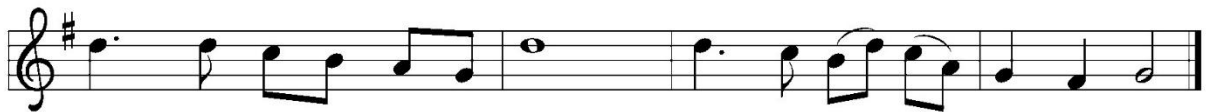
1 Guide me ev - er, great Re - deem - er, pil - grim through this
2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain where the heal - ing
3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, bid my anx - ious



bar - ren land. I am weak, but you are might - y; hold me
wa - ters flow; let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar lead me
fears sub - side; death of death and hell's de - struc - tion, land me



with your pow'r - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en,
all my jour - ney through. Strong de - liv - 'rer, strong de - liv - 'rer,
safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs and prais - es, songs and prais - es



feed me now and ev - er - more, feed me now and ev - er - more.
shield me with your might-y arm, shield me with your might-y arm.
I will raise for - ev - er - more, I will raise for - ev - er - more.

Text: William Williams, 1717–1791; tr. William Williams and Peter Williams, 1722–1796, alt.
Music: CWM RHONDDA, John Hughes, 1873–1932