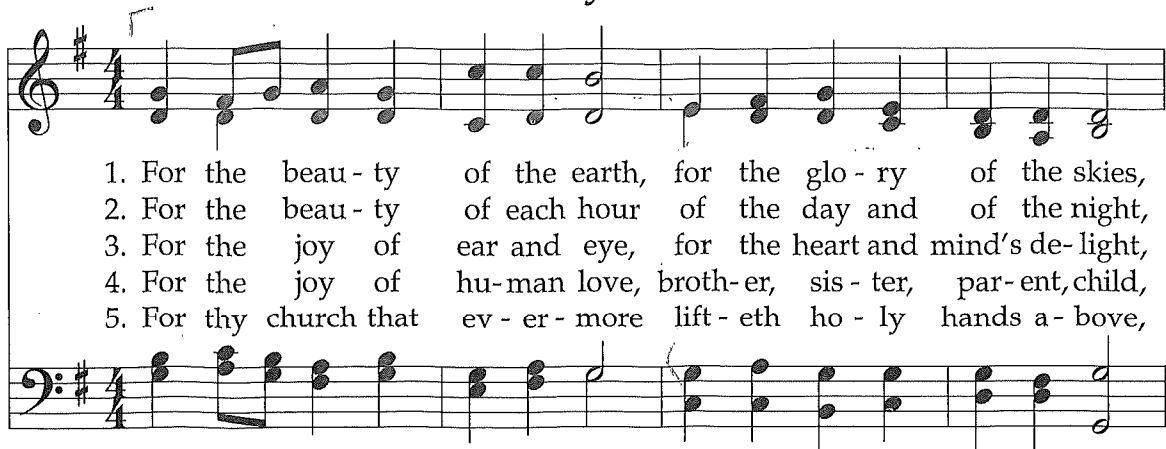
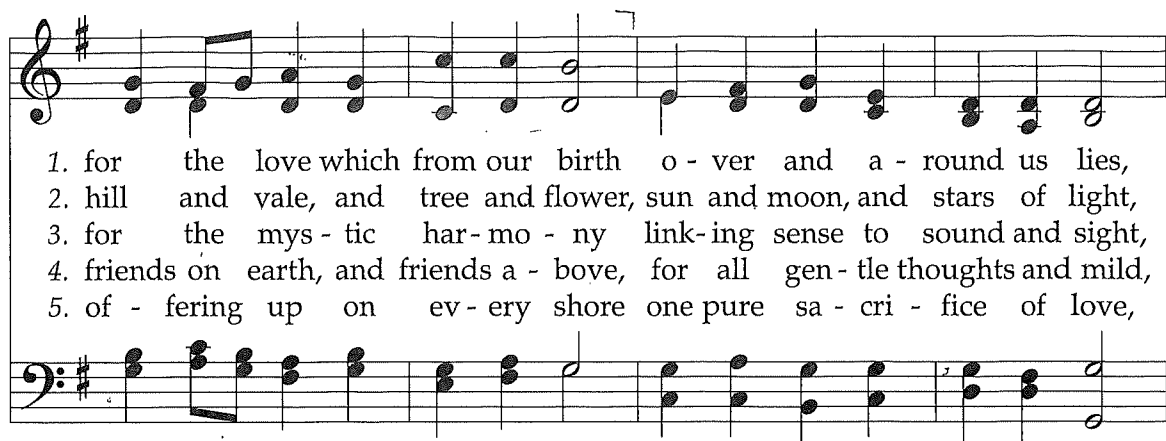


For the Beauty of the Earth

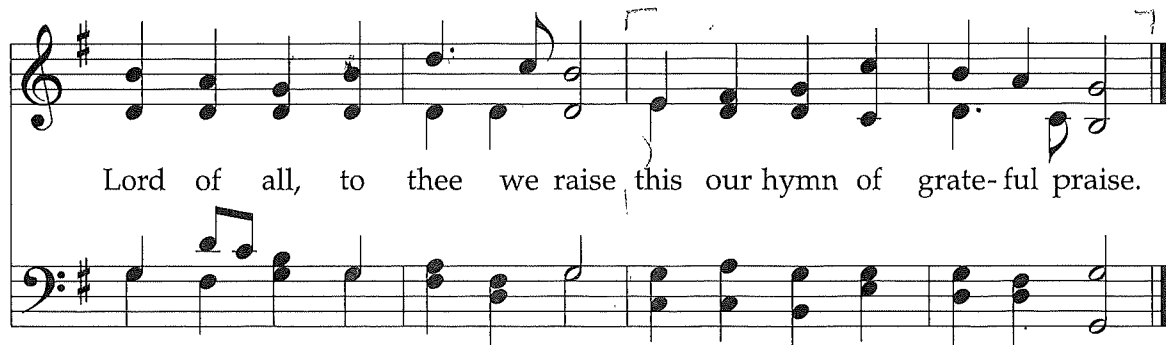
56



1. For the beau - ty of the earth, for the glo - ry of the skies,
 2. For the beau - ty of each hour of the day and of the night,
 3. For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's de - light,
 4. For the joy of hu - man love, broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
 5. For thy church that ev - er - more lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,



1. for the love which from our birth o - ver and a - round us lies,
 2. hill and vale, and tree and flower, sun and moon, and stars of light,
 3. for the mys - tic har - mo - ny link - ing sense to sound and sight,
 4. friends on earth, and friends a - bove, for all gen - tle thoughts and mild,
 5. of - fering up on ev - ery shore one pure sa - cri - fice of love,



Lord of all, to thee we raise this our hymn of grate - ful praise.

WORDS: Folliot S. Pierpoint, 1864
 MUSIC: Conrad Kocher, 1838; arr. William Henry Monk, 1861

DIX
 77.77.77

Feast of a Hundred Hills

57

I enjoyed the feast of a hundred hills, all lying in the quietude of the infinite, who had formed them a feature of his own power. For a moment I retreated to the back of the mountain, that I might enjoy the sweets of solitude, that I might hold converse for a moment with the great sentiment of power that impressed itself on the surrounding scene. With the multitude of hills lying all around me, I could not but lift up my hat as being in the presence of God.

—Walter Scott, 19th-century Disciples frontier evangelist

This Is My Father's World

59

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis-tening ears, all
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world; the birds their car - ols raise, the
 3. Our God has made this world; oh, let us 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
 Our God has made this world and shines in all that's fair; in
 God trusts us with this world, to keep it clean and fair. All

rocks and trees, of skies and seas; God's hands the won - ders wrought.
 rust - ling grass I hear God pass, who speaks to me ev - ery - where.
 earth and trees, the skies and seas, God's crea - tures ev - ery - where.

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, and more grac-es for the good!
 3. For the love of God is broad-er than the meas-ure of our mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, we should rest up-on God's word;

there's a kind-ness in God's jus-tice, which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Sav-ior; there is heal - ing in his blood.
 and the heart of the E - ter-nal is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 and our lives would be il - lu-mined by the pres-ence of our Lord.

WORDS: Frederick W. Faber, 1854

MUSIC: Lizzie S. Tourjee, 1877; harm. Charles H. Webb, 1988

WELLESLEY
87.87

All Creatures of Our God and King 22

Unison

1. All crea-tures of our God and King, lift up your voice and with us
 2. O rush-ing wind with voice so strong, you clouds that sail in heav'n a-
 3. O flow-ing wa-ter, pure and clear, make mu-sic for your God to
 4. And all for-giv-en ten-der hearts, for-giv-ing oth-ers, take your

Harmony *Unison*

sing; Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia! O burn-ing sun with gold-en
 long, O praise God, Al-le - lu - ia! O ris-ing morn, in praise re-
 hear, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia! O blaz-ing fire who lights the
 part, sing prais-es, Al-le - lu - ia! You who long pain and sor-row

Refrain (Harmony)

beam, O sil-ver moon with soft-er gleam,
 joice, you lights of eve-ning find a voice, O praise God,
 night, pro-vid-ing warmth, en-hanc-ing sight,
 bear, praise God, who knows your ev-'ry care.

Unison

O praise God, Al-le-lu - ia, Al-le-lu - ia, Al-le-lu - ia!

WORDS: Francis of Assisi, 1225; tr. William H. Draper, 1925, alt.
 MUSIC: *Geistliche-Kirchengesänge*, 1623; harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

LASST UNS ERFREUEN
 88.44.88 w. refrain