

Brethren, we have met to worship – HWB 8

Brethren, we have met to worship and adore the Lord our God.
Will you pray with all your power while we try to preach the word?
All is vain unless the Spirit of the holy One comes down.
Brethren, pray, and holy manna will be showered all around.

Sisters, will you come and help us? Moses' sisters aided him.
Will you help the trembling mourners who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Savior. Tell them that he will be found.
Sisters, pray, and holy manna will be showered all around.

Is there here a trembling jailer, seeking grace and filled with fears?
Is there here a weeping Mary pouring forth a flood of tears?
Brethren, join your cries to help them, sisters, let your prayers abound!
Pray, oh pray, that holy manna will be scattered all around.

Let us love our God supremely, let us love each other, too.
Let us love and pray for sinners till our God makes all things new.
Christ will call us home to heaven, at his table we'll sit down.
Christ will gird himself and serve us with sweet manna all around.

Sweet hour of prayer – HWB 11

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, that calls me from a world of care,
and bids me at my Father's throne make all my wants and wishes known;
in seasons of distress and grief, my soul has often found relief,
and oft escaped the tempter's snare, by thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, the joys I feel, the bliss I share,
of those whose anxious spirits burn with strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place where God my Savior shows his face,
and gladly take my station there, and wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, thy wings shall my petition bear
to him whose truth and faithfulness engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face, believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care, and wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Lord, listen to your children – HWB 353

Lord, listen to your children praying,
Lord, send your Spirit in this place.
Lord, listen to your children praying,
send us love, send us pow'r, send us grace!

There's a wideness in God's mercy – HWB 145

There's a wideness in God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea.
There's a kindness in God's justice, which is more than liberty.

There is welcome for the sinner, and more graces for the good.
There is mercy with the Savior, there is healing in his blood.

But we make God's love to narrow by false limits of our own,
and we magnify its strictness with a zeal God will not own.

For the love of God is broader than the measures of the mind,
and the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple we should rest upon God's word,
and our lives would be illumined by the presence of our Lord.

This is my Father's world – HWB 154

This is my Father's world, and to my list'ning ears
all nature sings, and round me rings the music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world, I rest me in the thought
of rocks and trees, of skies and seas—his hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world, the birds their carols raise,
the morning light, the lily white declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world, he shines in all that's fair.
In the rustling grass I hear him pass, he speaks to me ev'rywhere.

This is my Father's world. Oh let me ne'er forget
that thought the wrong seems oft so strong God is the ruler yet.
This is my Father's world, the battle is not done.
Jesus who died shall be satisfied, and earth and heav'n be one.

Far, far away from my loving father – HWB 139

I will arise and go to Jesus, he will embrace me in his arms.
In the arms of my dear Savior, oh, there are ten thousand charms.

Far, far away from my loving father, I had been wand'ring, wayward, wild,
fearing only lest his anger overtake his sinful child.

Fain had I fed on the husks around me, till to myself I came, and said,
"Plenty have my father's servants, perish I for want of bread."

I will arise, though faint and weary, home to my father I will go.
Woe is me that e'er I wandered, ah, that I such need should know.

"Father," I'll say, "I have sinned before thee, no more may I be called thy son.
Make me only as thy servant, pity me, a wretch undone!"

Then I arose and came to my father. Mercy amazing! Love unknown!
He behold me, ran, embraced me, pardoned, welcomed, called me "son!"

I will arise and go to Jesus, he will embrace me in his arms.
In the arms of my dear Savior, oh, there are ten thousand charms.

Heart with loving heart united – HWB 420

Heart with loving heart united, met to know God's holy will.
Let his love in us ignited more and more our spirits fill.
He the head, we are his members, we reflect the light he is.
He the Master, we disciples, he is ours and we are his.

May we all so love each other and all selfish claims deny,
so that each one for the other will not hesitate to die.
Even so our Lord has loved us, for our lives he gave his life.
Still he grieves and still he suffers, for our selfishness and strife.

Since, O Lord, you have demanded that our lives your love should show,
so we wait to be commanded forth into your world to go.
Kindle in us love's compassion so that ev'ryone may see
in our fellowship the promise of a new humanity.