

RESTLESS WEAVER

Hymn No. 658

1. Restless Weaver, every spinning threads of justice and shalom; dreaming patters of creation where all creatures find a home; gathering up life's varied fibers – every texture, every hue: grant us your creative vision. With us weave your world anew.
2. Where earth's fragile web is raveling help us mend each broken strand. Bless our urgent, bold endeavors cleansing water, air, and land. Through the Spirit's inspiration – offering health where once was pain – strengthen us to be the stewards of your world knit whole again.
3. When our violent lust for power ends in lives abused and torn, from compassion's sturdy fabric fashion hope and trust reborn. Where injustice rules as tyrant, give us courage, God, to dare live our dreams of transformation. Make our lives incarnate prayer.
4. Restless Weaver, still conceiving new life – now and yet to be – binding all your vast creation in one living tapestry: you have called us to be weavers. Let your love guide all we do. With your Reign of Peace our pattern, we will weave your world anew.

GOD, WHO STRETCHED THE SPANGLED HEAVENS

Hymn No. 651

1. God, who stretched the spangled heavens, infinite in time and place, flung the suns in burning radiance through the silent fields of space, we your children, in your likeness, share inventive powers with you. Great Creator, still creating, show us what we yet may do.
2. Proudly rise our modern cities, stately buildings, row on row; yet their windows, blank, unfeeling, stare on canyoned streets below, where the lonely drift unnoticed in the city's ebb and flow, lost to purpose and to meaning, scarcely caring where they go.
3. We have ventured worlds undreamed of since the childhood of our race; known the ecstasy of winging through untraveled realms of space; probed the secrets of the atom, yielding unimagined power, facing us with life's destruction or our most triumphant hour.
4. As each far horizon beckons, may it challenge us anew, children of creative purpose, serving others, honoring you. May our dreams prove rich with promise, each endeavor well begun. Great Creator, give us guidance till our goals and yours are one.

IN THE BULB THERE IS A FLOWER

Hymn No. 638

1. In the bulb there is a flower; in the seed, an apple tree; in cocoons, a hidden promise; butterflies will soon be free! In the cold and snow of winter there's a spring that waits to be, unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

2. There's a song in every silence, seeking word and melody; there's a dawn in every darkness, bringing hope to you and me. From the past will come the future; what it holds, a mystery, unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

3. In our end is our beginning; in our time, infinity; in our doubt there is a believing; in our life, eternity. In our death, a resurrection; at the least, a victory, unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

LET IT BREATHE ON ME

Hymn No. 260

Let it breathe on me, let it breathe on me,
let the breath of the Lord, breathe on me,
let it breath on me, let it breathe on me,
let the breath of the Lord, now, breathe on me.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Hymn No. 433

1. Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love:
the fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above.

2. When we are called to part, it gives us inward pain; but
we shall still be joined in heart, and hope to meet again.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

Hymn No. 480

1. I love to tell the story of unseen things above, of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his love. I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true; it satisfies my longings as nothing else can do. I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory, to tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

2. I love to tell the story; 'tis pleasant to repeat what seems, each time I tell it, more wonderfully sweet. I love to tell the story, for some have never heard the message of salvation from God's own holy word. I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory, to tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

3. I love to tell the story, for those who know it best seem hungering and thirsting to hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song, 'twill be the old, old story that I have loved so long. I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory, to tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.