

Wednesday hymns

Hymn. 271

Our God shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

All people shall with joyful tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

For blessings flow where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Let angel songs be heard again
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Words: ISAAC WATTS, ADAPTED
Music: Percy C. Buck

Hymn. 520

Let all things now living
A song of thanksgiving
To God our creator triumphantly raise;
Who fashioned and made us,
Protected and stayed us,
By guiding us forward throughout all our days.
God's angels are o'er us,
Pure light goes before us,
A pillar of fire shining forth in the night:
Till shadows have vanished,
All fearfulness banished,
As forward we travel from light into Light.

By law God enforces,
The stars in their courses
And sun in its orbit obediently shine;

The hills and the mountains,
The rivers and fountains,
The depths of the ocean proclaim God divine.
We, too, should be voicing
Our love and rejoicing
With glad adoration, a song let us raise:
Let all things now living
Unite in thanksgiving,
To God in the highest, hosanna and praise.

Words: KATHERINE K. DAVIS ALT., ADAPT.

Music: Welsh melody; harm. CSPA

Hymn. 442

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art.
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father and I Thy true son,
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Riches I heed not, nor earth's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always;
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's sun!
Heart of my own heart whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Words: IRISH, CA. 8TH C.; TR. MARY E. BYRNE; VERSED ELEANOR H. HULL, ALT.

Music: Irish melody, Joyce's Old Irish Folk Music and Songs, 1909; harm. Jack Schrader