

The Hymnal 1982 - #718 God of our fathers, whose almighty hand

1 God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y
 2 Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
 3 From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti -
 4 Re - fresh thy peo - ple on their toil - some

hand leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
 past, in this free land by thee our lot is cast;
 lence, be thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fense;
 way, lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;

of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,
 be thou our ru - ler, guard - ian, guide, and stay
 thy true re - li - gion in our hearts in - crease,
 fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,

our grate - ful songs be - fore thy throne a - rise.
 thy word our law, thy paths our cho - sen way.
 thy bount - eous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
 and glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er thine.

The Hymnal 1982 - #656 Blest are the pure in heart

1 Blest are the pure in heart, for they shall see our God; the
2 The Lord, who left the heavens our life and peace to bring, to
3 he to the low - ly soul will still him - self im - part and
4 Lord, we thy pres - ence seek; may ours this bless - ing be; give

se - cret of the Lord is theirs, their soul is Christ's a - bode.
dwell in low - li - ness with us, our pat - tern and our King;
for his dwell - ing and his throne will choose the pure in heart.
us a pure and low - ly heart, a tem - ple fit for thee.

Words: Sts. 1 and 3, John Keble (1792-1866), alt.; sts. 2 and 4, William John Hall (1793-1861), alt.

Music: *Franconia*, melody Johann Balthasar König (1691-1758); adapt. and harm. William Henry Havergal (1793-1870)

The hands that first held Mary's child Thomas Troeger, b. 1945

Were hard from working wood
From boards they sawed and nailed and filed
And splinters they withstood

This day they gripped no tool of steel
They drove no iron nail
But cradled from the head to heel
Our Lord, newborn and frail

When Joseph marveled at the size
Of that small breathing frame
And gazed upon those bright new eyes
And spoke the infant's name

The angel's voice he once had dreamed
Poured out from heaven's height
And like the host of stars that gleamed
Blessed earth with welcome light

“This Child will be Emmanuel
Not God upon a throne
But God-with-us, Emmanuel
As close as blood and bone.”

The tiny form in Joseph's palms
Confirmed what he had heard
And from his heart rose hymns and psalms
For heaven's human word.

The tools which Joseph laid aside
A mob would later lift
And use with anger, fear and pride
To crucify God's gift

Let us, O Lord, not only hold
The Child who's born today
But charged with faith, may we behold
To follow in His way

Abba Father

Steve Fry

Abba, Abba Father
You are the potter
And we are the clay,
The work of your hands

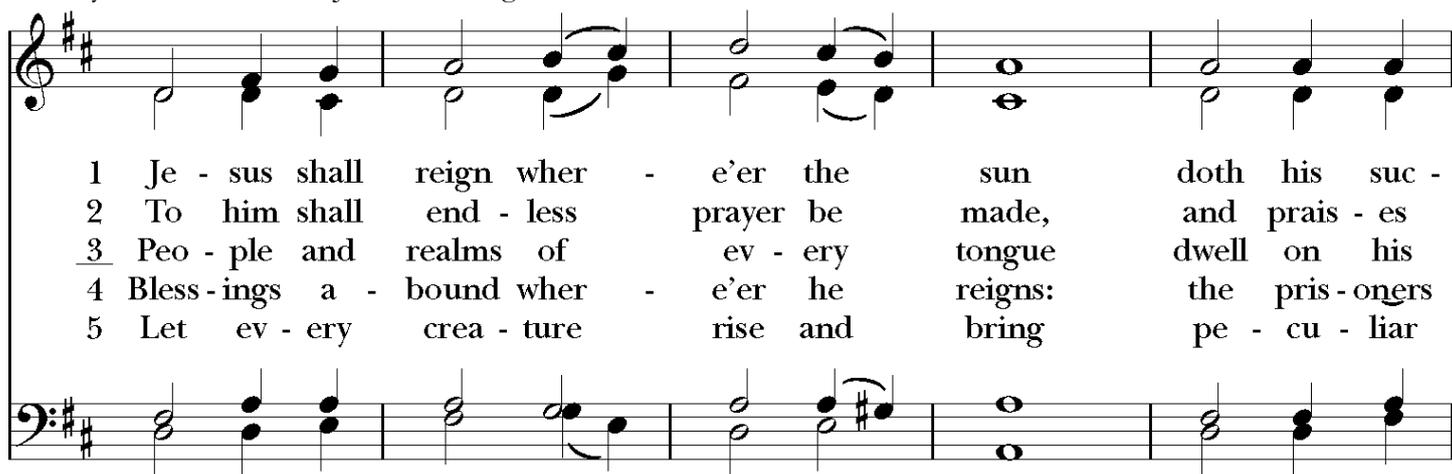
Mold us,
Mold us and fashion us,
Into the image,
Of Jesus your Son
Of Jesus your Son.

Father, may we be one in you,
May we be one in you,
As he is in you,
And you are in him

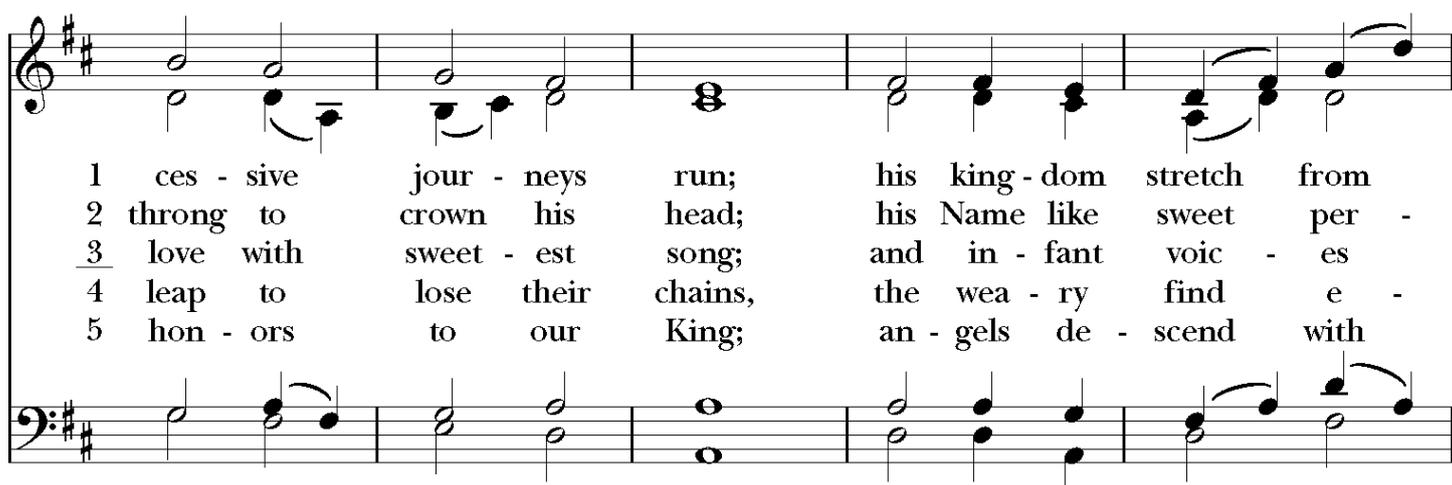
Glory, glory and praise to you
Glory and praise to you
Forever amen....
Forever amen....
Forever amen....

Abba, Abba Father
You are the potter
And we are the clay,
The work of your hands. Abba

The Hymnal 1982 - #544 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun



1 Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun doth his suc -
 2 To him shall end - less prayer be made, and prais - es
 3 Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue dwell on his
 4 Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er he reigns: the pris - oners
 5 Let ev - ery crea - ture rise and bring pe - cu - liar



1 ces - sive jour - neys run; his king - dom stretch from
 2 throughto crown his head; his Name like sweet per -
 3 love with sweet - est song; and in - fant voic - es
 4 leap to lose their chains, the wea - ry find e -
 5 hon - ors to our King; an - gels de - scend with



1 shore to shore, till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 2 fume shall rise with ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 3 shall pro - claim their ear - ly bless - ings on his Name.
 4 ter - nal rest, and all who suf - fer want are blest.
 5 songs a - gain, and earth re - peat the loud a - men.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt. Music: *Duke Street*, John Hatton (d. 1793)