

Traditional Lyrics May 10<sup>th</sup>

**For the Beauty of the Earth UMH 92**

1. For the beauty of the earth,  
for the glory of the skies,  
for the love which from our birth  
over and around us lies;  
Lord of all, to thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.

2. For the beauty of each hour  
of the day and of the night,  
hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
sun and moon, and stars of light;  
Lord of all, to thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.

3. For the joy of ear and eye,  
for the heart and mind's delight,  
for the mystic harmony,  
linking sense to sound and sight;  
Lord of all, to thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.

4. For the joy of human love,  
brother, sister, parent, child,  
friends on earth and friends above,  
for all gentle thoughts and mild;  
Lord of all, to thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.

**He Leadeth Me, O Blessed Thought UMH 128**

1. He leadeth me: O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain:

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,  
by his own hand he leadeth me;  
his faithful follower I would be,  
for by his hand he leadeth me.

2. Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

by waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.  
(Refrain)

3. Lord, I would place my hand in thine,  
nor ever murmur nor repine;  
content, whatever lot I see,  
since 'tis my God that leadeth me.  
(Refrain)

4. And when my task on earth is done,  
when by thy grace the victory's won,  
e'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
since God through Jordan leadeth me.  
(Refrain)

### **The Church's One Foundation UMH 545**

1. The church's one foundation  
is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
she is his new creation  
by water and the Word.  
From heaven he came and sought her  
to be his holy bride;  
with his own blood he bought her,  
and for her life he died.

2. Elect from every nation,  
yet one o'er all the earth;  
her charter of salvation,  
one Lord, one faith, one birth;  
one holy name she blesses,  
partakes one holy food,  
and to one hope she presses,  
with every grace endued.

3. Though with a scornful wonder  
we see her sore oppressed,  
by schisms rent asunder,  
by heresies distressed,  
yet saints their watch are keeping;  
their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
shall be the morn of song.

4. Mid toil and tribulation,

and tumult of her war,  
she waits the consummation  
of peace forevermore;  
till, with the vision glorious,  
her longing eyes are blest,  
and the great church victorious  
shall be the church at rest.