

Hymn No. 89

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

- 1 Joyful, Joyful we adore thee, God of Glory, Lord of love;
hearts unfold like flowers before thee, opening to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness; drive the dark of doubt away.
Giver of immortal gladness, fill us with the light of day!
- 2 All thy works with joy surround thee, earth and heaven reflect thy rays,
stars and angels sing around thee, center of unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain, flowery meadow, flashing sea,
chanting bird and flowing fountain, call us to rejoice in thee.
- 3 Thou art giving and forgiving, ever blessing, ever blest,
well-spring of the joy of living, ocean depth of happy rest!
Thou our Father, Christ our brother, all who live in love are thine;
teach us how to love each other, lift us to the joy divine.
- 4 Mortals, join the mighty chorus which the morning stars began;
love divine is reigning o'er us, binding all within its span.
Ever singing, march we onward, victors in the midst of strife;
joyful music lead us sunward, in the triumph song of life.

Hymn No. 618

Let Us Break Bread Together

- 1 Let us break bread together on our knees, (on our knees)
let us break bread together on our knees. (on our knees)

Refrain

*When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy on me. (on me)*

- 2 Let us drink wine together on our knees, (on our knees)
let us drink wine together on our knees. (on our knees)

Refrain

*When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy on me. (on me)*

- 3 Let us praise God together on our knees, (on our knees)
let us praise God together on our knees. (on our knees)

Refrain

*When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy on me. (on me)*

Hymn No. 678

Rise to Greet the Sun

- 1 Rise to greet the sun, reddening in the sky,
warrior-like and strong, comely as a groom;
birds pass high in flight, fragrant flowers now bloom;
with the gracious light I my toil resume.
- 2 Father, I implore, safely keep this child;
make my conduct good, actions calm and mild:
venerating age, humbling teaching youth,
always serving thee, sharing thy rich truth.
- 3 May this day be blest; trusting Jesus' love,
my heart's freed from ill; fair blue sky's above.
Glad for cotton coat, plain food satisfies;
all my countless needs thy kind hand supplies.

Hymn No. 557

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love;
 the fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne we pour our ardent prayers;
 our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share each other's woes, our mutual burdens bear;
 and often for each other flows the sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part, it gives us inward pain;
 but we shall still be joined in heart, and hope to meet again.

Canticle of the Turning

1 My soul arise out with a joyful shout
that the God of my heart is great,
and my spirit sings of the wondrous things
that you bring to the ones who wait.
You fixed your sight on your servant's plight,
and my weakness you did not spurn,
so from east to west shall my name be blest.
Could the world be about to turn?

Refrain

*My heart shall sing of the day you bring.
Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near,
and the world is about to turn.*

2 Though I am small, my God, my all, you work great things in me,
and your mercy will last from the depths of the past
to the end of the age to be.
Your very name puts the proud to shame,
and to those who would for you yearn,
you will show your might,
put the strong to flight,
for the world is about to turn.

Refrain

*My heart shall sing of the day you bring.
Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near,
and the world is about to turn.*

3 From the halls of pow'r to the fortress tow'r
not a stone will be left on stone.
Let the king beware for your justice tears
ev'ry tyrant from his throne.
The hungry poor shall weep no more,
for the food they can never earn;
there are tables spread, ev'ry mouth be fed,
for the world is about to turn.

Refrain

*My heart shall sing of the day you bring.
Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near,
and the world is about to turn.*

- 4 Though the nations rage from age to age,
we remember who holds us fast:
God's mercy must deliver us
from the conqueror's crushing grasp.
This saving word that our forebears heard
is the promise which holds us bound,
till the spear and rod can be crushed by God,
who is turning the world around.

Refrain

*My heart shall sing of the day you bring.
Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near,
and the world is about to turn.*