

Processional Hymn: Come Thou Almighty King

Come, thou almighty King, help us thy name to sing,
help us to praise!
Father all glorious, o'er all victorious,
come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

Come, thou incarnate Word, our voices thou hast heard,
our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless, and give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness, on us descend!

Come, holy Comforter, thy sacred witness bear
in this glad hour.
Thou who almighty art, now rule in every heart,
and ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!

To thee, great One in Three, eternal praises be,
hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty may we in glory see,
and to eternity love and adore!

Hymn No. 729: O Day of Peace That Dimly Shines (11 o'clock service)

1: O day of peace that dimly shines
through all our hopes and prayers and dreams,
guide us to justice, truth, and love,
delivered from our selfish schemes.
May swords of hate fall from our hands,
our hearts from envy find release,
till by God's grace our warring world
shall see Christ's promised reign of peace.

2: Then shall the wolf dwell with the lamb,
nor shall the fierce devour the small;
as beasts and cattle calmly graze,
a little child shall lead them all.
Then enemies shall learn to love,
all creatures find their true accord:
the hope of peace shall be fulfilled,
for all the earth shall know the Lord.

Recessional Hymn No. 733: Marching to Zion

1: Come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known;
join in a song with sweet accord, join in a song with
sweet accord and thus surround the throne, and
thus surround the throne.

Refrain: We're marching to Zion,
beautiful, beautiful Zion; we're marching upward to
Zion, the beautiful city of God.

2: Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God;
but children of the heavenly King, but children of the
heavenly King may speak their joys abroad, may
speak their joys abroad.

Refrain

3: The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets
before we reach the heavenly fields, before we reach the
heavenly fields or walk the golden streets, or
walk the golden streets.

Refrain

4: Then let our songs abound, and every tear be dry;
we're marching through Emmanuel's ground, we're marching through
Emmanuel's ground, to fairer worlds on high, to
fairer worlds on high.

Refrain