

+ FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST +

July 06, 2025

966 BEFORE YOU, LORD, WE BOW



1 Be - fore You, Lord, we bow, Our God who reigns a - bove
2 The na - tion You have blest May well Your love de - clare,
3 May ev - 'ry moun - tain height, Each vale and for - est green,
4 Earth, hear your Mak - er's voice; Your great Re - deem - er own;
5 And when in pow'r He comes, Oh, may our na - tive land



And rules the world be - low, Bound-less in pow'r and love. Our thanks
From foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed by Your care. For this
Shine in Your Word's pure light, And its rich fruits be seen! May ev -
Be - lieve, o - bey, re - joice, And wor-ship Him a - lone. Cast down
From all its rend - ing tombs Send forth a glo-rious band, A count -



we bring In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise To You, our King!
bright day, For this fair land—Gifts of Your hand—Our thanks we pay.
'ry tongue Be tuned to praise And join to raise A grate - ful song.
your pride, Your sin de - plore, And bow be - fore The Cru - ci - fied.
less throng, With joy to sing To heav'n's high King Sal - va - tion's song!

Text: Francis Scott Key, 1779–1843, alt.
Tune: John Darwall, 1731–69
Text and tune: Public domain

826 HARK, THE VOICE OF JESUS CRYING



1 Hark, the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2 If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
3 If you can - not be a watch - man, Stand - ing high on Zi - on's wall,
4 Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"



Fields are white and har - vests wait - ing— Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
Point - ing out the path to heav - en, Of - f'ring life and peace to all,
While the mul - ti - tudes are dy - ing And the Mas - ter calls for you.



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth; Rich re - ward He of - fers thee.
If you can - not rouse the wick - ed With the judg - ment's dread a - larms,
With your prayers and with your boun - ties You can do what God com - mands;
Take the task He gives you glad - ly, Let His work your plea - sure be;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me"?
You can lead the lit - tle chil - dren To the Sav - ior's wait - ing arms.
You can be like faith - ful Aar - on, Hold - ing up the proph - et's hands.
An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, send me, send me!"

Text (sts. 1–2, 4): Daniel March, 1816–1909, alt.; (st. 3): unknown, alt.
Tune: Joseph Barnby, 1838–96
Text and tune: Public domain

625 LORD JESUS CHRIST, LIFE-GIVING BREAD



1 Lord Je - sus Christ, life - giv - ing bread, May I in grace
 2 To pas - tures green, Lord, safe - ly guide, To rest - ful wa -
 3 O bread of heav'n, my soul's de - light, For full and free
 4 I do not mer - it fa - vor, Lord, My weight of sin



pos - sess You. Let me with ho - ly food be fed,
 ters lead me; Your ta - ble well for me pro - vide,
 re - mis - sion I come with prayer be - fore Your sight
 would break me; In all my guilt - y heart's dis - cord,



In hun - ger I ad - dress You. Pre - pare me well
 Your wound - ed hand now feed me. Though wea - ry, sin -
 In sor - row and con - tri - tion. Your righ - teous - ness,
 O Lord, do not for - sake me. In my dis - tress



for You, O Lord, And, hum - bly by my prayer im - plored,
 ful, sick, and weak, Ref - uge in You a - lone I seek,
 Lord, cov - er me That I re - ceive You wor - thi - ly,
 this com - forts me That You re - ceive me gra - cious - ly,



Give me Your grace and mer - cy.
 To share Your cup of heal - ing.
 As - sured of Your full par - don.
 O Christ, my Lord of mer - cy!

Text: Johann Rist, 1607-67; tr. Arthur T. Russell, 1806-74, alt.
 Tune: Theütsch kirchen ampt, 1525, Strassburg
 Text and tune: Public domain

717 ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE

sts. 1–4



1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the
 2 O Christ, whose voice the wa - ters heard And hushed their rag - ing
 3 Most Ho - ly Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os
 4 O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r, Our peo - ple shield in



rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its
 at Thy word, Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep And
 dark and rude, And bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, And
 dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro -



own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we
 calm a - mid its rage didst sleep: O hear us when we
 give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace: O hear us when we
 tect them where - so - e'er they go; Thus ev - er - more shall



cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 rise to Thee Glad praise from air and land and sea.

Text: William Whiting, 1825–78, alt.; (sts. 2a–3a): Robert N. Spencer, 1877–1961, alt.
 Tune: John B. Dykes, 1823–76
 Text and tune: Public domain

965 GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND



1 God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand
 2 So shall our prayers a - rise To God a - bove the skies;



Through storm and night. When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
 On Him we wait. Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard - ing with



wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
 watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry: God save the state!

Text (st. 1): Charles T. Brooks, 1813–83, alt.; (st. 2): John S. Dwight, 1813–93, alt.
 Tune: Thesaurus Musicus, c. 1740, London
 Text and tune: Public domain