

*Hymn #564

“O Beautiful for Spacious Skies”

Materna CMD

1. O beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For purple mountain majesties, Above the fruited plain! America! America! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!
2. O beautiful for pilgrim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress A thoroughfare for freedom beat Across the wilderness! America! America! God mend thine every flaw, Confirm thy soul in self control, Thy liberty in law!
3. O beautiful for heroes proved In liberating strife, Who more than self their country loved, And mercy more than life! America! America! May God thy gold refine Till all success be nobleness and every gain divine.
4. O beautiful for patriot dream That sees beyond the years Thine alabaster cities gleam, Undimmed by human tears! America! America! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!

*Hymn #357

“O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee”

Maryton LM

1. Oh Master, let me walk with Thee in lowly paths of service free; Tell me Thy secret; help me to bear the strain of toil, the fret of care.
2. Help me the slow of heart to move by some clear, winning word of love; Teach me the wayward feet to stay, and guide them in the homeward way.
3. Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee in closer, dearer company, in work that keeps faith sweet and strong, in trust that triumphs over wrong.
4. In hope that sends a shining ray far down the future’s broadening way; In peace that only Thou canst give, with Thee, O Master, let me live.

1. My country ‘tis of Thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrims’ pride, from every mountainside let freedom ring.
2. My native country, thee, land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hill; My heart with rapture thrills like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees, sweet freedom’s song; let mortal tongues awake, let all that breathe partake, let rocks their silence break the sound prolong.
4. Our fathers’ God, to Thee, Author of liberty, to Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright with freedom’s holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.