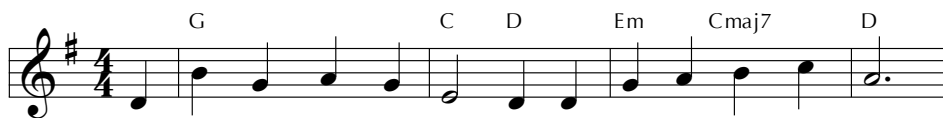
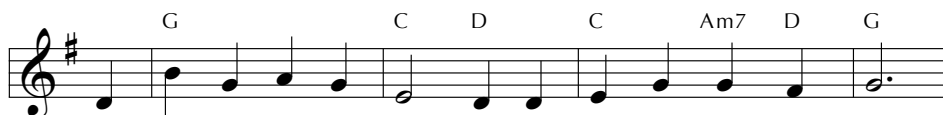


How Lovely, Lord

(Psalm 84)



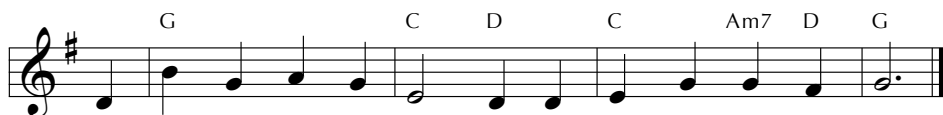
1 How love - ly, Lord, how love - ly is your a - bid - ing place;
 2 In your blest courts to wor - ship, O God, a sin - gle day
 3 A sun and shield for - ev - er are you, O Lord Most High;



my soul is long - ing, faint - ing, to feast up - on your grace.
 is bet - ter than a thou - sand if I from you should stray.
 you show - er us with bless - ings; no good will you de - ny.



The spar - row finds a shel - ter, a place to build her nest;
 I'd rath - er keep the en - trance and claim you as my Lord
 The saints, your grace re - ceiv - ing, from strength to strength shall go,



and so your tem - ple calls us with - in its walls to rest.
 than rev - el in the rich - es the ways of sin af - ford.
 and from their life shall riv - ers of bless - ing o - ver - flow.

The author of this text, a Presbyterian minister and educator, was humming this tune as he began to create a paraphrase of Psalm 84 that would emphasize the beauty and peace of God's house. The tune is named for the composer's oldest sister, who was his first piano teacher.

FORGIVENESS

437 You Are the Lord, Giver of Mercy!

Em D Em Am Em D Em

You are the Lord, giv-er of mer-cy!

Am D C D Em C Em

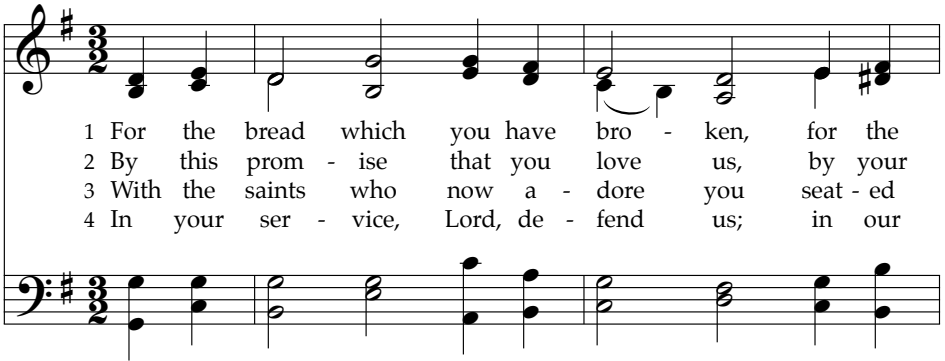
You are the Christ, giv-er of mer-cy!

Em D G Am Em D E

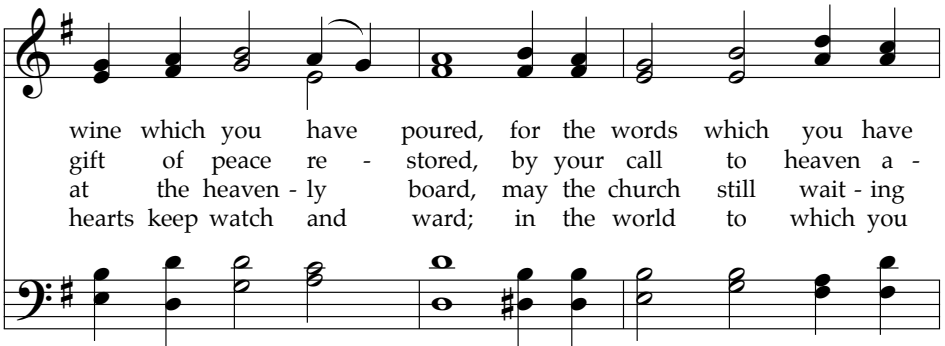
You are the Lord, giv-er of mer-cy!

This adaptation of the traditional *Kyrie eleison* text transforms a series of petitions into a series of acclamations. With harsher music these might have seemed bold or rash, but this plaintive setting derived from an Appalachian melody preserves a sense of humility and trust.

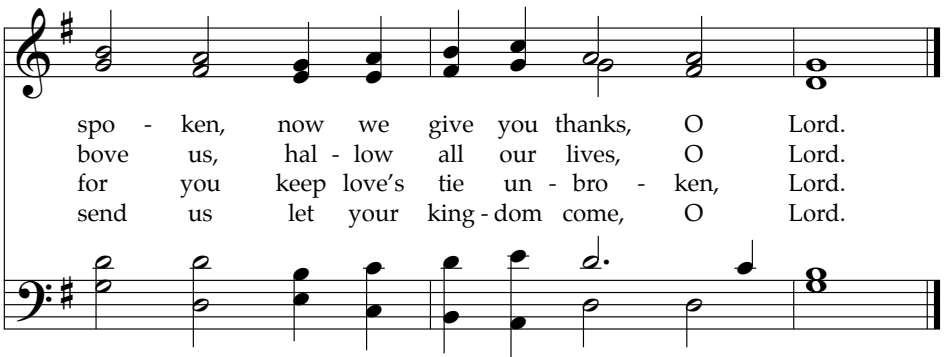
516 For the Bread Which You Have Broken



1 For the bread which you have bro - ken, for the
 2 By this prom - ise that you love us, by your
 3 With the saints who now a - dore you seat - ed
 4 In your ser - vice, Lord, de - fend us; in our



wine which you have poured, for the words which you have
 gift of peace re - stored, by your call to heaven a -
 at the heaven - ly board, may the church still wait - ing
 hearts keep watch and ward; in the world to which you



spo - ken, now we give you thanks, O Lord.
 bove us, hal - low all our lives, O Lord.
 for you keep love's tie un - bro - ken, Lord.
 send us let your king - dom come, O Lord.

The author of this text, the editor of several Presbyterian hymnals, was the foremost American hymnologist of the early 20th century. Although some of his language in this text echoes early hymns of the church, he is writing here not as a scholar but as a person of deep faith.