

## Hymn lyrics 10.24.21

Hymn #42      Morning, So Fair to See

Verse 1

Morning, so fair to see, night, veiled in mystery —  
glorious the earth and resplendent skies!  
Pilgrims, we march along, singing our joyous song,  
as through an earthly paradise.

Verse 2

Tall are the verdant trees; deep are the flashing seas;  
glorious each wonder the seasons bring.  
Brighter is faith's surmise, shining in pilgrim eyes,  
from which our waking spirits spring.

Verse 3

Age after age we rise, 'neath the eternal skies,  
into the light from the shadowed past:  
still shall our pilgrim song, buoyant and brave and strong,  
resound while life and mountains last.

Hymn #128      For All That is Our Life

Verse 1

For all that is our life we sing our thanks and praise;  
for all life is a gift which we are called to use  
to build the common good and make our own days glad.

Verse 2

For needs which others serve, for services we give,  
for work and its rewards, for hours of rest and love;  
we come with praise and thanks for all that is our life.

Verse 3

For sorrow we must bear, for failures, pain, and loss,  
for each new thing we learn, for fearful hours that pass:  
we come with praise and thanks for all that is our life.

Verse 4

For all that is our life we sing our thanks and praise;  
for all life is a gift which we are called to use  
to build the common good and make our own days glad.

Hymn #149    Lift Every Voice and Sing

Verse 1

Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring,  
ring with the harmonies of liberty;  
let our rejoicing rise high as the listening skies,  
let it resound loud as the rolling sea.  
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us;  
sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;  
facing the rising sun of our new day begun,  
let us march on till victory is won.

Verse 2

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod,  
felt in the days when hope unborn had died;  
yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet  
come to the place for which our fathers sighed?  
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered;  
we have come, treading our path thru the blood of the slaughtered,  
out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last  
where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

Verse 3

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,  
thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;  
thou who hast by thy might led us into the light,  
keep us forever in the path, we pray.  
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met thee;  
lest our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget thee;  
shadowed beneath thy hand, may we forever stand,  
true to our God, true to our native land.