

+ TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST+

November 10, 2024

781 WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN



1 We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be;
2 May we Thy boun - ties thus As stew - ards true re - ceive
3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead, And homes are bare and cold,
4 To com - fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,



All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
And glad - ly, as Thou bless - est us, To Thee our first-fruits give!
And lambs for whom the Shep-herd bled Are stray - ing from the fold.
To tend the lone and fa - ther-less Is an - gels' work be - low.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be:
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Text: William W. How, 1823–97

Tune: William H. Monk, 1823–89

Text and tune: Public domain

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527 O SAVIOR, PRECIOUS SAVIOR



1 O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav - ior, Whom yet un - seen we love;
 2 O bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won - drous - ly hast wrought
 3 In Thee all full - ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine;
 4 O grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove



O name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove,
 Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be - yond our thought,
 The glo - ry that ex - cel - leth, O Son of God, is Thine.
 In end - less ad - o - ra - tion And ev - er - last - ing love;



We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
 We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
 We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where per - fect prais - es ring,



We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.
 We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our gra - cious Lord and King.
 We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our glo - rious Lord and King.
 And ev - er - more con - fess Thee, Our Sav - ior and our King!

Text: Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79

Tune: Arthur H. Mann, 1850–1929

Text and tune: Public domain

922 GO, MY CHILDREN, WITH MY BLESSING

sts. 1–4



1 Go, My chil - dren, with My bless - ing, Nev - er a - lone.
 2 Go, My chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, At peace and pure.
 3 Go, My chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, Clos - er to Me;
 4 I the Lord will bless and keep you And give you peace;



Wak - ing, sleep - ing, I am with you; You are My own. In My
 Here you learned how much I love you, What I can cure. Here you
 Grow in love and love by serv - ing, Joy - ful and free. Here My
 I the Lord will smile up - on you And give you peace: I the



love's bap - tis - mal riv - er I have made you Mine for - ev - er.
heard My dear Son's sto - ry; Here you touched Him, saw His glo - ry.
Spir - it's pow - er filled you; Here His ten - der com - fort stilled you.
Lord will be your Fa - ther, Sav - ior, Com - fort - er, and Broth - er.



Go, My chil-dren, with My bless-ing— You are My own.
Go, My chil-dren, sins for - giv - en, At peace and pure.
Go, My chil-dren, fed and nour-ished, Joy - ful and free.
Go, My chil-dren; I will keep you And give you peace.

Text: Jaroslav J. Vajda, 1919–2008

Tune: Welsh, 18th cent.

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