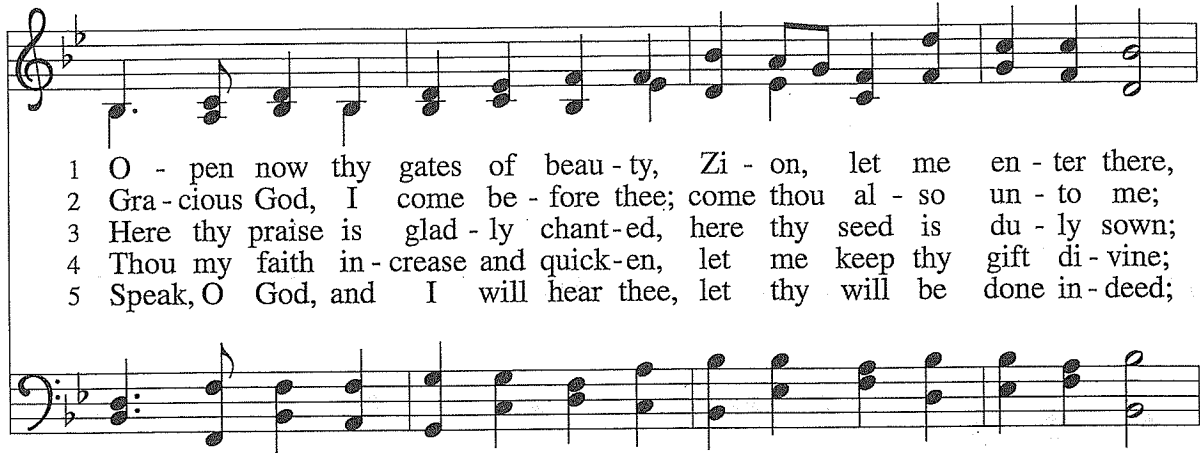
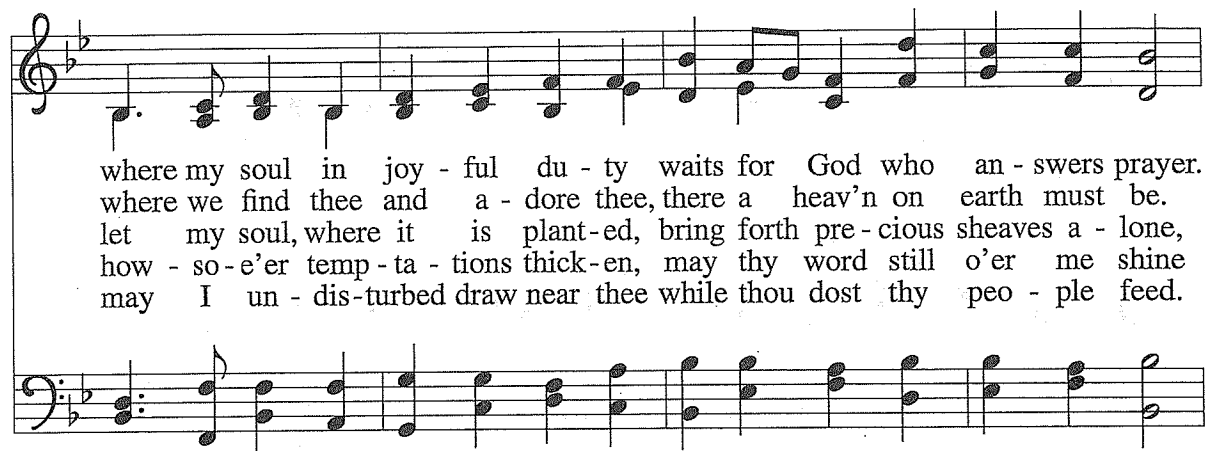


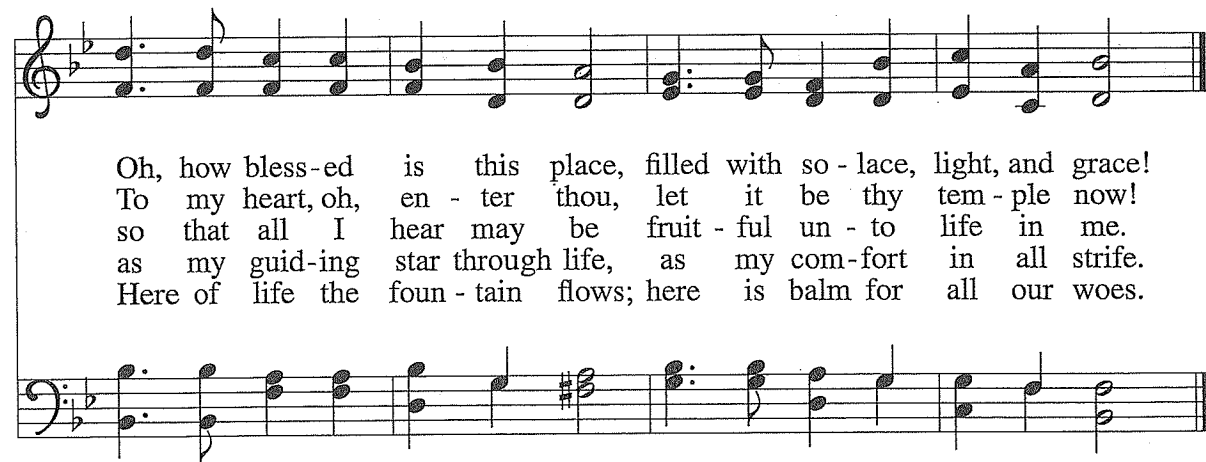
Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty



1 O - pen now thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
 2 Gra - cious God, I come be - fore thee; come thou al - so un - to me;
 3 Here thy praise is glad - ly chant - ed, here thy seed is du - ly sown;
 4 Thou my faith in - crease and quick - en, let me keep thy gift di - vine;
 5 Speak, O God, and I will hear thee, let thy will be done in - deed;



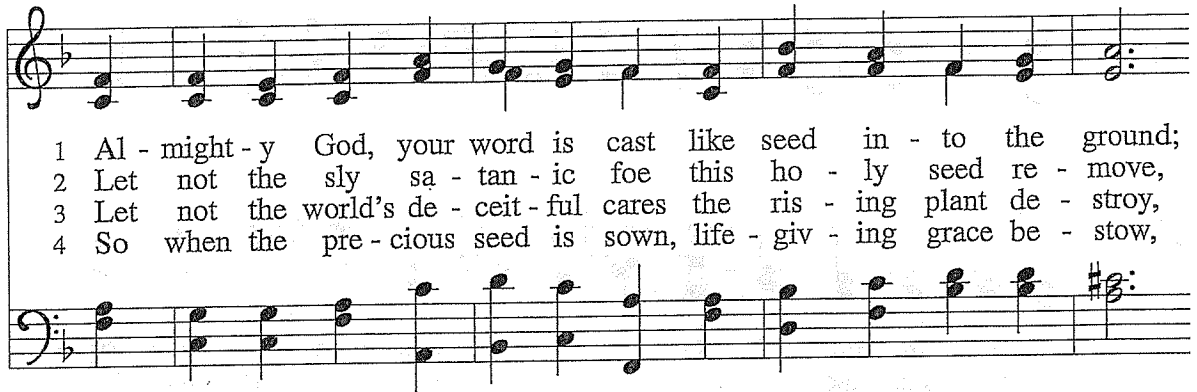
where my soul in joy - ful du - ty waits for God who an - swers prayer.
 where we find thee and a - dore thee, there a heav'n on earth must be.
 let my soul, where it is plant - ed, bring forth pre - cious sheaves a - lone,
 how - so - e'er temp - ta - tions thick - en, may thy word still o'er me shine
 may I un - dis - turbed draw near thee while thou dost thy peo - ple feed.



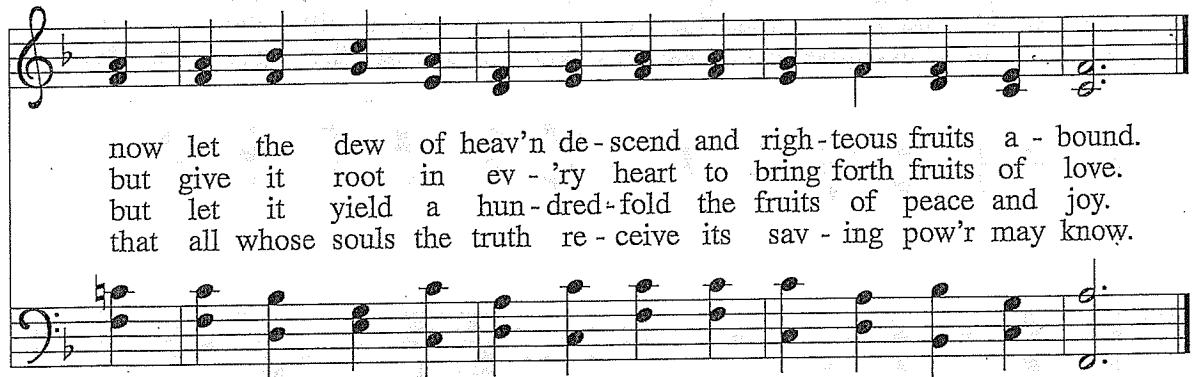
Oh, how bless - ed is this place, filled with so - lace, light, and grace!
 To my heart, oh, en - ter thou, let it be thy tem - ple now!
 so that all I hear may be fruit - ful un - to life in me.
 as my guid - ing star through life, as my com - fort in all strife.
 Here of life the foun - tain flows; here is balm for all our woes.

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Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast



1 Al - might - y God, your word is cast like seed in - to the ground;
 2 Let not the sly sa - tan - ic foe this ho - ly seed re - move,
 3 Let not the world's de - ceit - ful cares the ris - ing plant de - stroy,
 4 So when the pre - cious seed is sown, life - giv - ing grace be - stow,



now let the dew of heav'n de - scend and righ - teous fruits a - bound.
 but give it root in ev - 'ry heart to bring forth fruits of love.
 but let it yield a hun - dred - fold the fruits of peace and joy.
 that all whose souls the truth re - ceive its sav - ing pow'r may know.

Text: John Cawood, 1775-1852, alt.
 Music: J. Day, *Psalter*, 1562

ST. FLAVIAN
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1 On what has now been sown your bless-ing Lord, be - stow; the
 2 To you our wants are known, from you are all our pow'rs; ac -
 3 Oh, grant that each of us, now met be - fore you here, may

pow'r is yours a - lone to make it sprout and grow. O Lord, in
 cept what is your own and par-don what is ours. Our prais - es,
 meet to - geth - er thus when you and yours ap - pear, and fol - low

grace the har - vest raise, and yours a - lone shall be the praise!
 Lord, and prayers re - ceive and to your word a bless - ing give.
 you to heav'n, our home. E'en so, A - men! Lord Je - sus, come!

Text: John Newton, 1725-1807, alt.
 Music: John Darwall, 1731-1789

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