

319 O Lord, throughout These Forty Days

1 O Lord, through - out these for - ty days you
 2 You strove with Sa - tan, and you won; your
 3 Though parched and hun - gry, yet you prayed and
 4 Be with us through this sea - son, Lord, and

prayed and kept the fast; in - spire re - pen - tance
 -faith - ful - ness en - dured; lend us your nerve, your
 fixed your mind a - bove; so teach us to de -
 -all our earth - ly days, that when the fi - nal

for skill and trust in God's free us from our past.
 ny our - selves that we may know God's word.
 Eas - ter dawns, we join in heav - en's love.
 Eas - ter dawns, we join in heav - en's praise.

703

O God, Why Are You Silent

1 O God, why are you si - lent? I can - not hear your voice;
 2 My hope lies bruised and bat - tered, my wound-ed heart is torn;
 3 Through end - less nights of weep - ing, through wea - ry days of grief,
 4 May pain draw forth com - pas - sion, let wis - dom rise from loss;

the proud and strong and vio - lent all claim you and re - joice;
 my spir - it spent and shat - tered by life's re - lent - less storm;
 my heart is in your keep - ing, my com - fort, my re - lief.
 oh, take my heart and fash - ion the im - age of your cross;

you prom-ised you would hold me with ten - der - ness and care.
 will you not bend to hear me, my cries from deep with - in?
 Come, share my tears and sad - ness, come, suf - fer in my pain,
 then may I know your heal - ing through heal - ing that I share,

Draw near, O Love, en - fold me, and ease the pain I bear.
 Have you no word to cheer me when night is clos - ing in?
 oh, bring me home to glad - ness, re - store my hope a - gain.
 your grace and love re - veal - ing, your ten - der - ness and care.



1 In Christ there is no east or west, in him no south or north,
 2 In Christ shall true hearts ev'-ry-where their high com - mu - nion find;
 3 Join hands, dis - ci - ples of the faith, what-e'er your race may be.
 4 In Christ now meet both east and west, in him meet south and north;



but one com - mu - ni - ty of love through-out the whole wide earth.
 his ser - vice is the gold - en cord close bind - ing hu - man - kind.
 All chil - dren of the liv - ing God are sure - ly kin to me.
 all Christ-ly souls are one in him through-out the whole wide earth.



Text: John Oxenham, 1852-1944, alt.
 Music: African American spiritual; adapt. Harry T. Burleigh, 1866-1949

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