

# O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go 833

1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my  
2 O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my  
3 O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not  
4 O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not

wea - ry soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, that  
flick-er-ing torch to thee; my heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, that  
close my heart to thee; I trace the rain-bow through the rain, and  
ask to fly from thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, and

in thine o - cean depths its flow may rich - er, full - er be.  
in thy sun - shine's blaze its day may bright - er, fair - er be.  
feel the prom - ise is not vain that morn shall tear - less be.  
from the ground there blos-soms red life that shall end - less be.

This intense hymn of commitment to God (addressed as Love, Light, and Joy) closes with an invocation of the ultimate testimony to those attributes (the Cross). The composer, a Scot, named this specially-composed tune for the 11th-century patroness of Scotland.

# 757 Today We All Are Called to Be Disciples

1 To - day we all are called to be dis - ci - ples of the  
 2 God made the world and at its birth or - dained our hu - man  
 3 Pray jus - tice may come roll - ing down as in a might-y  
 4 May we in ser - vice to our God act out the liv - ing

Lord, to help to set the cap - tive free, make  
 race to live as stew - ards of the earth, re -  
 stream, with righ - teous - ness in field and town to  
 word, and walk the road the saints have trod till

plow - share out of sword, to feed the hun - gry, quench their  
 spond - ing to God's grace. But we are vain and sad - ly  
 cleanse us and re - deem. For God is long - ing to re -  
 all have seen and heard. As stew - ards of the earth may

This text placing stewardship in the context of faithful witness was written by a retired Presbyterian minister to be part of the 1986 stewardship campaign titled "Called to Be Disciples." The tune name recalls the Sussex village where the arranger first heard the melody.

thirst, make love and peace our fast, to serve the  
proud; we sow not peace but strife. Our dis - cord  
store an earth where con - flicts cease, a world that  
we give thanks in one ac - cord to God who

poor and home - less first, our ease and com - fort last.  
spreads a dead - ly cloud that threat - ens all of life.  
was cre - at - ed for a har - mo - ny of peace.  
calls us all to be dis - ci - ples of the Lord.

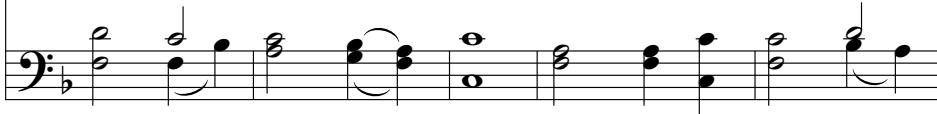
## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 223



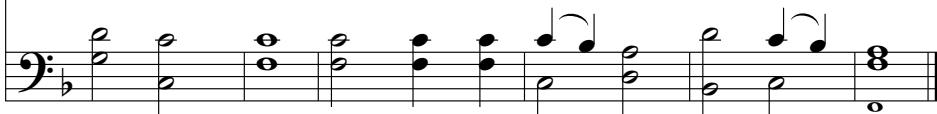
1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the  
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the  
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and  
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a



Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I  
 death of Christ my God; all the vain things that  
 love flow min - gled down; did e'er such love and  
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,



count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.



This familiar text from the beginning of the 18th century grew out of Isaac Watts's desire to give Christians the ability to sing about gospel events. It is set here to a very restrained tune from the early 19th century inspired by the patterns of Gregorian chant.