

Thy Holy Wings

1 Thy ho - ly wings, O Sav - ior, spread gent - ly o - ver me,
 2 Oh, let me nes - tle near thee, with - in thy down - y breast
 3 Oh, wash me in the wa - ters of No - ah's cleans - ing flood.

and let me rest se - cure - ly through good and ill in thee.
 where I will find sweet com - fort and peace with - in thy nest.
 Give me a will - ing spir - it, a heart both clean and good.

Oh, be my strength and por - tion, my rock and hid - ing place,
 Oh, close thy wings a - round me and keep me safe - ly there,
 Oh, take in - to thy keep - ing thy chil - dren great and small,

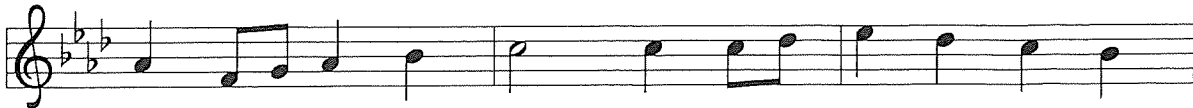
and let my ev - 'ry mo - ment be lived with - in thy grace.
 for I am but a new - born and need thy ten - der care.
 and while we sweet - ly slum - ber, en - fold us one and all.

All Who Love and Serve Your City

724



1 All who love and serve your cit - y, all who
 2 In your day of loss and sor - row, in your
 3 In your day of wealth and plen - ty, wast - ed
 4 For all days are days of judg - ment, and the
 5 Ris - en Lord, shall yet the cit - y be the



bear its dai - ly stress, all who cry for peace and
 day of help - less strife, hon - or, peace, and love re -
 work and wast - ed play, call to mind the word of
 Lord is wait - ing still, draw - ing near a world that
 cit - y of de - spair? Come to - day, our judge, our



jus - tice, all who curse and all who bless,
 treat - ing, seek the Lord, who is your life.
 Je - sus, "You must work while it is day."
 spurns him, of - f'ring peace from Cal - v'ry's hill.
 glo - ry. Be its name "The Lord is there!"

Text: Erik Routley, 1917-1982

Music: Paul D. Weber, b. 1949

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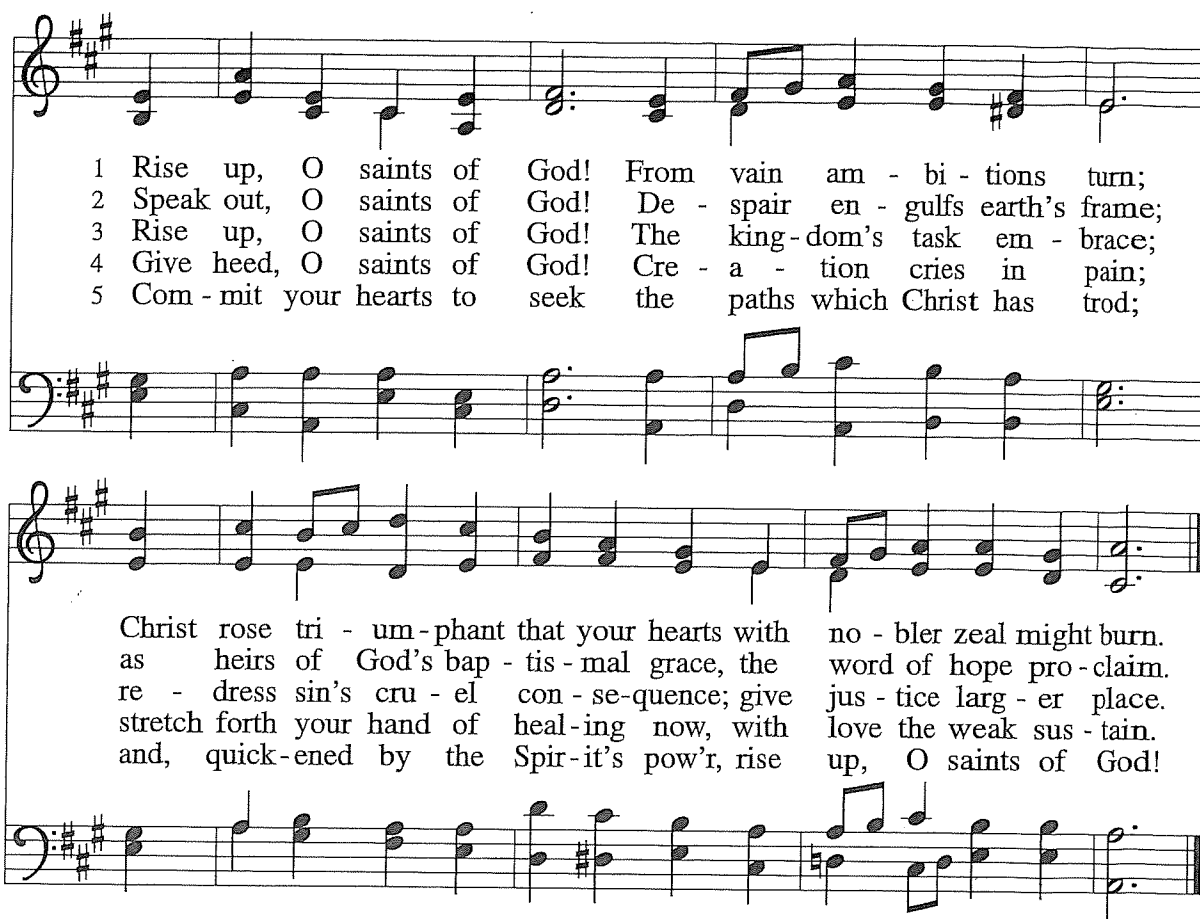
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NEW ORLEANS

8787

Rise Up, O Saints of God!

669



1 Rise up, O saints of God! From vain am - bi - tions turn;
 2 Speak out, O saints of God! De - spair en - gulf earth's frame;
 3 Rise up, O saints of God! The king - dom's task em - brace;
 4 Give heed, O saints of God! Cre - a - tion cries in pain;
 5 Com - mit your hearts to seek the paths which Christ has trod;

Christ rose tri - um - phant that your hearts with no - bler zeal might burn.
 as heirs of God's bap - tis - mal grace, the word of hope pro - claim.
 re - dress sin's cru - el con - se - quence; give jus - tice larg - er place.
 stretch forth your hand of heal - ing now, with love the weak sus - tain.
 and, quick - ened by the Spir - it's pow'r, rise up, O saints of God!

Text: Norman O. Forness, b. 1936

Music: William H. Walter, 1825-1893

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FESTAL SONG

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