

346 For the Healing of the Nations

1 For the heal - ing of the na - tions, Lord, we pray with
 2 Lead us for - ward in - to free - dom; from de - spair your
 3 All that kills a - bun - dant liv - ing, let it from the
 4 You, Cre - a - tor God, have writ - ten your great name on

one ac - cord; for a just and e - qual shar - ing
 world re - lease, that, re - deemed from war and ha - tred,
 earth be banned: pride of sta - tus, race, or school - ing,
 hu - man - kind; for our grow - ing in your like - ness,

of the things that earth af - fords; to a life of
 all may come and go in peace. Show us how through
 dog - mas that ob - scure your plan. In our com - mon
 bring the life of Christ to mind, that by our re -

love in ac - tion help us rise and pledge our word.
 care and good - ness fear will die and hope in - crease.
 quest for jus - tice may we hal - low life's brief span.
 sponse and ser - vice earth its des - ti - ny may find.

The first line of this text quotes the declared purpose of the leaves of the tree of life growing beside the river of life in the heavenly Jerusalem (Revelation 22:2). The hymn continues by identifying some of the many ways we are called to share with God in this healing work.

Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life 343

1 Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, where sound the
 2 In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, on shad - owed
 3 From ten - der child - hood's help - less - ness, from hu - man
 4 The cup of wa - ter given for you still holds the

cries of race and clan, a - bove the noise of
 thresh - olds fraught with fears, from paths where hide the
 grief and bur - dened toil, from fam - ished souls, from
 fresh - ness of your grace; yet long these mul - ti -

self - ish strife, we hear your voice, O Son of Man.
 lures of greed, we catch the vi - sion of your tears.
 sor - row's stress, your heart has nev - er known re - coil.
 tudes to view the sweet com - pas - sion of your face.

5 O Master, from the mountainside,
 make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
 among these restless throngs abide;
 O tread the city's streets again;

6 Till all the world shall learn your love,
 and follow where your feet have trod;
 till glorious from your heaven above
 shall come the city of our God.

Because dense populations always result in concentrated hardships, this vivid yet timeless evocation of urban need connects to our own day as well as to Jesus' lament over Jerusalem (Matthew 23:37/Luke 13:34). This tune was the first used with this text and is now customary.

From the Rising of the Sun 670

(Psalm 113)

From the ris - ing of the sun to the go - ing down
of the same, the name of the Lord shall be
praised. From the ris - ing of the sun to the
go - ing down of the same, the name of the Lord shall be
praised. So praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord. From the
ris - ing of the sun to the go - ing down of the same,
the name of the Lord shall be praised.

This paraphrase of Psalm 113:3 concisely represents the psalm beginning the group called the Egyptian *Hallel* (113–118) used at all major Jewish festivals. One of these may have been what Jesus and his disciples sang at the conclusion of the Last Supper (Matthew 26:30/Mark 14:26).

Take My Life

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1 Take my life and let it be con-se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
 2 Take my hands and let them move at the im - pulse of thy love;
 3 Take my voice and let me sing al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
 4 Take my sil - ver and my gold; not a mite would I with - hold;

take my mo - ments and my days; let them flow in
 take my feet and let them be swift and beau - ti -
 take my lips and let them be filled with mes - sa -
 take my in - tel - lect and use ev - ery power as

cease - less praise; let them flow in cease - less praise.
 ful for thee, swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.
 ges from thee, filled with mes - sa - ges from thee.
 thou shalt choose, ev - ery power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine;
 it shall be no longer mine.
 Take my heart, it is thine own;
 it shall be thy royal throne,
 it shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 at thy feet its treasure store;
 take myself and I will be
 ever, only, all for thee,
 ever, only, all for thee.

This hymn of consecration radiates from the repeated word "take," resulting in a remarkably full survey of a person's attributes and possessions and giving weight to the "all" at the end. The composer of the tune was influential in the renewal of Reformed hymnody in French.