

408 There's a Sweet, Sweet Spirit

1 There's a sweet, sweet Spir - it in this place, and I
2 There are bless - ings you can - not re - ceive till you

know that it's the Spir - it of the Lord; there are
know him in his full - ness and be - lieve; you're the

sweet ex - pres - sions on each face, and I
one to prof - it when you say, "I am

know they feel the pres - ence of the Lord.
going to walk with Je - sus all the way."

Refrain

Sweet Ho - ly Spir - it, sweet heav - en - ly Dove, stay right here

with us, fill - ing us with your love; and for these bless - ings we

lift our hearts in praise; with - out a doubt we'll know that we have

been re - vived when we shall leave this place.

This gospel hymn grew out of this African American author and composer's intense experience of prayer with her interracial choir in Los Angeles one Sunday morning before worship. She recalled that sense of "a sweet, sweet Spirit" when she sat down at her piano the next day.

67 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



1 Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.
 2 All the world is God's own field, fruit in thank-ful praise to yield,
 3 For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take the har - vest home;
 4 E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to thy fi - nal har - vest home.



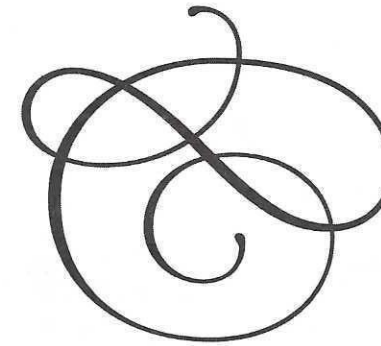
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, ere the win - ter storms be - gin.
 wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown.
 from each field shall in that day all of - fens - es purge a - way;
 Gath - er thou thy peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin,



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied.
 First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall ap - pear.
 give the an - gels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
 there for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, in thy pres - ence to a - bide:



Come to God's own tem - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we whole - some grain and pure may be.
 but the fruit - ful ears to store in God's gar - ner ev - er - more.
 come, with all thine an - gels, come; raise the glo - rious har - vest home!



42 Judge Eternal, Throned in Splendor



1 Judge E - ter - nal, throned in splen - dor, Lord of lords and
 2 Still the wea - ry folk are pin - ing for the hour that
 3 Crown, O God, your own en - deav - or; cleave our dark - ness



King of kings, with your liv - ing fire of judg - ment
 brings re - lease, and the cit - y's crowd - ed clang - or
 with your sword; feed the faith - less and the hun - gry



purge this land of bit - ter things; so - lace all its
 cries a - loud for sin to cease, and the home - steads
 with the rich - ness of your word; cleanse the bod - y



wide do - min - ion with the heal - ing of your wings.
 and the wood - lands plead in si - lence for their peace.
 of this na - tion through the glo - ry of the Lord.



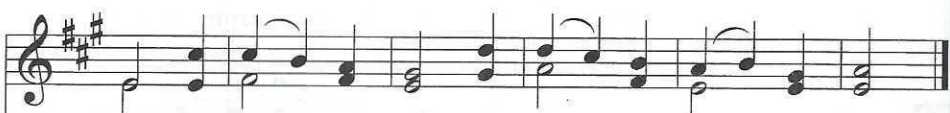
More than a century after it was written, this plea for national purification has lost none of its power, nor has the need for social justice grown less acute. It is set to a traditional Welsh tune named for a long-inhabited town in north Wales overlooking the River Clywd.

343 Where Cross the Crowded
Ways of Life

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.