

Hymns – Sunday, January 17, 2021

Bathe Me in Your Light – MV 82

1. Bathe me in your light, O God of All, Creator;

let it shine upon my soul with healing and with grace.

Be to me a beacon bright through shadows of life's wounding, showing me the way to live in faith, in your embrace.

2. Bathe me in your love, O Source of Awe and Wonder;

help me walk the sacred path of harmony and peace.

May I be attentive to the musings of your presence, drinking from the well of hope that brings the heart release.

3. Bathe me in your grace, O One of Spirit's longing;

teach me of your gentle ways that fill the soul with strength.

Guide me on the pilgrimage that leads to truth and wholeness,

Fill me with your promise of a love that knows no length.

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God is Holding Your Life

**Turn now your gaze upon the earth
Where is the One who never sleeps?**

**We call the One who guards you
now,**

Your spirit safe in holy keep.

God is holding your life

God is holding your life

God is holding your life, we believe

Words and music by Richard Bruxvoort Colligan. Verse tune: O WALY WALY ©2007 Augsburg Fortress Publishing. All rights reserved. Used, adapted, streamed with permission Worship Design Studio © 2020

Thou art before me, Lord, thou art behind - VU862

Thou art before me, Lord, thou art behind,

And thou above me hast spread out thy hand;

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,

Too high to grasp, too great to understand.

If I should take my flight into the dawn,

If I should dwell on ocean's farthest shore,

Thy mighty hand would rest upon me still,

And thy right hand would guard me evermore.

Search me, O God, search me and know my heart;

Try me, O God, my mind and spirit try;

Keep me from any path that gives thee pain,

And lead me in the everlasting way.

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Precious Lord, Take My Hand – VU 670

Precious Lord, take my hand,

lead me on, let me stand,

I am tired, I am weak,

I am worn;

through the storm, through the
night,
lead me on to the light:
take my hand, precious Lord, lead
me home.

When my way grows drear,
precious Lord, linger near,
when my life is almost gone,
hear my cry, hear my call,
hold my hand lest I fall:
take my hand, precious Lord, lead
me home.

When the darkness appears,
and the night draws near,
and the day is past and gone,
at the river I stand,
guide my feet,
hold my hand:
take my hand, precious Lord, lead
me home.

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Put Peace Into Each Other's Hands **- MV 173**

Put peace into each other's hands
and like a treasure hold it,
protect it like a candle flame,
with tenderness enfold it.

Put peace into each other's hands
with loving expectation;
be gentle in your words and ways,
in touch with God's creation.

Give thanks for strong yet tender
hands,

held out in trust and blessing.
Where words fall short, let hands
speak out,
the heights of love expressing.

Reach out in friendship, stay with
faith
in touch with those around you.
Put peace into each other's hands:
the Peace that sought and found
you.

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You, Creator God, Have Searched **Me – MV 131**

You, Creator God, have searched
me and you know my ways.
You perfectly understand me.
It's my cause of praise.
I cannot escape your presence
in air, land or sea.
Your arms of love and protection
are always with me.

Refrain

You know me, O God, you have
made me.
I am proud I'm the work of your
hand.
In my waking and sleeping
moments,
with my being I will praise your
name.

You created light and darkness
and you love them both.

**You blessed the womb of my
mother,
you brought me to birth.
In your image and your likeness
wonderfully made.
I will lift my voice to praise you,
you are God indeed.**

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Psalm 139 : 1-18

**ADONAI, you've searched me and known me.
You know my sitting down and my rising up,
you discern my thoughts from afar.
You trace my journeys and my resting places;
and are acquainted with all of my ways.**

**Indeed, there is not a word on my lips;
but you, O God, know it altogether.
You press upon me, behind and before,
and lay your hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
it is so high I cannot attain it!**

**Where can I go then from your Spirit,
Where can I flee from your presence?
If I climb up to heaven, you are there;
if I make the grave my bed, you are there also.
If I take the wings of the morning,
and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
even there your hand will lead me,
and your right hand hold me fast.**

**If I say, "Surely the darkness will cover me,
and the light around me turn to night,"
darkness is not dark to you;
the night is as bright as the day,
darkness and light to you are both alike.**

**You created my inmost being
and stitched me together in my mother's womb.
For all these mysteries I thank you—
for the wonder of myself,
for the wonder of your works—
my soul knows it well.**

**My frame was not hidden from you
while I was being made in that secret place,
knitted together in the depths of the earth;
your eyes saw my body even there.**

**All of my days
were written in your book,
all of them planned
before even the first of them came to be.**

**How precious your thoughts are to me, ADONAI!
How impossible to number them!
I could no more count them
than I could count the sand.
But suppose I could?
You would still be with me!**