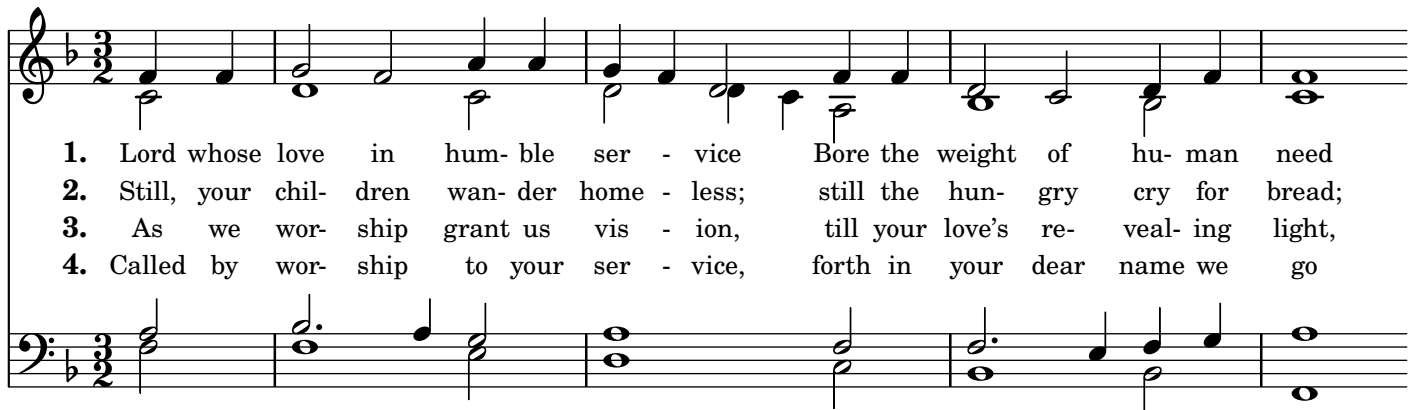


# Lord, Whose Love in Humble Service

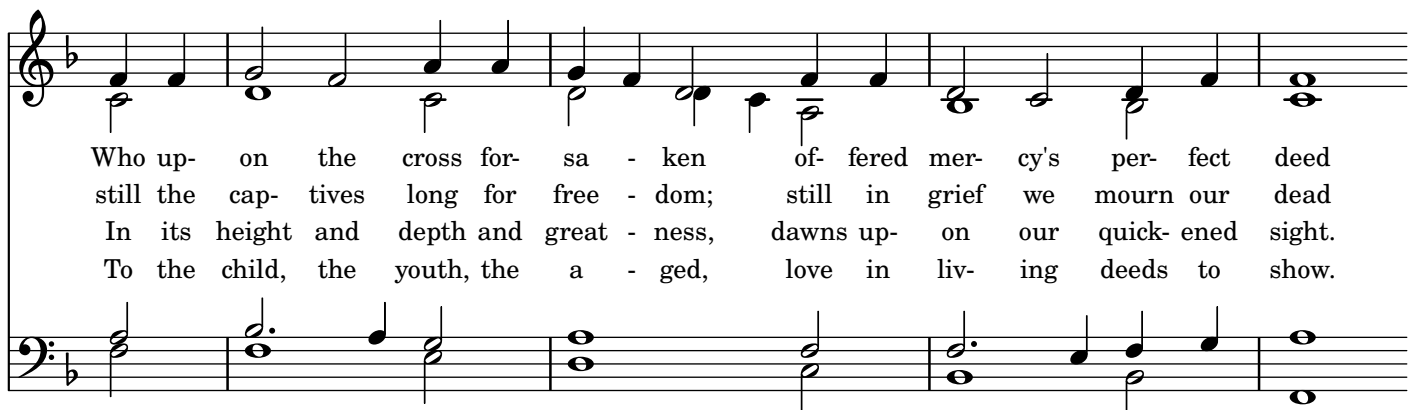
BEACH SPRING 8.7.8.7 D

Albert F. Bayly (1961)

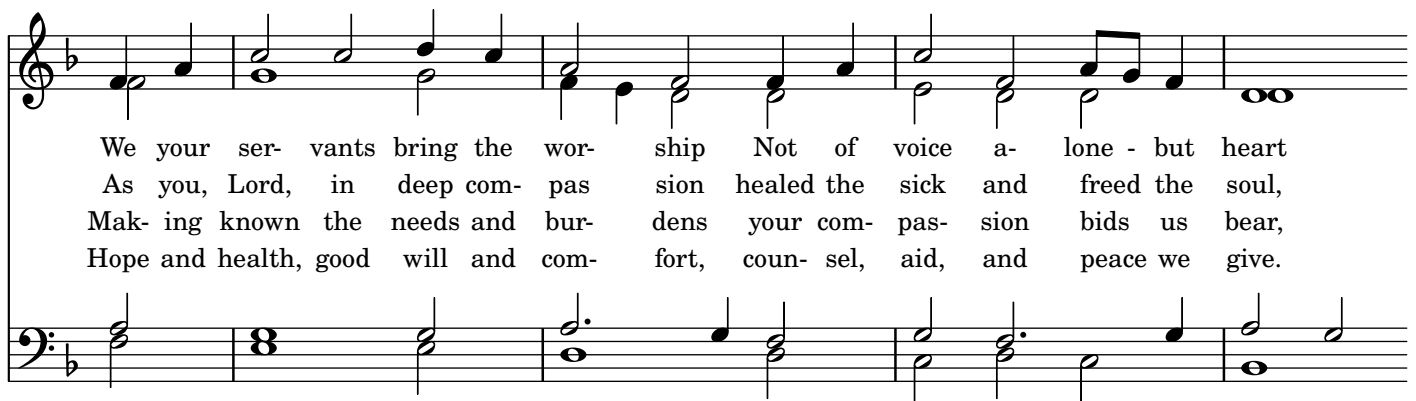
*The Sacred Harp (1844)*



1. Lord whose love in hum-ble ser-vice Bore the weight of hu-man need  
2. Still, your chil-dren wan-der home-less; still the hun-gry cry for bread;  
3. As we wor-ship grant us vis-ion, till your love's re-veal-ing light,  
4. Called by wor-ship to your ser-vice, forth in your dear name we go



Who up-on the cross for-sa-ken of-fered mer-cy's per-fect deed  
still the cap-tives long for free-dom; still in grief we mourn our dead  
In its height and depth and great-ness, dawns up-on our quick-ened sight.  
To the child, the youth, the a-ged, love in liv-ing deeds to show.



We your ser-vants bring the wor-ship Not of voice a-lone-but heart  
As you, Lord, in deep com-pas-sion healed the sick and freed the soul,  
Mak-ing known the needs and bur-dens your com-pas-sion bids us bear,  
Hope and health, good will and com-fort, coun-sel, aid, and peace we give.



Con-sec-rat-ing to Your pur-pose Ev-'ry gift that You im-part  
Use the love your Spir-it kin-dles to our world and make us whole.  
Stir-ring us to tire-less striv-ing your a-bun-dant life to share.  
That your ser-vants, Lord, in free-dom may you mer-cy know, and live.

*Tune Name: Beach Spring*

*Poetic Meter: 8.7.8.7 D*