

NURTURE

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Let Us Hope when Hope Seems Hopeless

Ps. 126:5-6; Rom. 4:18; 1 Cor. 13

David Beebe, 1989

1 Let us hope when hope seems hope - less, when the
 2 Faith and hope in love's com - pas - sion will sur -
 3 Like a child out - grow - ing child - hood, set - ting

dreams we dreamed have died. When the mom - ing
 vive though knowl - edge cease, though the tongues of
 child - hood things a - way, we will learn to

breaks in bright - ness, hun - ger shall be sat - is - fied.
 joy fall si - lent, dull the words of proph - e - cies.
 live in free - dom, in the life of God's new day.

Emma Lou Diemer, organist since the age of thirteen, studied composition at Yale University and Eastman School of Music, and has published orchestra, chamber, choral, and organ works. David Beebe wrote this text while teaching a course on creative writing. A minister of the United Church of Christ, Beebe has served on the staff of the denomination's Stewardship Council.

Tune: LET US HOPE 8.7.8.7.D.
 Emma Lou Diemer, 1994
 Alternate tune: HYFRYDOL

NURTURE

One who sows the fields with weep - ing shall re - trace the
 Faith shall see and trust its ob - ject; hope shall set its
 Now we see as in a mir - ror. Then we shall see

sor-row - ing way and re - joice in har - vest
 an - chor sure; love shall bloom in Love e -
 face to face, un - der - stand how love's com -

boun - ty at the break - ing of the day.
 ter - nal. Faith and hope and love en - dure.
 pas - sion blos - soms through a - maz - ing Grace.

LENT

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Said Judas to Mary

John 12:1-8

Sydney Carter, 1964; alt

1 Said Ju - das to Mar - y, "Now
 2 "O Mar - y, O Mar - y, O
 3 "To - mor-row, to - mor-row, I'll
 4 Said Je - sus to Mar - y, "Your

what will you do with your oint-ment so rich and so rare?" "I'll
 think of the poor. This oint-ment, it could have been sold; And
 think of the poor, to - mor-row," she said, "not to - day; For
 love is so deep, to - day you may do as you will. To -

pour it all o - ver the feet of the Christ, and I'll wipe it a - way with my
 think of the blan-kets and think of the bread you could buy with the sil - ver and
 dear-er than all of the poor in the world is my love who is go - ing a -
 mor-row, you say, I am go - ing a - way, but my bod - y I leave with you

hair," she said, "I'll wipe it a - way with my hair." (2 "O
 gold," he said, "you could buy with the sil - ver and gold." (3 "To-
 way," she said, "my love who is go - ing a - way." (4 Said
 still," he said, "my bo - dy I leave with you still." (5 "The
 (6 - way.")

5 "The poor of the world are my bod-y,"
 he said,
 "to the end of the world they shall be.
 The bread and the blan-kets you give
 to the poor
 you will know you have giv-en to me,"
 he said,
 "you'll know you have giv-en to me."

6 "My bod-y will hang on the cross
 of the world
 to-mor-row," he said, "not to-day.
 And Mar-tha and Mar-y will find me
 a-gain
 and wash all my sor-row a-way,"
 he said,
 "and wash all my sor-row a-way."

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts, 1707; alt.

Gal. 6:14; Phil. 3:7-8

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross,
 2 For - bid it, then, that I should boast,
 3 From sa - cred head, from hands, and feet,
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

on which the Christ of glo - ry died,
 save in the death of Christ, my God;
 sor - row and love flow min - gled down!
 that were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss,
 All the vain things that charm me most
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 I sac - ri - fice them to Christ's blood.
 or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Originally titled "Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ," this hymn has been acclaimed as one of the finest in the English language. Isaac Watts' hymnody grew out of his dissatisfaction with the restraints of the metrical psalters.

Tune: HAMBURG L.M.
 Lowell Mason, 1825