John Murray
Father of the Universalist Church in America
1741--1815

Songs Along the Way

*Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.*—Psalm CXIX: 54

Prepared by the Committee of Arrangements
William H. McGlaflin, D.D., Chairman

To

With the Compliments of
The Committee of Arrangements of the
United Universalist Conventions
California, 1915

Published by The Murray Press, Boston
For the United Universalist Conventions
2. The spiritual authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.

3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.

4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.

5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

**SONGS ALONG THE WAY**

Shepherd of Tender Youth

Clement of Alexandria

Through devious ways, Christ our triumphant King, We come thy
Heal - er of strife; Thou didst thy - self a - base, The per - fect
Our staff and song, Je - sus, Thou Christ of God, By thy per -
And joy - ful sing; Let all the ho - ly throng Who to thy

name to sing; Hith - er our chil - dren bring Trib - utes of praise.
way didst trace, That Thou might - st save our race,And give us life.
en - nial word Lead us where thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.
Church be - long, U - nite and swell the song To Christ our King!

*Oldest Christian hymn extant, dates about 200 A. D. The author, head of the first Christian school, Alexandria, Egypt, was a Universalist.*
In God's Eternity

Rev. Hosea Ballou

1. In God's e-ter-ni-ty, There shall a day a-rise
2. As night be-fore the rays Of morn-ing flees a-way,
3. As mu-sic fills the grove When storm-y clouds are past,
4. Redeemed from death and sin, Shall Ad-am's nu-mer-ous race

When all the race of man shall be With Je-sus in the skies.
Sin shall re-tire be-fore the blaze Of God's e-ter-nal day.
Sweet an-thems of re-deem-ing love Shall all em-ploy at last.
A cease-less song of praise be-gin, And shout re-deem-ing grace.

CHORUS

There'll be no sor-row there; There'll be no sor-row there;
In heav'n a-bove where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

*Best known hymn of "Father" Ballou, one of the founders of the Universalist Church in America. Born, 1771; died, 1852.

Our Father God

Rev. E. H. Chapin

1. Our Fa-ther God! not face to face May mor-tal
2. Yet where-er our spir-its bend In rev-ren-t
3. Here may the sick and won-d'ring soul To truth still
4. And may we learn, while here a-part From the world's

sense com-mune with thee, Nor lift the cur-tains
faith and hum-ble prayer, Thy prom-ised bless-ing
blind, to sin a slave, Find bet-ter than Be-
par-sion and its strife, That thy true shrines a-

of that place Where dwells thy se cret ma jes-ty;
will de-scend, And we shall find thy spir-it there.
thes-da's pool, Or than Si-lo-am's heal-ing wave.
lov-ing heart, And thy best praise a ho-ly life!

*Dr. Chapin was the greatest preacher of the Universalist Church, and one of the foremost in America. Born, 1814; died, 1880.
Thou, Whose Wide-Extended Sway

Rev. Abel C. Thomas

1. Thou, whose wide-extended sway Sums and systems e'er obey!
2. Thou by all shalt be con-fessed Ever blessing, ever blest,
3. When destroy ing death shall die, Hushed be ev'ry rising sigh,
4. Thou, our Guard ian and our stay, Ever more adored,

Thou, our Guard ian and our stay, Ev er more adored,
When to thy e ter nal rest, In the courts a bove,
Tears be wiped from ev'ry eye, Never more to fall,

In pros pec tive, Lord, we see Jew and Gen tile, bond and free,
Thou shalt bring the sore oppressed, Fill each joy de siring breast,
Then shall praise fill the sky, And angelic hosts shall cry,

Rec on ciled in Christ to thee, Holy, Holy Lord,
Make of each a wel come guest, At the feast of love.
Holy, Holy Lord, Most High, Thou art All in All!

* Alice Cary was born of Universalist parents, and with her noted sister Phoebe held to the same faith throughout her life. Born, 1820; died, 1871.
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Exult, O My Soul

Alice Cary*

1. Ex ult, O my soul, for to Zion's high mountain All
2. Ex ult in his name who at last shall de liv er From
3. O, sweet er than life are the pron is es giv en Of
4. Be strong then, my soul, when the tem pest shall gather, For

na ture shall flock when the feast shall be spread, To drink the sweet
sin and temp ta tion, and death's dread a hars; For he, who of
rest nev er end ing in mans ions on high; For noth ing can
far through the mists of this val ley of tears, Re vealed by the

streams of the life giv ing foun tain, And eat, with out price, of the
ev'ry good gift is the giv er, Shall gath er his chil dren like
mar the vast household of heav en, Or hush the glad songs where the
smile of our heav en ly Fa ther, A rap tur ous vi sion of

heav en ly bread, And eat, without price, of the heav en ly bread.
lamb to his arms, Shall gath er his chil dren like lambs to his arms.
cher u bim fly, Or hush the glad songs where the cher u bim fly.
glo ry ap pears, A rap tur ous vi sion of glo ry ap pears.

*A favorite with all Universalists. Bro. Thomas was a noted preacher, writer, and
promotor of the Universalist denomination. Born, 1807; died, 1890.
Canfield

Henry Lovell Canfield

1. O strengthen me, my Father, with thy might; Gird me with thine own armor for the fight; To faith and courage and each Christian grace, of my life be sted fast To none so high, whose cause, face thou need'st me seek; But let its shining cheer my lonely way sky my setting sun Goes down into the shadows of the night.

2. O quick-en me, according to thy word; Let all the pulses of my spirit leap. The spring of nature, when the voice of thee. Open me to the scenes of mercy and the songs of peace.

3. O comfort me, when heart and flesh are weak; Hide not from me the fulness of thy saving power, Thy saving power, Thy saving power!

4. And when, O Lord, my work on earth is done, When from the darkening and the dangers of each hour. O, strengthen me, O, strengthen me. Responsive to thy perfect will. O, quick-en me, O, quick-en me! Heavily Father, comfort me! O, comfort me! O, comfort me!

The Sweet By-and-By*

S. Fillmore Bennett

Church Hymnals, New and Old, Page 220, Key of G.

1. There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it afar; For the Father waits over the way, To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS
|| In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore. ||

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodious songs of the blest, And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3. To our bountiful Father above, We will offer our tribute of praise, For the glorious gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

* This hymn has found its way into all churches. It was written in 1874 at Elkhart, Ind., and expresses the hope and gratitude of the Universalist church and the author.

Dr. Canfield, author of above words, is Pastor Emeritus of the Universalist church, Los Angeles, Calif. Dr. Nash, author of the music, is the Pastor in charge.

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7
NEW AGE VISION

Rev. Henry Victor Morgan

Tune—"Battle Hymn of the Republic." Praise and Thanks II, No. 39, Key of C

Mine eyes have seen the coming,
Of an age that is to be,
When from every limitation
Shall the son of man be free;
For the age is rich in promise
And my soul has eyes to see
God's truth is marching on.

Chorus: ||:Glory, glory, hallelujah:||
God's truth is marching on.

My heart has felt the summons
Calling all to victory sweet,
But my words cannot translate it
Nor my song its depths repeat;
But my soul bids welcome, welcome,
As it comes with silent feet.
God's truth is marching on.

My soul has seen the coming
Of a race from sorrow free,
Of an age of faith and justice,
Truth and love and liberty;
And I sing of love's great triumph
In that year of jubilee.
God's truth is marching on.

I have seen the free-born woman
Standing side by side with man.
I have seen the nations broaden
Till there is no tribe or clan,
And the war-lords all have vanished
In the love of man for man.
God's truth is marching on.

* * *

*Henry Victor Morgan, author of many hymns, is at present the minister of the Universalist Church in Tacoma, Washington.

Songs from pages 9 to 22 inclusive selected from "The New Altar."
Love Divine.

John Zundel.

1. Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven to earth come down!
2. Breathe, oh, breathe the living Spirit Into every troubled breast!

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Let us all in Thee inherit, Let us find Thy promised rest.

Father, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Come, Almighty to deliver, Let us all Thy life receive;

Visit us with Thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.
Gracefully come down, and never, Nevermore Thy temples leave.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. Like a mighty army moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Onward, then, ye faithful, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

Going on before Christ, the royal Master, Load against the foe;
Where the saints have trod. We are not divided, All one body we;
In the triumph song: Glory, hallelujah, Honor, Unto Christ the King,

Forward into battle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian soldiers.
One in hope, in doctrine, One in charity.
This, thro' countless ages, Men and angels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.
The Morning Light.

1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears!
2. See heathen nations bending Before the God we love,
3. Blest river of salvation! Pursue thine onward way;

The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears;
And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above;
Fly thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay:

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar,
While sinners, now confessing, The gospel call obey,
Stay not till all the lowly Triumphant reach their home:

Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—A nation in a day.
Stay not till all the holy Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

How Firm a Foundation.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He say, than to
2. Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrows shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy

You He hath said,—To you, who for refuge to Jesus hath cause thee to stand, Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent trouble to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-

Fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus hath fled? hand, Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand, distress, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
Beulah Land.

E. P. Stites, Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its riches freely mine;
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;

Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my sight has pass'd a-way.
He gently leads me with His hand, For this is heaven's border-land.

Chorus.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As on thy highest mount I stand,

I look away across the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,

From "Goodly Pearls," by per John J. Hood.

Beulah Land. Concluded.

Sarah F. Adams, Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; Even though it
2. Tho' like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be
3. There let the way appear Steps unto heaven; All that Thou
4. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and

be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be-
bever me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'll be
sendest me, In mercy given; Angels to beckon me,
starra forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be-

Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er to Thee!
I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss Kate Hankey.

W. G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the Story Of unseen things above,
   Of
2. I love to tell the Story! More wonderful it seems,
   Than
3. I love to tell the Story! 'Tis pleasant to repeat What

Jesus and His story, Of Jesus and His love! I love to
all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams, I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet, I love to
tell the story; Because I know 'tis true; It satisfies my
tell the story, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the story, For some have never heard The message of sal-

CHORUS.

longings As nothing else can do.
reason I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the story, 'Twill

trans. From God's own holy word.

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I Love to Tell The Story. Concluded.

Joy to the World.

I. Watts.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King, Let ev'ry
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories

of His right-eousness, And wonders of His love, And

And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing,

And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.
What will the Recompense Be?

1. Harvest, harvest, gather thy sheaves! The Master is
2. Harvest, harvest, faithful to God, O seek by the
3. Harvest, harvest, daily no more And think what the

coming this way; My heart o'er its folly and idleness
way-side and find, Grown in the weeds where the rank brambles
Master would say, "O gather the sheaves till the harvest is

grieves And the hours it has squander'd a
nod, The wheat for the sheaves you would bind. Gather, gather,
o'er—Go work with the reapers today.
gather the sheaves, Bound in the harvest by thee; O soul, if thy

What Will the Recompense Be? Concluded.

All Hail the Power.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon'er sacred through We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ever last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord... of all.
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord... of all.
We'll join the ever last-ing song, And crown Him Lord... of all.
Sound the Battle Cry!

Vigorously, in march time.

1. Sound the battle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high.
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know.
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call Help us one and all.

For the Lord; Gird your armor on, Stand firm every one; Rest your Must prevail; Shield and banner bright Glean-ing in the light; Battling
By Thy grace; When the battle's done, And the vict'ry won, May we

CHORUS: ff

cause upon His holy word.
for the right We ne'er can fail. Rouse then sold'iers! ral-ly round the wear the crown Before Thy face.

banner! Ready, steady, pass the word a-long; On-ward, for-ward.

From "Bright Jewels," by per. Biglow & Main.

Sound the Battle Cry! Concluded.

America.

S. F. Smith.

1. My country, 'tis of thee. Sweet land of liberty,
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee,-Land of the no-ble free,
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa-ther's God, to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,-

Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and Sweet free-dom's song! Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil-grim's pride, From ev-ry mount-a-in side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rapt-ure thrill's Like that a-bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God our King.
He Leadeth Me.

Jos. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine -

What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubl - ed sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;
His faith - ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

Blest Be the Tie

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love!
2. Before our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin, we shall be free,

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And per - fect love and friendship reign Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

God Be with You

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—Neath his wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—When life's perils thick confound you,

With his sheep so - sure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Put his arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

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22
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

Church Harmonies, New and Old, Page 236. Key of A flat

I need Thee every hour,
Most Gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

Chorus: I need Thee, O, I need Thee!
Every hour I need Thee;
O, bless me now, my Father!
I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by!
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will.
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

* * *

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

Key of C

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Chorus: ||:Tell me the old, old story:||
Of Jesus and his love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in;
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon.
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Y. P. C. U. SONGS

A WELCOME WESTWARD

Tune—"Hold the Fort," Key of D
Ho, my comrades, see God's love light
Shine o'er hill and plain,
Till each son of man has risen
Free from sin and pain.

Chorus: Shout for joy, Love Universal,
Good will win the day.
Shout for joy, Love Universal,
Peace will come to stay.

See the Truth of Christ advancing,
Love is leading on,
Every bush with God is burning,
Man to God is won.

Soul of man, sing loud in triumph.
Claim thy power divine;
Hear the voice of God assuring,
All My strength is thine.

* * *

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Maud W. S. Leighton

Tune—"Gottschalk." Ch. Har., New and Old, page 4. Key of A flat
From the Granite State we bring
Our most precious offering,
Love for Him who gave us birth,
Prince of Peace o'er all the earth.

Loyal Unioners and true,
Greetings warm we bring to you.
May we all with one accord,
Praise Him, Master, Sovereign, Lord.

Strong in faith we here renew
Loyalty to "White and Blue,"
May our banner be unfurled,
Pure, unspotted, to the world.
MAINE
Mrs. Asa M. Bradley

_Tune—“When the Roll is Called up Yonder.”_ Key of A flat
When the call goes forth for helpers in the service of the Lord,
When there's need of earnest hearts to do and dare;
Comes the echo from the Unions of our grand old Pine Tree State,
“When the Master calls for workers, we'll be there.”

_Choorus:_

“Rah for Maine!” the pines wave o'er us!
“Rah for Maine!” the world's before us!
As we sing in joyful chorus,
“Ever onward for the church of Christ, our Lord.”

There are weary souls to strengthen, there are saddened souls to cheer,
There are souls bowed down 'neath weight of sin and care;
If we long to do His bidding, willing lives we each must give,
Willing hearts must lift to God in earnest prayer.

With a purpose like our rivers, flowing broad and deep and strong,
With a faith that like our mountains looks above;
Let us tread life's pathway bravely, doing good where'er we may,
Leaving all the rest to God's unfailing love.

When our work on earth is over, and from off our shoulders tired
Slips the cross we sometimes found it hard to bear,
May we hear the Father calling, “Come to Me, My faithful child.”
Oh! what joy to work together over there.

**MASSACHUSETTS**
Austin Albert Ballou

_Tune—“Sound the Battle Cry.” (Page 20.)_
Raise our colors high,
Wave them to the sky,
Keep our banner by,
With great pride.
Keep our watchword strong,
Union living long,
We are ready for the battlefield.

CONNECTICUT
Dr. Lucy C. Peckham

_Tune—“Come to the Saviour.”_ Key of B flat
Brothers and helpers, we meet here to-day
Each with our story to tell as we may;
How we have striven to hear and obey
God's precious message of Love.

_Chorus:_ Happy, joyful let our meeting be;
While we talk of glories that we see;
Crowning the future, making us free;
It dwelt in the Kingdom of Love.

Here in the earth life, weak tho' the soul;
Seeking our service finds it true and whole,
Eager to help till a strong self-control
Can open new visions of Love.

Each quick response to the just and the true
Strengthens our grasp and widens our view;
Give to our neighbor the judgment that's due,
Tempered with Mercy and Love.
MINNESOTA
William R. Tanner
Tune—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." Key of B flat
Western hearts, so large and true, always open are to you,
And we're reaching, friends, to grasp you by the hand;
We are young folks from the State of Minnesota, proud and great,
Which will gladly make you welcome to her land.

Chorus: Hail! All hail to Minnesota!
Star of patriots, proud and free;
May her young folks be as true
To the banner white and blue,
As their fathers to the flag of liberty.

When the land was rent by foes, Minnesota first arose,
And her soldiers won for bravery the crown.
We will try to show to you that her young folks are as true
In the fight to put the evil forces down.

Boundless seems to stretch the plain where our farmers sow their grain,
Rich we are in forest land, in lake and mine;
Though our country all is new, and our Unioners are few,
We keep working for our Master, so divine.

* * *

WASHINGTON CONVENTION HYMN
Alice Cary Atwood
Tune—"Park Street." Church Harmonies, New and Old, Page 27
Key of G
To Thee, Great God, our prayers ascend,
As for Thy work we gather here;
In session and in service, Lord,
Oh may we feel Thy presence near.

Touch Thou the lips with living fire;
With generous impulse stir the heart;
Point Thou the future's shining goal;
The wisdom to our plans impart.

Abundant blessings grant our Church;
Her loyal children may we be.
Her glorious faith, but larger hope,
Are our most precious legacy.

One life shines full upon our path,
To show the way that peace is won;
Oh, may we grow to be like him,
Our great Exemplar, Thy dear Son.

Endued with vision, faith renewed,
Our homeward ways may we retrace,
Constrained to say with one of old,
"Surely the Lord is in this place!"

* * *

ILLINOIS
Stanley Manning
Tune—"Webb." Church Harmonies, New and Old, Page 46.
Key of B flat
Upon the Western prairies
And in the cities, too,
Our Unioners are working
With zeal and courage true,
With deepest consecration.
In service of our Lord
We strive to help each other
And to obey His word.
GEORGIA

Etta Wallace Miller

Tune—"Battle Hymn of the Republic." Key of C
We are marching, onward marching, tramping down the weeds
of wrong;
We are marching to the music of a hallelujah song;
Lifting hearts to hope and heaven—waft the welcome news along.
His Christian Union throng.

Chorus:  Marching, marching, tell the story!
         Marching, marching, tell the story!
         Marching on for Christ, his glory!
         His Christian Union throng.

We are mustered firm and faithful, soldiers brave in battle line;
The Saviour is our Captain and he leads by power divine;
'Tis "Peace" is on our banners, and 'tis "Love" the countersign:
His Christian Union throng.

O, swing wide the doors of Duty! Ring, O bells, from sea to sea,
All the wondrous love and beauty of the Truth which makes us
Free!
Sing it! Ring it! Wild winds wing it! till the answering world
shall be,
His Christian Union throng.

Onward, onward, faint'ring never! giving hope for earth's despair;
Hateful wrong from right to sever, by the living strength of
pray'r;
With the colors of our Captain to the King’s dominions fair;
His Christian Union throng.

FOR A SERVICE OF WORSHIP

1. Singing.
2. Scripture.
3. Responsive Reading.

   Pastor: In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.
   
   People: The earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein.
   
   Pastor: In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also.
   
   People: God that made the world and all things therein hath made of one blood all nations of men.
   
   Pastor: That they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us.
   
   People: For in him we live and move and have our being.
   
   Pastor: Six things doth the Lord hate; yea seven are an abomination unto him.
   
   People: A proud look; a lying tongue; and hands that shed innocent blood;
   
   Pastor: A heart that deviseth wicked imaginations; feet that be swift in running to mischief;
   
   People: A false witness; and he that soweth discord among brethren.
   
   Pastor: Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God.
   
   People: Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.
   
   Pastor: He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.