

John 13: 4,5

Mark 10: 42-45

Luke 22:15-16, 24-27

NH 397

## An Upper Room

Communion

### Verse 1

An upper room did our Lord prepare  
For those He loved until the end:  
And His disciples still gather there,  
To celebrate their risen Friend.

### Verse 2

And after supper He washed their feet,  
For service too, is sacrament.  
In Him our joy shall be made complete  
Sent out to serve, as He was sent.

### Verse 3

A lasting gift Jesus gave His own:  
To share His bread, His loving cup.  
Whatever burdens may bow us down,  
He by His cross shall lift us up.

### Verse 4

No end there is! We depart in peace.  
He loves beyond our utter most:  
In every room in our Father's house,  
He will be there, as Lord and host.

-end-

Fred Pratt Green



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## Art Thou Weary?

Matthew 26:35-50

1 Corinthians 1:18

Luke 23: 22

### Verse 1

Are you weary, are you languid, Are you sore distress'd?  
“Come to me,” saith One, “and, coming, be at rest.”

### Verse 2

Has he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide?  
“In his feet and hands are wound-prints, and his side.”

### Verse 3

Is there diadem, as Monarch, That his brow adorns?  
“Yes, a crown, in very surety, But of thorns.”

### Verse 4

If I find him, if I follow, What his promise here?  
“Many a sorrow, many a labor, Many a tear.”

### Verse 5

If I still hold closely to him, What has he at last?  
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed.”

### Verse 6

If I ask him to receive me, Will he say me nay?  
“Not till earth and not till heaven, Pass away.”

### Verse 7

Finding, foll'wing, keeping, struggling, Is he sure to bless?  
“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs Answer, Yes.”

John Mason Neale, trans.

-end-

## As Birds Unto the Genial Homeland

Exodus 16: 4-7, 14-30

### Verse 1

As birds unto the genial homeland fly,  
The winter's cold and low'ring skies to flee,  
So seeks my soul Thy gracious presence here  
And finds, O God, its rest and peace in Thee.

### Verse 2

Here at Thy shrine we leave all vexing care,  
For get the disappointment, grief and tear,  
And on the wings of hopeful song and prayer  
We rise, and rising feel Thy Spirit here.

### Verse 3

Bless all who spend this night in pain and woe,  
The burdened heart, the fainting, and distressed,  
Thy comfort send to darkened homes bereaved,  
Thy saving help to those by want oppressed.

### Verse 4

Come, Sabbath joy, each trusting heart now fill,  
And blissful peace within our homes abide,  
May thankful praise each grateful heart now thrill,  
And to God's loving care their lives confide.

-end-

Max Grauman

## At Calvary

Romans 5: 5-17

Colossians 1: 19-23

Ephesians 1: 7.8

### Verse 1

Years I spent in vanity and pride,  
Caring not my Lord was crucified,  
Knowing not it was for me He died  
on Calvary.

### Refrain

*Mercy there was great, and grace was free;  
Pardon there was multiplied to me;  
There my burdened soul found liberty  
at Calvary.*

### Verse 2

By God's Word at last my sin I learned;  
Then I trembled at the law I'd spurned,  
Till my guilty soul imploring turned  
to Calvary.

### Refrain

### Verse 3

Now I've given to Jesus everything,  
Now I gladly own Him as my King,  
Now my raptured soul can only sing  
of Calvary!

### Refrain

### Verse 4

Oh, the love that drew salvation's plan!  
Oh, the grace that brought it down to man!  
Oh, the mighty gulf that God did span  
at Calvary!

### Refrain

-end-

William Newell



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Psalms 40: 7,8

Hebrews 13: 20, 21

Colossians 1: 9,10

## My Jesus as Thou Wilt

### Verse 1

My Jesus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!  
Into Thy hand of love; I would my all resign;  
Through sorrow, or through joy, Conduct me as Thine own;  
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!

### Verse 2

My Jesus, as Thou wilt! Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope; Grow dim or disappear;  
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!

### Verse 3

My Jesus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;  
Each changing future scene; I gladly trust with Thee;  
Straight to my home above; I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

-end-

Benjamin Schmolck