

HYMN TEXTS - NOVEMBER 13, 2022

GOD, WHOSE GIVING KNOWS NO ENDING

1 God, whose giving knows no ending, from Your rich and endless store:
nature's wonder, Jesus' wisdom, costly cross, grave's shattered door,
gifted by You, we turn to You, offering up ourselves in praise;
thankful song shall rise forever, gracious donor of our days.

2 Skills and time are ours for pressing toward the goals of Christ, Your Son:
all at peace in health and freedom, races joined, the church made one.
Now direct our daily labor, lest we strive for self alone;
born with talents, make us servants fit to answer at Your Throne.

3 Treasure, too, You have entrusted, gain through powers Your grace conferred;
ours to use for home and kindred, and to spread the gospel Word.
Open wide our hands in sharing, as we heed Christ's ageless call,
healing, teaching, and reclaiming, serving You by loving all.

LONG AGO YOU TAUGHT OUR PEOPLE

1 Long ago You taught Your people: "Part of what you reap is mine --
from your cattle, bring first-born; tithe the crops of field and vine."
Though beneath the law's restrictions we are not compelled to live,
as we reap out daily harvest, make us eager, Lord, to give.

2 What a way of life You showed us through the Son You gladly gave:
never snared by earthly treasure, buried in a borrowed grave --
yet to all He freely offered riches of the deepest kind:
let us live with His example firmly fixed in heart and mind.

3 In the lifestyle of the Spirit giving has a central part;
teach us, Lord, this grace of sharing with a cheerful, loving heart --
not a tiresome obligation, not a barren legal due,
but an overflow of worship: all we have belongs to You!

BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN GIVEN MUCH

1 Because I have been given much, I, too, must give; because of Thy great bounty, Lord each day I live,
I shall divide my gifts from Thee with every person that I see who has the need of help from me.

2 Because I have been sheltered, fed, by Thy good care, I cannot see another's lack and I not share
my glowing fire, my loaf of bread, my roof's safe shelter overhead, that they too may be comforted.

3 Because love has been lavished so upon me, Lord, a wealth I know that was not meant for me to hoard,
I shall give love to those in need, shall show that love by word and deed: thus shall my thanks be thanks indeed.

Benediction

O how He loves you and me. O how He loves you and me.
He gave his life; what more could He give?
O how he loves you; O how He loves me.
O how He loves you and me.