

I Greet Thee, Who My Sure Redeemer Art 624

1 I greet thee, who my sure Re-deem-er art,
 2 Thou art the King of mer-cy and of grace,
 3 Thou art the life, by which a-lone we live,
 4 Thou hast the true and per-fect gen-tle-ness;
 5 Our hope is in no oth-er save in thee;

my on-ly trust and Sav-ior of my heart,
 reign-ing om-ni-po-tent in ev-ery place:
 and all our sub-stance and our strength re-ceive;
 no harsh-ness hast thou and no bit-ter-ness.
 our faith is built up-on thy prom-ise free;

who pain didst un-der-go for my poor sake;
 so come, O King, and our whole be-ing sway;
 sus-tain us by thy faith and by thy power,
 O grant to us the grace we find in thee,
 Lord, give us peace, and make us calm and sure,

I pray thee from our hearts all cares to take.
 shine on us with the light of thy pure day.
 and give us strength in ev-ery try-ing hour.
 that we may dwell in per-fect u-ni-ty.
 that in thy strength we ev-er-more en-dure.

The original French text, sometimes attributed to John Calvin, seems to be a Protestant reworking of a Roman Catholic hymn, not a typical practice for him. Yet this text and tune (adapted from GENEVAN 124) clearly date from the early years of the Reformed tradition.

God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending 716

Capo 3: (D) (Bm) (G)
F Dm B \flat

1 God, whose giv - ing knows no end - ing, from your rich and
2 Skills and time are ours for press - ing toward the goals of
3 Trea - sure, too, you have en - trust - ed, gain through powers your

(D) (Bm)
F Dm

end - less store, na - ture's won - der, Je - sus' wis - dom, cost - ly
Christ, your Son: all at peace in health and free - dom, rac - es
grace con - ferred: ours to use for home and kin - dred, and to

(G) (D) (A)
B \flat F C

cross, grave's shat - tered door: gift - ed by you, we turn
joined, the church made one. Now di - rect our dai - ly
spread the gos - pel word. O - pen wide our hands in

(Bm) (F \sharp m) (Bm) (G) (A) (D)
Dm Am Dm B \flat C F

to you, of - fer - ing up our - selves in praise; thank - ful song shall
la - bor, lest we strive for self a - lone. Born with tal - ents,
shar - ing, as we heed Christ's age - less call, heal - ing, teach - ing,

(Bm) (G) (D)
Dm B \flat F

rise for - ev - er, gra - cious do - nor of our days.
make us ser - vants fit to an - swer at your throne.
and re - claim - ing, serv - ing you by lov - ing all.

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

This text on stewardship was one of about 450 submissions in a search for such hymns conducted by the Hymn Society of America in 1961. These words are well grounded by their musical setting, an early American shape note tune named for a Baptist church in Harris County, Georgia.