

whose trust, ever child-like, no cares could destroy,
be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

2. Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

3. Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

4. Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

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From heaven you came, helpless babe, entered our world, your glory
veiled, not to be served but to serve, and give your life that we might
live.

***This is our God, the Servant King
He calls us now to follow Him
To bring our lives as a daily offering
Of worship to the Servant King***

There in the garden of tears my heavy load he chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow was torn, 'Yet not my will but yours,' He said,

Come see His hands and His feet, the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve and in our lives enthrone Him,