Morning Has Broken
Cherylyn Larson, soprano
Mary Boles Allen, mezzo-soprano
Humberto B. Beltran, tenor
Vincent Martin, bass-baritone
William J. Lullo, accompanist

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them springing fresh from the word!

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dew fall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's recreation of the new day!

There is a Balm in Gilead
Cherylyn Larson, soprano
William J. Lullo, accompanist

There is a Balm in Gilead
to make the wounded whole,
There is a balm in Gilead
to heal the sin sick soul.

Sometimes I feel discouraged,
and think my work's in vain,
But then the Holy Spirit,
revives my soul again.

If you can preach like Peter,
If you can preach like Paul,
Go home and tell your neighbor,
“He died to save us all.”

Be Thou My Vision
Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me save that Thou art;
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true word;
Word
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise;
Thou mine inheritance, now and always;
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of Heaven, my Treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall, (comma)
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.
Scripture for Traditional Service, Sunday June 28th

**Jeremiah 12:5**
If you have raced with men on foot and they have worn you out, how can you compete with horses?

**Jeremiah 8:18-9:3**
You who are my Comforter in sorrow, my heart is faint within me. 19 Listen to the cry of my people from a land far away: “Is the Lord not in Zion? Is her King no longer there?”

“Why have they aroused my anger with their images, with their worthless foreign idols?”

20 “The harvest is past, the summer has ended, and we are not saved.”

21 Since my people are crushed, I am crushed; I mourn, and horror grips me.

22 Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is there no healing for the wound of my people?

1 Oh, that my head were a spring of water and my eyes a fountain of tears! I would weep day and night for the slain of my people.

2 Oh, that I had in the desert a lodging place for travelers, so that I might leave my people and go away from them; for they are all adulterers, a crowd of unfaithful people.

3 “They make ready their tongue like a bow, to shoot lies; it is not by truth that they triumph in the land. They go from one sin to another; they do not acknowledge me,” declares the Lord.

**Jeremiah 8:20-21**
“The harvest is past, the summer has ended, and we are not saved.”

21 Since my people are crushed, I am crushed; I mourn, and horror grips me.

**Jeremiah 9:2**
Oh, that I had in the desert a lodging place for travelers, so that I might leave my people and go away from them; for they are all adulterers, a crowd of unfaithful people.

“Her absence is like the sky, spread over everything.”
CS Lewis – A Grief Observed

“The slave caught the mood of this spiritual dilemma and with it did an amazing thing. He straightened the question mark in Jeremiah’s sentence into an exclamation point: ‘There is a balm in Gilead!’ Here is the note of creative triumph.”
Howard Thurman

**Zechariah 9:11-12 — The Message**
“And you, because of my blood covenant with you, I’ll release your prisoners from their hopeless cells. Come home, hope-filled prisoners! This very day I’m declaring a double bonus—everything you lost returned twice-over!”