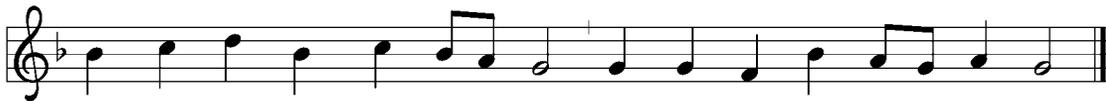


Tuesday Mid-Day Prayer Service

Savior of the Nations, Come



- 1 Sav - ior of the na - tions, come; vir - gin's son, make here your home.
- 2 Not by hu - man flesh and blood, but the mys - tic Breath of God,
- 3 Won - drous birth—oh, won - drous child—from his throne, a vir - gin mild!
- 4 From God's heart the Sav - ior speeds, back to God his path-way leads;



Mar - vel now, O heav'n and earth: God has cho - sen such a birth.
was the Word of God made flesh, fruit of wom - an, blos - som fresh.
Ver - y God, and Mar - y's son, ea - ger now his race to run!
out to van - quish death's com - mand, back to reign at God's right hand.

- 5 Now your manger, shining bright,
hallows night with newborn light.
Night cannot this light subdue;
let our faith shine ever new.
- 6 Praise we sing to Christ the Lord,
virgin's son, incarnate Word!
To the holy Trinity
praise we sing eternally!

Text: attr. Ambrose of Milan, 340–397; Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. hymnal version
Music: NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND, J. Walter, *Geistliche Gesangbüchlein*, 1524
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P The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

C **And also with you.**

P Let us pray. God of the nations, you alone are the Most High over all the world. Dispel from us false pride and illusions of greatness, and drive away all that would threaten our faith, that we may always seek your name and stand in awe of you; through Jesus Christ, our Savior and Lord. (Psalm 83)

C **Amen.**

This Is My Song



1 This is my song, O God of all the na - tions,
2 My coun - try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean,
3 This is my prayer, O God of all earth's king - doms,



a song of peace for lands a - far and mine.
and sun - light beams on clo - ver - leaf and pine.
your king - dom come; on earth your will be done.



This is my home, the coun - try where my heart is;
But oth - er lands have sun - light too, and clo - ver,
O God, be lift - ed up till all shall serve you,



here are my hopes, my dreams, my ho - ly shrine;
and skies are ev - 'ry - where as blue as mine.
and hearts u - nit - ed learn to live as one.



but oth - er hearts in oth - er lands are beat - ing
So hear my song, O God of all the na - tions,
So hear my prayer, O God of all the na - tions;



with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.
a song of peace for their land and for mine.
my - self I give you; let your will be done.

Text: Lloyd Stone, 1912–1993, sts. 1–2; Georgia Harkness, 1891–1974, st. 3

Music: FINLANDIA, Jean Sibelius, 1865–1957

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Outside USA: Music © Breitkopf & Härtel, Wiesbaden.

Isaiah 2:1-4

¹The word that Isaiah son of Amoz saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem.

²In days to come

the mountain of the LORD's house
shall be established as the highest of the mountains,
and shall be raised above the hills;
all the nations shall stream to it.

³Many peoples shall come and say,
"Come, let us go up to the mountain of the LORD,
to the house of the God of Jacob;
that he may teach us his ways
and that we may walk in his paths."

For out of Zion shall go forth instruction,
and the word of the LORD from Jerusalem.

⁴He shall judge between the nations,
and shall arbitrate for many peoples;
they shall beat their swords into plowshares,
and their spears into pruning hooks;
nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
neither shall they learn war any more.

Bring Peace to Earth Again



1 Where ar - mies scourge the coun-try-side, and peo - ple flee in fear,
2 Where an - ger fes - ters in the heart, and strikes with cru - el hand;
3 Where homes are torn by bit - ter strife, and love dis - solves in blame;
4 O God, whose heart com-pas-sion-ate bears ev - 'ry hu - man pain,



where si - rens scream through flam - ing nights, and death is ev - er near:
where vio - lence stalks the trou - bled streets, and ter - ror haunts the land:
where walls you meant for shel - t'ring care hide deeds of hurt and shame:
re - deem this vio - lent, wound-ing world till gen - tle - ness shall reign.



O God of mer - cy, hear our prayer: bring peace to earth a - gain!

A Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace:
where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
where there is sadness, joy.

O divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console,
to be understood as to understand,
to be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive,
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.
Amen.

The LORD bless you and protect you!
The LORD deal kindly and graciously with you!
The LORD bestow His favor upon you and grant you peace!