

GATHERING

408 There's a Sweet, Sweet Spirit



1 There's a sweet, sweet Spir - it in this place, and I
2 There are bless - ings you can - not re - ceive till you

know that it's the Spir - it of the Lord; there are
know him in his full - ness and be - lieve; you're the

sweet ex - pres - sions on each face, and I
one to prof - it when you say, "I am

know they feel the pres - ence of the Lord.
going to walk with Je - sus all the way."

This gospel hymn grew out of this African American author and composer's intense experience of prayer with her interracial choir in Los Angeles one Sunday morning before worship. She recalled that sense of "a sweet, sweet Spirit" when she sat down at her piano the next day.

GATHERING

Refrain

Sweet Ho - ly Spir - it, sweet heav - en - ly Dove, stay right here

with us, fill - ing us with your love; and for these bless - ings we

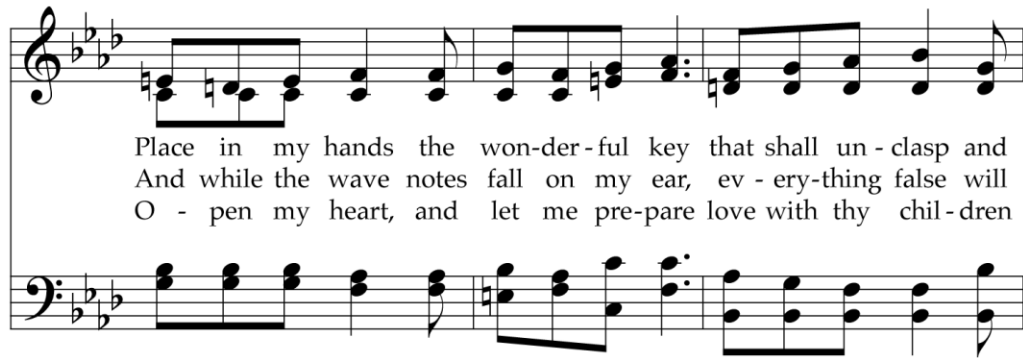
lift our hearts in praise; with - out a doubt we'll know that we have

been re - vived when we shall leave this place.

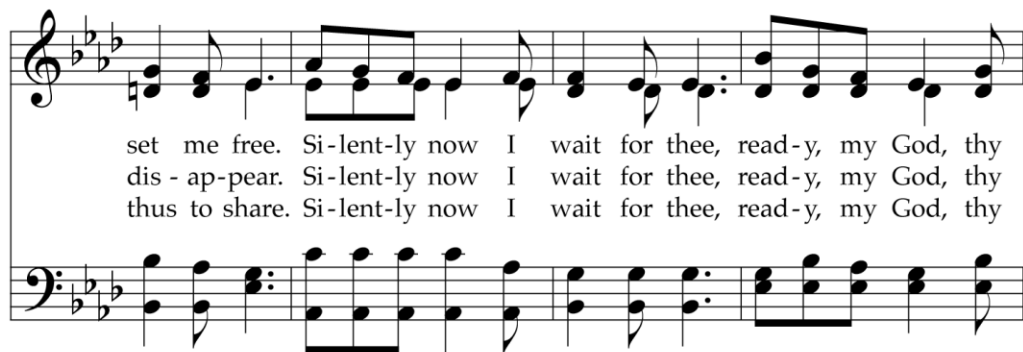
Open My Eyes, That I May See 451



1 O - pen my eyes, that I may see glimps - es of truth thou hast for me.
 2 O - pen my ears, that I may hear voic - es of truth thou send - est clear.
 3 O - pen my mouth, and let me bear glad - ly the warm truth ev - ery - where.



Place in my hands the won - der - ful key that shall un - clasp and
 And while the wave notes fall on my ear, ev - ery - thing false will
 O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare love with thy chil - dren



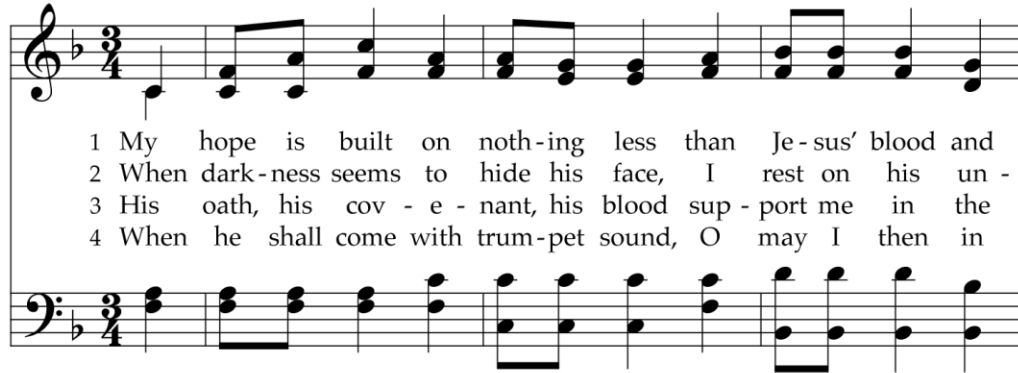
set me free. Si - lent - ly now I wait for thee, read - y, my God, thy
 dis - ap - pear. Si - lent - ly now I wait for thee, read - y, my God, thy
 thus to share. Si - lent - ly now I wait for thee, read - y, my God, thy



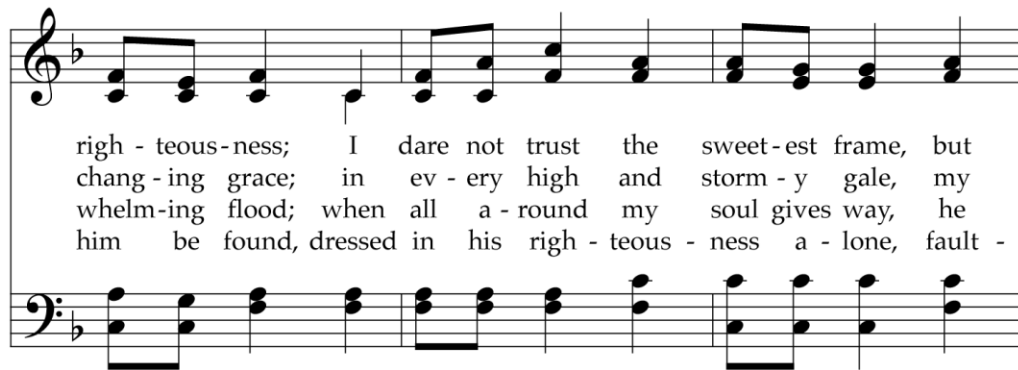
will to see. O - pen my eyes; il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
 will to see. O - pen my ears; il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
 will to see. O - pen my heart; il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!

The first woman to publish a collection of her own anthems, this author/composer has created in this hymn a sung prayer for illumination. It not only asks God to help us understand Scripture but also prays for the strength and courage to make God's love known to others.

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less 353

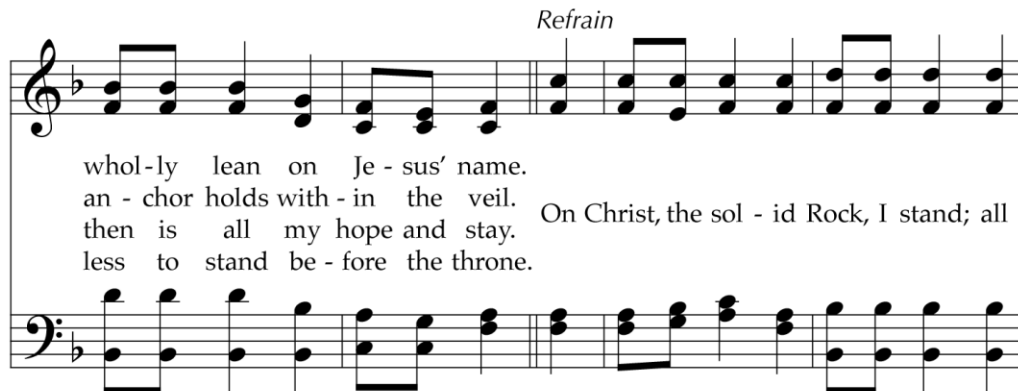


1 My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je-sus' blood and
 2 When dark-ness seems to hide his face, I rest on his un -
 3 His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sup - port me in the
 4 When he shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in



righ - teous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, but
 chang - ing grace; in ev - ery high and storm - y gale, my
 whelm-ing flood; when all a - round my soul gives way, he
 him be found, dressed in his righ - teous - ness a - lone, fault -

Refrain



whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; all
 then is all my hope and stay.
 less to stand be - fore the throne.



oth-er ground is sink-ing sand; all oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

This hymn develops the imagery of Jesus' remark (Matthew 7:24-27 / Luke 6:47-49) that those who believe in him and act on that belief are like someone who builds a house on a rock. The text is set to a tune created for it by a prolific 19th-century American composer and editor.