

Lord, You Have Come to the Lakeshore

Lord, You have come to the lakeshore
Looking neither for wealthy nor wise ones;
You only asked me to follow humbly.

O Lord, with Your eyes You have searched me,
And while smiling have spoken my name;
Now my boat's left on the shoreline behind me;
By Your side I will seek other seas.

You know so well my possessions;
My boat carries no gold and no weapons;
You will find there my nets and labor.

O Lord, with Your eyes You have searched me,
And while smiling have spoken my name;
Now my boat's left on the shoreline behind me;
By Your side I will seek other seas.

You need my hands, full of caring
Through my labors to give others rest,
And constant love that keeps on loving.

O Lord, with Your eyes You have searched me,
And while smiling have spoken my name;
Now my boat's left on the shoreline behind me;
By Your side I will seek other seas.

You, who have fished other oceans,
Ever longed for by souls who are waiting,
My loving friend, as thus You call me.

O Lord, with Your eyes You have searched me,
And while smiling have spoken my name;
Now my boat's left on the shoreline behind me;
By Your side I will seek other seas.

Let Us Break Bread Together

Let us break bread together on our knees, (on our knees)
let us break bread together on our knees. (on our knees)
When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy on me. (on me)

Let us drink wine together on our knees, (on our knees)
let us drink wine together on our knees. (on our knees)
When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy on me. (on me)

Let us praise God together on our knees, (on our knees)
let us praise God together on our knees. (on our knees)
When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy on me. (on me)

Let us praise God together on our knees, (on our knees)
let us praise God together on our knees, (on our knees)
When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy if you please. (if you please)

I Love to Tell the Story

1. I love to tell the story of un-seen things a-
2. I love to tell the story; more won-der-ful it
3. I love to tell the story; His pleas-ant to re-
4. I love to tell the story for those who know it

bove, of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his
seems than all the gold-en fan - cies of all our gold-en
pearl what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der-ful - ly
best seen than get me and thrusting to hear it like the

love. I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know this
dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, it did so much for
sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er
rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new

ture; it sat in his my longings as noth-ing else can do.
me, and that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
heard the mes-sage of sal - va-tion from God's own ho - ly Word.
song, I will be the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

Chorus

I love to tell the sto - ry, I will be my theme in glo - ry.

to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love

Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life 427

1. Where cross the crowd-ed ways of life, where sound the
2. In haunts of wretch-ed - ness and need, on shad-owed
3. From ten - der child-hood's help - less - ness, from worn-an's
4. The cup of wa - ter given for you still holds the
5. O Mas - ter, from the moun - tain - side make haste to
6. Till all the world shall learn your love and fol - low

cries of race and clan, a - bove the noise of
thresh-olds dark with fears, from paths where hide
grief, man's bur - dened toil, from fam - ished souls, from
fresh - ness of your grace; yet long these mil - li -
heal these hearts of pain; a - mong these rest - less
where your feet have trod, till, glo - rious from your

self - ish strife, we hear your voice, O Son of man,
fures of greed, we catch the vi - sion of your tears,
sor - row's stress, your heart has nev - er known re - coil.
tudes to view the sweet corn - pas - sion of your face.
thrones a - bid; O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain,
heaven a - bove, shall come the cit - y of our God!

MUSIC: Frank Mason North, 1903; THE 2296
MUSIC: William Gardner's Sacred Music, 1915