

August 2 2026

88. All My Hope on God Is Founded

1 All my hope on God is founded,
who does still my trust renew.
Safe through change and chance God guides me,
ever faithful, ever true.
God unknown,
God alone,
seeks to claim my heart as home.

2 Human pride and earthly glory,
sword and crown betray our trust;
though with care and toil we build them,
tower and temple, fall to dust.
But God's power,
hour by hour,
is my temple and my tower.

3 But in every time and season,
out of love's abundant store,
God sustains the whole creation
fount of life forevermore.
We who share
earth and air
count on God's unfailing care.

494. They'll Know We Are Christians

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665. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

1 Where cross the crowded ways of life,
where sound the cries of clan and race,
above the noise of selfish strife,
O Christ, we hear your voice of grace.

2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
on shadowed thresholds fraught with fears,
from paths where hide the lures of greed,
we catch the vision of your tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
from human grief and burdened toil,
from famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
your heart has never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for you
still holds the freshness of your grace;
yet long these multitudes to view
the strong compassion of your face.

5 O Master, from the mountainside
make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
among these restless throngs abide;
O tread the city's streets again.

6 Till all shall learn compassion's might,
following where your feet have trod,
till glorious from your realm of light
shall come the city of our God.