

O Christ, Your Heart, Compassionate

- 1 O Christ, your heart, compassionate,
bore ev'ry human pain.
Its beating was the pulse of God;
its breadth, God's vast domain.
The heart of God, the heart of Christ
combined in perfect rhyme
to write God's love in human deeds,
eternity in time.

- 2 As once you welcomed those cast down
and healed the sick, the blind,
so may all bruised and broken lives
through us your help still find.
Lord, join our hearts with those who weep
that none may weep alone,
and help us bear another's pain
as though it were our own.

- 3 O Christ, create new hearts in us
that beat in time with yours,
that, joined by faith with your great heart,
become love's open doors.
We are your body, risen Christ;
our hearts, our hands we yield
that through our life and ministry
your love may be revealed.

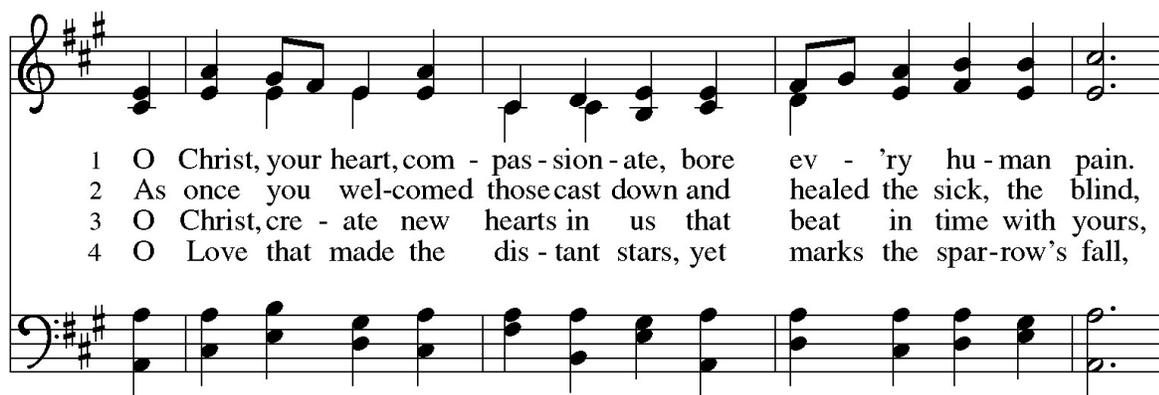
- 4 O Love that made the distant stars,
yet marks the sparrow's fall,
whose arms stretched wide upon a cross
embrace and bear us all:
come, make your church a servant church
that walks your servant ways,
whose deeds of love rise up to you,
a sacrifice of praise!

Text: Herman G. Stuempfle Jr., b. 1923

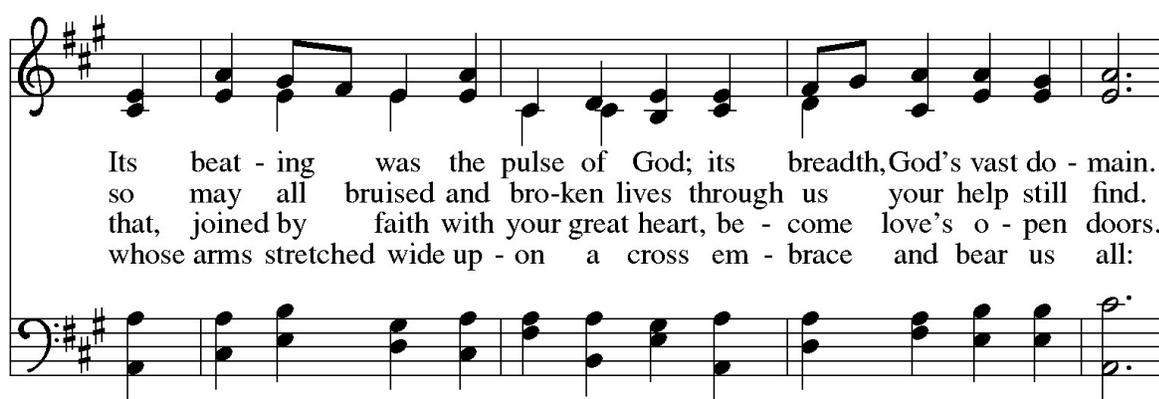
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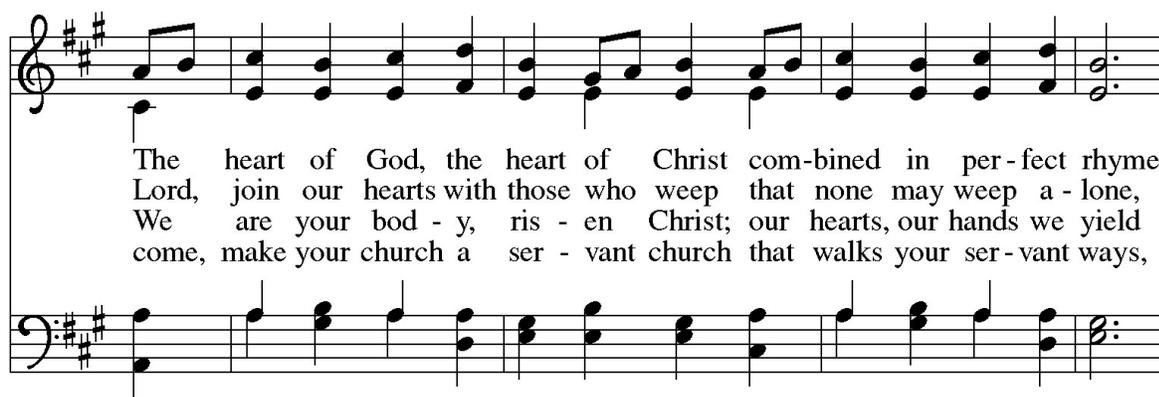
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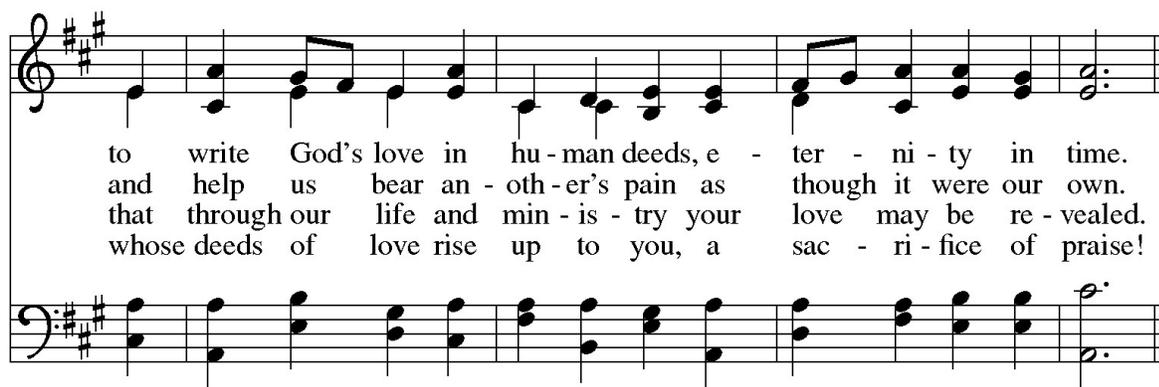
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Lord, join our hearts with those who weep that none may weep a - lone,
We are your bod - y, ris - en Christ; our hearts, our hands we yield
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to write God's love in hu - man deeds, e - ter - ni - ty in time.
and help us bear an - oth - er's pain as though it were our own.
that through our life and min - is - try your love may be re - vealed.
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Text: Herman G. Stuempfle Jr., b. 1923

Music: ELLACOMBE, German melody, 18th cent.; adapt. X. L. Hartig, *Melodien zum Mainzer Gesangbuche*, 1833

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