

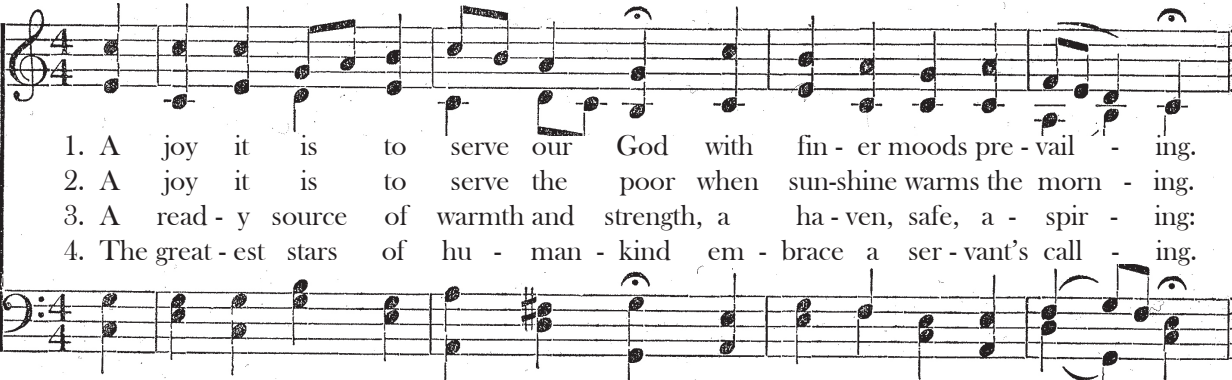
Suburban Hymn

(EIN' FESTE BURG. 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7)

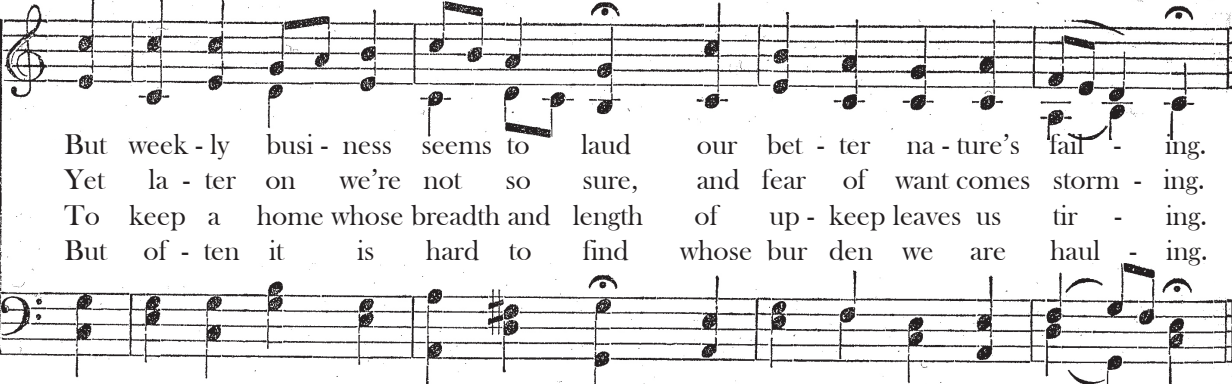
GEORGE E. CLARK, 2010

(A MIGHTY FORTRESS)

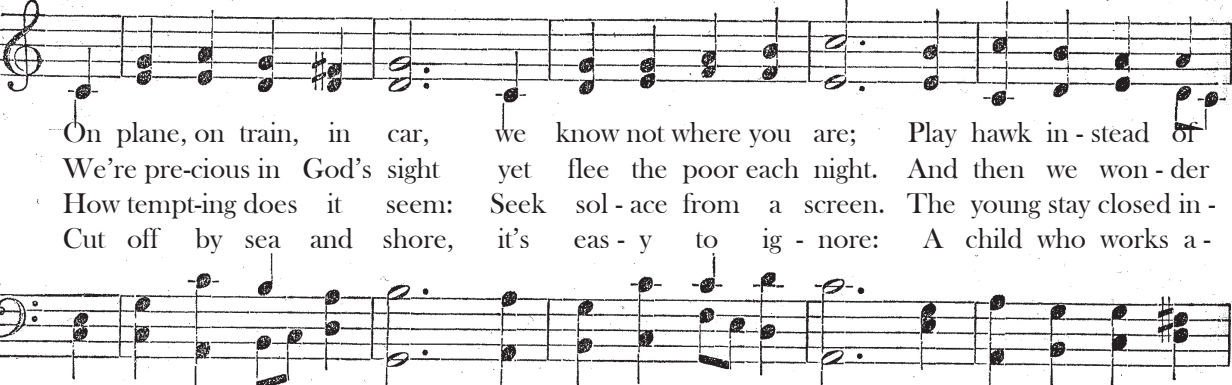
MARTIN LUTHER, 1529



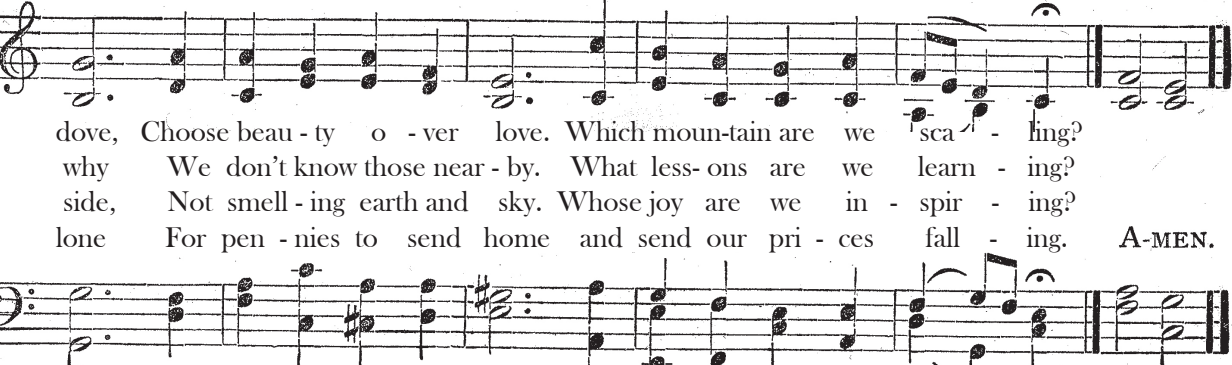
1. A joy it is to serve our God with fin - er moods pre - vail - ing.
2. A joy it is to serve the poor when sun-shine warms the morn - ing.
3. A read - y source of warmth and strength, a ha - ven, safe, a - spir - ing:
4. The great - est stars of hu - man - kind em - brace a ser - vant's call - ing.



But week - ly busi - ness seems to laud our bet - ter na - ture's fail - ing.
Yet la - ter on we're not so sure, and fear of want comes storm - ing.
To keep a home whose breadth and length of up - keep leaves us tir - ing.
But of - ten it is hard to find whose bur - den we are haul - ing.



On plane, on train, in car, we know not where you are; Play hawk in - stead of
We're pre-cious in God's sight yet flee the poor each night. And then we won - der
How tempt-ing does it seem: Seek sol - ace from a screen. The young stay closed in -
Cut off by sea and shore, it's eas - y to ig - nore: A child who works a -



dove, Choose beau - ty o - ver love. Which moun-tain are we sca - ling?
why We don't know those near - by. What less - ons are we learn - ing?
side, Not smell - ing earth and sky. Whose joy are we in - spir - ing?
lone For pen - nies to send home and send our pri - ces fall - ing. A-MEN.

5. With sore, uncertain hearts we shrug and ask if God's still speaking.
A still, small voice begins to plug our hearts where they are leaking.
It sets our lives ajar: God loves us as we are. Let's listen silent -
ly. For that's when we can see: We make the world we're seeking.

Arrangement *Hymnal for American Youth*,
1922, H. A. Smith, ed., public domain.

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