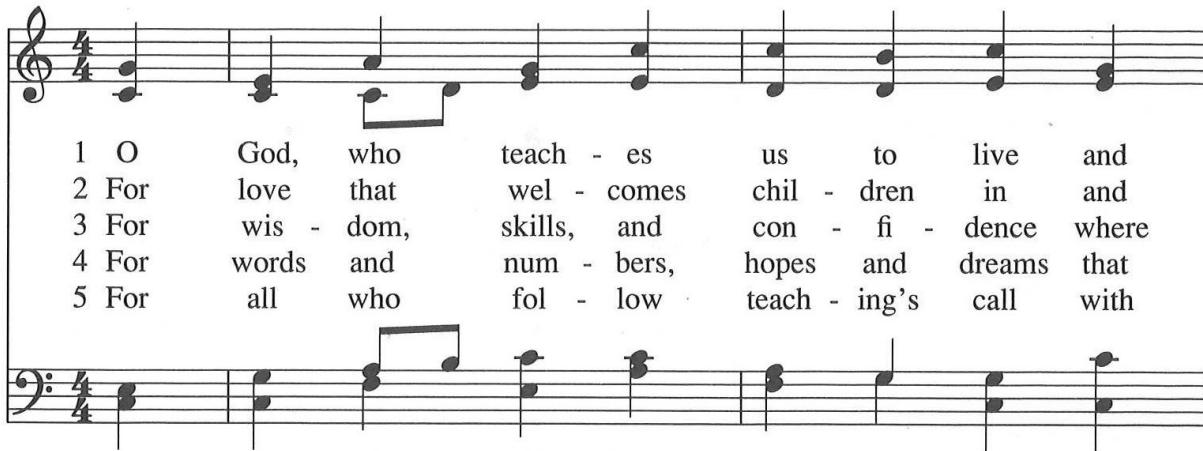


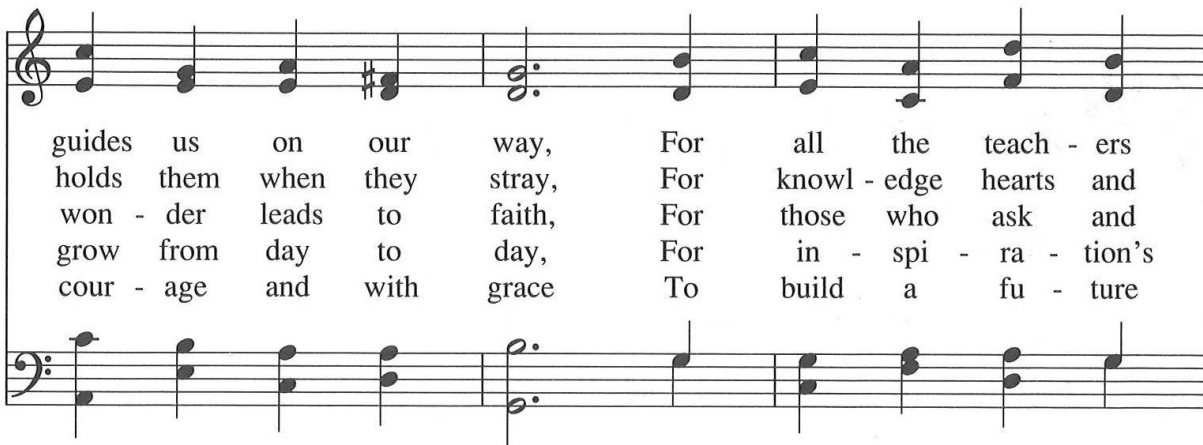
O God, Who Teaches Us to Live

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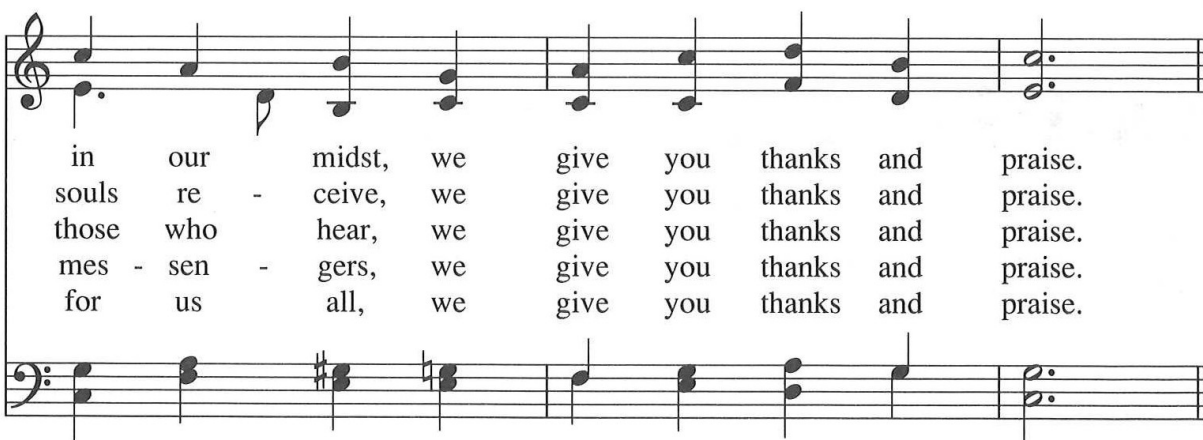
Tom Hunter, 1992



1 O God, who teach - es us to live and
 2 For love that wel - comes chil - dren in and
 3 For wis - dom, skills, and con - fi - dence where
 4 For words and num - bers, hopes and dreams that
 5 For all who fol - low teach - ing's call with



guides us on our way, For all the teach - ers
 holds them when they stray, For knowl - edge hearts and
 won - der leads to faith, For those who ask and
 grow from day to day, For in - spi - ra - tion's
 cour - age and with grace To build a fu - ture



in our midst, we give you thanks and praise.
 souls re - ceive, we give you thanks and praise.
 those who hear, we give you thanks and praise.
 mes - sen - gers, we give you thanks and praise.
 for us all, we give you thanks and praise.

United Church of Christ minister Tom Hunter describes himself as a "minstrel" for schools and churches across the United States. This hymn was written "to celebrate and thank teachers in both Sunday and weekday schools because their work shapes the future for us all."

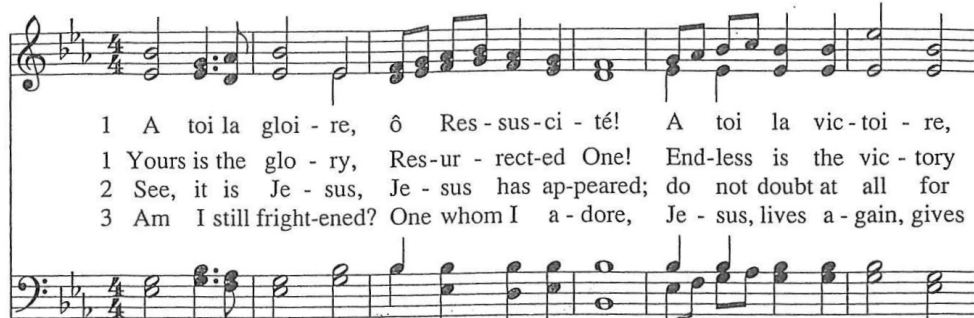
Tune: ST. ANNE C.M.
 William Croft, 1708

A toi la gloire, ô Ressuscité!

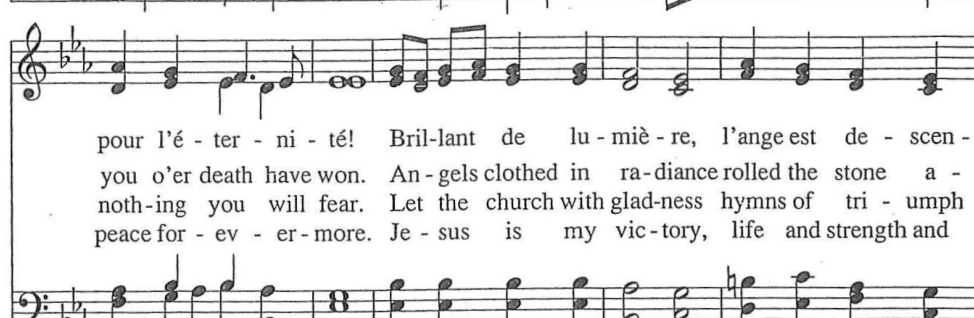
(Yours Is the Glory, Resurrected One!)

Matt. 28:1-10; John 20:19-29; 1 Cor. 15:54-55

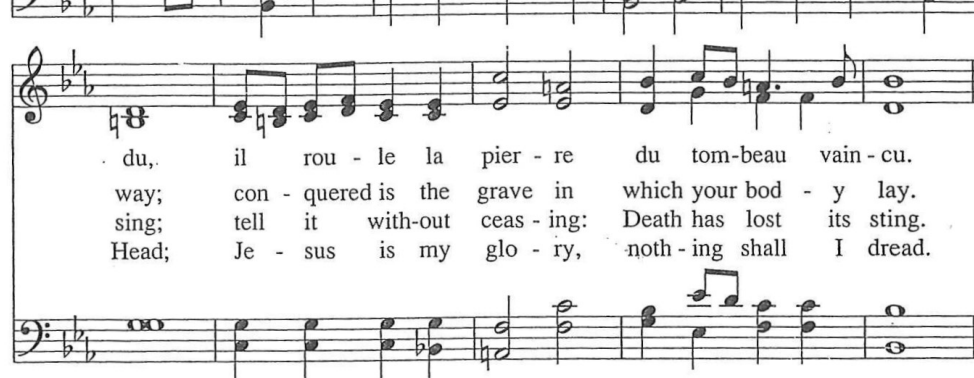
Edmond L. Budry, 1904
Transl. The New Century Hymnal, 1993



1 A toi la gloi - re, ô Res - sus - ci - té! A toi la vic - toi - re,
1 Yours is the glo - ry, Res - ur - rect - ed One! End - less is the vic - tory
2 See, it is Je - sus, Je - sus has ap - peared; do not doubt at all for
3 Am I still fright - ened? One whom I a - dore, Je - sus, lives a - gain, gives



pour l'é - ter - ni - té! Bril - lant de lu - miè - re, l'ange est de - scen -
you o'er death have won. An - gels clothed in ra - diance rolled the stone a -
noth - ing you will fear. Let the church with glad - ness hymns of tri - umph
peace for - ev - er - more. Je - sus is my vic - tory, life and strength and



du, il rou - le la pier - re du tom - beau vain - cu.
way; con - quered is the grave in which your bod - y lay.
sing; tell it with - out ceas - ing: Death has lost its sting.
Head; Je - sus is my glo - ry, noth - ing shall I dread.

Refrain



A toi la gloi - re, ô Res - sus - ci - té!
Yours is the glo - ry, Res - ur - rect - ed One!



A toi la vic - toi - re, pour l'é - ter - ni - té!
End - less is the vic - tory you o'er death have won.