

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!  
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation!  
Join the great throng, psaltery, organ and song,  
Sounding in glad adoration!

Praise to the Lord! Over all things he gloriously reigneth.  
Borne as on eagle wings, safely his Saints he sustaineth.  
Hast thou not seen how all thou needest hath been  
granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy way and defend thee.  
Surely his goodness and mercy shall ever attend thee.  
Ponder anew, what the Almighty can do,  
Who with his love doth befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord! Oh, let all that is in me adore him!  
All that hath breath, join with Abraham's seed to adore him!  
Let the "amen" Sum all our praises again,  
Now as we worship before him.

*Text:* Joachim Neander, 1650–1680; trans. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

*Music:* From *Stralsund Gesangbuch*, 1665; arr. by William S. Bennett, 1816–1875, and Otto Goldschmidt, 1829–1907

The Hymnal 1982 - #313 Let thy Blood in mercy poured

1 Let thy Blood in mer - cy poured, let thy gra - cious  
 2 Thou didst die that I might live; bless - ed Lord, thou  
 3 By the thorns that crowned thy brow, by the spear-wound  
 4 Wilt thou own the gift I bring? All my pen - i -

Bo - dy bro - ken, be to me, O gra - cious Lord,  
 cam'st to save me; all that love of God could give  
 and the nail - ing, by the pain and death, I now  
 tence I give thee; thou art my ex - alt - ed King,

*Refrain*

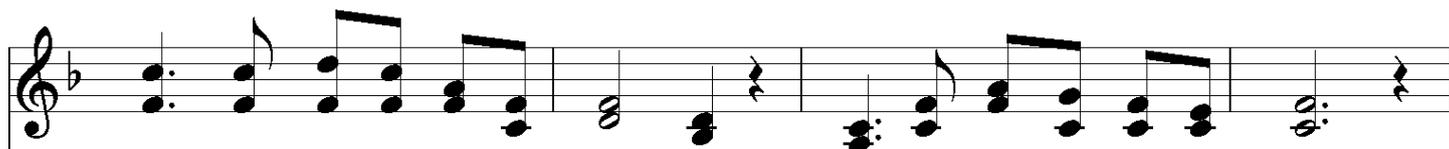
of thy bound-less love the to - ken.  
 Jes - us by his sor - rows gave me. Thou didst give thy -  
 claim, O Christ, thy love un - fail - ing.  
 of thy match-less love for - give me.

self for me, now I give my - self to thee.

Lift Every Voice and Sing II - #109 What a Friend We Have in Jesus



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou-ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum-bered with a load of care?



1. What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
2. We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
3. Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.



1. Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear,
2. Can we find a friend so faith - ful who will all our sor - rows share?
3. Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.



1. All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
2. Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
3. In his arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



Abba, Abba Father

Abba, Abba Father  
You are the potter  
And we are the clay,  
The work of your hands

Mould us,  
Mould us and fashion us,  
Into the image,  
Of Jesus your Son  
Of Jesus your Son.

Father, may we be one in you,  
May we be one in you,  
As he is in you,  
And you are in him

Glory, glory and praise to you  
Glory and praise to you  
Forever amen....  
Forever amen....  
Forever amen....

Abba O Abba Father  
You are the potter  
And we are the clay,  
The work of your hands

Abba!

The Hymnal 1982 - #397 Now thank we all our God

1 Now thank we all our God, with heart, and hands, and voices,  
2 O may this bounteous God through all our life be near us!  
3 All praise and thanks to God the Father now be given,

who wondrous things hath done, in whom his world rejoices;  
With ever-joyful hearts and blessed peace to cheer us;  
the Son, and him who reigns with them in highest heaven,

who from our mother's arms hath blessed us on our way  
and keep us in his grace, and guide us when perplexed,  
eternal, Triune God, whom earth and heaven adore;

with countless gifts of love, and still is ours to-day.  
and free us from all ills in this world and the next.  
for thus it was, is now, and shall be, ever-more.

Words: Martin Rinckart (1586-1649); tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), alt.

Music: *Nun danket alle Gott*, melody Johann Crüger (1598-1662); harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889), after Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)