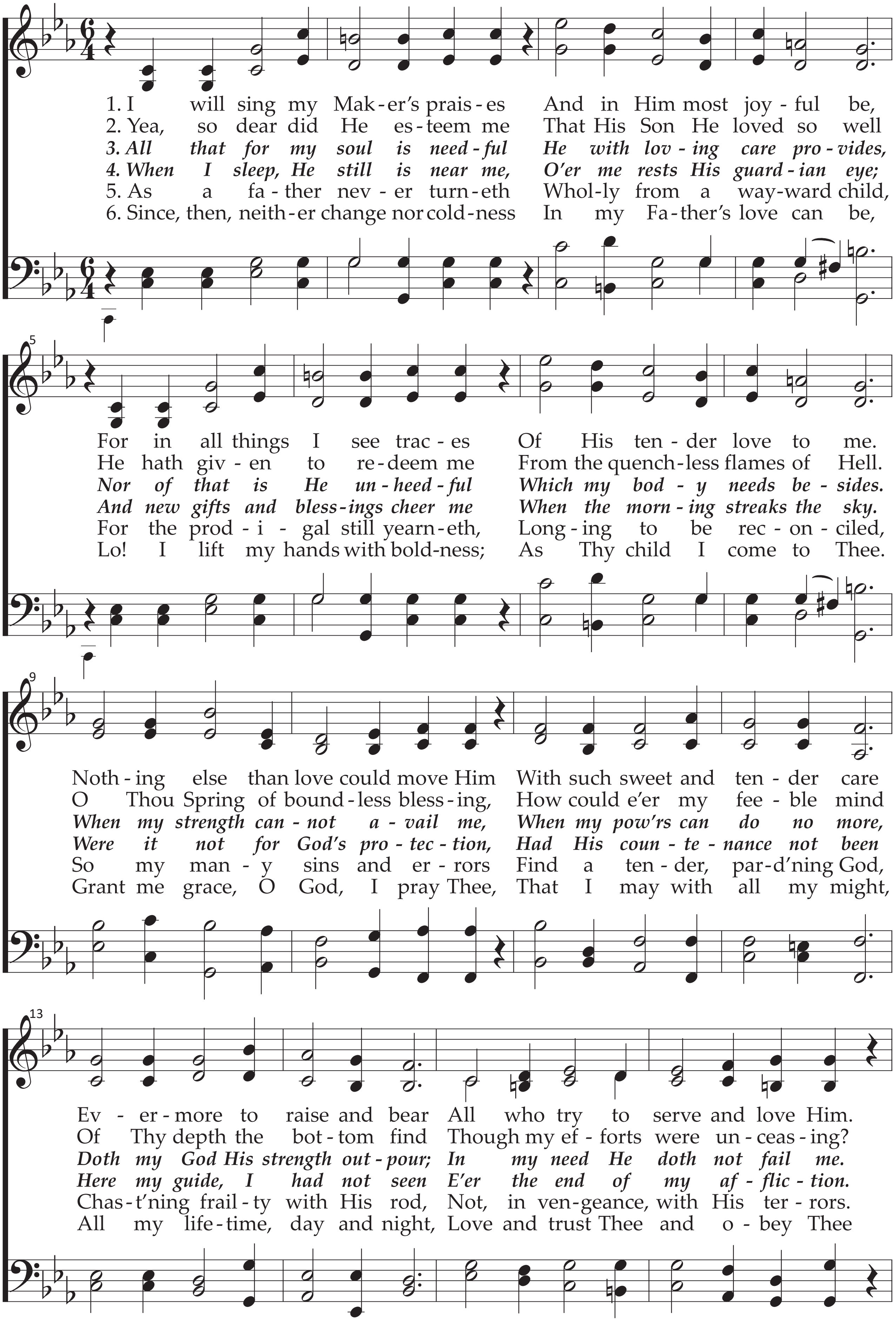
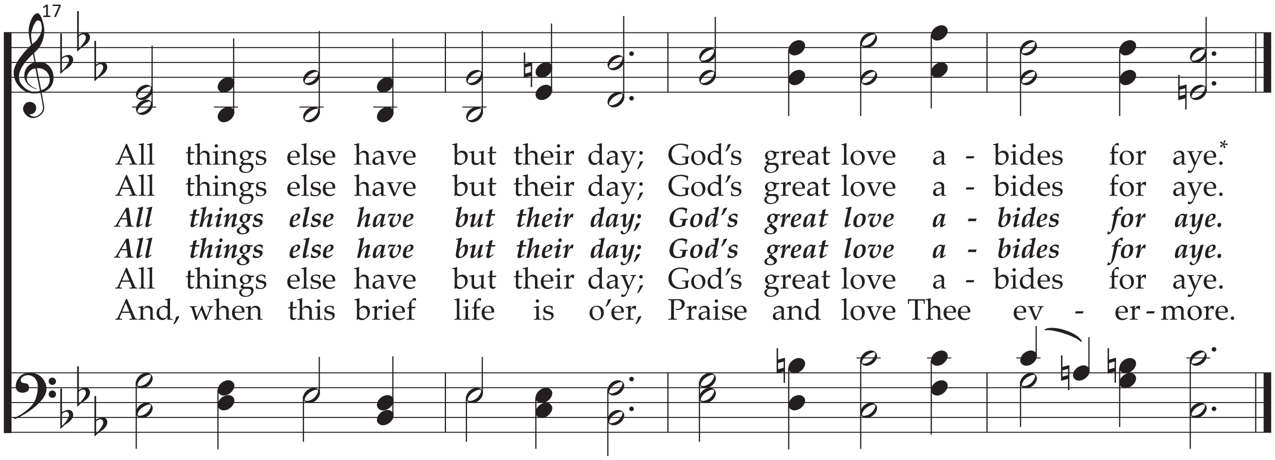
SONG PACKET

433 I Will Sing My Maker's Praises


1. I will sing my Mak-er's prais-es And in Him most joy-ful be,
2. Yea, so dear did He es-teem me That His Son He loved so well
3. All that for my soul is need-ful He with lov-ing care pro-vides,
4. When I sleep, He still is near me, O'er me rests His guard-ian eye;
5. As a fa-ther nev-er turn-eth Whol-ly from a way-ward child,
6. Since, then, neith-er change nor cold-ness In my Fa-ther's love can be,
5
For in all things I see trac-es Of His ten-der love to me.
He hath giv-en to re-deem me From the quench-less flames of Hell.
Nor of that is He un-heed-ful Which my bod-y needs be-sides.
And new gifts and bless-ings cheer me When the morn-ing streaks the sky.
For the prod-i-gal still yearn-eth, Long-ing to be rec-on-ciled,
Lo! I lift my hands with bold-ness; As Thy child I come to Thee.
9
Noth-ing else than love could move Him With such sweet and ten-der care
O Thou Spring of bound-less bless-ing, How could e'er my fee-ble mind
When my strength can-not a-vail me, When my pow'rs can do no more,
Were it not for God's pro-tec-tion, Had His coun-te-nance not been
So my man-y sins and er-rors Find a ten-der, par-d'ning God,
Grant me grace, O God, I pray Thee, That I may with all my might,
13
Ev-er-more to raise and bear All who try to serve and love Him.
Of Thy depth the bot-tom find Though my ef-forts were un-ceas-ing?
Doth my God His strength out-pour; In my need He doth not fail me.
Here my guide, I had not seen E'er the end of my af-flic-tion.
Chas-t'ning frail-ty with His rod, Not, in ven-geance, with His ter-rors.
All my life-time, day and night, Love and trust Thee and o-bey Thee

Music: Johann Schop, 1641
Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1659; tr. composite

SOLLT ICH MEINEM GOTT
8 7. 8 7. 8 7 7. 8 7 7.

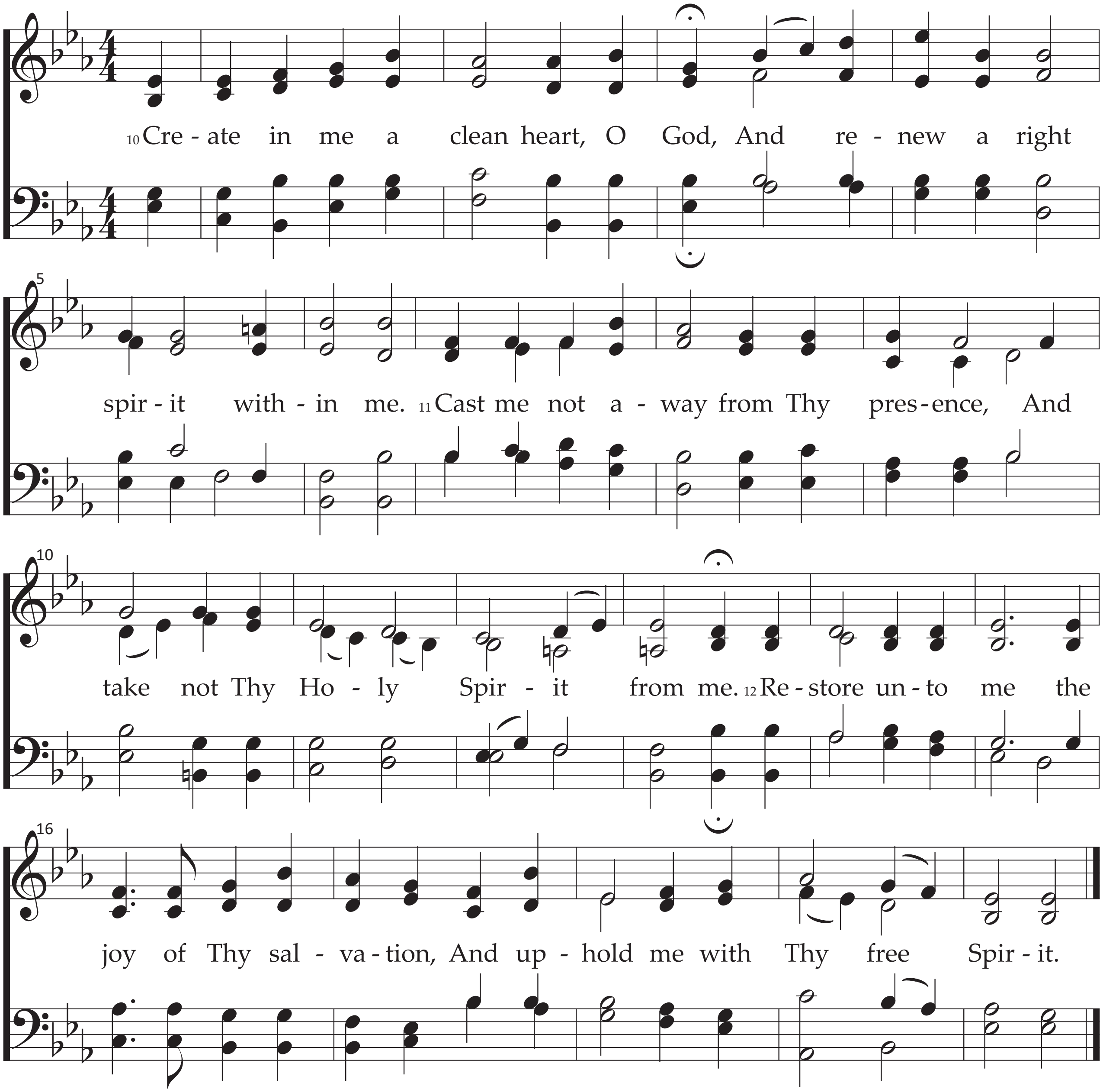

17
All things else have but their day; God's great love a - bides for aye.*
All things else have but their day; God's great love a - bides for aye.
All things else have but their day; God's great love a - bides for aye.
All things else have but their day; God's great love a - bides for aye.
All things else have but their day; God's great love a - bides for aye.
And, when this brief life is o'er, Praise and love Thee ev - er - more.

* "Aye" rhymes with "day" and means "ever."

704

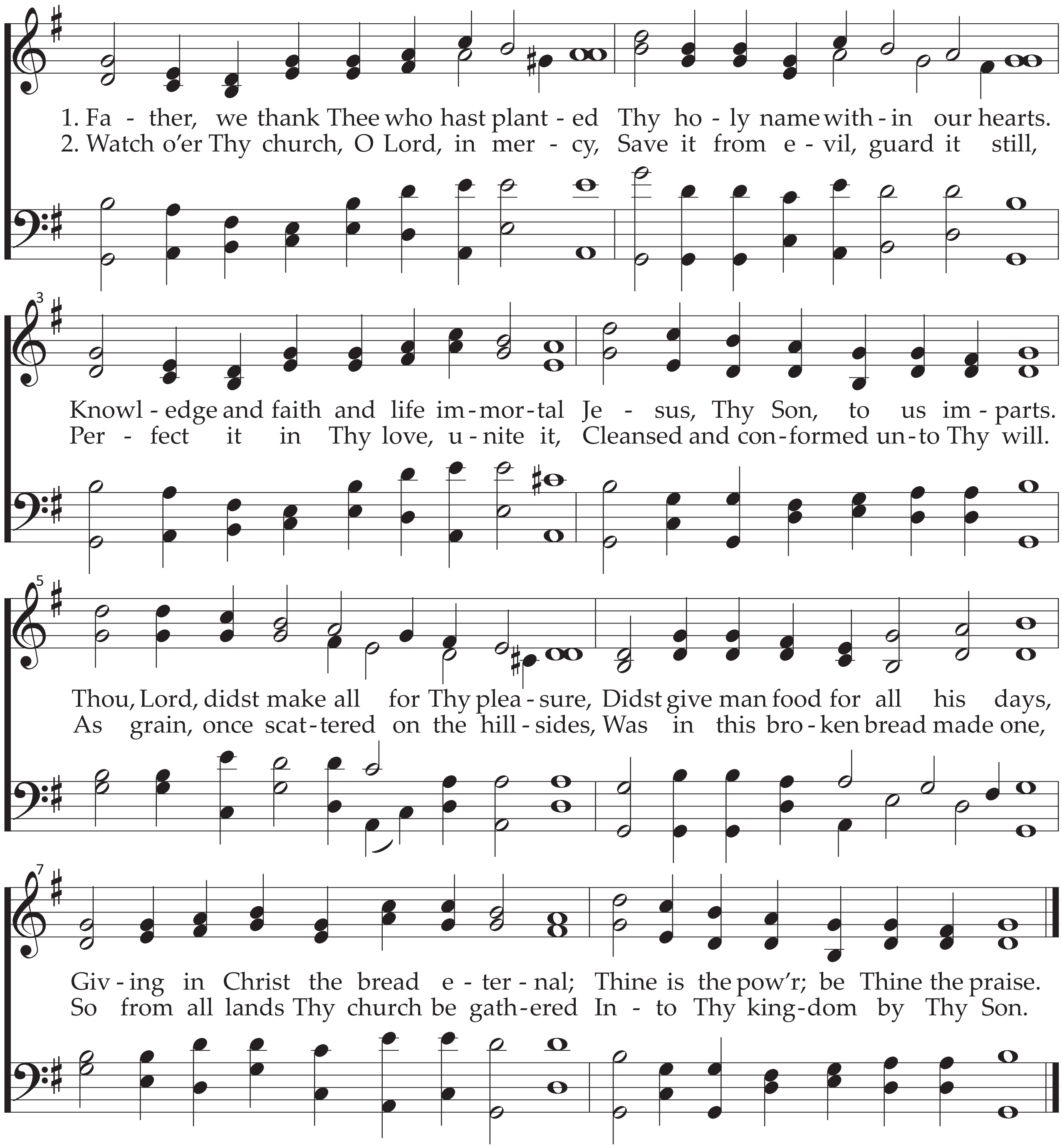
Create in Me a Clean Heart, O God

Psalm 51:10–12


10 Cre - ate in me a clean heart, O God, And re - new a right
5
spir - it with - in me. 11 Cast me not a - way from Thy pres - ence, And
10
take not Thy Ho - ly Spir - it from me. 12 Re - store un - to me the
16
joy of Thy sal - va - tion, And up - hold me with Thy free Spir - it.

Music: Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen, 1704; arr. Harold W. Gilbert, 1958 ©
Text: *Holy Bible, King James Version*, 1611

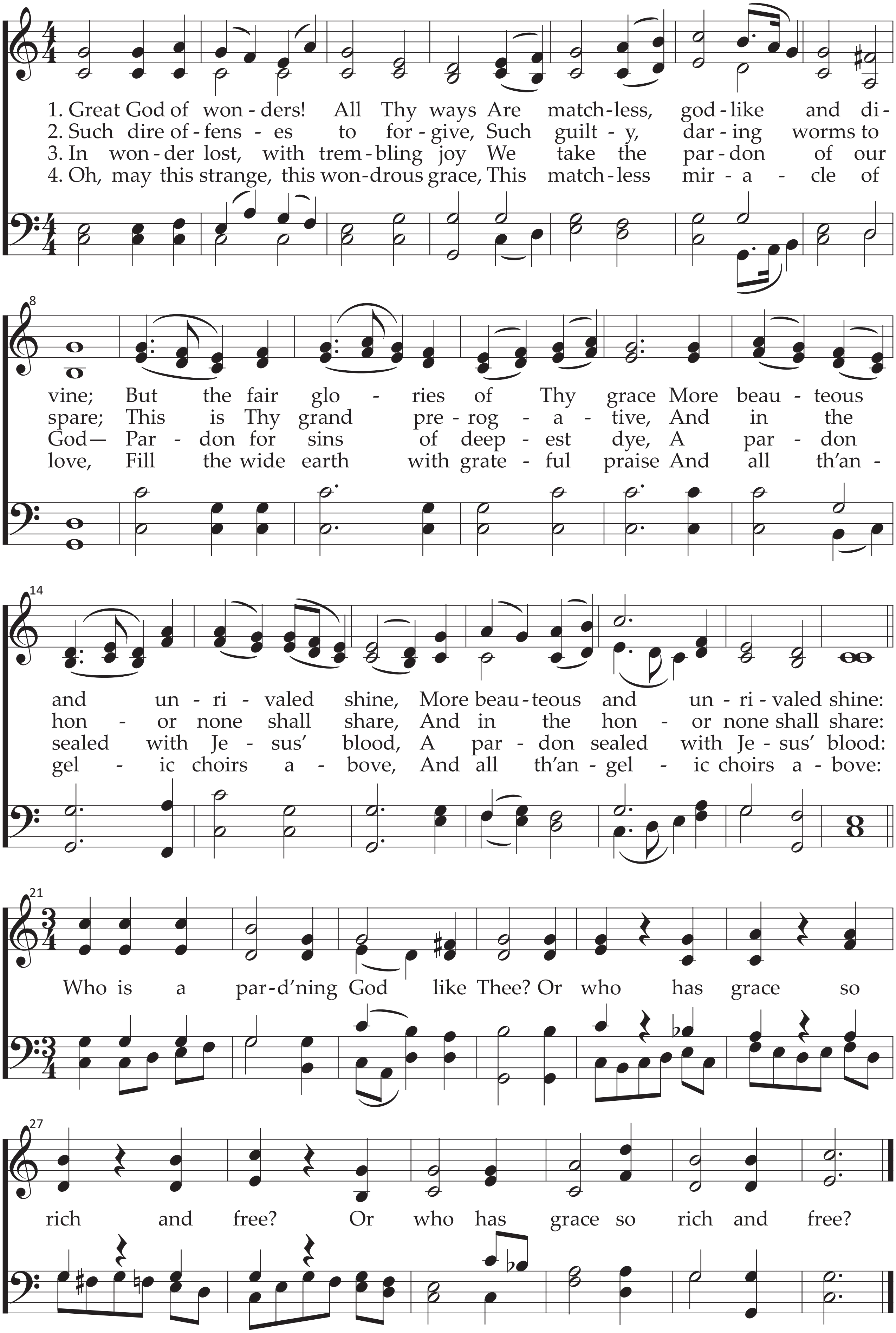
495 Father, We Thank Thee Who Hast Planted


1. Fa - ther, we thank Thee who hast plant - ed Thy ho - ly name with - in our hearts.
2. Watch o'er Thy church, O Lord, in mer - cy, Save it from e - vil, guard it still,
3
Knowl - edge and faith and life im - mor - tal Je - sus, Thy Son, to us im - parts.
Per - fect it in Thy love, u - nite it, Cleansed and con - formed un - to Thy will.
5
Thou, Lord, didst make all for Thy plea - sure, Didst give man food for all his days,
As grain, once scat - tered on the hill - sides, Was in this bro - ken bread made one,
7
Giv - ing in Christ the bread e - ter - nal; Thine is the pow'r; be Thine the praise.
So from all lands Thy church be gath - ered In - to Thy king - dom by Thy Son.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564; alt.
Text: Greek, from the *Didache*, c. 110; tr. F. Bland Tucker, 1941 ©

RENDEZ À DIEU [GENEVAN 118]
9 8. 9 8. 9 8. 9 8.

Great God of Wonders!


1. Great God of won - ders! All Thy ways Are match - less, god - like and di -
2. Such dire of - fens - es to for - give, Such guilt - y, dar - ing worms to
3. In won - der lost, with trem - bling joy We take the par - don of our
4. Oh, may this strange, this won - drous grace, This match - less mir - a - cle of
8
vine; But the fair glo - ries of Thy grace More beau - teous
spare; This is Thy grand pre - rog - a - tive, And in the
God— Par - don for sins of deep - est dye, A par - don
love, Fill the wide earth with grate - ful praise And all th'an -
14
and un - ri - valed shine, More beau - teous and un - ri - valed shine:
hon - or none shall share, And in the hon - or none shall share:
sealed with Je - sus' blood, A par - don sealed with Je - sus' blood:
gel - ic choirs a - bove, And all th'an - gel - ic choirs a - bove:
8
21
Who is a par - d'ning God like Thee? Or who has grace so
27
rich and free? Or who has grace so rich and free?

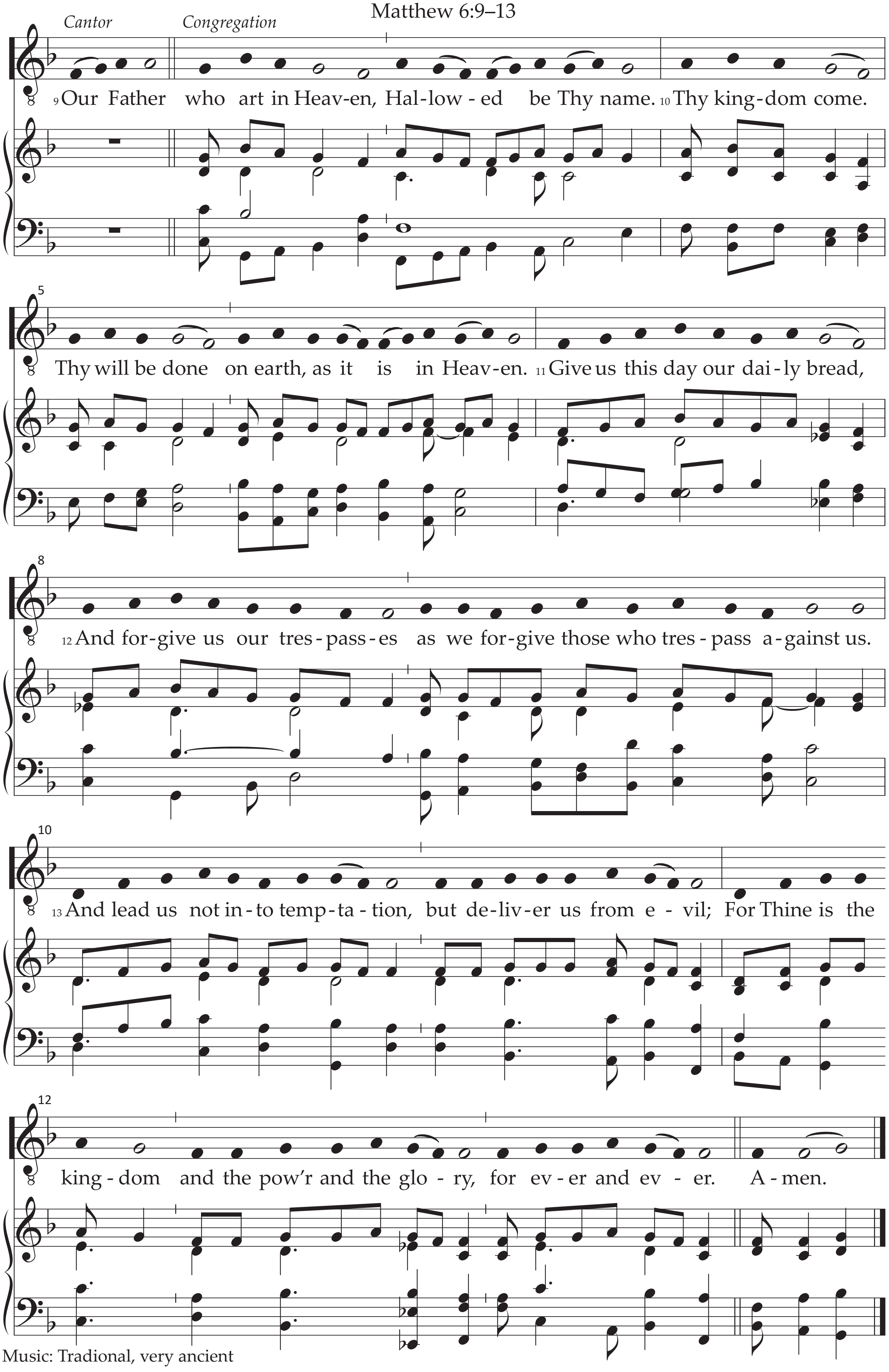
Music: Samuel Davies, 1769
Text: John Newton (1725–1807)

SOVEREIGNTY [WONDERS]
8 8. 8 8. w/ repeat & refrain

725

The Lord's Prayer

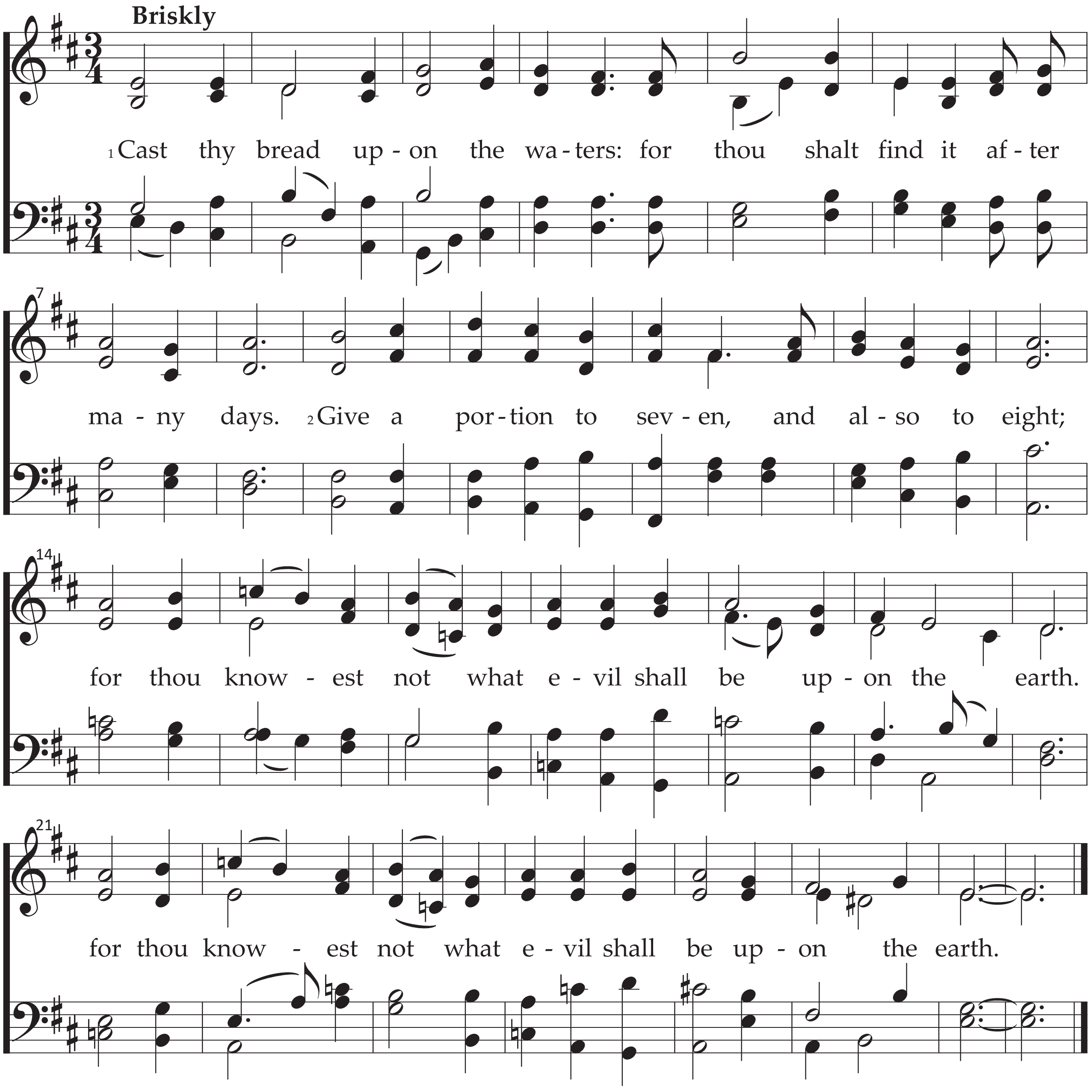
Matthew 6:9–13


Cantor
Congregation
9 Our Father who art in Heav-en, Hal-low-ed be Thy name. 10 Thy king-dom come.
5
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heav-en. 11 Give us this day our dai-ly bread,
8
12 And for-give us our tres-pass-es as we for-give those who tres-pass a-gainst us.
10
13 And lead us not in-to temp-ta-tion, but de-liv-er us from e-vil; For Thine is the
12
king-dom and the pow'r and the glo-ry, for ev-er and ev-er. A-men.

Music: Tradional, very ancient
Text: *Holy Bible, King James Version*, 1611

715 Cast Thy Bread upon the Waters

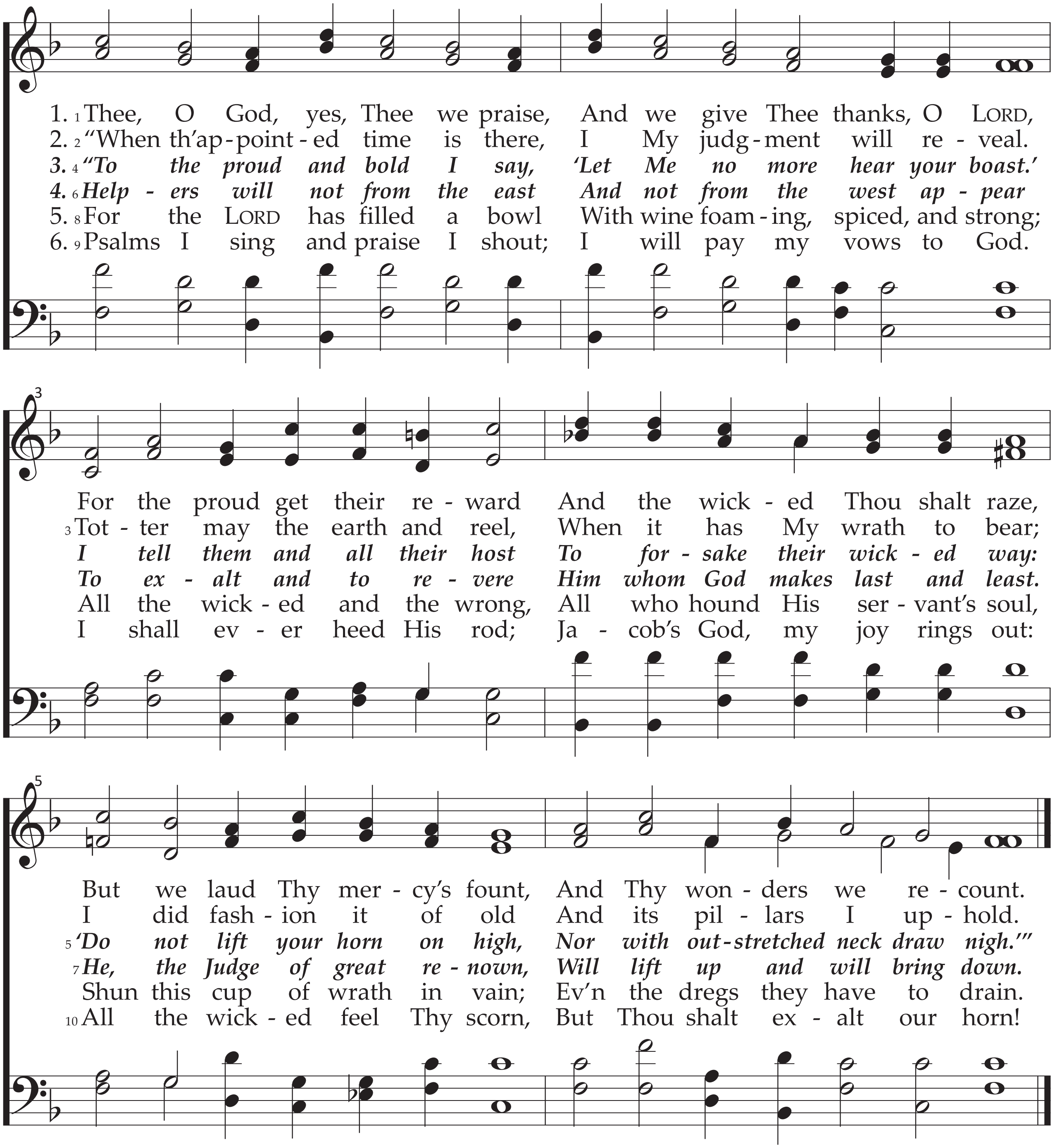
Ecclesiastes 11:1–2


Briskly
1 Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters: for thou shalt find it af-ter
7
ma-ny days. 2 Give a por-tion to sev-en, and al-so to eight;
14
for thou know-est not what e-vil shall be up-on the earth.
21
for thou know-est not what e-vil shall be up-on the earth.

Music: Mark Reagan, 2007 ©
Text: *Holy Bible, King James Version*, 1611

143 Thee, O God, Yes, Thee We Praise

From Psalm 75


1. 1 Thee, O God, yes, Thee we praise, And we give Thee thanks, O LORD,
2. 2 "When th'appointed time is there, I My judgment will reveal.
3. 4 "To the proud and bold I say, 'Let Me no more hear your boast.'
4. 6 Helpers will not from the east And not from the west appear
5. 8 For the LORD has filled a bowl With wine foaming, spiced, and strong;
6. 9 Psalms I sing and praise I shout; I will pay my vows to God.
3
For the proud get their reward And the wicked Thou shalt raze,
3 Totter may the earth and reel, When it has My wrath to bear;
I tell them and all their host To forsake their wicked way:
To exalt and to revere Him whom God makes last and least.
All the wicked and the wrong, All who hound His servant's soul,
I shall ever heed His rod; Jacob's God, my joy rings out:
5
But we laud Thy mercy's fount, And Thy wonders we recount.
I did fashion it of old And its pillars I uphold.
5 'Do not lift your horn on high, Nor with outstretched neck draw nigh.'"
7 He, the Judge of great renown, Will lift up and will bring down.
Shun this cup of wrath in vain; Ev'n the dregs they have to drain.
10 All the wicked feel Thy scorn, But Thou shalt exalt our horn!

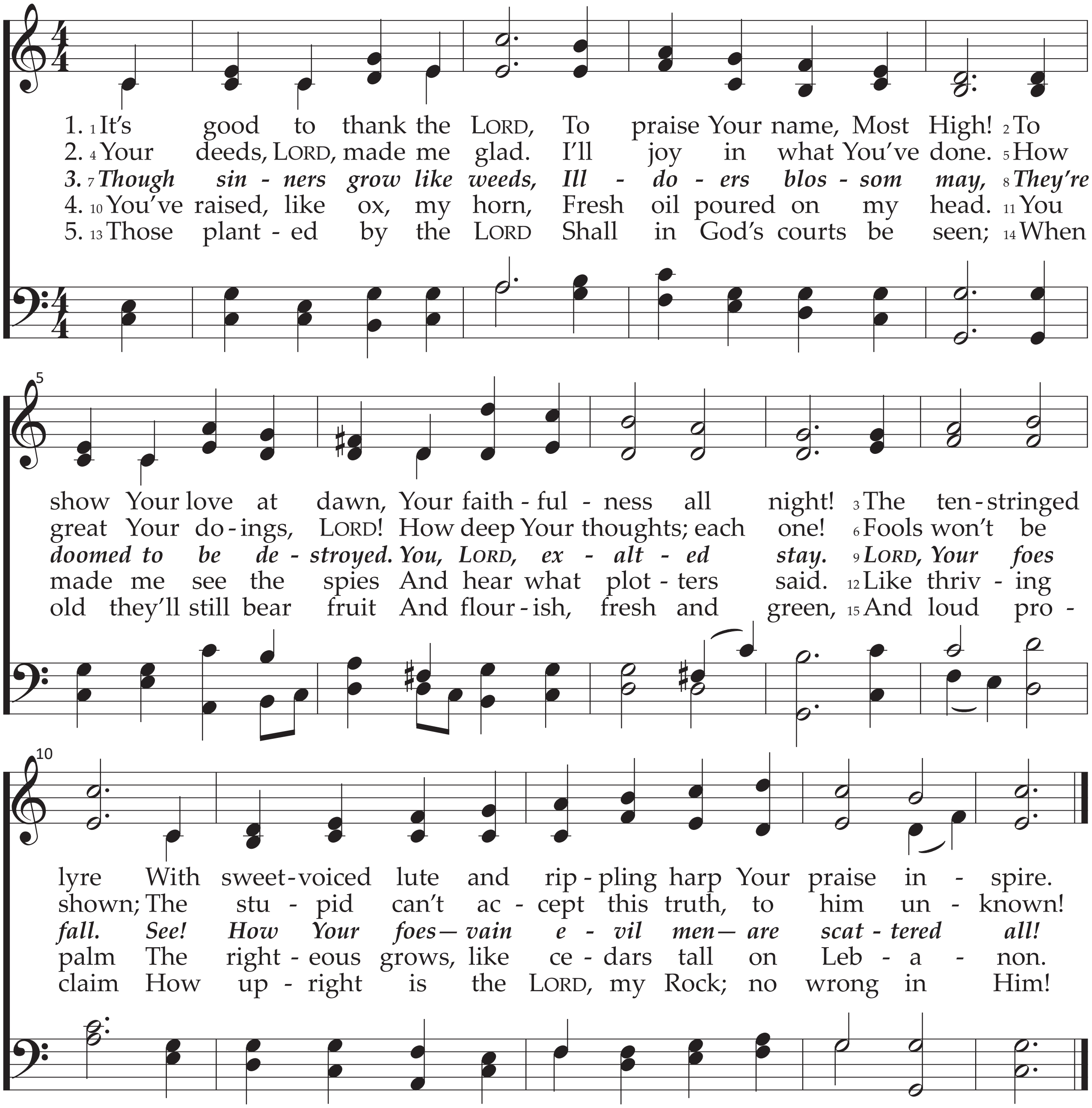
Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972, et. al. ©

O SEIGNEUR, LOUÉ SERA [GENEVAN 75]
7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

169

It’s Good to Thank the LORD

From Psalm 92

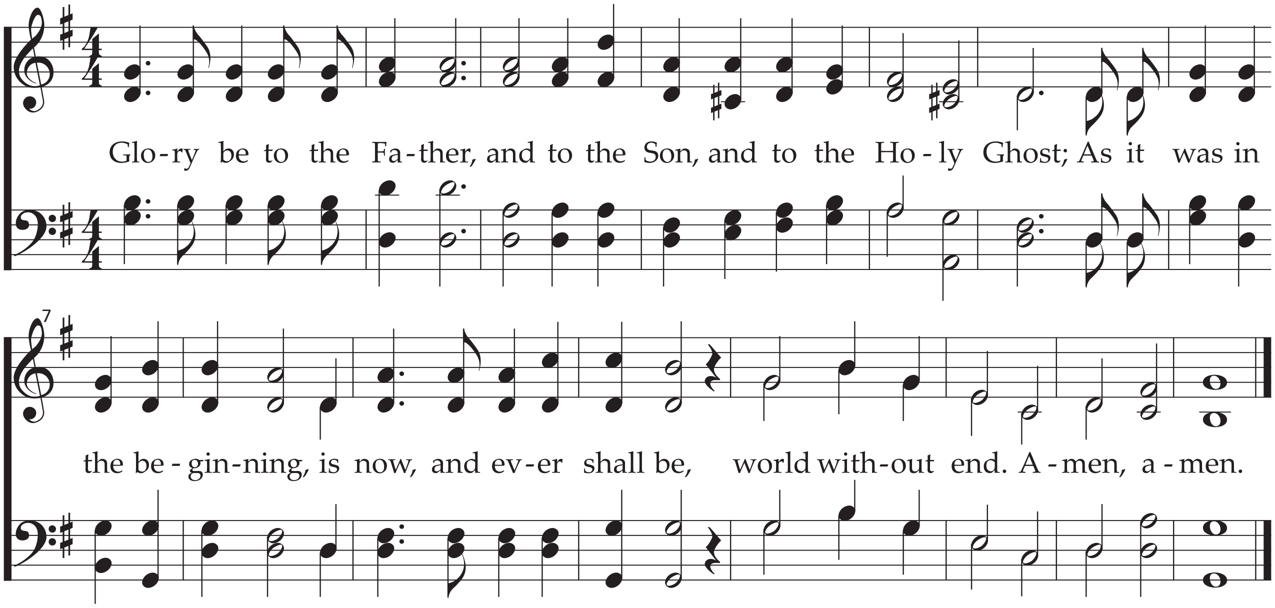

1. 1 It’s good to thank the LORD, To praise Your name, Most High! 2 To
2. 4 Your deeds, LORD, made me glad. I’ll joy in what You’ve done. 5 How
3. 7 Though sin - ners grow like weeds, Ill - do - ers blos - som may, 8 They’re
4. 10 You’ve raised, like ox, my horn, Fresh oil poured on my head. 11 You
5. 13 Those plant - ed by the LORD Shall in God’s courts be seen; 14 When
5
show Your love at dawn, Your faith - ful - ness all night! 3 The ten - stringed
great Your do - ings, LORD! How deep Your thoughts; each one! 6 Fools won’t be
doomed to be de - stroyed. You, LORD, ex - alt - ed stay. 9 LORD, Your foes
made me see the spies And hear what plot - ters said. 12 Like thriv - ing
old they’ll still bear fruit And flour - ish, fresh and green, 15 And loud pro -
10
lyre With sweet - voiced lute and rip - pling harp Your praise in - spire.
shown; The stu - pid can’t ac - cept this truth, to him un - known!
fall. See! How Your foes— vain e - vil men— are scat - tered all!
palm The right - eous grows, like ce - dars tall on Leb - a - non.
claim How up - right is the LORD, my Rock; no wrong in Him!

Music: John Darwall, 1770
Text: *The Book of Psalms for Singing*, 1973 ©

DARWALL’S 148TH
6 6. 6 6. 4 12.

735

Gloria Patri


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in
7
the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men, a-men.

Music: Charles Meineke, 1844
Text: Traditional, c. 100s