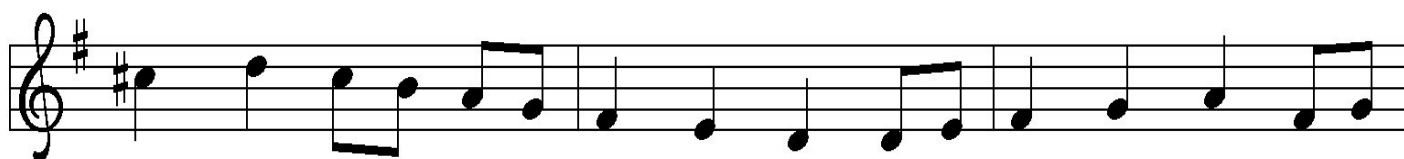


Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun



1 A - wake, my soul, and with the sun thy
 2 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept and
 3 Lord, I my vows to thee re - new. Dis -
 4 Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest, this day, all
 5 Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; praise



dai - ly stage of du - ty run; shake off dull sloth, and
 hast re - freshed me while I slept. Grant, Lord, when I from
 perse my sins as morn - ing dew; guard my first springs of
 I de - sign or do or say, that all my pow'rs, with
 God, all crea - tures here be - low; praise God a - bove, ye



joy - ful rise to pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 death shall wake, I may of end - less light par - take.
 thought and will; and with thy - self my spir - it fill.
 all their might, in thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.
 heav'n - ly host; praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Text: Thomas Ken, 1637–1711, alt.

Music: MORNING HYMN, François H. Barthélémon, 1741–1808

We Plow the Fields and Scatter



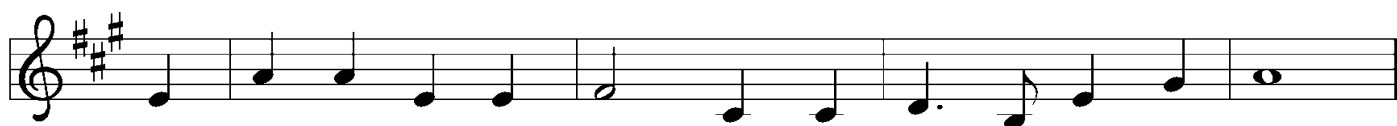
1 We plow the fields and scat - ter the good seed on the land,
 2 You on - ly are the mak - er of all things near and far.
 3 We thank you, our cre - a - tor, for all things bright and good,



but it is fed and wa - tered by God's al - might - y hand,
 You paint the way-side flow - er, you light the eve - ning star.
 the seed-time and the har - vest, our life, our health, our food.



who sends the snow in win - ter, the warmth to swell the grain,
 The winds and waves o - bey you, by you the birds are fed;
 No gifts have we to of - fer for all your love im - parts,



the breez-es and the sun - shine, and soft re - fresh-ing rain.
 much more to us, your chil - dren, you give our dai - ly bread.
 but what you most would trea - sure—our hum - ble, thank-ful hearts.

Refrain

All good gifts a - round us are sent from heav'n a - bove.



We thank you, Lord, we thank you, Lord, for all your love.

Let the Vineyards Be Fruitful

Offering Song

The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six lines of music. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a mix of quarter, eighth, and half notes, and some rests. The final line of music ends with a double bar line.

Let the vine - yards be fruit - ful, Lord, and
 fill to the brim our cup of bless - ing. Gath - er a
 har - vest from the seeds that were sown, that we may be fed with the
 bread of life. Gath - er the hopes and the dreams of all; u -
 nite them with the prayers we of - fer. Grace our ta - ble with your
 pres - ence, and give us a fore - taste of the feast to come.

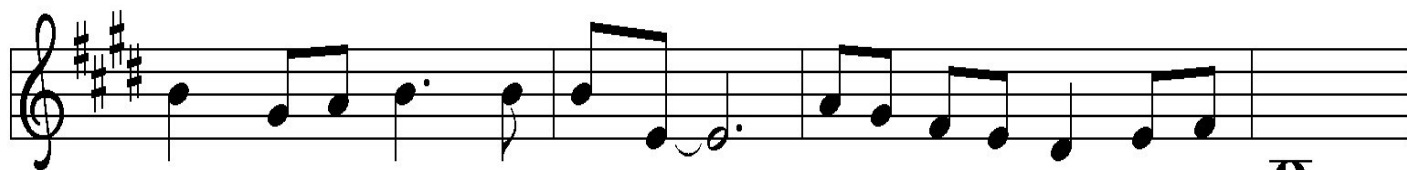
Text: John W. Arthur, 1922-1980

Music: *Liturgy of Joy*, James M. Capers, b. 1948

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Lord, Let My Heart Be Good Soil



Lord, let my heart be good soil, o-pen to the seed of your word.



Lord, let my heart be good soil, where love can grow and peace is un-der-stood.



When my heart is hard, break the stone a - way. When my heart is cold,



warm it with the day. When my heart is lost, lead me on your way.



Lord, let my heart, Lord, let my heart, Lord, let my heart be good soil.

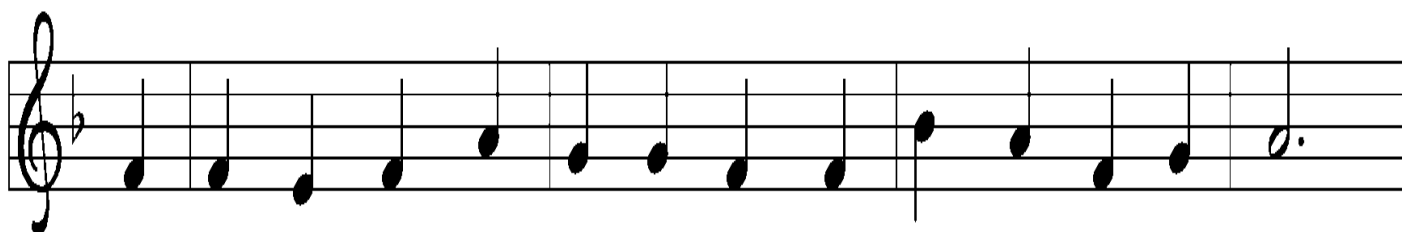
Text: Handt Hanson, b. 1950

Music: GOOD SOIL, Handt Hanson

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Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast



- 1 Al-might - y God, your word is cast like seed in - to the ground;
- 2 Let not the sly sa - tan - ic foe this ho - ly seed re - move,
- 3 Let not the world's de - ceit - ful cares the ris - ing plant de - stroy,
- 4 So when the pre - cious seed is sown, life - giv - ing grace be - stow,



now let the dew of heav'n de - scend and righ - teous fruits a - bound.
 but give it root in ev - 'ry heart to bring forth fruits of love.
 but let it yield a hun - dred - fold the fruits of peace and joy.
 that all whose souls the truth re - ceive its sav - ing pow'r may know.

Text: John Cawood, 1775–1852, alt.

Music: ST. FLAVIAN, J. Day, *Psalter*, 1562

Sent Forth by God's Blessing

1 Sent forth by God's bless - ing, our true faith con - fess - ing,
2 With praise and thanks - giv - ing to God ev - er - liv - ing,

the peo - ple of our God from this dwell - ing take leave.
the tasks of our ev - 'ry - day life we will face—

The sup - per is end - ed. Oh, now be ex - tend - ed
our faith ev - er shar - ing, in love ev - er car - ing,

the fruits of this ser - vice in the all who be - lieve.
em - brac - ing God's chil - dren, the whole hu - man race.

The seed of Christ's teach - ing, re - cep - tive souls
With your feast you feed us, with your light now

reach - ing, shall blos - som in ac - tion for God and for all.
lead us; u - nite us as one in this life that we share.

Your grace shall in - cite us, your love shall u - nite us
Then may all the liv - ing with praise and thanks - giv - ing

to work for your king - dom and an - swer your call.
give hon - or to Christ and his name that we bear.

Text: Omer Westendorf, 1916–1997, alt.

Music: THE ASH GROVE, Welsh folk tune

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