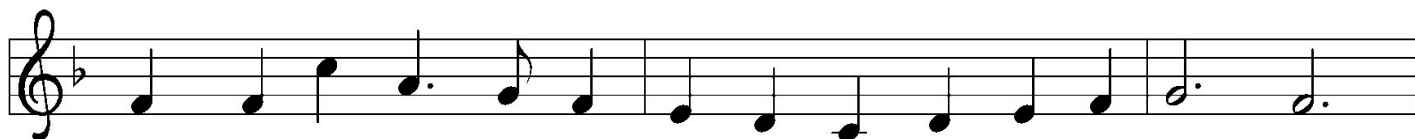
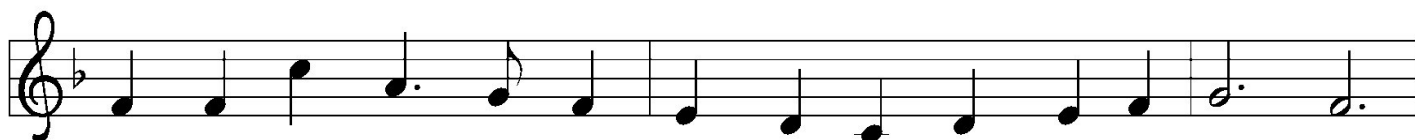


Praise to the Lord, the Almighty



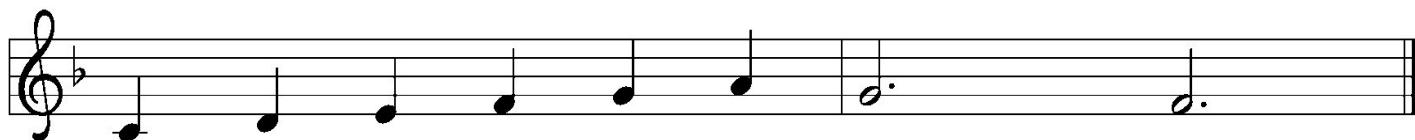
1 Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a - tion!
 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things is won-drous-ly reign - ing
 3 Praise to the Lord, who will pros - per your work and de - fend you;
 4 Praise to the Lord! Oh, let all that is in me a - dore him!



O my soul, praise him, for he is your health and sal - va - tion!
 and, as on wings of an ea - gle, up - lift - ing, sus - tain - ing.
 sure - ly his good - ness and mer - cy shall dai - ly at - tend you.
 All that has life and breath, come now with prais - es be - fore him!

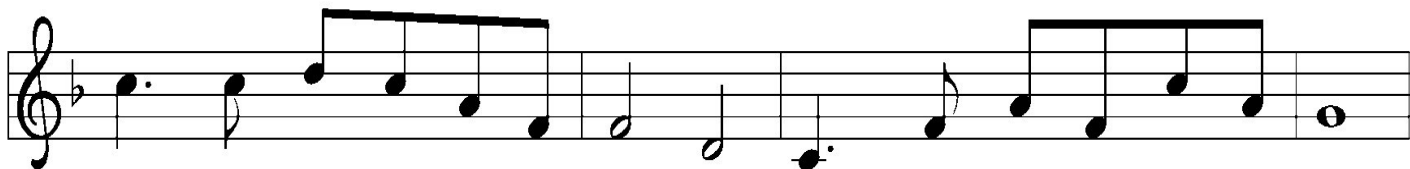


Let all who hear now to his tem - ple draw near,
 Have you not seen all that is need - ful has been
 Pon - der a - new what the Al - might - y can do
 Let the a - men sound from his peo - ple a - gain.

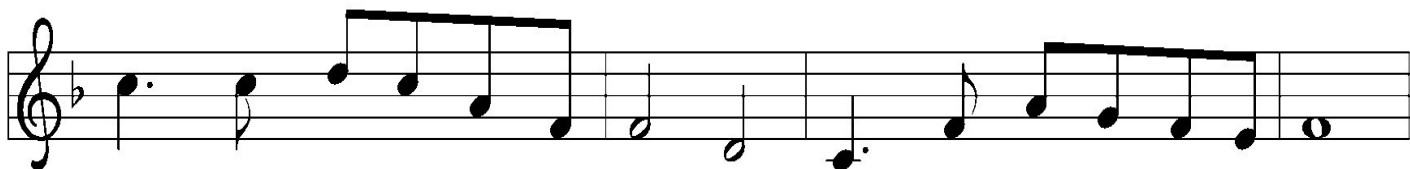


join - ing in glad ad - o - ra - tion!
 sent by his gra - cious or - dain - ing?
 if with his love he be - friend you.
 Glad - ly for - ev - er a - dore him!

What a Friend We Have in Jesus



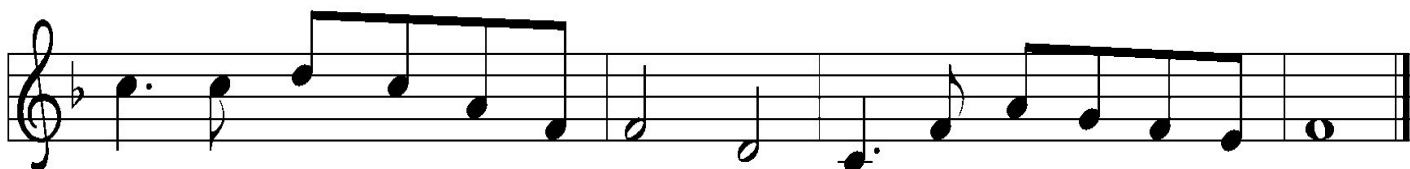
- 1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
- 2 Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
- 3 Are we weak and heav - y - lad - en, cum - bered with a load of care?



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



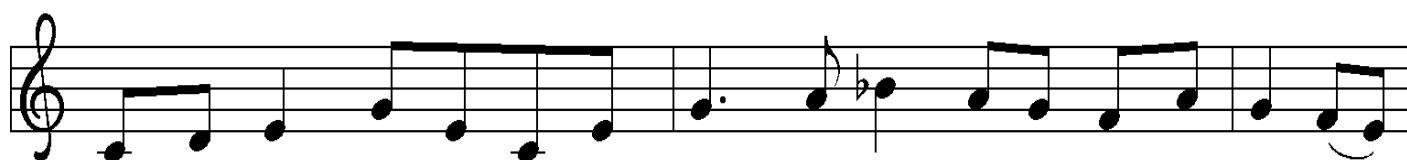
Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit; oh, what need - less pain we bear—
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful who will all our sor - row share?
 Do your friends de - spise, for - sake you? Take it to the Lord in prayer.



all be - cause we do not car - ry ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness—take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In his arms he'll take and shield you; you will find a so - lace there.

Let the Vineyards Be Fruitful

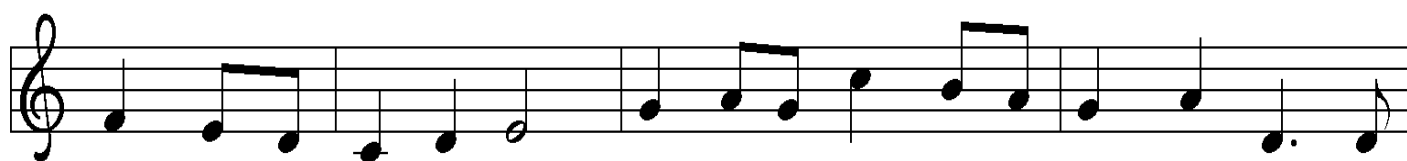
Offering Song



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 now. 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: Richard W. Hillert, b. 1923

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Spirit of Gentleness

Refrain



Spir - it, Spir - it of gen - tle - ness, blow through the wil - der - ness



call - ing and free; Spir - it, Spir - it of rest - less - ness,



stir me from plac - id - ness, wind, wind on the sea.



- 1 You moved on the wa - ters, you called to the deep,
- 2 You swept through the des - ert, you stung with the sand,
- 3 You sang in a sta - ble, you cried from a hill,
- 4 You call from to - mor - row, you break an - cient schemes.



then you coaxed up the moun - tains from the val - leys of sleep;
and you goad - ed your peo - ple with a law and a land;
then you whis - pered in si - lence when the whole world was still;
From the bond - age of sor - row all the cap - tives dream dreams;



and o - ver the e - ons you called to each thing:
and when they were blind - ed with i - dols and lies,
and down in the cit - y you called once a - gain,
our wom - en see vi - sions, our men clear their eyes.

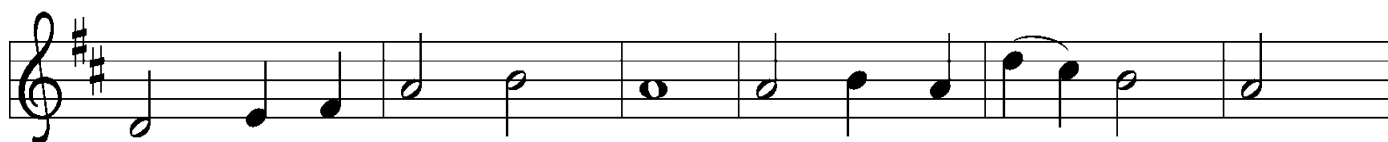


"A - wake from your slum - bers and rise on your wings."
then you spoke through your proph - ets to o - pen their eyes.
when you blew through your peo - ple on the rush of the wind.
With . . . bold new de - ci - sions your peo - ple a - rise.

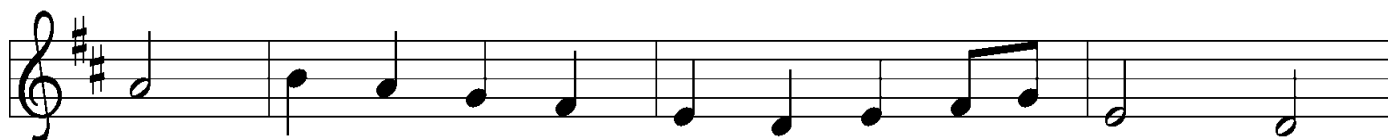
Refrain



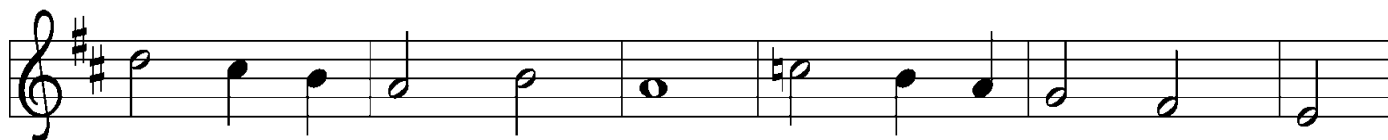
Come Down, O Love Divine



1 Come down, O Love di - vine; seek thou this soul of mine
 2 Oh, let it free - ly burn, till world - ly pas - sions turn
 3 Let ho - ly char - i - ty mine out - ward ves - ture be,
 4 And so the yearn - ing strong, with which the soul will long,



and vis - it it with thine own ar - dor glow - ing;
 to dust and ash - es in its heat con - sum - ing;
 and low - li - ness be - come mine in - ner cloth - ing—
 shall far out - pass the pow'r of hu - man tell - ing;



O Com - fort - er, draw near; with - in my heart ap - pear
 and let thy glo - rious light shine ev - er on my sight,
 true low - li - ness of heart, which takes the hum - bler part,
 no soul can guess Love's grace till it be - come the place



and kin - dle it, thy ho - ly flame be - stow - ing.
 and clothe me round, the while my path il - lum - ing.
 and o'er its own short - com - ings weeps with loath - ing.
 where - in the Ho - ly Spir - it makes a dwell - ing.

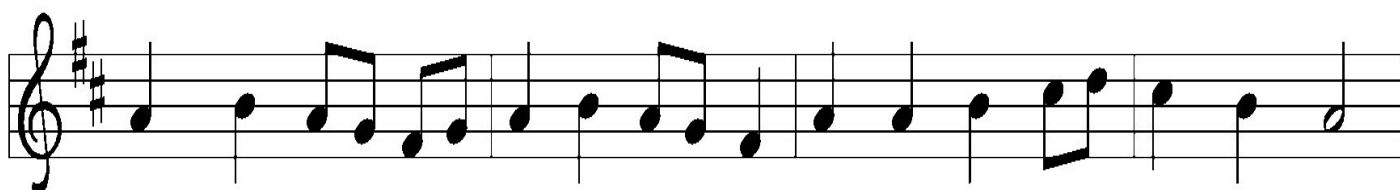
Text: Bianco da Siena, d. 1434; tr. Richard F. Littledale, 1833–1890

Music: DOWN AMPNEY, Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958

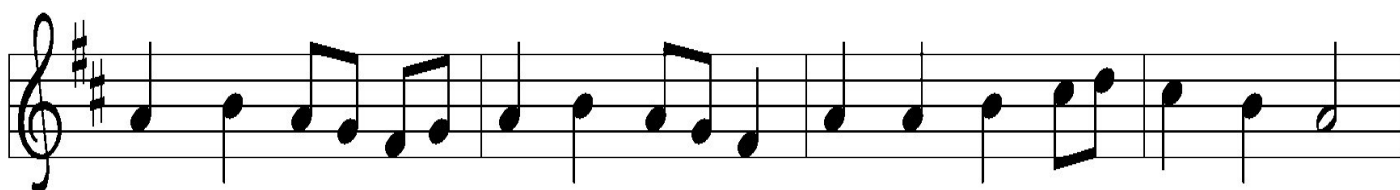
Music from *The English Hymnal*, outside the USA © Oxford University Press 1906. All rights reserved.

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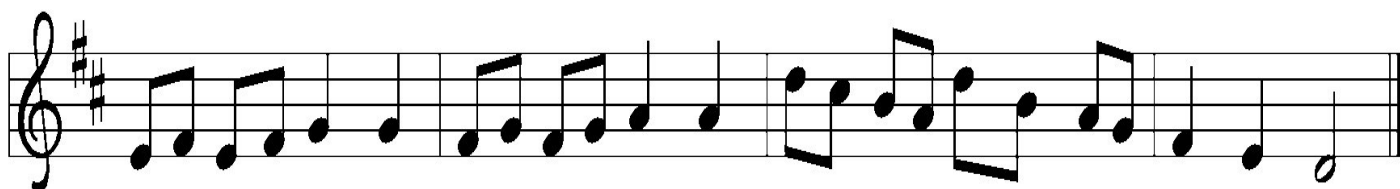
Lord, Dismiss Us with Your Blessing



- 1 Lord, dis - miss us with your bless-ing, fill our hearts with joy and peace;
- 2 Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion for your gos - pel's joy - ful sound.
- 3 Sav - ior, when your love shall call us from our strug - gling pil - grim way,



let us each, your love pos - sess-ing, tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace.
 May the fruits of your sal - va - tion in our hearts and lives a - bound.
 let no fear of death ap - pall us, glad your sum-mons to o - bey.



Oh, re - fresh us; oh, re - fresh us, trav-'ling through this wil-der-ness.
 Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er faith-ful to your truth may we be found.
 May we ev - er, may we ev - er reign with you in end-less day.

Text: attr. John Fawcett, 1740–1817, sts. 1–2, alt.; Godfrey Thring, 1823–1903, st. 3, alt.

Music: SICILIAN MARINERS, Sicilian, 18th cent.