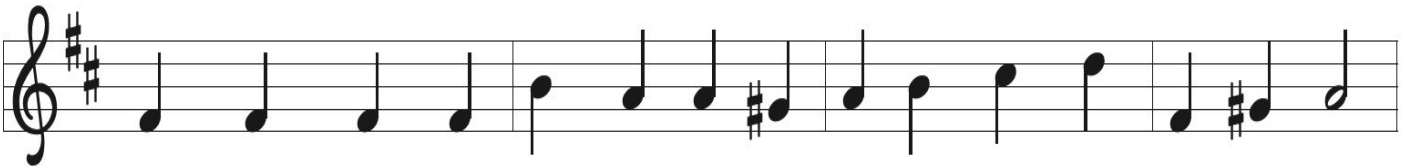


Praise, My Soul, the God of Heaven



- 1 Praise, my soul, the God of heav - en; joy - ful - ly your trib-ute bring.
- 2 God be praised for grace and fa - vor to our fore-bears in dis-tress.
- 3 Frail as sum-mer's flow'r we flour - ish, blows the wind and it is gone;
- 4 An - gels sing in ad - o - ra - tion, in God's pres-ence, face to face.



Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, ev - er - more God's prais-es sing.
 God be praised, the same for - ev - er, slow to chide and swift to bless.
 but, as mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un-chang-ing on.
 Sun and moon and all cre - a - tion, all who dwell in time and space.



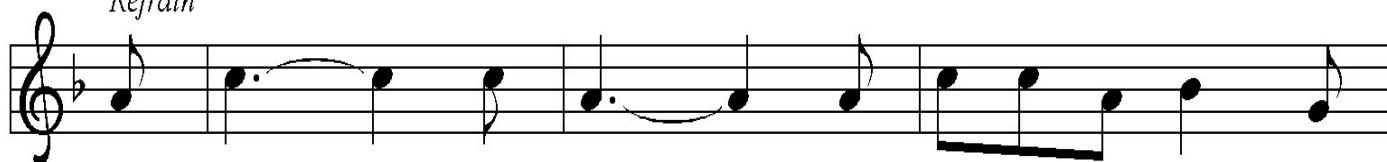
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Prais - es ev - er - last - ing ring!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious is God's faith - ful - ness!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the great E - ter - nal One!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!

Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1793–1847; alt. Walter R. Bouman, 1927–2005
 Music: PRAISE, MY SOUL, John Goss, 1800–1880

Duplication in any form prohibited without securing permission from copyright administrator or reporting usage under valid license.

Jesu, Jesu, Fill Us with Your Love

Refrain



Je - su, Je - su, fill us with your love, show

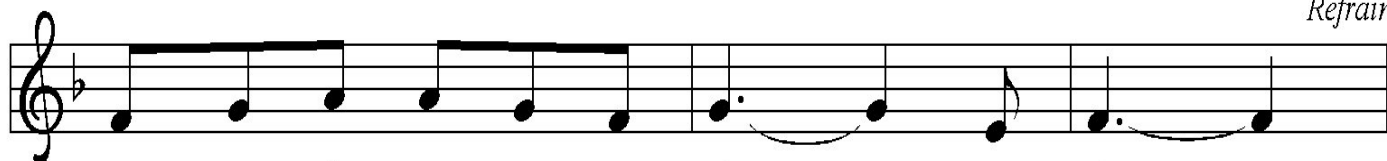


us how to serve the neigh-bors we have from you.



- 1 Kneels at the feet of his friends, si - lent - ly wash - es their feet,
- 2 Neigh-bors are wealth-y and poor, var - ied in col - or and race,
- 3 These are the ones we will serve, these are the ones we will love;
- 4 Kneel at the feet of our friends, si - lent - ly wash - ing their feet:

Refrain



mas - ter who acts as a slave to them.
 neigh-bors are near - by and far a - way.
 all these are neigh - bors to us and you.
 this is the way we will live with you.

Text: Tom Colvin, 1925–2000, alt.

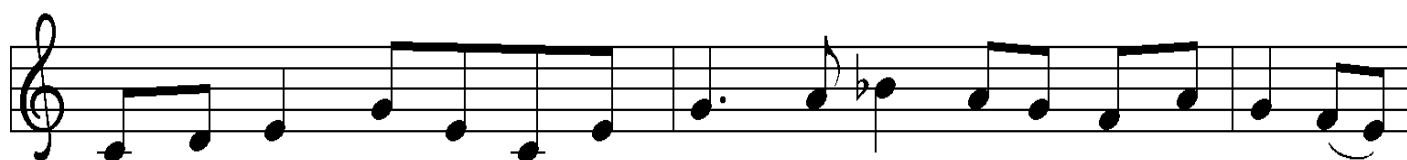
Music: CHEREPONI, Ghanaian folk tune, adapt. Tom Colvin

Text and music © 1969 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

Let the Vineyards Be Fruitful

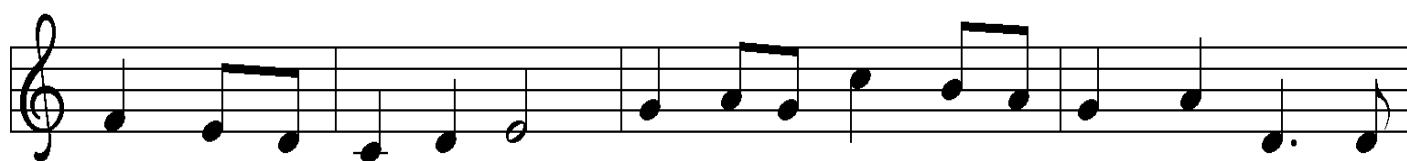
Offering Song



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.

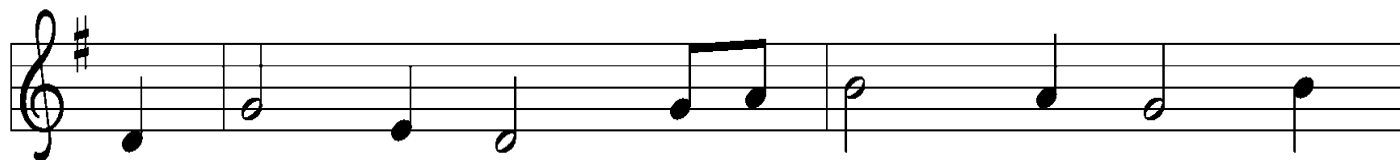
Text: John W. Arthur, 1922-1980

Music: Richard W. Hillert, b. 1923

Text and music © 1978 *Lutheran Book of Worship*, admin. Augsburg Fortress.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

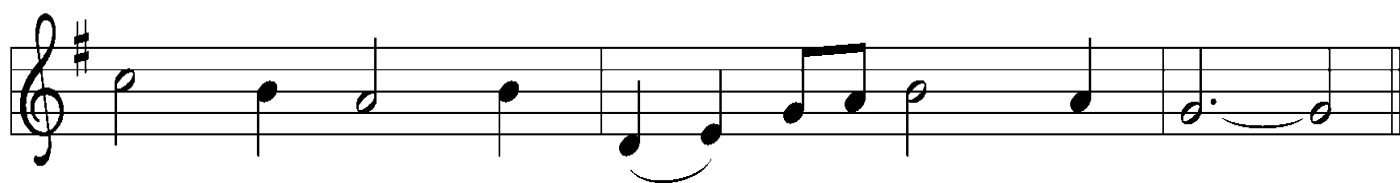
We Come to You for Healing, Lord



1 We come to you for heal - ing, Lord, of
 2 As once you walked through an - cient streets and
 3 You touch us through phy - si - cians' skills, through
 4 When nights are long with wake - ful - ness, through
 5 We come to you, O lov - ing Lord, in



bod - y, mind, and soul, and pray that by your
 reached toward those in pain, come, ris - en Christ, a -
 nurs - es' gifts of care, and through the love of
 days when strength runs low, grant us your gift of
 our dis - tress and pain, in trust that through our



Spir - it's touch we may a - gain be whole.
 mong us still with pow'r to heal a - gain.
 faith - ful friends who lift our lives in prayer.
 pa - tience, Lord, your calm - ing peace to know.
 nights and days your grace will heal, sus - tain.

Text: Herman G. Stuempfle Jr., 1923–2007

Music: MARTYRDOM, Hugh Wilson, 1764–1824

Text © 2002 GIA Publications, Inc. 7404 S. Mason Ave., Chicago, IL 60638. www.giamusic.com

800.442.3358 All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator

There Is a Balm in Gilead

Refrain



There is a balm in Gil-e - ad to make the wound-ed whole;

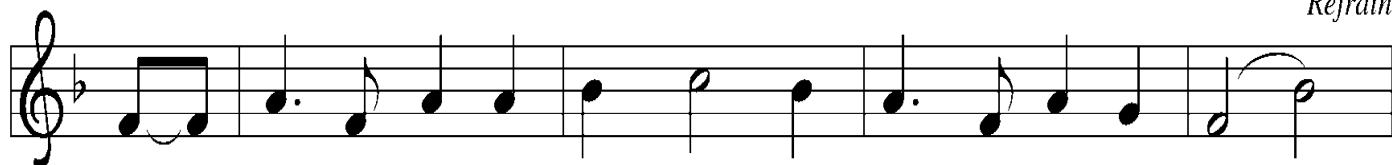


there is a balm in Gil-e - ad to heal the sin - sick soul.



- 1 Some - times I feel dis - cour-aged and think my work's in vain,
- 2 If you can - not preach like Pe - ter, if you can-not pray like Paul,
- 3 Don't ev - er be dis - cour-aged, for Je - sus is your friend;

Refrain

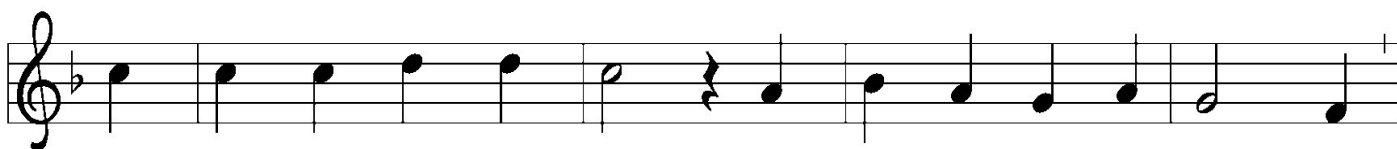


but then the Ho - ly Spir - it re - vives my soul a - gain.
 you can tell the love of Je - sus and say, "He died for all."
 and if you lack for knowl-edge, he'll ne'er re - fuse to lend.

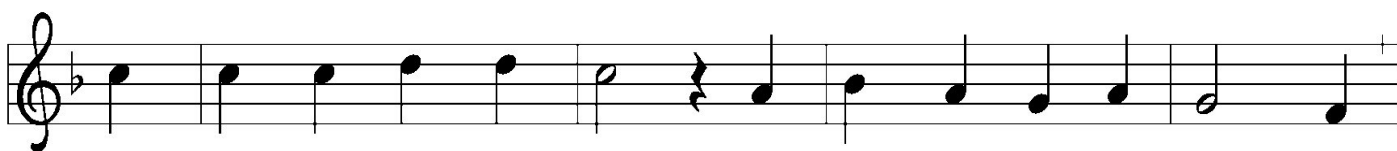
Text: African American spiritual

Music: BALM IN GILEAD, African American spiritual

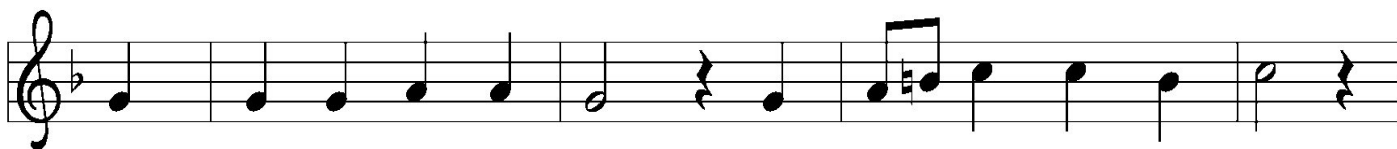
Now Thank We All Our God



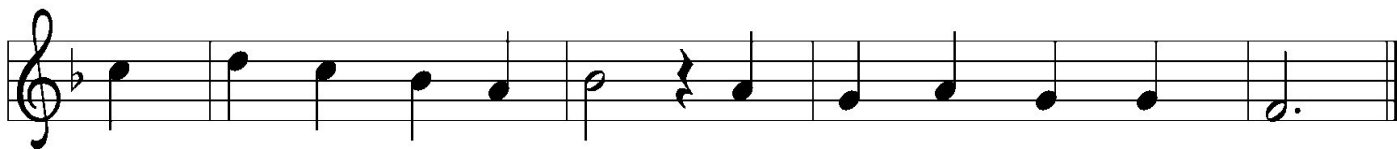
1 Now thank we all our God with hearts and hands and voices,
 2 Oh, may this bounteous God through all our life be near us,
 3 All praise and thanks to God the Father now be given,



who wondrous things has done, in whom this world rejoices;
 with ever joyful hearts and blessed peace to cheer us,
 the Son, and Spirit blest, who reign in highest heaven,



who, from our mothers' arms, has blest us on our way
 and keep us all in grace, and guide us when perplexed,
 the one eternal God, whom earth and heav'n adore;



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

Text: Martin Rinkhart, 1586–1649; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878

Music: NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT, Johann Crüger, 1598–1662