

All Creatures, Worship God Most High!



- 1 All crea-tures, wor-ship God most high! Sound ev-'ry voice in earth and
 2 Sing, broth-er wind; with clouds and rain you grow the gifts of fruit and
 3 Sing, broth-er fire, so mirth-ful, strong; drive far the shad-ows, join the
 4 All who for love of God for-give, all who in pain or sor-row



sky: Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Sing, broth-er sun, in splen-dor
 grain: Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Dear sis-ter wa-ter, use-ful,
 throng: Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Dear moth-er earth, so rich in
 grieve: Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Christ bears your bur-dens and your



bright; sing, sis-ter moon and stars of night:
 clear, make mu-sic for your Lord to hear:
 care, praise God in col-ors bright and rare: Al-le - lu - ia, al-le -
 fears; still make your song a-mid the tears:



lu - ia, al-le - lu - ia, al-le - lu - ia, al-le - lu - ia!

- 5 And you, most gentle sister death,
 waiting to hush our final breath:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Since Christ our light has pierced your gloom,
 fair is the night that leads us home.
 Alleluia.

- 6 O sisters, brothers, take your part,
 and worship God with humble heart:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 All creatures, bless the Father, Son,
 and Holy Spirit, Three in One:
 Alleluia.

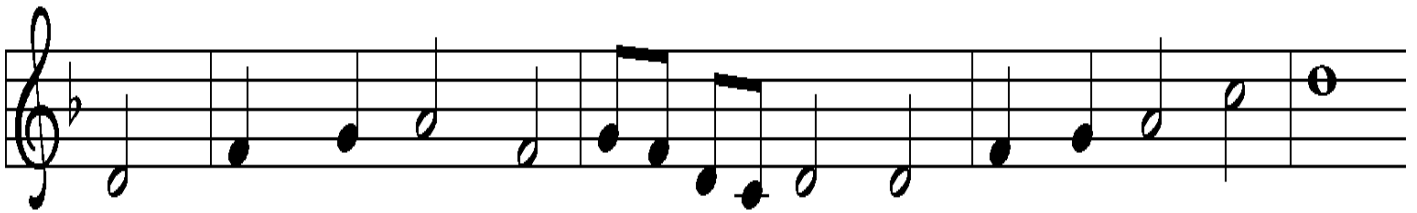
Text: Francis of Assisi, 1182–1226; tr. composite

Music: LASST UNS ERFREUEN, *Geistliche Kirchengesänge*, Köln, 1623

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Forgive Our Sins As We Forgive



- 1 "For - give our sins as we for - give," you taught us, Lord, to pray;
- 2 How can your par - don reach and bless the un - for - giv - ing heart
- 3 In blaz - ing light your cross re - veals the truth we dim - ly knew:
- 4 Lord, cleanse the depths with - in our souls and bid re - sent - ment cease;



but you a - lone can grant us grace to live the words we say.
 that broods on wrongs and will not let old bit - ter - ness de - part?
 how tri - fling oth - ers' debts to us; how great our debt to you!
 then, by your mer - cy rec - on - ciled, our lives will spread your peace.

Text: Rosamond E. Herklots, 1905–1987, alt.

Music: DETROIT, *The Sacred Harp*, Philadelphia, 1844

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Let the Vineyards Be Fruitful

Offering Song

The musical score is written on six staves in a single system. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in a soprano or alto clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The music concludes with a double bar line on the sixth staff.

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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Soul, Adorn Yourself with Gladness



1 Soul, a - dorn your - self with glad - ness, leave the gloom - y
 2 Has - ten as a bride to meet him, ea - ger - ly and
 3 Now in faith I hum - bly pon - der o - ver this sur -
 4 Je - sus, source of last - ing plea - sure, tru - est friend, and



haunts of sad - ness, come in - to the day - light's splen - dor,
 glad - ly greet him. There he stands al - read - y knock - ing;
 pass - ing won - der that the bread of life is bound - less
 dear - est trea - sure, peace be - yond all un - der - stand - ing,



there with joy your prais - es ren - der. Bless the one whose grace un -
 quick - ly, now, your gate un - lock - ing, o - pen wide the fast - closed
 though the souls it feeds are count - less; with the choic - est wine of
 joy in - to all life ex - pand - ing: hum - bly now, I bow be -



bound - ed this a - maz - ing ban - quet found - ed; Christ, though heav' - n - ly,
 por - tal, say - ing to the Lord im - mor - tal: "Come, and leave your
 heav - en Christ's own blood to us is giv - en. Oh, most glo - rious
 fore you, love in - car - nate, I a - dore you; wor - thi - ly let



high, and ho - ly, deigns to dwell with you most low - ly.
 loved one nev - er; dwell with - in my heart for - ev - er."
 con - so - la - tion, pledge and seal of my sal - va - tion.
 me re - ceive you, and, so fa - vored, nev - er leave you.

Text: Johann Franck, 1618–1677; tr. *Lutheran Book of Worship*

Music: SCHMÜCKE DICH, Johann Crüger, 1598–1662

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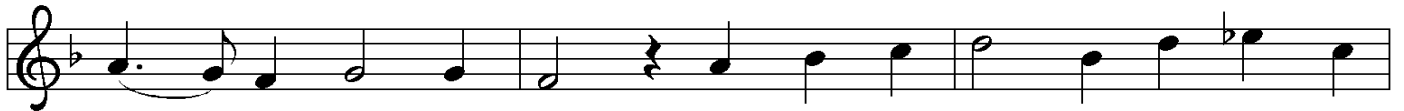
In Thee Is Gladness



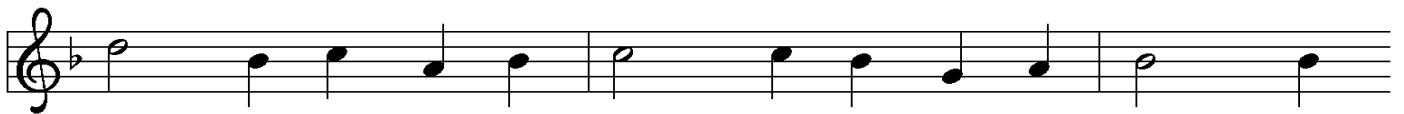
1 In thee is glad-ness a-mid all sad-ness, Je-sus, sun-shine of my
 2 Je-sus is ours! . . . We fear no pow-ers, not of earth or sin or



heart. By thee are giv-en the gifts of heav-en, thou the
 death. He sees and bless-es in worst dis-tress-es; he can



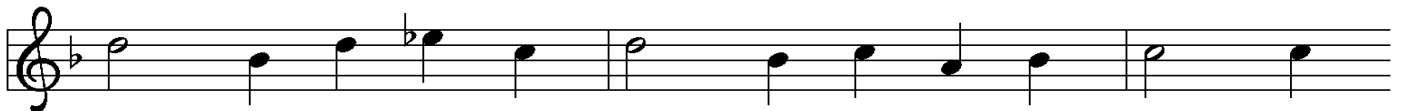
true re-deem-er art. Our souls thou wak-est; our bonds thou
 change them with a breath. Where-fore the sto-ry tell of his



break-est. Who trusts thee sure-ly has built se-cure-ly
 glo-ry with heart and voic-es; all heav'n re-joic-es



and stands for-ev-er: Al-le-lu-ia! Our hearts are
 in him for-ev-er: Al-le-lu-ia! We shout for



pin-ing to see thy shin-ing, dy-ing or liv-ing,
 glad-ness, tri-umph o'er sad-ness, love him and praise him



to thee are cleav-ing; naught can us sev-er: Al-le-lu-ia!
 and still shall raise him glad hymns for-ev-er: Al-le-lu-ia!