

Hymns for August 24th
Large Print

Gathering Hymn

"Praise to the Lord, the Almighty"

ELW# 858



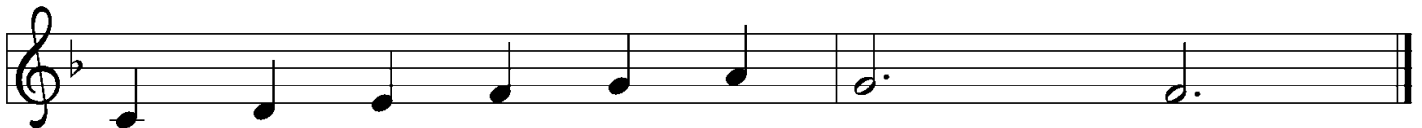
1 Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a - tion!
2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things is won-drous-ly reign - ing
3 Praise to the Lord, who will pros - per your work and de - fend you;
4 Praise to the Lord! Oh, let all that is in me a - dore him!



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.

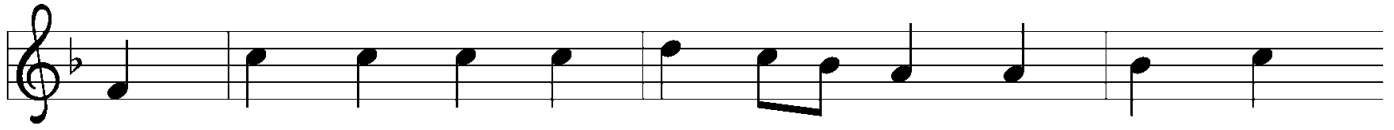


join - ing in glad ad - o - ra - tion!
sent by his gra - cious or - dain - ing?
if with his love he be - friend you.
Glad - ly for - ev - er a - dore him!

Hymn of the Day

"Oh, Happy Day When We Shall Stand"

ELW# 441



1 Oh, hap - py day when we shall stand a - mid the
2 Oh, bless - ed day when Christ shall come and show him -
3 Oh, what a might - y rush - ing flood of joy and
4 O Lord, your grace is ev - 'ry - thing; your love has



heav'n-ly throng; and sing with hosts from ev - 'ry land the
self as Lord, and thou - sands meet in their new home which
love and peace will roll down o - ver us with good and
made us free to stand a - mong the saints and sing the



new ce - les - tial song, the new ce - les - tial song.
Je - sus has pre - pared, which Je - sus has pre - pared.
bless - ed - ness and grace, and bless - ed - ness and grace.
glo - ry that we see, the glo - ry that we see.

Text: Wilhelm A. Wexels, 1797–1866; tr. composite

Music: LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN, Nikolaus Herman, 1480–1561

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Communion Hymns

"Morning Has Broken"

ELW# 556



1 Morn - ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing;
2 Sweet the rain's new fall, sun - lit from heav - en,
3 Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing,



black-bird has spo - ken like the first bird.
like the first dew - fall on the first grass.
born of the one light E - den saw play!



Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the morn - ing!
Praise for the sweet - ness of the wet gar - den,
Praise with e - la - tion, praise ev - 'ry morn - ing,



Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!
sprung in com - plete - ness where God's feet pass.
God's re - cre - a - tion of the new day!

Text: Eleanor Farjeon, 1881–1965

Music: BUNESSAN, Gaelic tune

Text © Miss E. Farjeon Will Trust, admin. David Higham Associates

"Praise, My Soul, the God of Heaven"

ELW# 864



- 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.

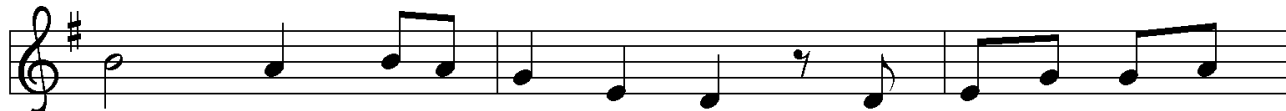


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Prais - es ev - er - last - ing ring!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious is God's faith - ful - ness!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the great E - ter - nal One!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!

Sending Hymn

"Light Dawns on a Weary World"


ELW# 726



1 Light dawns on a wea - ry world when eyes be - gin to
2 Love grows in a wea - ry world when hun - gry hearts find
3 Hope blooms in a wea - ry world when crea-tures, once for -



see all peo - ple's dig - ni - ty. Light dawns on a
bread and chil - dren's dreams are fed. Love grows in a
lorn, find wil - der - ness re - born. Hope blooms in a




wea - ry world: the prom-ised day of jus - tice comes.
wea - ry world: the prom-ised feast of plen - ty comes.
wea - ry world: the prom-ised green of E - den comes.


Refrain



The trees shall clap their hands; the dry lands, gush with springs;



the hills and moun-tains shall break forth with sing - ing!



We shall go out in joy, and be led forth in peace,



as all the world in won-der ech - oes sha - lom.

Text: Mary Louise Bringle, b. 1953

Music: TEMPLE OF PEACE, William P. Rowan, b. 1951

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