

Hymn No. 139 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

- 1 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
 O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation!
 All ye who hear, now to his temple draw near;
 join me in glad adoration!

- 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigning
 bears thee on eagle's wings, e're in his keeping maintaining.
 God's care enfolds all, whose true good he upholds.
 Hast thou not known his sustaining?

- 3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
 surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.
 Ponder anew what the Almighty can do,
 who with his love doth befriend thee.

- 4 Praise to the Lord, who doth nourish thy life and restore thee,
 fitting thee well for the tasks that are ever before thee.
 Then to thy need God as a mother doth speed,
 spreading the wings of grace o'er thee.

- 5 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
 All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before him.
 Let the amen sound from his people again;
 gladly forever adore him.

Hymn No. 122: God of the Sparrow God of the Whale

- 1 God of the Sparrow
God of the whale
God of the swirling stars
How does the creature say Awe
How does the creature say Praise
- 2 God of the earthquake
God of the storm
God of the trumpet blast
How does the creature cry Woe
How does the creature cry Save
- 3 God of the rainbow
God of the cross
God of the empty grave
How does the creature say Grace
How does the creature say Thanks
- 4 God of the hungry
God of the sick
God of the prodigal
How does the creature say Care
How does the creature say Life
- 5 God of the neighbor
God of the foe
God of the pruning hook
How does the creature say Love
How does the creature say Peace
- 6 God of the ages
God near at hand
God of the loving heart
How do your children say Joy
How do your children say Home

Hymn No. 694: Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

- 1 Come, ye thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home;
all is safely gathered in, ere the winter storms begin.
God our maker doth provide for our wants to be supplied;
come to God's own temple, come, raise the song of harvest home.
- 2 All the world is God's own field, fruit as praise to God we yield;
wheat and tares together sown are to joy or sorrow grown;
first the blade and then the ear, then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take the harvest home;
from the field shall in that day all offenses purge away,
giving angels charge at last, in the fire the tares to cast;
but the fruitful ears to store in the garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come, bring thy final harvest home;
gather thou thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin,
there, forever purified, in thy presence to abide;
come, with all thine angels, come, raise the glorious harvest home.