

Fifth Sunday after Easter
Rogation Sunday
May 9, 2021

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 279 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

Praise to the Lord

1. Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul praise him, for he is thy health and salvation:
Join the great throng, / Psaltery, organ and song,
Sounding in glad adoration.
2. Praise to the Lord; over all things he gloriously reigneth:
Borne as on eagle wings, safely his saints he sustaineth.
Hast thou not seen / How all thou needest hath been
Granted in what he ordaineth?
3. Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy way and defend thee;
Surely his goodness and mercy shall ever attend thee;
Ponder anew / What the Almighty can do,
Who with his love doth befriend thee.
4. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath breath join with Abraham's seed to adore him!
Let the "Amen" / Sum all our praises again
Now as we worship before him. Amen.

Words: Joachim Neander, 1680; based on *Psalms 103 and 150*; Music: *Stralsund Gesangbuch*, 1665.

SEQUENCE HYMN 422 What a friend we have in Jesus

Erie

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, / All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry / Ev'rything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit, / O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry / Ev'rything to God in prayer!
2. Have we trials and temptations? / Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged: / Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful, / Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness— / Take it to the Lord in prayer!
3. Are we weak and heavy laden, / Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge— / Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise forsake thee? / Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, / Thou wilt find a solace there.

Words: Joseph Scriven, c. 1855, Music: Charles Crozat Converse, 1868.

1. Father, we thank the who hast planted / Thy holy Name within our hearts.
 Knowledge and faith and life immortal / Jesus thy Son to us imparts.
 Thou, Lord, didst make all for thy pleasure, / Didst give man food for all his days,
 Giving in Christ the Bread eternal; / Thine is the power, be thine the praise.
2. Watch o'er thy Church, O Lord, in mercy, / Save it from evil, guard it still,
 Perfect it in thy love, unite it, / Cleansed and conformed unto thy will.
 As grain, once scatter'd on the hillsides, / Was in this broken bread made one,
 So from all lands thy Church be gather'd / Into thy kingdom by thy Son.

Greek, from the *Didache*, c. 110.; Tr. F. Bland Tucker, 1941; Music: Louis Bourgeois, 1543.

This is my Fa-ther's world. And to my list'-ning ears All
 This is my Fa-ther's world; The birds their ca-rols raise, The
 This is my Fa-ther's world: O— let me ne'er for- get That
 na- ture sings, and— round me rings The mu- sic of the— spheres. This
 mor- ning light, the— li- ly white, De- clare their Ma- ker's praise. This
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is— the Rul- er— yet. This
 is my Fa-ther's world; I— rest me in the thought Of—
 is my Fa-ther's world: He— shines in all that's fair; In the
 is my Fa-ther's world: Why should my heart be sad? The—
 rocks and trees, of— skies and seas— His hand— the won- ders— wrought.
 rust- ling grass I— hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev- ery- where.
 Lord is King— let the hea- vens ring! God reigns; let earth be— glad!

Text: Maltbie D. Babcock (1858-1901). Tune: *Terra Beata*, Franklin L. Sheppard (1852-1930)

1. This is my Father's world. / And to my list'ning ears
 All nature sings, and round me rings / The music of the spheres.
 This is my Father's world; / I rest me in the thought
 Of rocks and treas, of skies and seas— / His hand the wonders wrought.
2. This is my Father's world; / The birds their carols raise,
 The morning light, the lily white, / Declare their Maker's praise.
 This is my Father's world: / He shines in all that's fair;
 In the rustling grass I hear Him pass, / He speaks to me everywhere.
3. This is my Father's world: / O let me ne'er forget
 That though the wrong seems oft so strong, / God is the Ruler yet.
 This is my Father's world: / Why should my heart be sad?
 The Lord is King—let the heavens ring! / God reigns; let earth be glad!

Maltbie D. Babcock (1858-1901); Music: Franklin L. Sheppard (1852-1930).