

***Fifth Sunday after Easter***  
***Rogation Sunday***  
***May 22, 2022***

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **349** 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.

Text: Joachim Neander, 1680; tr. from Catherine Winkworth; based on Psalms 103 and 150.

Tune: *Stralsund Gesangbuch*, 1665; arr. *The Chorale Book for England*, 1863.

SEQUENCE HYMN **450** 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.

Text: Joseph Scriven, ca. 1855. Tune: Charles Crozat Converse, 1868.

## COMMUNION HYMNS

### 279 Father, we thank thee who hast planted

*Rendez a dieu*

1. Father, we thank thee 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.

Text: Greek, from the *Didache*, ca. 110.; tr. F. Bland Tucker. Tr. © Church Publishing Incorporated. Tune: Louis Bourgeois, 1543.

### 128 Good Christians all rejoice and sing

*Gelobt Sei Gott*

1. Good Christians all, rejoice and sing. / Now is the triumph of our King.  
To all the world glad news we bring: / Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
2. The Lord of Life is ris'n for aye; / Bring flow'rs of song to strew his way;  
Let all mankind rejoice and say: / Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
3. Praise we in songs of victory / That Love, that Life, which cannot die,  
And sing with hearts uplifted high: / Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
4. Thy name we bless, O risen Lord, / And sing today with one accord  
The life laid down, the life restored: / Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Text: Cyril A. Alington, 1925, ©1958, ren. 1986, Hymns Ancient and Modern, Ltd. (admin. Hope Publishing Company).  
Tune: Melchoir Vulpius, 1609.

### 140 At the Lamb's high feast we sing

*Salzburg*

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing / Praise to our victorious King,  
Who hath washed us in the tide / Flowing from his pierced side;  
Praise we him, whose love divine, / Gives his sacred Blood for wine,  
Gives his Body for the feast, / Christ the victim, Christ the priest.
2. Where the Paschal blood is poured, / Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go / Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, / Paschal victim, Paschal bread;  
With sincerity and love / Eat we manna from above.
3. Mighty victim from the sky, / Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;  
Though hast conquered in the fight, / Though hast brought us life and light:  
Now no more can death appall, / Now no more the grave enthrall;  
Thou hast opened paradise, / And in thee thy saints shall rise.

4. Easter triumph, Easter joy, / Sin alone can this destroy;  
 From sin's power do thou set free, / Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.  
 Hymns of glory, songs of praise, / Father, unto thee we raise:  
 Risen Lord, all praise to thee / With the Spirit ever be.

Text: Latin, 1633; tr. Robert Campbell, alt. Tune: Jakob Hintze, 1678, alt.; arr. J. S. Bach (1685-1750).

ABLUTION HYMN **369** How Great Thou Art

*How great thou art*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder<br>consider all the works thy hand hath made,<br>I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,<br>thy power throughout the universe displayed; [R] | 2. When through the woods and forest glades I wander,<br>I hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;<br>when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur<br>and hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze; [R] |
|--|---|

*Refrain:*

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:  
 how great thou art, how great thou art!  
 Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:  
 how great thou art, how great thou art!

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 3. But when I think that God, his Son not sparing,<br>sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,<br>that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,<br>he bled and died to take away my sin; [R] | 4. When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,<br>and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!<br>Then I shall bow in humble adoration<br>and there proclaim, "My God, how great thou art!" [R] |
|--|---|

Text: Stuart K. Hine, 1953. Tune: Stuart K. Hine, 1953; from a Swedish folk melody; © 1949, 1953 The Stuart Hine Trust.  
 Print rights admin. by Hope Publishing Co. Used by permission under OneLicense.net #A-726650.

RECESSIONAL HYMN **372** All creatures of our God and King

*Lasst Uns Erfreuen*

1. All creatures of our God and King, / Lift up your voice and with us sing,  
     Alleluia, Alleluia!  
   Thou burning sun with golden beam, / Thou silver moon with softer gleam,  
     O praise him, O praise him, / Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
2. Thou rushing wind that art so strong, / Ye clouds that sail in heav'n along,  
     O praise him, Alleluia!  
   Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice; / Ye lights of evening, find a voice;  
     O praise him, O praise him, / Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
3. Thou flowing water, pure and clear, / Make music for thy Lord to hear;  
     Alleluia, Alleluia!  
   Thou fire, so beautiful and bright, / That givest man both warmth and light,  
     O praise him, O praise him, / Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

4. And all ye men of tender heart, / Forgiving others, take your part;  
O sing ye, Alleluia!  
Ye who both pain and sorrow bear, / Praise God and on him cast your care;  
O praise him, O praise him, / Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

5. Let all things their Creator bless, / And worship him in humbleness;  
O praise him, Alleluia!  
Praise God the Father, God the Son, / Praise God the Spirit, Three in One,  
O praise him, O praise him, / Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Text: Francis of Assisi, 1225; tr. William H. Draper, alt.  
Tune: *Geistliche Kirchengesang*, 1622; arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906.