

CLOSING HYMN All things bright and beautiful #405

Descant



All things bright and beau - ti - ful, crea-tures great and small,

Refrain



All things bright and beau - ti - ful, all crea-tures great and small,



all things wise and won - der - ful, God made them all.



all things wise and won - der - ful, the Lord God made them all.




1 Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, each lit - tle bird that sings,
 2 The pur - ple - head - ed moun-tain, the riv - er run - ning by,
 3 The cold wind in the win - ter, the pleas - ant sum - mer sun,
 4 He gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell

Repeat Refrain





he made their glow-ing col - ors, he made their ti - ny wings.
 the sun - set, and the morn - ing that bright - ens up the sky,
 the ripe fruits in the gar - den, he made them ev - ery one.
 how great is God Al - might - y, who has made all things well.

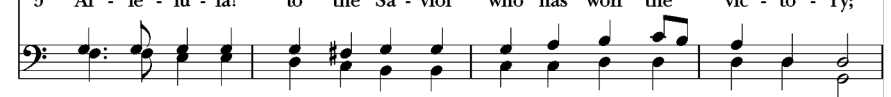

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895) Music: *Royal Oak*, melody from *The Dancing Master*, 1686; adapt. and harm. Martin Fallas Shaw (1875-1958)
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1 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voic - es heaven-ward raise:
 2 Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born,
 3 Christ is ris - en, Christ, the first-fruits of the ho - ly har - vest - field,
 4 Christ is ris - en, we are ris - en! Shed up - on us heaven - ly grace,
 5 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high;

1 sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, sing to God a hymn of praise.
 2 glor - ious life, and life im - mor - tal, on his re - sur - rec - tion morn.
 3 which with all its full a - bun-dance at his sec - ond com - ing yield:
 4 rain and dew and gleams of glo - ry from the bright-ness of thy face;
 5 Al - le - lu - ia! to the Sa - vior who has won the vic - to - ry;

1 He, who on the cross a vic - tim, for the world's sal - va - tion bled,
 2 Christ has tri - umphed, and we con - quer by his might - y en - ter - prise:
 3 then the gold - en ears of har - vest will their heads be - fore him wave,
 4 that, with hearts in hea - ven dwell - ing, we on earth may fruit - ful be,
 5 Al - le - lu - ia! to the Spi - rit, fount of love and sanc - ti - ty;




1 Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, now is ris - en from the dead.
 2 we with him to life e - ter - nal by his re - sur - rec - tion rise.
 3 ri - pened by his glo - rious sun - shine from the fur - rows of the grave.
 4 and by an - gel hands be gath - ered, and be ev - er, Lord, with thee.
 5 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! to the Tri - une Ma - jes - ty.



Words: Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885) Music: *Lux eoi*, Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900)

SEQUENCE HYMN

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove

#512

1 Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, heaven - ly Dove, with light and
 2 The light of truth to us dis - play, and make us
 3 Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing Way, nor let us
 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share full - ness of

com - fort from a - bove; be thou our guard - ian,
 know and choose thy way; plant ho - ly fear in
 from his pre - cepts stray; lead us to ho - li -
 joy for ev - er there; lead us to God, our

thou our guide; o'er ev - ery thought and step pre - side.
 ev - ery heart, that we from thee may ne'er de - part.
 ness, the road that we must take to dwell with God.
 fin - al rest, to be with him for ev - er blest.

Words: Simon Browne (1680-1732), alt. Music: Mendon, melody from *Methodist Harmonist*, 1821; adapt and harm. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

OFFERTORY HYMN

We plow the fields, and scatter

#291

1 We plow the fields, and scat - ter the good seed on the land,
 2 He on - ly is the Ma - ker of all things near and far;
 3 We thank thee, then, O Fa - ther, for all things bright and good,

but it is fed and wa - tered by God's al - might - y hand;
 he paints the way - side flow - er, he lights the eve - ning star;
 the seed - time and the har - vest, our life, our health, our food:

he sends the snow in win - ter, the warmth to swell the grain,
 the winds and waves o - bey him, by him the birds are fed,
 the gifts we have to of - fer are what thy love im - parts,

the breez - es and the sun - shine, and soft re - fresh - ing rain.
 much more to us, his chil - dren, he gives our dai - ly bread.
 but chief - ly thou de - sir - est our hum - ble thank - ful hearts.

Refrain
 All good gifts a - round us are sent from heaven a - bove;

then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all his love.

Words: Matthias Claudius (1740-1815); tr. Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817-1878), alt. Music: *Wir pflügen*, Johann Abraham Peter Schulz (1747-1800)