


HYMNS FOR AUGUST 24, 2025

GATHERING HYMN ELW # 556

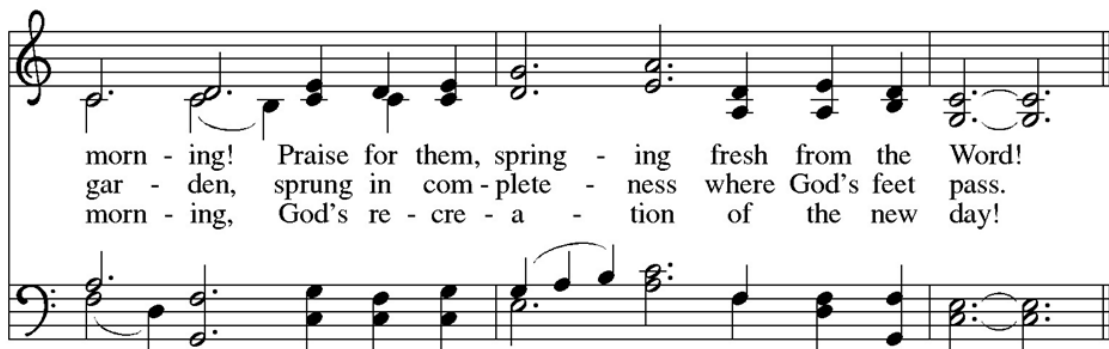
Morning Has Broken



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



spo - ken like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the
dew - fall on the first grass. Praise for the sweet - ness of the wet
one light E - den saw play! Praise with e - la - tion, praise ev - 'ry



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

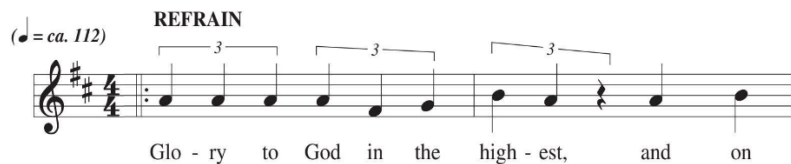
Text: Eleanor Farjeon, 1881–1965
Music: BUNESSAN, Gaelic tune; arr. hymnal version
Text © Miss E. Farjeon Will Trust, by permission of David Higham Associates.
Arr. © 2006 Augsburg Fortress.

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HYMN OF PRAISE: Mass of the Desert “Glory to God”

Glory to God

(♩ = ca. 112) **REFRAIN**



Glo - ry to God in the high - est, and on



earth peace to peo - ple of good will.

VERSE 1



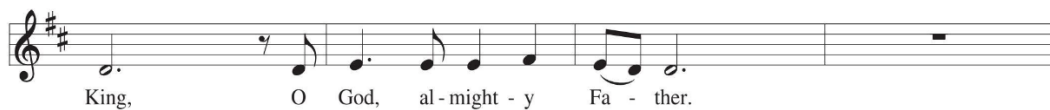
1. We praise you, we bless you, we a - dore you,



we glo - ri - fy you, we give you thanks for your great

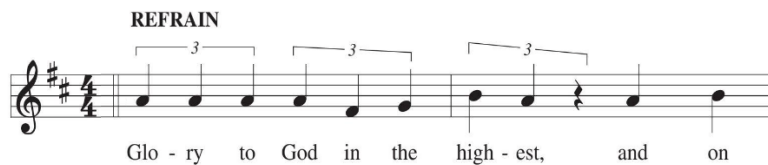


glo - ry, Lord God, heav - en - ly



King, O God, al - might - y Fa - ther.

REFRAIN

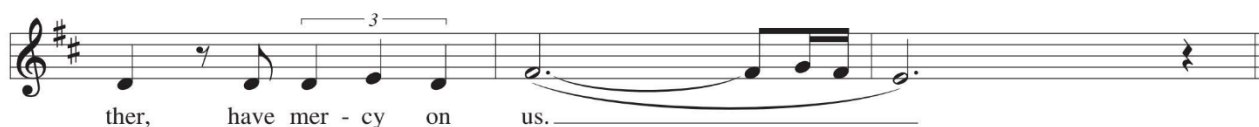
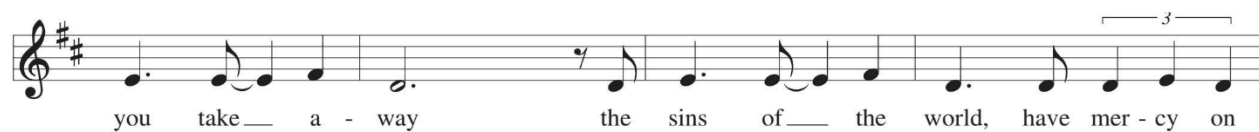
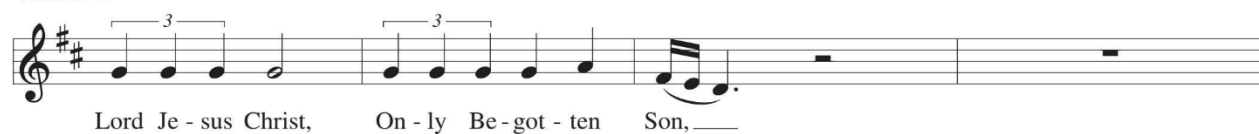


Glo - ry to God in the high - est, and on

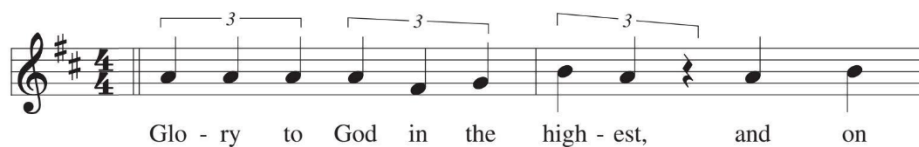


earth peace to peo - ple of good will.

VERSE 2



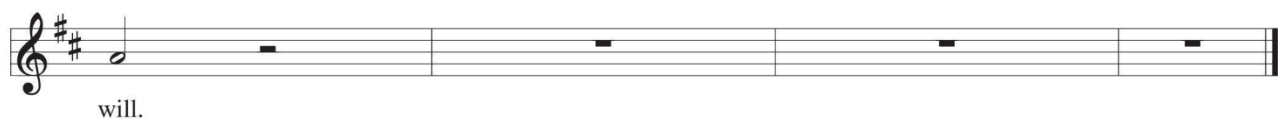
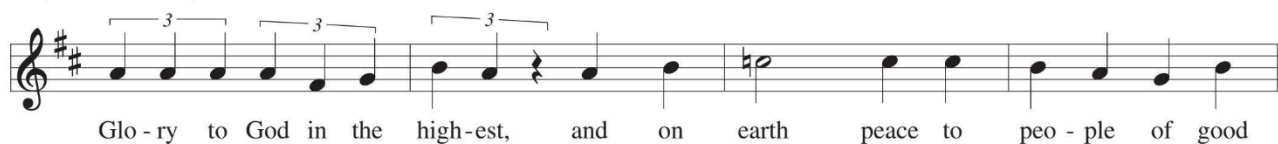
REFRAIN



VERSE 3



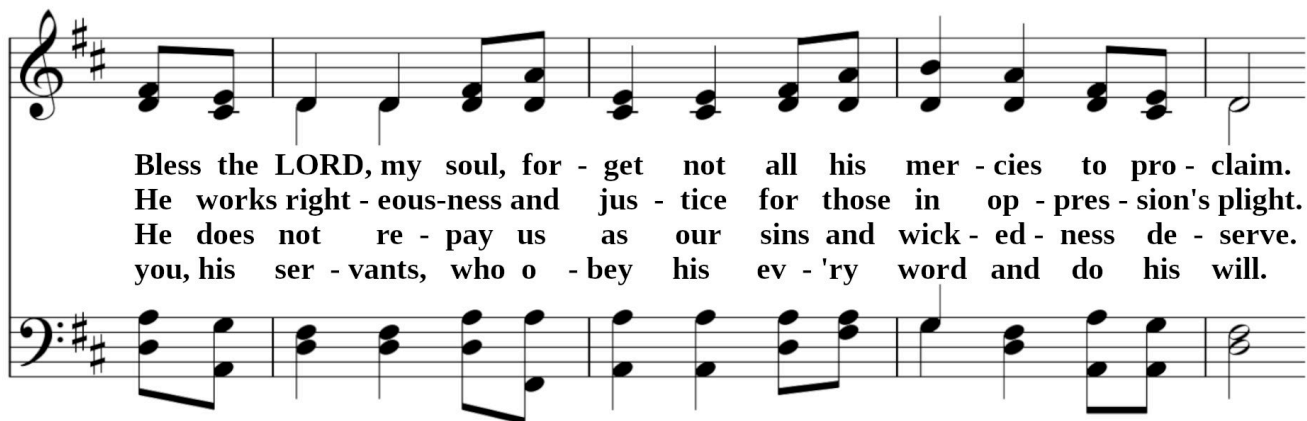
FINAL REFRAIN



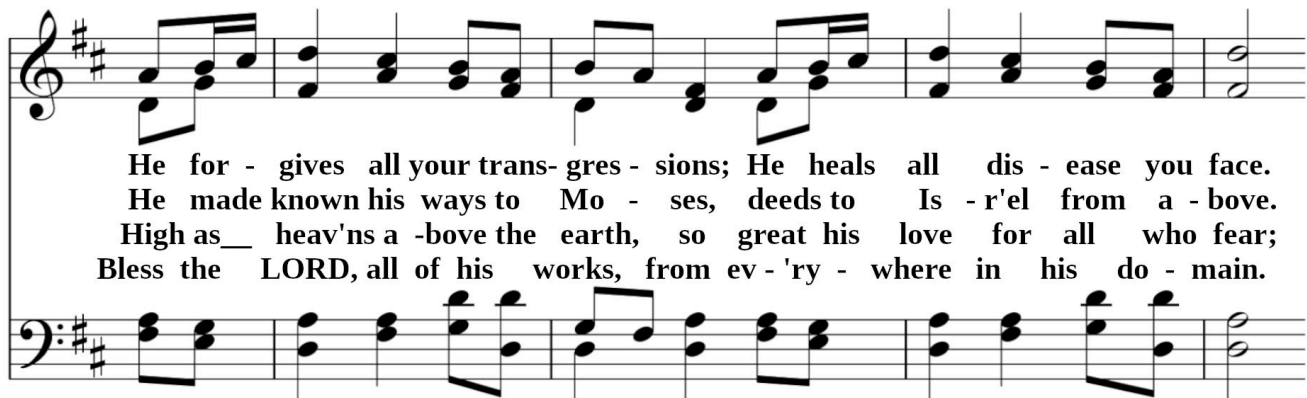
Psalm 103 - Bless the Lord, My Soul



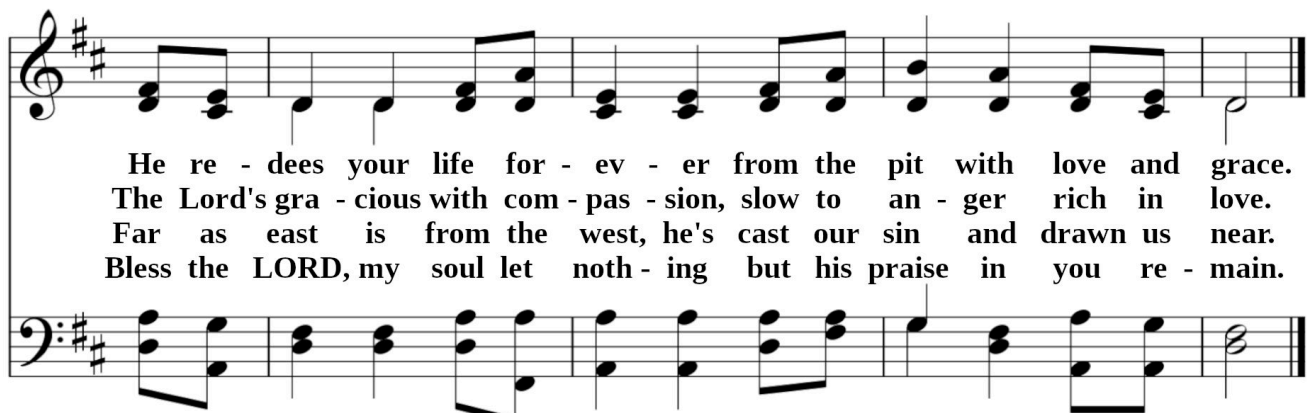
1. Bless the LORD, my soul, let all that is with - in me bless his name.
 2. He with good does sat - is fy you; re - news youth like ea - gle's flight.
 3. He will not ac - cuse for - ev - er, nor keep an - ger in re - serve;
 4. Bless the LORD, all heav'n-ly hosts who dwell with him in glo - ry still



Bless the LORD, my soul, for - get not all his mer - cies to pro - claim.
 He works right - eous-ness and jus - tice for those in op - pres - sion's plight.
 He does not re - pay us as our sins and wick - ed - ness de - serve.
 you, his ser - vants, who o - bey his ev - 'ry word and do his will.



He for - gives all your trans - ges - sions; He heals all dis - ease you face.
 He made known his ways to Mo - ses, deeds to Is - r'el from a - bove.
 High as__ heav'ns a -bove the earth, so great his love for all who fear;
 Bless the LORD, all of his works, from ev - 'ry - where in his do - main.



He re - dees your life for - ev - er from the pit with love and grace.
 The Lord's gra - cious with com - pas - sion, slow to an - ger rich in love.
 Far as east is from the west, he's cast our sin and drawn us near.
 Bless the LORD, my soul let noth - ing but his praise in you re - main.

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION : MASS OF THE DESERT “ALLELUIA”

Alleluia

(♩ = ca. 112)



**HYMN OF THE DAY: THIS IS MY STORY
PLEASE FOLLOW THE MUSIC**

**This is my story
This is my song
Praising my savior
all the day long**

**This is my story
This is my song
Praising my savior
all the day long**

(REPEAT TWO MORE TIMES)

CONGREGATIONAL OFFERTORY: WE ARE AN OFFERING

We Are An Offering

Words and Music by
Dwight Liles

CHORUS 1

BRIDGE

CHORUS 2

of - fer - ing. Lord, use our voice - es, Lord, use our hands, Lord, use our

lives, they are Yours, we are an of - fer - ing. All that we have, all that we are,

all that we hope to be, we give to You, we give to You. We lift our

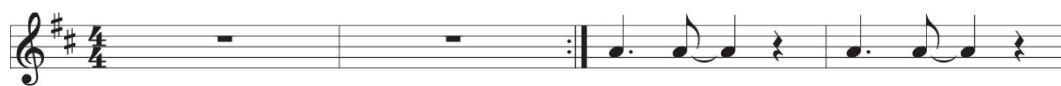
voic - es, we lift our hands, we lift our lives up to You, we are an of - fer - ing, we are an

of - fer - ing. We lift our of - fer - ing.

SANCTUS: MASS OF THE DESERT "HOLY"

Holy

(♩ = ca. 112)



Ho - ly, — Ho - ly, —



Ho - ly Lord God, — Lord God, — Lord — God of



hosts. Heav - en — and earth are full of — your glo - ry.



Ho - san - na, — ho - san - na, — ho - san - na in the



high - est. Ho - san - na, — ho - san - na, — ho - san - na in the



high - est. Bless - ed is he who comes in the name of the



Lord. — Ho - high - est.

Final

MASS OF THE DESERT: "LAMB OF GOD"

Lamb of God

(♩ = ca. 66)
mp

Lamb of God, you take a - way the sins of the

world, have — mer - cy on us. world,

grant us peace.

DISTRIBUTION HYMNS

ELW # 789

Savior, like A Shepherd Lead Us

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

1 Sav - ior like a shep-herd lead us; much we need your ten - der care.
2 We are yours; in love be - friend us, be the guard-ian of our way;
3 You have prom-ised to re - ceive us, poor and sin - ful though we be;
4 Ear - ly let us seek your fa - vor, ear - ly let us do your will;

In your pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, for our use your fold pre-pare.
keep your flock, from sin de - fend us, seek us when we go a - stray.
you have mer - cy to re - lieve us, grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, with your love our spir - its fill.

Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, you have bought us; we are yours.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, hear us chil - dren when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, ear - ly let us turn to you.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, you have loved us, love us still.

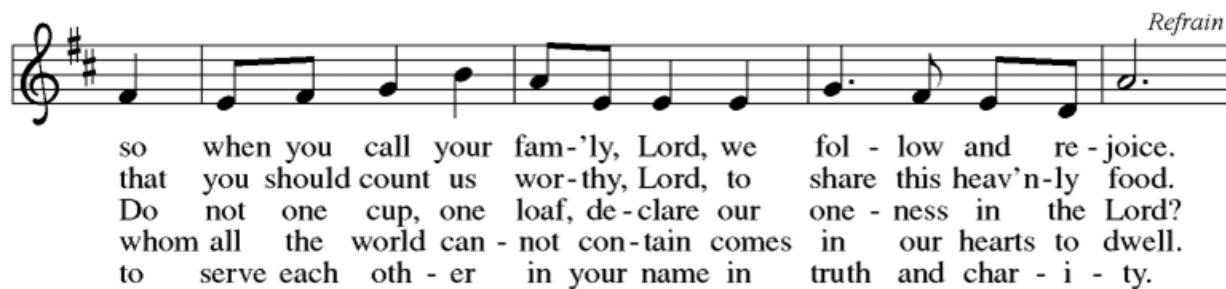
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, you have bought us; we are yours.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, hear us chil - dren when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, ear - ly let us turn to you.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, you have loved us, love us still.

Text: attr. Dorothy A. Thrupp, 1779-1847
Music: BRADBURY, William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

You Satisfy the Hungry Heart *Gift of Finest Wheat*



- 1 As when the shep - herd calls his sheep, they know and heed his voice;
- 2 With joy - ful lips we sing to you our praise and grat - i - tude
- 3 Is not the cup we bless and share the blood of Christ out - poured?
- 4 The mys - t'ry of your pres - ence, Lord, no mor - tal tongue can tell:
- 5 You give your - self to us, O Lord; then self - less let us be,



Text: Omer Westendorf, 1916–1997

Music: BICENTENNIAL, Robert E. Kreutz, 1922–1996

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Beautiful Savior

1 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, King of cre - a - tion,
 2 Fair are the mead - ows, fair are the wood - lands,
 3 Fair is the sun - shine, fair is the moon - light,
 4 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, Lord of the na - tions,

Son of God and Son of Man!
 robed in the flow'rs of spring;
 bright in the spar - kling stars on high;
 Son of God and Son of Man!

Tru - ly I'd love thee, tru - ly I'd serve thee,
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er,
 Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er,
 Glo - ry and hon - or, praise, ad - o - ra - tion,

light of my soul, my joy, my crown.
 he makes our sor - rowing spir - it sing.
 than all the an - gels in the sky.
 now and for - ev - er - more be thine!

When We Are Living

HOPE, ASSURANCE

Pues si vivimos

639



1	<i>Pues si vi - vi - mos,</i>	<i>pa - ra él vi - vi - mos,</i>
1	When we are liv - ing,	it is in Christ Je - sus,
2	'Mid times of sor - row	and in times of pain, . . .
3	A - cross this wide world,	we shall al - ways find . . .



<i>y si mo - ri - mos</i>	<i>pa - ra él mo - ri - mos.</i>
and when we're dy - ing,	it is in the Lord. . .
when sens - ing beau - ty	or in love's em - brace, . . .
those who are cry - ing	with no peace of mind; . . .



<i>Sea que vi - va - mos</i>	<i>o que mu - ra - mos,</i>
Both in our liv - ing	and in our dy - ing,
wheth - er we suf - fer,	or sing re - joic - ing,
and when we help them,	or when we feed them,



<i>so - mos del Se - ñor,</i>	<i>so - mos del Se - ñor.</i>
we be - long to God,	we be - long to God.
we be - long to God,	we be - long to God.
we be - long to God,	we be - long to God.

2 *En la tristeza y en el dolor,
en la belleza y en el amor,
sea que suframos o que gocemos,
somos del Señor, somos del Señor.*

3 *En este mundo por doquier habrá
gente que llora y sin consolar.
Sea que ayudemos o que alimentemos,
somos del Señor, somos del Señor.*

SENDING HYMN

PRAISE, THANKSGIVING

1097

Ten Thousand Reasons

Bless the Lord, O My Soul

Refrain



Bless the Lord, O my soul, O my soul;



wor-ship his ho - ly name. Sing like nev - er be-fore,



O my soul; I'll wor-ship your ho - ly name.

1 The sun comes up, it's a new day dawn-ing;
2 You're rich in love, and you're slow to an - ger. Your
3 And on that day when my strength is fail - ing, the



... it's time to sing your song a - gain. What - ev - er may
name... is ... great, and your heart is kind. For all ... your
end ... draws near, and my time has come; ... still, my



pass, and what - ev - er lies be - fore me, let me be
good-ness, I will keep... on... sing-ing— ten thou-sand
soul will sing your praise un - end - ing— ten thou-sand

Refrain



sing - ing when the eve - ning comes.
rea - sons for my heart to find.
years and then for - ev - er - more!