

All Creature of Our God and King

By St. Francis of Assisi William Henry Draper
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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!

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heaven 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!

And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others take your part,
O sing ye, Alleluia!
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on Him cast your care,
O praise Him! O praise Him!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise Him above ye heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
O praise Him, O praise Him!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
O praise Him! O praise Him!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

This is My Father's World

Words by Maltbie D. Babcock. Traditional English
Melody.

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This is my Father's world,
And to my listening 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 trees, of skies and seas
His hand the wonders wrought.

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.

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;
The battle is not done
Jesus who died shall be satisfied
And earth and heaven be one.

BE THOU MY VISION

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of My heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art
Thou my best thought by day or by night
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true
word,
I ever with Thee and Thou with me Lord
Thou my great Father; I thy true son
Thou in me dwelling and I with Thee one

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise
Thou my inheritance now and always,
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art

High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's
Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

HIS MERCY IS MORE

Matt Papa/Matt Boswell

Praise the Lord, His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness, new every morn
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

What love could remember
No wrongs we have done
Omniscient, all knowing
He counts not their sum
Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

What patience would wait as we constantly
roam
What Father so tender is calling us home
He welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

Praise the Lord, His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness, new every morn
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

What riches of kindness He lavished on us
His blood was the payment
His life was the cost
We stood 'neath a debt
We could never afford
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

Praise the Lord, His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness, new every morn
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

Praise the Lord, His mercy is more
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