

HYMNS

Now That the Daylight Fills the Sky

870



1 Now that the day - light fills the sky,
2 Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife;
3 So we, when this new day is gone
△ 4 "All praise to You, cre - a - tor Lord!



We lift our hearts to God on high,
From an - ger's din would shield our life;
And night in turn is draw - ing on,
All praise to You, e - ter - nal Word!



That He, in all we do or say,
From e - vil sights would turn our eyes,
With con - science by the world un - stained
All praise to You, O Spir - it wise!"



Would keep us free from harm to - day;
And close our ears to van - i - ties.
Shall praise His name for vic - t'ry gained.
We sing as day - light fills the skies.

*Text: Latin, 5th–6th cent.;
tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
Tune: Dale Wood, 1934–2003
Text: Public domain
Tune: © Augsburg Publishing House,
admin. Augsburg Fortress*



1 Songs of thank - ful - ness and praise, Je - sus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
 2 Man - i - fest at Jor-dan's stream, Proph-et, Priest, and King su-preme;
 3 Man - i - fest in mak-ing whole Pal - sied limbs and faint - ing soul;
 4 Sun and moon shall dark-ened be, Stars shall fall, the heav'ns shall flee;
 5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord, Pres - ent in Thy ho - ly Word—



Man - i - fest-ed by the star To the sa - ges from a - far,
 And at Ca - na wed - ding guest In Thy God-head man - i - fest;
 Man - i - fest in val - iant fight, Quell - ing all the dev - il's might;
 Christ will then like light - ning shine, All will see His glo - rious sign;
 Grace to im - i - tate Thee now And be pure, as pure art Thou;



Branch of roy - al Da - vid's stem In Thy birth at Beth - le - hem:
 Man - i - fest in pow'r di - vine, Chang - ing wa - ter in - to wine;
 Man - i - fest in gra - cious will, Ev - er bring - ing good from ill;
 All will then the trum - pet hear, All will see the Judge ap - pear;
 That we might be - come like Thee At Thy great e - piph - a - ny



An - thems be to Thee ad-dressed, God in man made man - i - fest.
 An - thems be to Thee ad-dressed, God in man made man - i - fest.
 An - thems be to Thee ad-dressed, God in man made man - i - fest.
 Thou by all wilt be con-fessed, God in man made man - i - fest.
 And may praise Thee, ev - er blest, God in man made man - i - fest.

Text: Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85, alt.

Tune: George J. Elvey, 1816–93

Text and Tune: Public domain



1 Je - sus comes to - day with heal - ing, Knock - ing at my
 2 Christ Him - self, the priest pre - sid - ing, Yet in bread and
 3 Un - der bread and wine, though low - ly, I re - ceive the
 4 God de - scends with heav'n - ly pow - er, Gives Him - self to



door, ap - peal - ing, Of - f'ring par - don, grace, and peace.
 wine a - bid - ing In this ho - ly sac - ra - ment,
 Sav - ior ho - ly, Blood and bod - y, giv'n for me,
 me this hour In this or - di - nar - y sign.



He Him - self makes prep - a - ra - tion, And I hear His
 Gives the bread of life, once bro - ken, And the cup, the
 Ver - y Lamb of God from heav - en, Who to bit - ter
 On my tongue His pledge re - ceiv - ing, I ac - cept His



in - vi - ta - tion: "Come and taste the bless - ed feast."
 pre - cious to - ken Of His sa - cred cov - e - nant.
 death was giv - en, Hung up - on the curs - ed tree.
 grace, be - liev - ing That I taste His love di - vine.

5 Let me praise God's boundless favor,
 Whose own feast of love I savor,
 Bidden by His gracious call.
 Wedding garments He provides me,
 With a robe of white He hides me,
 Fits me for the royal hall.

6 Now have I found consolation,
 Comfort in my tribulation,
 Balm to heal the troubled soul.
 God, my shield from ev'ry terror,
 Cleanses me from sin and error,
 Makes my wounded spirit whole.

Text: Heinrich Puchta, 1808-58;

tr. David W. Rogner, b. 1960

Tune: Johann Löhner, 1645-1705;

adapt. Johann Balthasar König, 1691-1758

Text: © David W. Rogner. Used by permission:

LSB Hymn License .NET, no. 100010110.

Tune: Public domain

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

790



1 Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre -
 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things is won - drous - ly
 3 Praise to the Lord, who has fear - ful - ly, won - drous - ly,
 4 Praise to the Lord, who will pros - per your work and de -



a - tion! O my soul, praise Him, for He is your
 reign - ing And, as on wings of an ea - gle, up -
 made you, Health has be - stowed and, when heed - less - ly
 fend you; Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy shall



health and sal - va - tion! Let all who hear Now to His
 lift - ing, sus - tain - ing. Have you not seen All that is
 fall - ing, has stayed you. What need or grief Ev - er has
 dai - ly at - tend you. Pon - der a - new What the Al -



tem - ple draw near, Join - ing in glad ad - o - ra - tion!
 need - ful has been Sent by His gra - cious or - dain - ing?
 failed of re - lief? Wings of His mer - cy did shade you.
 might - y can do As with His love He be - friends you.

- 5 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
 All that has life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
 Let the Amen
 Sound from His people again;
 Gladly forever adore Him!

*Text: Joachim Neander, 1650–80;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
 Tune: Ander Theil Des Erneuernten
 Gesang-Buchs, Stralsund, 1665
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Praise the One Who Breaks the Darkness

849



1 Praise the One who breaks the dark - ness With a lib - er -
 2 Praise the One who blessed the chil - dren With a strong, yet
 3 Let us praise the Word In - car - nate, Christ, who suf - fered



at - ing light; Praise the One who frees the pris - 'ners,
 gen - tle, word; Praise the One who drove out de - mons
 in our place. Je - sus died and rose vic - to - rious



Turn - ing blind - ness in - to sight. Praise the One who preached the
 With the pierc - ing, two - edged sword. Praise the One who brings cool
 That we may know God by grace. Let us sing for joy and



Gos - pel, Heal - ing ev - 'ry dread dis - ease, Calm - ing
 wa - ter To the des - ert's burn - ing sand; From this
 glad - ness, See - ing what our God has done; Let us



storms, and feed - ing thou - sands With the ver - y Bread of peace.
 Well comes liv - ing wa - ter, Quench - ing thirst in ev - 'ry land.
 praise the true Re - deem - er, Praise the One who makes us one.

Text: Rusty Edwards, b. 1955

Tune: The Sacred Harp, Philadelphia, 1844

Text: © 1987 Hope Publishing Co. Used by permission:

LSB Hymn License .NET, no. 100010110.

Tune: Public domain

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Created using Lutheran Service Builder © 2006 Concordia Publishing House.