

Father, We Praise Thee

Daily

1. Fa - ther, we praise thee, now the night is o - ver,
2. Mon - arch of all things, fit us for thy man - sions;
3. All ho - ly Fa - ther, Son, and e - qual Spir - it,

ac - tive and watch - ful, stand we all be - fore thee;
ban - ish our weak - ness, health and whole - ness send - ing;
Trin - i - ty bless - ed, send us thy sal - va - tion;

sing - ing we of - fer prayer and med - i - ta - tion:
bring us to hea - ven, where thy saints u - nit - ed
Thine is the glo - ry, gleam - ing and re - sound - ing

Thus we a - dore thee.
joy with - out end - ing.
through all cre - a - tion. A - men.

*Text: Nocte Surgentes, Morning Office hymn for Sunday (M), III Pentecost to mid-October
St. Gregory the Great (circa 540-604), alt. 10th c., tr. Percy Dearmer, 1906
Tune: Christe Sanctorum, French melody, 1782, 11.11.11.5*

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

General

1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a -
2. Praise to the Lord; o - ver all things he glo - rious - ly reign -
3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy way and de - fend
4. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a - dore

tion; O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and sal -
eth: borne as on ea - gle - wings, safe - ly his saints he sus -
thee; sure - ly his good - ness and mer - cy shall ev - er at -
him! All that hath breath join with A - bra - ham's seed to a -

va - tion: join the great throng, psal - ter - y, or - gan, and
tain - eth. Hast thou not seen how all thou need - est hath
tend - thee; pon - der a - new what the Al - migh - ty can
dore him! Let the "A - men" sum all our prais - es a -

song, sound - ing in glad ad - o - ra - tion.
been grant - ed in what he or - dain - eth?
do, who with his love doth be - friend thee.
gain now as we wor - ship be - fore him. A - men.

Jesus Calls us; o'er the Tumult

General

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult of our life's wild,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship of the vain world's
 3. As Saint An - drew brought his broth - er, Si - mon Pe - ter,

rest - less sea. Day by day his clear voice sound - eth,
 gold - en store; from each i - dol that would keep us,
 to the Lord, so may we help spread the good news

say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me;" as of old St.
 say - ing, "Chris - tian, love me more." In our joys and
 of God's love on all out-poured. Je - sus calls us!

An - drew heard it by the Gal - i - le - an lake,
 in our sor - rows, days of toil and hours of ease,
 By thy mer - cies, Sa - vior, make us hear thy call,

turned from home calls and toil and kin - dred,
 still he our hearts in to cares and plea - sures,
 give our hearts to thine o - be - dience,

leav - ing all for his dear sake.
 "Chris - tian, love me more than these."
 serve and love thee best of all. A - men.

Text: C.F. Alexander, 1852, alt.
 Tune: LaPorte, Rebecca Alford, 1995
 87.87D