

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 400

All creatures of our God and King

LASST UNS ERFREUEN



- 1 All crea - tures of our God and King, lift up your voic - es, let us
 *2 Great rush - ing winds and breez - es soft, you clouds that ride the heavens a -
 *3 Swift flow - ing wa - ter, pure and clear, make mu - sic for your Lord to
 4 Dear mo - ther earth, you day by day un - fold your bless - ings on our
 5 All you with mer - cy in your heart, for - giv - ing o - thers, take your
 *6 And ev - en you, most gen - tle death, wait - ing to hush our fi - nal
 7 Let all things their cre - a - tor bless, and wor - ship him in hum - ble -



- 1 sing: Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Bright burn - ing
 2 loft, O — praise him, Al - le - lu - ia! Fair ris - ing
 3 hear, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Fire, so in -
 4 way, O — praise him, Al - le - lu - ia! All flowers and
 5 part, O — sing now: Al - le - lu - ia! All you that
 6 breath, O — praise him, Al - le - lu - ia! You lead back
 7 ness, O — praise him, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise God the



- 1 sun with gold - en beams, pale sil - ver moon that gen - tly gleams,
 2 morn, with praise re - joice, stars night - ly shin - ing, find a voice,
 3 tense and fierce - ly bright, you give to us both warmth and light,
 4 fruits that in you grow, let them his glo - ry al - so show:
 5 pain and sor - row bear, praise God, and cast on him your care:
 6 home the child of God, for Christ our Lord that way has trod:
 7 Fa - ther, praise the Son, and praise the Spi - rit, Three in One:

Refrain



The refrain may be sung antiphonally, by phrase; all join in the final Alleluia.

Unison or harmony

1 Morn-ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing,
 2 Sweet the rain's new fall sun - lit from hea - ven,
 3 Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing

black-bird has spo - ken like the first bird. _____
 like the first dew - fall on the first grass. _____
 born of the one light E - den saw play! _____

Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the morn - ing!
 Praise for the sweet - ness of the wet gar - den,
 Praise with e - la - tion, praise ev - ery morn - ing,

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

Words: Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965), alt.

Music: *Bunessan*, Gaelic melody; harm. Alec Wyton (b. 1921)

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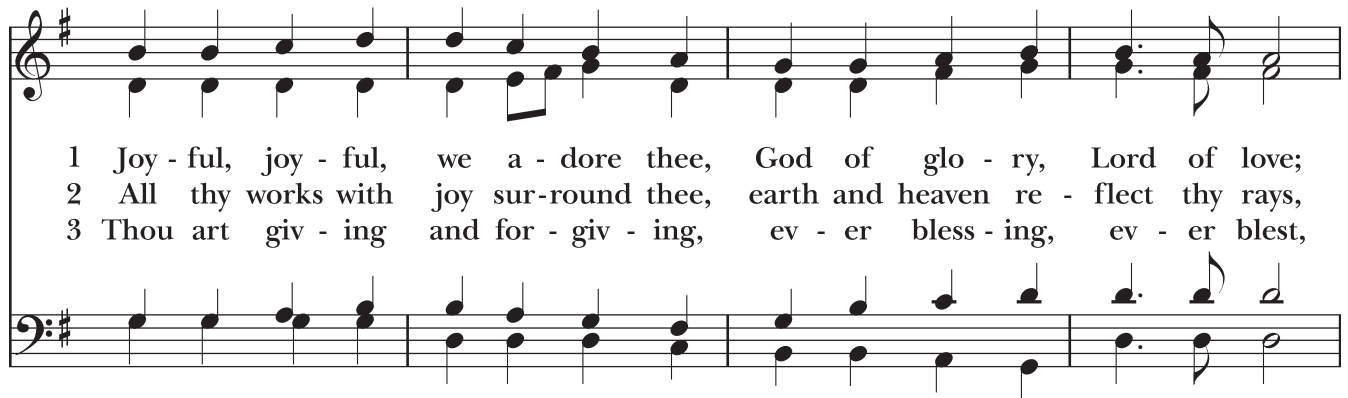


- | | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 | Kneels at the feet of his friends, | si - lent - ly wash - es their |
| 2 | Neigh-bors are rich and poor, | neigh-bors are black and |
| 3 | These are the ones we should serve, | these are the ones we should |
| 4 | Lov - ing puts us on our knees, | serv - ing as though we were |

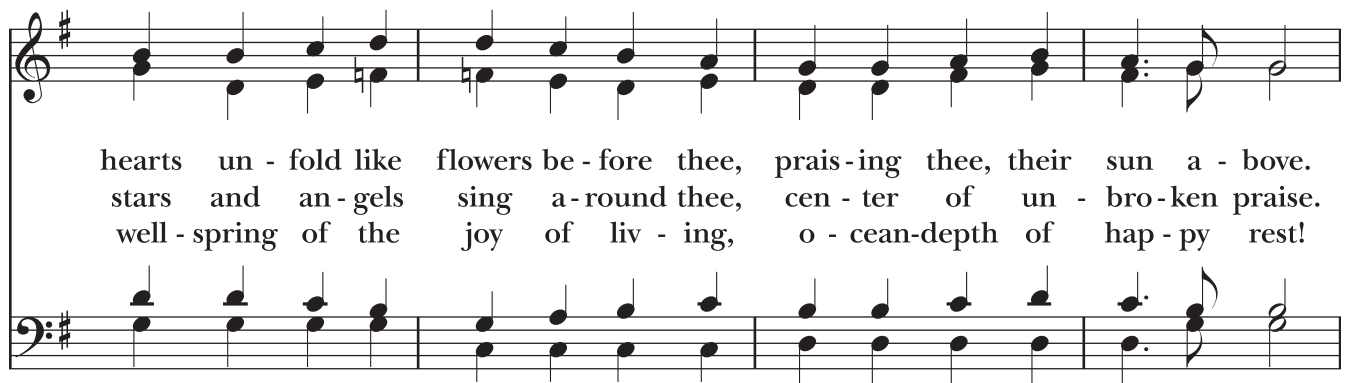


feet,	Mas - ter who acts as a slave to them.
white,	neigh-bors are near - by and far a - way.
love.	All are neigh-bors to us and you.
slaves;	this is the way we should live with you.

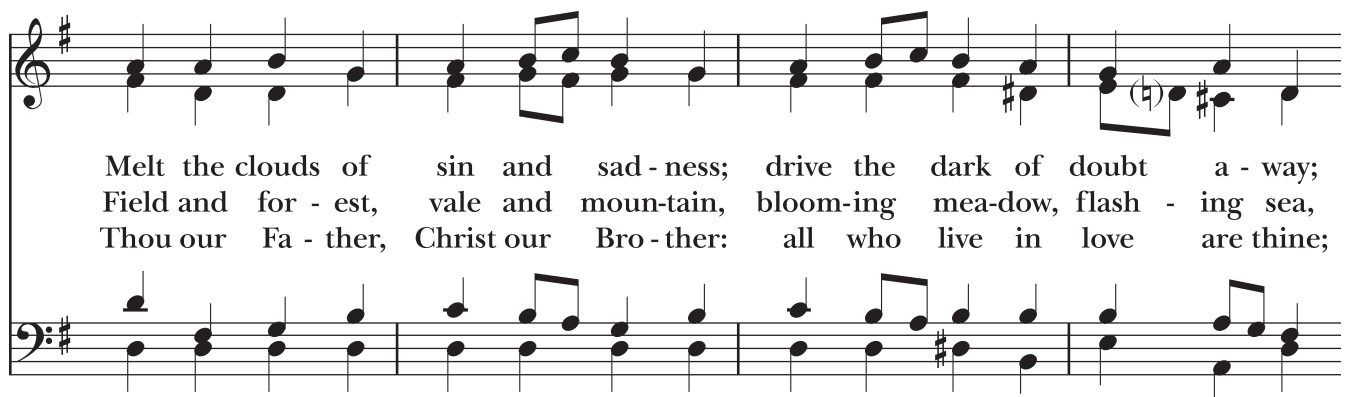
Words: Ghanian; tr. Thomas Colvin (b. 1925), alt. Copyright © 1969 by Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission. Music: *Chereponi [Jesu, Jesu]*, Ghanaian folk song, adapt. Thomas Colvin (b. 1925). Copyright © 1969 by Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission.



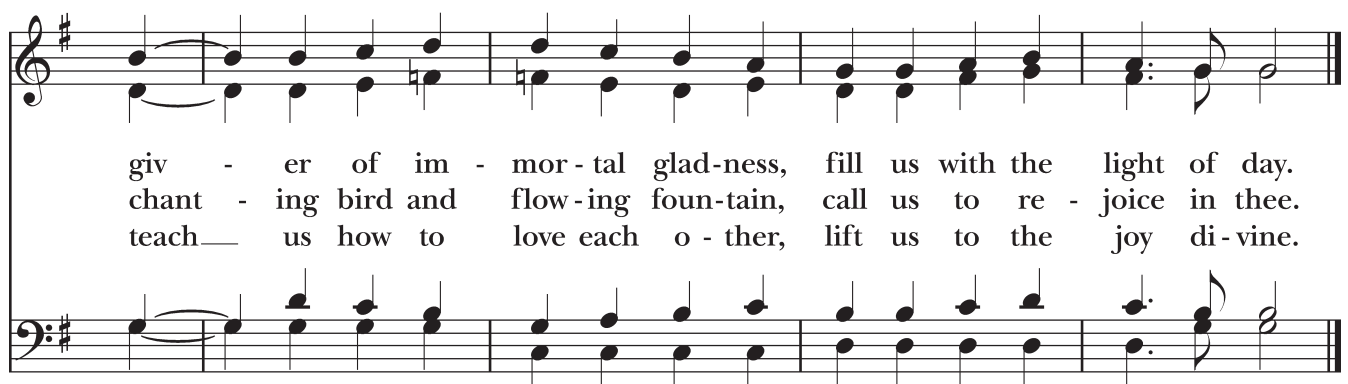
1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
 2 All thy works with joy sur-round thee, earth and heaven re - flect thy rays,
 3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,



hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore thee, prais-ing thee, their sun a - bove.
 stars and an - gels sing a-round thee, cen - ter of un - bro-ken praise.
 well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean-depth of hap - py rest!



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; drive the dark of doubt a - way;
 Field and for - est, vale and moun-tain, bloom-ing mea-dow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Bro - ther: all who live in love are thine;



giv - er of im - mor - tal glad-ness, fill us with the light of day.
 chant - ing bird and flow-ing foun-tain, call us to re - joice in thee.
 teach— us how to love each o - ther, lift us to the joy di - vine.

Words: Henry Van Dyke (1852-1933). Music: *Hymn to Joy*, Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827); adapt. Edward Hodges (1796-1867), alt.