

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 506

Praise the Spirit in creation

FINNIAN



1 Praise the Spi - rit in cre - a - tion, breath of God, life's
 2 Praise the Spi - rit, close com - pan - ion of our in - most
 3 Praise the Spi - rit, who en - light - ened priests and pro - phets
 4 Tell of how the a - scend - ed Je - sus armed a peo - ple
 5 Pray we then, O Lord the Spi - rit, on our lives de -
 6 Praise, O praise the Ho - ly Spi - rit, praise the Fa - ther,



1 or - i - gin: Spi - rit, mov - ing on the wa - ters,
 2 thoughts and ways; who, in show - ing us God's won - ders,
 3 with the word; his the truth be - hind the wis - doms
 4 for his own; how a hun - dred men and wo - men
 5 scend in might; let your flame break out with - in us,
 6 praise the Word, Source, and Truth, and In - spi - ra - tion,



1 quick - ening worlds to life with - in, source of breath to
 2 is him - self the power to gaze; and God's will, to
 3 which as yet know not our Lord; by whose love and
 4 turned the known world up - side down, to its dark and
 5 fire our hearts and clear our sight, till, white - hot in
 6 Trin - i - ty in deep ac - cord: through your voice which



1 all things breath - ing, life in whom all lives be - gin.
 2 those who lis - ten by a still small voice con - veys.
 3 power, in Je - sus God him - self was seen and heard.
 4 fur - thest cor - ners by the wind of hea - ven blown.
 5 your pos - ses - sion, we, too, set the world a - light.
 6 speaks with - in us we, your crea - tures, call you Lord.



1 I sing the al-might - y power of God, that made the moun-tains rise,
 2 I sing the good - ness of the Lord, that filled the earth with food;
 3 There's not a plant or flower be - low, but makes thy glo - ries known;



that spread the flow - ing seas a - broad and built the lof - ty skies.
 he formed the crea-tures with his Word, and then pro-nounced them good.
 and clouds a - rise, and tem-pests blow, by or - der from thy throne;



I sing the wis - dom that or - dained the sun to rule the day;
 Lord, how thy won - ders are dis - played, wher - e'er I turn my eye,
 while all that bor - rows life from thee is ev - er in thy care,



the moon shines full at his com-mand, and all the stars o - bey.
 if I sur - vey the ground I tread, or gaze up - on the sky!
 and ev - ery-where that I could be, thou, God, art pres-ent there.

1 Lord Je - sus, think on me, and purge a - way my sin;
2 Lord Je - sus, think on me, with care and woe op - pressed;
3 Lord Je - sus, think on me, nor let me go a - stray;
4 Lord Je - sus, think on me, that, when the flood is passed,

from harm - ful pas - sions set me free, and make me pure with - in.
let me thy lov - ing ser - vant be, and taste thy prom - ised rest.
through dark - ness and per - plex - i - ty point thou the heaven - ly way.
I may the e - ter - nal bright - ness see, and share thy joy at last.

Words: Synesius of Cyrene (375?-414?); tr. Allen William Chatfield (1808-1896), alt. Music: *Southwell*, from *Daman's Psalter*, 1579; adapt. *Hymnal* 1982.



- 1 All my hope on God is found - ed; he doth still my
 2 Mor - tal pride and earth - ly glo - ry, sword and crown be -
 3 God's great good - ness e'er en - dur - eth, deep his wis - dom
 * 4 Dai - ly doth the al - might - y Giv - er boun - teous gifts on
 5 Still from earth to God e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice of



- 1 trust re - new, me through change and chance he
 2 tray our trust; though with care and toil we
 3 pass - ing thought: splen - dor, light, and life at -
 4 us be - stow; his de - sire our soul de -
 5 praise be done, high a - bove all prais - es



- 1 guid - eth, on - ly good and on - ly true. God un -
 2 build them, tower and tem - ple fall to dust. But God's
 3 tend him, beau - ty spring - eth out of nought. Ev - er -
 4 light - eth, plea - sure leads us where we go. Love doth
 5 prais - ing for the gift of Christ, his son. Christ doth



- 1 known, he a - lone calls my heart to be his own.
 2 power, hour by hour, is my tem - ple and my tower.
 3 more from his store new-born worlds rise and a - dore.
 4 stand at his hand; joy doth wait on his com - mand.
 5 call one and all: ye who fol - low shall not fall.

Words: Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), alt., after Joachim Neander (1650-1680)

Music: *Michael*, Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

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