

HYMN #32 I Sing the Mighty Power of God

1 I sing the mighty power of God
that made the mountains rise,
that spread the flowing seas abroad
and built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
the sun to rule the day.

The moon shines full at God's
command,
and all the stars obey.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord
who filled the earth with food.
God formed the creatures through the
Word,

and then pronounced them good.
Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
where'er I turn my eye,
if I survey the ground I tread,
or gaze upon the sky!

3 There's not a plant or flower below
but makes thy glories known.
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
by order from thy throne,
while all that borrows life from thee
is ever in thy care,
and everywhere that we can be,
thou, God, art present there.

Isaac Watts, 1715, alt. (Author); Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Wirtembergischen Katholischen Hofkapelle, 1784 (Composer); Public Domain; The copyright holder has given permission for a church to print lyrics to this hymn for use in bulletins and other worship resources.

HYMN #588 Alleluia

Leader: Alleluia, alleluia!
All: Alleluia, alleluia!

Leader: Alleluia, alleluia!
All: Alleluia, alleluia!

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Trad. liturgical text (Author); Hughes, Howard, SM (b. 1930) (Composer); Music © 1973, 1979 GIA Publications, Inc.; CCLI license #1738155 and OneLicense #A-734832

HYMN #171 A Sower Came from Ancient Hills

Stanza 1 – Soloist

Stanzas 2, 3, 4 – All Sing

1 A Sower came from ancient hills
and cast good seed abroad:
his field, ten thousand human hearts;
his seed, the word of God.
And some who listened would not hear,
and some who heard forgot.
But some received in fertile soil
the truth the Sower taught.

2 A Sower walked throughout the land
and, everywhere he trod,
he sowed his life because he was
himself the Seed of God.
But then, atop a barren hill,
beneath a darkening sky,
they threw God's Seed on stony ground
and left it there to die.

3 The Seed was buried deep in death
beneath a blood-red sky,
and deeper still was buried hope
for those who watched him die.
But then, in Joseph's garden fair,
as dawn broke o'er the land,
the Seed, from three days' silent sleep,
awoke at God's command!

4 O Christ, you come among us still,
the Sower and the Seed.
As once you sowed the truth of God
in glowing word and deed,
implant your Word in waiting hearts,
and let it there take hold,
until it bears in fruitful lives
a harvest hundredfold.