

### **Praise to the Lord, the Almighty – ELW #858**

- 1 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!  
O my soul, praise him for he is your health and salvation!  
Let all who hear now to his temple draw near,  
Joining in glad adoration!
- 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things is wondrously reigning  
And, as on wings of an eagle, uplifting, sustaining.  
Have you not seen all that is needful has been  
Sent by his gracious ordaining.
- 3 Praise to the Lord, who will prosper your work and defend you;  
Surely his goodness and mercy shall daily attend you.  
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do  
If with his love he befriend you.
- 4 Praise to the Lord! Oh, 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!

### **God of Tempest, God of Whirlwind – ELW #400**

- 1 God of tempest, God of whirlwind, as on Pentecost descend!  
Drive us out from sheltered comfort; past these walls your people send!  
Sweep us into costly service, there with Christ to bear the cross, there with Christ to bear the cross!
- 2 God of blazing, God of burning, all that blocks your purpose purge!  
Through your church, Christ's living Body, let your flaming Spirit surge!  
Where deceit conceals injustice, kindle us to speak your truth, kindle us to speak your truth!
- 3 God of earthquake, God of thunder, shake us loose from lethargy!  
Break the chains of sin asunder, for earth's healing set us free!  
Crumble walls that still divide us; make us one in Christ our Lord, make us one in Christ our Lord!
- 4 God of passion, God unsleeping, stir in us love's restlessness!  
Where the people cry in anguish, may we share your heart's distress.  
Rouse us from content with evil; claim us for your kingdom's work, claim us for your kingdom's work!

### **My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less – ELW #597**

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
No merit of my own I claim, but wholly lean on Jesus' name.  
R/ On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness veils his lovely face, I rest on his unchanging grace;  
In ev'ry high and stormy gale my anchor holds within the veil.  
R/
- 3 His oath, his covenant, his blood sustain me in the raging flood;  
When all supports are washed away, he then is all my hope and stay.  
R/
- 4 When he shall come with trumpet sound, oh, may I then in him be found,  
Clothed in his righteousness alone, redeemed to stand before the throne!  
R/