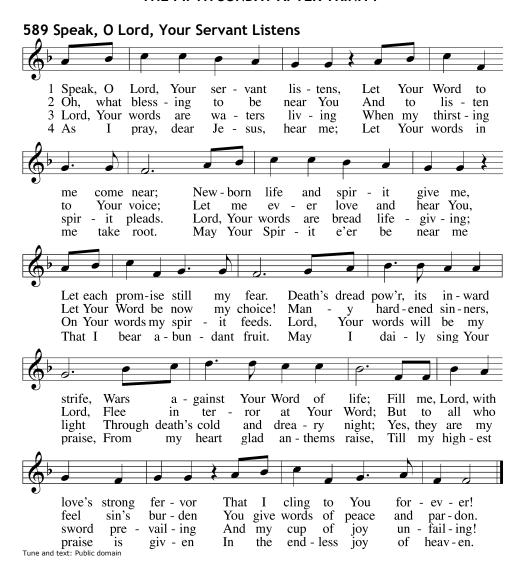
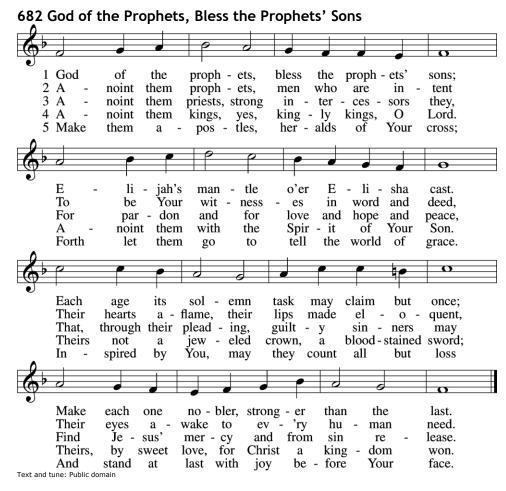
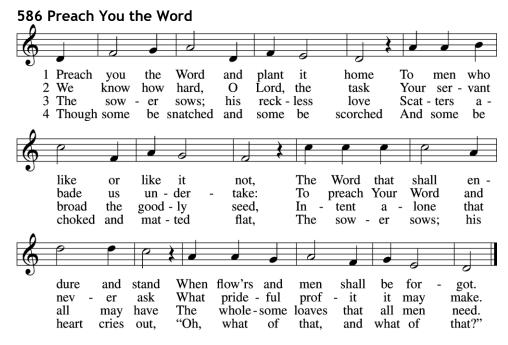
THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY







- 5 Of all his scattered plenteousness
 One-fourth waves ripe on hill and flat,
 And bears a harvest hundredfold:
 "Ah, what of that, Lord, what of that!"
- 6 Preach you the Word and plant it home
 And never faint; the Harvest Lord
 Who gave the sower seed to sow
 Will watch and tend His planted Word.

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- Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness; Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood; Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace: Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.
- Too soon we rise; the vessels disappear; The feast, though not the love, is past and gone; The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here; Nearer than ever; still my shield and sun.
- Feast after feast thus comes and passes by, Yet, passing, points to that glad feast above, Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy, The Lamb's great marriage feast of bliss and love.

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