

## THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

### 790 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty



1 Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre -  
 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things is won - drous - ly  
 3 Praise to the Lord, who has fear - ful - ly, won - drous - ly,  
 4 Praise to the Lord, who will pros - per your work and de -  
 5 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a -



a - tion! O my soul, praise Him, for He is your  
 reign - ing And, as on wings of an ea - gle, up -  
 made you, Health has be - stowed and, when heed - less - ly  
 fend you; Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy shall  
 dore Him! All that has life and breath, come now with



health and sal - va - tion! Let all who hear Now to His  
 lift - ing, sus - tain - ing. Have you not seen All that is  
 fall - ing, has stayed you. What need or grief Ev - er has  
 dai - ly at - tend you. Pon - der a - new What the Al -  
 prais - es be - fore Him! Let the A - men Sound from His



tem - ple draw near, Join - ing in glad ad - o - ra - tion!  
 need - ful has been Sent by His gra - cious or - dain - ing?  
 failed of re - lief? Wings of His mer - cy did shade you.  
 might - y can do As with His love He be - friends you.  
 peo - ple a - gain; Glad - ly for - ev - er a - dore Him!

Tune and text: Public domain

### 819 Sing Praise to God, the Highest Good



1 Sing praise to God, the high - est good, The au - thor of cre -  
 2 What God's al - might - y pow'r has made, In mer - cy He is  
 3 We sought the Lord in our dis - tress; O God, in mer - cy  
 4 He nev - er shall for - sake His flock, His cho - sen gen - er -  
 5 All who con - fess Christ's ho - ly name, Give God the praise and



a - tion, The God of love who un - der - stood  
 keep - ing. By morn - ing glow or eve - ning shade  
 hear us. Our Sav - ior saw our help - less - ness  
 a - tion; He is their ref - uge and their rock,  
 glo - ry. Let all who know His pow'r pro - claim



Our need for His sal - va - tion. With heal - ing balm our  
 His eye is nev - er sleep - ing. With - in the king - dom  
 And came with peace to cheer us. For this we thank and  
 Their peace and their sal - va - tion. As with a moth - er's  
 A - loud the won - drous sto - ry. Cast ev - 'ry i - dol



souls He fills And ev - 'ry faith - less mur - mur stills:  
 of His might All things are just and good and right:  
 praise the Lord, Who is by one and all a - dored:  
 ten - der hand, He leads His own, His cho - sen band:  
 from its throne, For God is God, and He a - lone:



To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 To God all praise and glo - ry!  
 To God all praise and glo - ry!

Text and tune: Public domain

# 617 O Lord, We Praise Thee



1 O Lord, we praise Thee, bless Thee, and a - dore Thee,  
 2 Thy ho - ly bod - y in - to death was giv - en,  
 3 May God be - stow on us His grace and fa - vor



In thanks - giv - ing bow be - fore Thee. Thou with Thy  
 Life to win for us in heav - en. No great - er  
 That we fol - low Christ our Sav - ior And live to -



bod - y and Thy blood didst nour - ish Our weak souls that  
 love than this to Thee could bind us; May this feast there -  
 geth - er here in love and u - nion Nor de - spise this



they may flour - ish: O Lord, have mer - cy!  
 of re - mind us! O Lord, have mer - cy!  
 blest Com - mu - nion! O Lord, have mer - cy!



May Thy bod - y, Lord, born of Mar - y, That our  
 Lord, Thy kind - ness did so con - strain Thee That Thy  
 Let not Thy good Spir - it for - sake us; Grant that



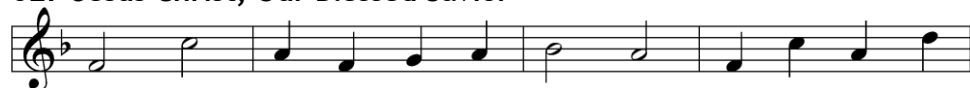
sins and sor - rows did car - ry, And Thy blood for us plead  
 blood should bless and sus - tain me. All our debt Thou hast paid;  
 heav'n - ly - mind - ed He make us; Give Thy Church, Lord, to see



In all tri - al, fear, and need: O Lord, have mer - cy!  
 Peace with God once more is made: O Lord, have mer - cy!  
 Days of peace and u - ni - ty: O Lord, have mer - cy!

Tune: Public domain  
 Text: © 1941 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005617

# 627 Jesus Christ, Our Blessed Savior



1 Je - sus Christ, our bless - ed Sav - ior, Turned a - way God's  
 2 As His pledge of love un - dy - ing, He, this pre - cious  
 3 Je - sus here Him - self is shar - ing; Heed then how you  
 4 Praise the Fa - ther, who from heav - en To His own this



wrath for - ev - er; By His bit - ter grief and woe  
 food sup - ply - ing, Gives His bod - y with the bread,  
 are pre - par - ing, For if you do not be - lieve,  
 food has giv - en, Who, to mend what we have done,



He saved us from the e - vil foe.  
 And with the wine the blood He shed.  
 His judg - ment then you shall re - ceive.  
 Gave in - to death His on - ly Son.

5 Firmly hold with faith unshaken  
 That this food is to be taken  
 By the sick who are distressed,  
 By hearts that long for peace and rest.

6 Agony and bitter labor  
 Were the cost of God's high favor;  
 Do not come if you suppose  
 You need not Him who died and rose.

7 Christ says: "Come, all you that labor,  
 And receive My grace and favor:  
 Those who feel no pain or ill  
 Need no physician's help or skill.

8 "For what purpose was My dying  
 If not for your justifying?  
 And what use this precious food  
 If you yourself were pure and good?"

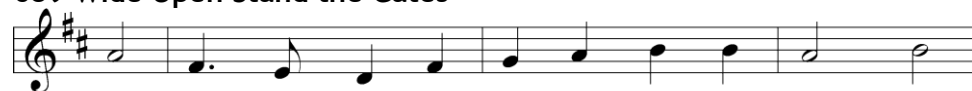
9 If your heart this truth professes  
And your mouth your sin confesses,  
You will be your Savior's guest,  
Be at His banquet truly blest.

10 Let this food your faith so nourish  
That its fruit of love may flourish  
And your neighbor learn from you  
How much God's wondrous love can do.

Text (sts. 1-2, 4-5, 7, 9) and tune: Public domain

Text (sts. 3, 6, 8, 10): © 1980 and 2006 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005617

### 639 Wide Open Stand the Gates



1 Wide o - pen stand the gates a - dorned with pearl, While  
2 He speaks the Word the bread and wine to bless: "This  
3 The cher - u - bim, their fac - es veiled from light, While



round God's gold - en throne The choirs of saints in  
is My flesh and blood!" He bids us eat and  
saints in won - der kneel, Sing praise to Him whose



end - less cir - cles curl, And joy - ous praise the Son!  
drink with thank - ful - ness This gift of ho - ly food.  
face with glo - ry bright No earth - ly masks con - ceal.



They watch Him now de - scend - ing To vis - it wait-ing earth.  
All hu - man thought must fal - ter—Our God stoops low to heal,  
This sac - ra - ment God gives us Binds us in u - ni - ty,

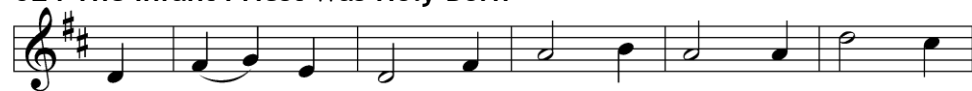


The Lord of Life un - end - ing Brings dy - ing hope new birth!  
Now pres - ent on the al - tar, For us both host and meal!  
Joins earth with heav'n be - yond us, Time with e - ter - ni - ty!

Text: © 2002 GIA Publications, Inc. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005617

Tune: Public domain

### 624 The Infant Priest Was Holy Born



1 The in - fant Priest was ho - ly born For us un -  
2 This great High Priest in hu - man flesh Was i - con  
3 The ho - ly Lamb un - daunt - ed came To God's own  
4 But death would not the vic - tor be Of Him who



ho - ly and for - lorn; From flesh - ly tem - ple  
of God's righ - teous - ness. His hal - lowed touch brought  
al - tar lit with flame; While weep - ing an - gels  
hung up - on the tree. He leads us to the



forth came He, A - noint - ed from e - ter - ni - ty.  
sanc - ti - ty; His hand re - moved im - pu - ri - ty.  
hid - their eyes, This Priest be - came a sac - ri - fice.  
Ho - ly Place With - in the veil, be - fore God's face.

5 The veil is torn, our Priest we see,  
As at the rail on bended knee  
Our hungry mouths from Him receive  
The bread of immortality.

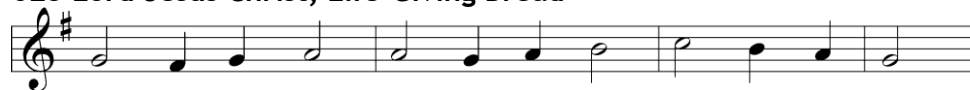
6 The body of God's Lamb we eat,  
A priestly food and priestly meat;  
On sin-parched lips the chalice pours  
His quenching blood that life restores.

7 With cherubim and seraphim  
Our voices join the endless hymn,  
And "Holy, holy, holy" sing  
To Christ, God's Lamb, our Priest and King.

Text: © 1997, 2003 Chad L. Bird. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005617

Tune: Public domain

# 625 Lord Jesus Christ, Life-Giving Bread



1 Lord Je - sus Christ, life - giv - ing bread, May I in grace  
 2 To pas - tures green, Lord, safe - ly guide, To rest - ful wa -  
 3 O bread of heav'n, my soul's de - light, For full and free  
 4 I do not mer - it fa - vor, Lord, My weight of sin



pos - sess You. Let me with ho - ly food be fed,  
 ters lead me; Your ta - ble well for me pro - vide,  
 re - mis - sion I come with prayer be - fore Your sight  
 would break me; In all my guilt - y heart's dis - cord,



In hun - ger I ad - dress You. Pre - pare me well  
 Your wound - ed hand now feed me. Though wea - ry, sin -  
 In sor - row and con - tri - tion. Your righ - teous - ness,  
 O Lord, do not for - sake me. In my dis - tress



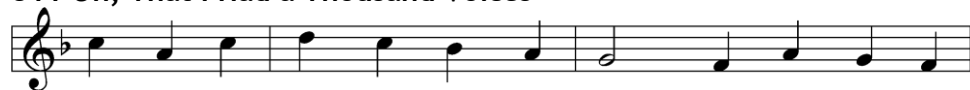
for You, O Lord, And, hum - bly by my prayer im - plored,  
 ful, sick, and weak, Ref - uge in You a - lone I seek,  
 Lord, cov - er me That I re - ceive You wor - thi - ly,  
 this com - forts me That You re - ceive me gra - cious - ly,



Give me Your grace and mer - cy.  
 To share Your cup of heal - ing.  
 As - sured of Your full par - don.  
 O Christ, my Lord of mer - cy!

Text and tune: Public domain

# 811 Oh, That I Had a Thousand Voices



1 Oh, that I had a thou - sand voic - es To praise my  
 2 O all you pow'rs that He im - plant - ed, A - rise, keep  
 3 You for - est leaves so green and ten - der That dance for  
 4 All crea - tures that have breath and mo - tion, That throng the  
 5 Cre - a - tor, hum - bly I im - plore You To lis - ten



God with thou - sand tongues! My heart, which in the Lord re -  
 si - lence now no more; Put forth the strength that God has  
 joy in sum - mer air, You mead - ow grass - es, bright and  
 earth, the sea, the sky, Come, share with me my heart's de -  
 to my earth - ly song Un - til that day when I a -



joic - es, Would then pro - claim in grate - ful songs To all, wher -  
 grant - ed! Your no - blest work is to a - dore. O soul and  
 slen - der, You flow'rs so fra - grant and so fair, You live to  
 vo - tion, Help me to sing God's prais - es high. My ut - most  
 dore You, To - geth - er with the an - gel throng And learn with



ev - er I might be, What great things God has done for me.  
 bod - y, join to raise With heart - felt joy our Mak - er's praise.  
 show God's praise a - lone. Join me to make His glo - ry known.  
 pow'rs can nev - er quite De - clare the won - ders of His might.  
 choirs of heav'n to sing E - ter - nal an - thems to my King.

Tune: Public domain

Text: © 1941 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005617