Hymns for Sunday, September 19

EntranceHymn
#410 Praise my should the King of heaven Lauda anima

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia, alleluia.
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress.
Praise Him still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia, alleluia.
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Fatherlike He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He Knows.
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia.
Widely yet His mercy goes.

Angels help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia, alleluia.
Praise with us the God of grace.

Communion Hymn
#339 Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness Schmücke dich

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,
leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
come into the daylight's splendor,
there with joy thy praises render
unto him whose grace unbounded
hath this wondrous banquet founded-
high o'er all the heavens he reigneth,
yet to dwell with thee he deigneth.

Sun, who all my life dost brighten;
Light, who dost my soul enlighten;
Joy, the best that any knoweth;
Fount, whence all my being floweth:
at thy feet I cry, my Maker,
let me be a fit partaker
of this blessèd food from heaven,
for our good, thy glory, given.

Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray thee,
let me gladly here obey thee;
never to my hurt invited,
be thy love with love requited;
from this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
through the gifts thou here dost give me,
as thy guest in heaven receive me.

Exit Hymn
#480 When Jesus left his Father's throne Kingsfold

When Jesus left his Father's throne,
he chose an humble birth;
like us, unhonored and unknown,
he came to dwell on earth.
Like him may we be found below,
in wisdom's path of peace;
like him in grace and knowledge grow
as years and strength increase.

Sweet were his words and kind his look,
when mothers round him pressed;
their infants in his arms he took,
and on his bosom blessed.
Safe from the world's alluring harms,
beneath his watchful eye,
thus in the circle of his arms
may we for ever lie.

When Jesus into Zion rode,
the children sang around;
for joy they plucked the palms and strowed
their garments on the ground.
Hosanna our glad voices raise,
hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Savior's praise,
the stones themselves would sing.