

Gathering Hymn ELW 824

This Is My Father's World

1 This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis-t'ning ears all
2 This is my Fa-ther's world; the birds their car-ols raise; the
3 This is my Fa-ther's world; oh, let me not for-get that,

na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres.
morn - ing light, the lil - y white, de - clare their mak - er's praise.
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the rul - er yet.

This is my Fa-ther's world; I rest me in the thought of
This is my Fa-ther's world; he shines in all that's fair. In the
This is my Fa-ther's world; why should my heart be sad? The

rocks and trees, of skies and seas; his hand the won - ders wrought.
rus - tling grass I hear him pass; he speaks to me ev-'ry-where.
Lord is king, let heav - en ring; God reigns, let earth be glad!

Text: Maltbie D. Babcock, 1858-1901
Music: TERRA PATRIS, Franklin L. Sheppard, 1852-1930, adapt.

Hymn of the Day ELW 456

Baptized in Water

1 Bap-tized in wa - ter, sealed by the Spir - it, cleansed by the
2 Bap-tized in wa - ter, sealed by the Spir - it, dead in the
3 Bap-tized in wa - ter, sealed by the Spir - it, marked with the

blood of Christ our king: heirs of sal - va - tion, trust - ing his
tomb with Christ our king: one with his ris - ing, freed and for -
sign of Christ our king: born of the Spir - it, we are God's

prom - ise, faith - ful - ly now God's praise we sing.
giv - en, thank - ful - ly now God's praise we sing.
chil - dren; joy - ful - ly now God's praise we sing.

Text: Michael Seward, b. 1932

Music: BUNESSAN, Gaelic tune; arr. hymnal version

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Sending Hymn ELW 836

Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee

1 Joy - ful, joy - ful we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love!
2 All thy works with joy sur - round thee, earth and heav'n re - flect thy rays,
3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,

Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore thee, prais - ing thee, their sun a - bove.
stars and an - gels sing a - round thee, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise,
well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean - depth of hap - py rest!

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, drive the gloom of doubt a - way.
Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, flow - 'ry mead - ow, flash - ing sea,
Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our broth - er, all who live in love are thine;

Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day.
chant - ing bird, and flow - ing foun - tain call us to re - joice in thee,
teach us how to love each oth - er, lift us to the joy di - vine!