**ELW #533 *Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty***

1 Open now thy gates of beauty,

 Zion, let me enter there,

 where my soul in joyful duty

 waits for God who answers prayer.

 Oh, how blessed is this place,

 filled with solace, light, and grace!

2 Gracious God, I come before thee;

 come thou also unto me;

 where we find thee and adore thee,

 there a heav'n on earth must be.

 To my heart, oh, enter thou,

 let it be thy temple now!

3 Here thy praise is gladly chanted,

 here thy seed is duly sown;

 let my soul, where it is planted,

 bring forth precious sheaves alone,

 so that all I hear may be

 fruitful unto life in me.

  Text: Benjamin Schmolck, 1672-1737;

 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878, alt.

Psalm 65:9-13

1You are to be praised, O God, in Zion;

 to you shall vows be fulfilled.
8**Those who dwell at the ends of the earth**

 **will tremble at your marvelous signs;**

 **you make the dawn and the dusk to sing for joy.**
9You visit the earth and water it abundantly;

 you make it very plenteous;

 the river of God is full of water.
 You prepare the grain,

 for so you provide for the earth.
10**You drench the furrows**

 **and smooth out the ridges;**
 **with heavy rain you soften the ground**

 **and bless its increase.**

11You crown the year with your goodness,
 and your paths over-flow with plenty.
12**May the fields of the wilderness be rich for grazing,**
 **and the hills be clothed with joy.**
 13May the meadows cover themselves with flocks,

 and the valleys cloak themselves with grain;
 let them shout for joy and sing.

**ELW #516 *Almighty God,***

***Your Word Is Cast***

1 Almighty God, your word is cast

 like seed into the ground;

 now let the dew of heav'n descend

 and righteous fruits abound.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares

 the rising plant destroy,

 but let it yield a hundredfold

 the fruits of peace and joy.

4 So when the precious seed is sown,

 life-giving grace bestow,

 that all whose souls the truth receive

 its saving pow'r may know.

 Text: John Cawood, 1775-1852, alt.

**ELW #836 *Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee***

1 Joyful, joyful we adore thee,

 God of glory, Lord of love!

 Hearts unfold like flow'rs before thee,

 praising thee, their sun above.

 Melt the clouds of sin and sadness,

 drive the gloom of doubt away.

 Giver of immortal gladness,

 fill us with the light of day.

2 All thy works with joy surround thee,

 earth and heav'n reflect thy rays,

 stars and angels sing around thee,

 center of unbroken praise.

 Field and forest, vale and mountain,

 flow'ry meadow, flashing sea,

 chanting bird, and flowing fountain

 call us to rejoice in thee.

3 Thou art giving and forgiving,

 ever blessing, ever blest,

 wellspring of the joy of living,

 ocean-depth of happy rest!

 Thou our Father, Christ our brother,

 all who live in love are thine;

 teach us how to love each other,

 lift us to the joy divine!

 Text: Henry van Dyke, 1852-1922