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### **876 Let the Whole Creation Cry**

1 Let the whole creation cry,

#### "Glory to the Lord on high!"

Heav'n and earth, awake and sing,

#### "Praise to our almighty king!"

Praise God, angel hosts above,

ever bright and fair in love;

sun and moon, lift up your voice;

night and stars, in God rejoice.

2 Servants striving for the Lord,

prophets burning with the word,

those to whom the arts belong

add their voices to the song.

Pow'rs of knowledge and of law,

to the glorious circle draw;

all who work and all who wait,

sing, "The Lord is good and great!"

3 Men and women, young and old,

raise the anthem loud and bold,

and let children's happy hearts

in this worship take their parts;

from the north to southern pole

let the mighty chorus roll:

"Holy, Holy, Holy One;

glory be to God alone!"

Text: Stopford A. Brooke, 1832-1916, alt.

### **ELW 888 O Beautiful for Spacious Skies**

1 O beautiful for spacious skies,

for amber waves of grain,

for purple mountain majesties

above the fruited plain:

America! America!

God shed his grace on thee,

and crown thy good with brotherhood

from sea to shining sea.

2 O beautiful for heroes proved

in liberating strife,

who more than self their country loved,

and mercy more than life:

America! America!

May God thy gold refine,

till all success be nobleness,

and ev'ry gain divine.

3 O beautiful for patriot dream

that sees beyond the years

thine alabaster cities gleam,

undimmed by human tears:

America! America!

God mend thine ev'ry flaw,

confirm thy soul in self-control,

thy liberty in law.

Text: Katherine L. Bates, 1859-1929

**ELW 580 How Clear Is Our Vocation, Lord**

1 How clear is our vocation, Lord,

when once we heed your call

to live according to your word

and daily learn, refreshed, restored,

that you are Lord of all,

and will not let us fall.

2 But if, forgetful, we should find

your yoke is hard to bear;

if worldly pressures fray the mind

and life itself cannot unwind

its tangled skein of care:

our inward life repair.

4 In what you give us, Lord, to do,

together or alone,

in old routines or ventures new,

may we not cease to look to you,

the cross you hung upon,

all you endeavored done.

Text: Fred Pratt Green, 1903-2000

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