

Hymns

Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty



- 1 O - pen now thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
- 2 Gra - cious God, I come be - fore thee; come thou al - so un - to me;
- 3 Here thy praise is glad - ly chant-ed, here thy seed is du - ly sown;
- 4 Thou my faith in - crease and quick-en, let me keep thy gift di - vine;
- 5 Speak, O God, and I will hear thee, let thy will be done in - deed;



where my soul in joy - ful du - ty waits for God who an - swers prayer.
where we find thee and a - dore thee, there a heav'n on earth must be.
let my soul, where it is plant-ed, bring forth pre - cious sheaves a - lone,
how - so - e'er temp - ta - tions thick-en, may thy word still o'er me shine
may I un - dis - turbed draw near thee while thou dost thy peo - ple feed.



Oh, how bless-ed is this place, filled with so - lace, light, and grace!
To my heart, oh, en - ter thou, let it be thy tem - ple now!
so that all I hear may be fruit - ful un - to life in me.
as my guid-ing star through life, as my com-fort in all strife.
Here of life the foun - tain flows; here is balm for all our woes.

Text: Benjamin Schmolck, 1672–1737; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.
Music: UNSER HERRSCHER, Joachim Neander, 1650–1680

We Plow the Fields and Scatter



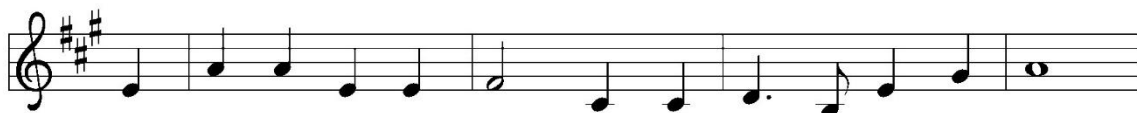
1 We plow the fields and scat - ter the good seed on the land,
 2 You on - ly are the mak - er of all things near and far.
 3 We thank you, our cre - a - tor, for all things bright and good,



but it is fed and wa - tered by God's al - might - y hand,
 You paint the way - side flow - er, you light the eve - ning star.
 the seed - time and the har - vest, our life, our health, our food.



who sends the snow in win - ter, the warmth to swell the grain,
 The winds and waves o - bey you, by you the birds are fed;
 No gifts have we to of - fer for all your love im - parts,



the breez - es and the sun - shine, and soft re - fresh - ing rain.
 much more to us, your chil - dren, you give our dai - ly bread.
 but what you most would trea - sure—our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts.

Refrain



All good gifts a - round us are sent from heav'n a - bove.



We thank you, Lord, we thank you, Lord, for all your love.

Lord, Let My Heart Be Good Soil



Lord, let my heart be good soil, o-pen to the seed of your word.



Lord, let my heart be good soil, where love can grow and peace is un-der-stood.



When my heart is hard, break the stone a - way. When my heart is cold,



warm it with the day. When my heart is lost, lead me on your way.



Lord, let my heart, Lord, let my heart, Lord, let my heart be good soil.

Text: Handt Hanson, b. 1950

Music: GOOD SOIL, Handt Hanson

Text and music © 1985 Prince of Peace Publishing, Changing Church, Inc., admin. Augsburg Fortress.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

For the Fruit of All Creation



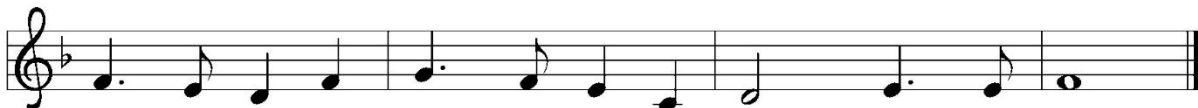
1 For the fruit of all cre - a - tion, thanks be to God.
2 In the just re - ward of la - bor, God's will is done.
3 For the har - vests of the Spir - it, thanks be to God.



For these gifts to ev - 'ry na - tion, thanks be to God.
In the help we give our neigh - bor, God's will is done.
For the good we all in - her - it, thanks be to God.



For the plow - ing, sow - ing, reap - ing, si - lent growth while we are sleep - ing,
In our world - wide task of car - ing for the hun - gry and de - spair - ing,
For the won - ders that as - tound us, for the truths that still con - found us,



fu - ture needs in earth's safe - keep - ing, thanks be to God.
in the har - vests we are shar - ing, God's will is done.
most of all, that love has found us, thanks be to God.

Text: Fred Pratt Green, 1903–2000

Music: AR HYD Y NOS, Welsh traditional

Text © 1970 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

On What Has Now Been Sown



- 1 On what has now been sown your bless-ing Lord, be - stow; the
2 To you our wants are known, from you are all our pow'rs; ac -
3 Oh, grant that each of us, now met be - fore you here, may



pow'r is yours a - lone to make it sprout and grow. O Lord, in
cept what is your own and par-don what is ours. Our prais - es,
meet to - geth - er thus when you and yours ap - pear, and fol - low



grace the har - vest raise, and yours a - lone shall be the praise!
Lord, and prayers re - ceive and to your word a bless - ing give.
you to heav'n, our home. E'en so, A - men! Lord Je - sus, come!

Text: John Newton, 1725–1807, alt.

Music: DARWALL'S 148TH, John Darwall, 1731–1789