

# **Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven**

*UMH 463*

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!

Father-like 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 flows!

Angels in the height, 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!

Frail as summer's flow'r we flourish; Blows the wind and it is gone;  
But, while mortals rise and perish, God endures unchanging on:  
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God  
of grace.

# Take My Life, and Let It Be

*UMH 399*

Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless  
praise.

Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love;  
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only, for my King;  
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages from Thee.  
Take my silver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold;  
Take my intellect, and use Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy royal throne.  
Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store:  
Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all for Thee.

## Luke 15: 1-10

<sup>1</sup> Now all the tax collectors and the sinners were coming near Him to listen to Him. <sup>2</sup> Both the Pharisees and the scribes began to grumble, saying, "This man receives sinners and eats with them." <sup>3</sup> So He told them this parable, saying, <sup>4</sup> "What man among you, if he has a hundred sheep and has lost one of them, does not leave the ninety-nine in the open pasture and go after the one which is lost until he finds it? <sup>5</sup> "When he has found it, he lays it on his shoulders, rejoicing. <sup>6</sup> "And when he comes home, he calls together his friends and his neighbors, saying to them, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost!' <sup>7</sup> "I tell you that in the same way, there will be more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who need no repentance. <sup>8</sup> "Or what woman, if she has ten silver coins and loses one coin, does not light a lamp and sweep the house and search carefully until she finds it? <sup>9</sup> "When she has found it, she calls together her friends and neighbors, saying, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found the coin which I had lost!' <sup>10</sup> "In the same way, I tell you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner who repents."

# **This Is My Song**

*UMH 437*

This is my song, O God of all the nations, a song of peace for lands afar and mine.

This is my home, the country where my heart is; here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine;

But other hearts in other lands are beating with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean, and sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine;

But other lands have sunlight too, and clover, and skies are everywhere as blue as mine.

O hear my song, thou God of all the nations, a song of peace for their land and for mine.

This is my prayer, O Lord of all earth's kingdoms: Thy kingdom come; on earth thy will be done.

Let Christ be lifted up till all shall serve him, and hearts united learn to live as one.

O hear my prayer, thou God of all the nations; myself I give thee; let thy will be done.