

Amazing Grace

ELW 779



1 A - maz - ing grace!— how sweet the sound— that  
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and  
 3 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares I  
 4 The Lord has prom - ised good to me; his  
 5 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright



saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but  
 grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that  
 have al - read - y come; 'tis grace has brought me  
 word my hope se - cures; he will my shield and  
 shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to



now am found; was blind, but now I see.  
 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!  
 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.  
 por - tion be as long as life en - dures.  
 sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

Text: John Newton, 1725–1807, alt., sts. 1–4; anonymous, st. 5  
 Music: NEW BRITAIN, W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*, 1835

*I Love to Tell the Story*

ELW 661



1 I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove,  
2 I love to tell the sto - ry: how pleas - ant to re - peat  
3 I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best



of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his love.  
what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet!  
seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it like the rest.



I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know it's true;  
I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard  
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.  
the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly word.  
I'll sing the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

*Refrain*



I love to tell the sto - ry; 'twill be my theme in glo - ry



to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.

Text: Katherine Hankey, 1834–1911

Music: HANKEY, William E. Fischer, 1849–1936

For the Beauty of the Earth

ELW 879



1 For the beau - ty of the earth, for the beau - ty of the skies,  
2 For the won - der of each hour of the day and of the night,  
3 For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's de - light,  
4 For the joy of hu - man love, broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,  
5 For each per - fect gift of thine, peace on earth and joy in heav'n;



for the love which from our birth o - ver and a - round us lies:  
hill and vale and tree and flow'r, sun and moon and stars of light:  
for the mys - tic har - mo - ny link - ing sense to sound and sight:  
friends on earth and friends a - bove; for all gen - tle thoughts and mild:  
for thy - self, best gift di - vine, to our world so free - ly giv'n:

*Refrain*



Christ, our God, to thee we raise this our sac - ri - fice of praise.

Text: Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1835–1917, alt.  
Music: DIX, Conrad Kocher, 1786–1872



1 Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for  
 2 Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, plead - ing for  
 3 Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised, prom - ised for



you and for me. See, on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watch - ing,  
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies,  
 you and for me! Though we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don,

*Refrain*

watch - ing for you and for me.  
 mer - cies for you and for me? "Come home, come home!  
 par - don for you and for me.



You who are wea - ry, come home." Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly,



Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing, "O sin - ner, come home!"



1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a sword and shield vic -  
 2 No strength of ours can match his might! We would be lost, re -  
 3 Though hordes of dev - ils fill the land all threat - 'ning to de -  
 4 God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide, no thanks to foes, who



to - rious; he breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's rod and  
 ject - ed. But now a cham - pion comes to fight, whom  
 vour us, we trem - ble not, un - moved we stand; they  
 fear it; for God him - self fights by our side with



wins sal - va - tion glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe  
 God him - self e - lect - ed. You ask who this may be?  
 can - not o - ver - pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage;  
 weap - ons of the Spir - it. Were they to take our house,



has sworn to work us woe! With craft and dread - ful might  
 The Lord of hosts is he! Christ Je - sus, might - y Lord,  
 in bat - tle we'll en - gage! His might is doomed to fail;  
 goods, hon - or, child, or spouse, though life be wrenched a - way,



he arms him - self to fight. On earth he has no e - qual.  
 God's on - ly Son, a - dored. He holds the field vic - to - rious.  
 God's judg - ment must pre - vail! One lit - tle word sub - dues him.  
 they can - not win the day. The king - dom's ours for - ev - er!

Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. *Lutheran Book of Worship*  
 Music: EIN FESTE BURG, Martin Luther  
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Tryg - ga - re kan ing - en va - ra än Guds lil - la bar - na - ska - ra,  
 1 Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly Fa - ther safe - ly in his bo - som gath - er;  
 2 God his own doth tend and nour-ish, in his ho - ly courts they flour - ish.  
 3 Nei - ther life nor death shall ev - er from the Lord his chil - dren sev - er;  
 4 Though he giv - eth or he tak - eth, God his chil - dren ne'er for - sak - eth;



stjär - nan ej på him - la - fäs - tet, få - geln ej i kän - da näs - tet.  
 nest - ling bird nor star in heav - en such a ref - uge e'er was giv - en.  
 From all e - vil things he spares them, in his might - y arms he bears them.  
 un - to them his grace he show - eth, and their sor - rows all he know - eth.  
 his the lov - ing pur - pose sole - ly to pre - serve them pure and ho - ly.

Text: Carolina Sandell Berg, 1832–1903; tr. Ernst W. Olson, 1870–1958

Music: TRYGGARE KAN INGEN VARA, Swedish folk tune

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