

15 All Creatures of Our God and King

Unison

1 All crea-tures of our God and King, lift up your voice
 2 O broth-er wind with clouds and rain, you nur-ture gifts
 3 O broth-er fire, so warm and bright, chase off the shad-
 4 All who for love of God for-give, all who in pain

Harmony

and with us sing, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
 of fruit and grain. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
 ous of the night. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
 or sor-row grieve, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

Unison

O broth-er sun with gold-en beam, O sis-ter moon
 O sis-ter wa-ter, flow-ing clear, make mu-sic for
 Dear moth-er earth, who day by day un-folds such bless-
 Christ bears your bur-dens and your fears; so, e-ven in

Sometimes called "The Canticle of the Sun," this cosmic roll call allows human beings to give voice to all creation. One of the earliest religious poems in the Italian language, it is made even more expansive by this broad, repetitive melody with interspersed "Alleluias."

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE

Harmony

with sil - ver gleam, sing prais - es! Al - le - lu - ia!
 your Lord to hear. Sing prais - es! Al - le - lu - ia!
 ings on our way, sing prais - es! Al - le - lu - ia!
 the midst of tears, sing prais - es! Al - le - lu - ia!

Unison

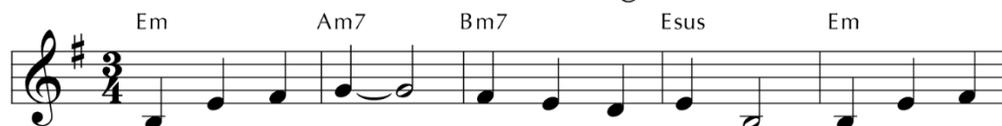
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

5 And you, most gentle sister death,
 waiting to hush our final breath:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Since Christ our light has pierced your gloom,
 fair is the night that leads us home.
 Sing praises! Alleluia!
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

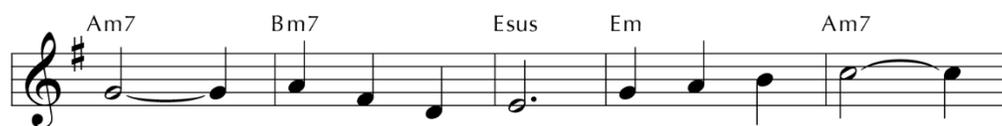
6 O sisters, brothers, take your part,
 and worship God with humble heart.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 All creatures, bless the Father, Son,
 and Holy Spirit, Three in One!
 Sing praises! Alleluia!
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Longing for Light, We Wait in Darkness 314

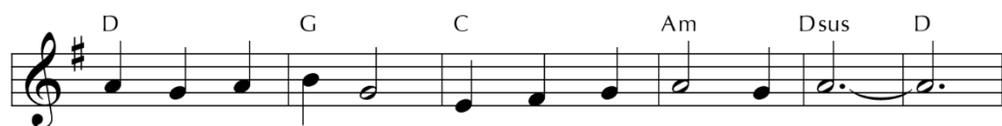
Christ, Be Our Light



1 Long-ing for light, we wait in dark-ness. Long-ing for
 2 Long-ing for peace, our world is trou-bled. Long-ing for
 3 Long-ing for food, man - y are hun - gry. Long-ing for
 4 Long-ing for shel - ter, man - y are home-less. Long-ing for
 5 Man - y the gifts, man - y the peo - ple, man - y the



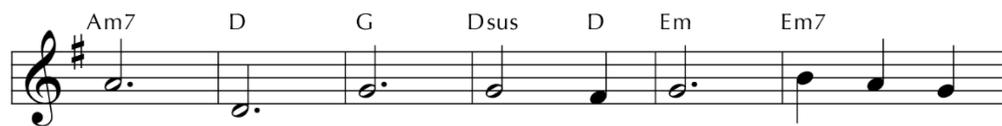
truth, we turn to you. Make us your own,
 hope, man - y de - spair. Your word a - lone
 wa - ter, man - y still thirst. Make us your bread,
 warmth, man - y are cold. Make us your build - ing,
 hearts that yearn to be - long. Let us be ser - vants



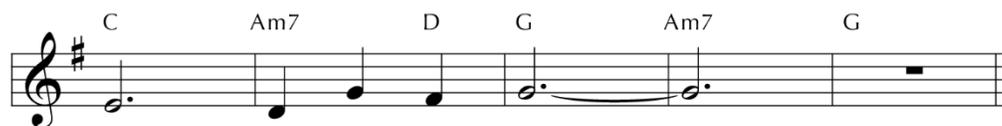
your ho - ly peo - ple, light for the world to see.
 has power to save us. Make us your liv - ing voice.
 bro - ken for oth - ers, shared un - til all are fed.
 shel - ter - ing oth - ers, walls made of liv - ing stone.
 to one an - oth - er, mak - ing your king - dom come.



Christ, be our light! Shine in our hearts. Shine through the



dark - ness. Christ, be our light! Shine in your



church gath - ered to - day.

By blending biblical images and current vignettes in the present tense, this hymn connects Christ's promise that he is the Light of the world (John 8:12, 9:5) and his charge to his followers to be the light of the world (Matthew 5:14). This is part of the church's servant calling.

THE WORD

450

Be Thou My Vision

Capo 1: (D) (G) (D/F#) (A7) (D)
 Eb Ab Eb/G Bb7 Eb



1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true Word;
 3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise;
 4 High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

(A) (D) (G) (A)
 Bb Eb Ab Bb



naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

(G) (D) (F#m7) (G) (A)
 Ab Eb Gm7 Ab Bb



thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tower;
 thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

(Bm) (D/F#) (G) (D)
 Cm Eb/G Ab Eb



wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 raise thou me heaven - ward, O Power of my power.
 High King of Heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

These stanzas are selected from a 20th-century English poetic version of an Irish monastic prayer dating to the 10th century or before. They are set to an Irish folk melody that has proved popular and easily sung despite its lack of repetition and its wide range.