

Sing Praise to God, You Heavens! 17

(Psalm 148)

1 Sing praise to God, you heav-ens! Sing praise, each shin-ing light!
 2 Sing praise, O earth, sing prais-es! Sing prais-es, hill and plain,
 3 Sing prais-es, all you crea-tures in whom God takes de-light:
 4 Sing prais-es now, God's peo-ple; your gift of speech em-ploy

Sing, plan-ets in your or-bits; sing, stars all burn-ing bright!
 you moun-tains thrust-ing sky-ward, you val-leys ripe with grain!
 you whales that roam the o-ceans, you ea-gles in your flight!
 to praise the Lord, your Mak-er, with thank-ful-ness and joy!

Sing praise, you winds and tem-pests, you driv-ing rain and snow!
 Sing praise, each fra-grant flow-er; your fair-est hues dis-play.
 Sing praise, you sheep on hill-sides, you cat-tle in the stall!
 Sing with the whole cre-a-tion; a cos-mic cho-rus raise:

Sing, clouds that race and bil-low and shad-ow earth be-low!
 Sing praise, you trees of au-tumn in glow-ing, glad ar-ray!
 Though word-less, sing your prais-es to God who made you all!
 "To God a-lone be glo-ry and ev-er-last-ing praise!"

This paraphrase of Psalm 148 reflects the spirit of praise linking Psalms 146–150. Of the two great themes found in these final five psalms—creation and deliverance—this psalm focuses on the former. The opening praise “from the heavens” is matched by praise “from the earth.”

Feed Us, Lord

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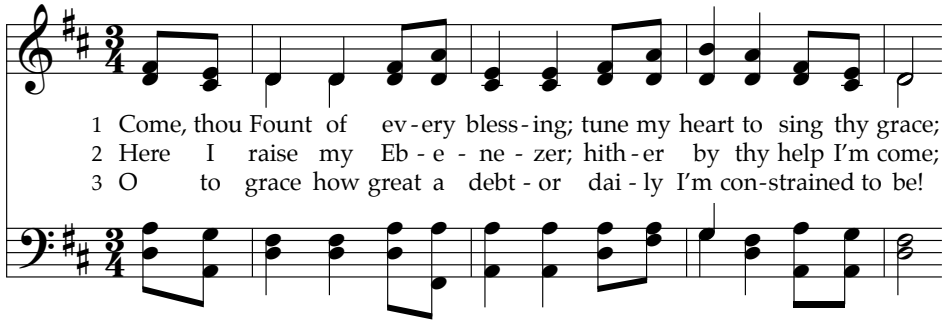
1 Feed us, Lord. Feed us, Lord. In the bro - ken bread,
 2 Quench us, Lord. Quench us, Lord. On this thirst - y ground,
 3 Fill us, Lord. Fill us, Lord, with the bread and wine
 4 Lead us, Lord. Lead us, Lord, nour-ished here by Christ,



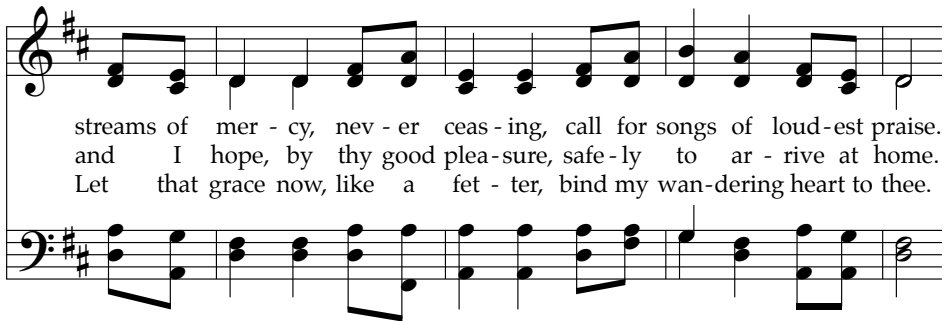
be re - vealed a - gain. Come and feed our hearts, O Lord.
 may your love flow down. Come and quench our hearts, O Lord.
 of the ris - en Christ. Come and fill our hearts, O Lord.
 giv - en strength for life. Come and lead our hearts, O Lord.

Not many Lord's Supper hymns call attention to the post-Resurrection meals Christ shared with his disciples, but the first stanza here alludes to the meal at Emmaus, when he was made known in the breaking of the bread (Luke 24:13-35), and stanza three refers to "the risen Christ."

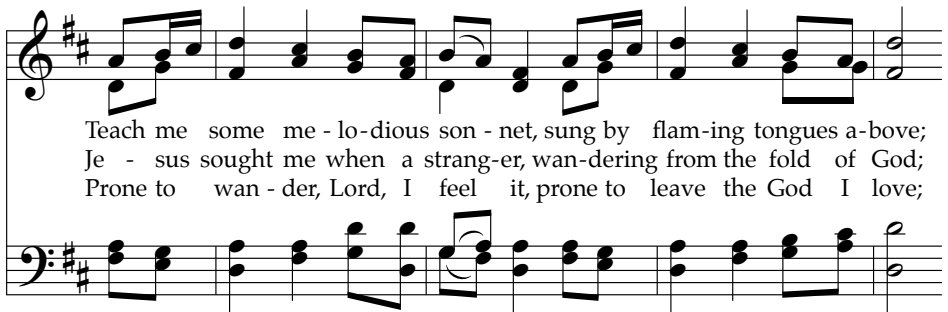
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475



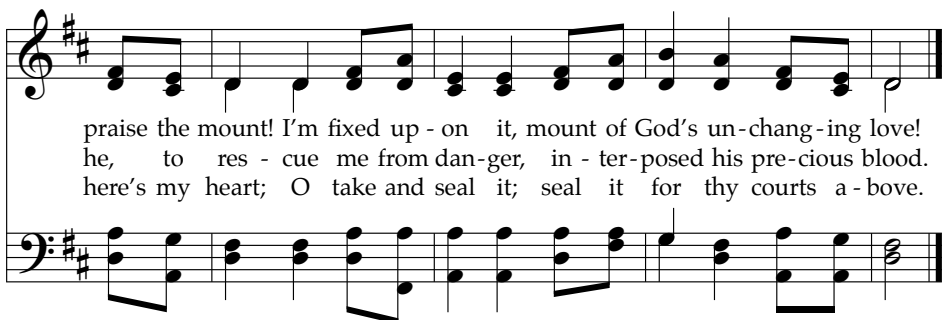
1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!



streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud-est praise.
 and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee.



Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, wan-dering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;



praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un-chang-ing love!
 he, to res - cue me from dan-ger, in - ter-posed his pre-cious blood.
 here's my heart; O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Written for Pentecost by a British Baptist pastor, this text is full of biblical terms like "Ebenezer" (1 Samuel 7:12), Hebrew for "a stone of help" set up to give thanks for God's assistance. The tune name honors hymnal compiler Asahel Nettleton, who probably did not compose it.