

Thursday Mid-Day Prayer Service

All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Refrain



All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or to you, re - deem - er, king,



to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho - san - nas ring.



- 1 You are the king of Is - rael and Da - vid's roy - al Son,
- 2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels are prais - ing you on high;
- 3 The mul - ti - tude of pil - grims with palms be - fore you went;
- 4 To you, be - fore your pas - sion, they sang their hymns of praise.
- 5 Their prais - es you ac - cept - ed; ac - cept the prayers we bring,



Refrain

now in the Lord's name com - ing, our King and Bless - ed One.
cre - a - tion and all mor - tals in cho - rus make re - ply.
our praise and prayer and an - thems be - fore you we pre - sent.
To you, now high ex - alt - ed, our mel - o - dy we raise.
great au - thor of all good - ness, O good and gra - cious King.

Text: Theodulph of Orleans, c. 760–821; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–1866, alt.
Music: VALET WILL ICH DIR GEBEN, Melchior Teschner, 1584–1635

P The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

C **And also with you.**

P Let us pray. God of compassion, you sent your Word into the world to announce the dawn of salvation. Do not leave us in the depths of our sins, but give to us the fullness of your redeeming grace; through Jesus Christ, our Savior and Lord. (Psalm 130)

C **Amen.**

Lord, Let My Heart Be Good Soil

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Lord, Let My Heart Be Good Soil'. It consists of five staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The lyrics are: 'Lord, let my heart be good soil, o-pen to the seed of your word.' The second staff continues: 'Lord, let my heart be good soil, where love can grow and peace is un-der-stood.' The third staff: 'When my heart is hard, break the stone a - way. When my heart is cold,' The fourth staff: 'warm it with the day. When my heart is lost, lead me on your way.' The fifth staff concludes with: 'Lord, let my heart, Lord, let my heart, 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
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Isaiah 55:8-11

⁸For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
nor are your ways my ways, says the LORD.
⁹For as the heavens are higher than the earth,
so are my ways higher than your ways
and my thoughts than your thoughts.
¹⁰For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven,
and do not return there until they have watered the earth,
making it bring forth and sprout,
giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater,
¹¹so shall my word be that goes out from my mouth;
it shall not return to me empty,
but it shall accomplish that which I purpose,
and succeed in the thing for which I sent it.

All the Way My Savior Leads Me



1 All the way my Sav-ior leads me; what have I to ask be - side?
2 All the way my Sav-ior leads me, cheers each wind - ing path I tread,
3 All the way my Sav-ior leads me; oh, the full - ness of his love!



Can I doubt his ten - der mer - cy, who through life has been my guide?
gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, feeds me with the liv - ing bread.
Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised in my Fa - ther's house a - bove.



Heav'n - ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, here by faith in him to dwell!
Though my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, and my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im - mor - tal, wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, what - e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
gush - ing from the rock be - fore me, lo, a spring of joy I see;
this my song through end - less a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way;



for I know, what - e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.
gush - ing from the rock be - fore me, lo, a spring of joy I see.
this my song through end - less a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way!

Let G-d

Let G-d

Hold majesty before your eyes,
And mystery before your heart.

Let G-d

Place strength in your hands
And radiance in your soul.

Let G-d

Lead you to awe and wonder
And redeem you from fear and shame.
You are cloud and horizon,
A bird in solo flight,
Seeking your flock,
Seeking your journey,
Seeking your place.

Let G-d

Put healing in your hours
And rejoicing in all of your days.

Let G-d

Find you in the open sky
And lift you in joy and grace.

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The LORD bless you and protect you!
The LORD deal kindly and graciously with you!
The LORD bestow His favor upon you and grant you peace!