

Music for Thursday, September 17: Weekday

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GATHERING SONG:

Amazing Grace



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
3. The Lord has prom - ised good to
4. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and
5. When we've been there ten thou - sand



sound, That saved a wretch like me!
fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
me, His word my hope se - cures;
snares, I have al - read - y come;
years, Bright shin - ing as the sun,



I once was lost, but now am
How pre - cious did that grace ap -
He will my shield and por - tion
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus
We've no less days to sing God's

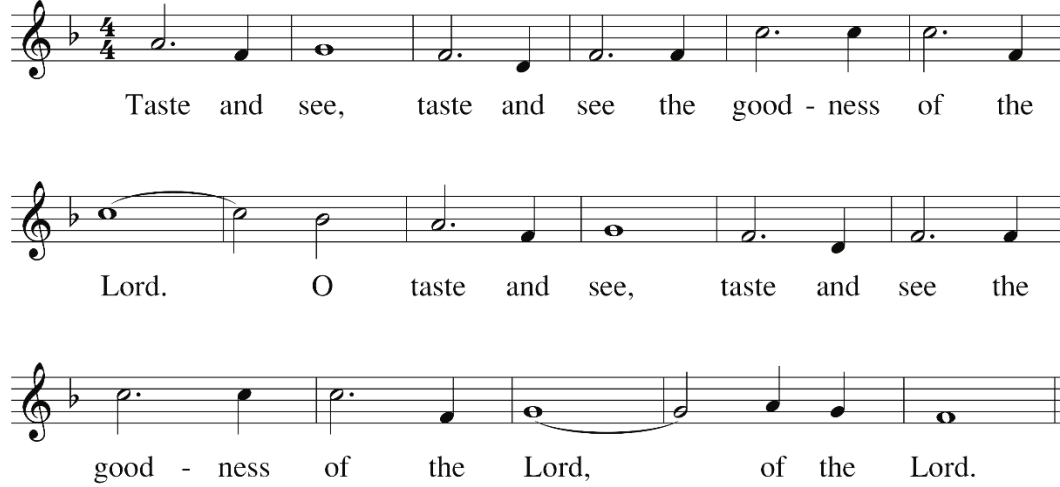


found; Was blind, but now I see.
pear The hour I first be - lieved!
be As long as life en - dures.
far, And grace will lead me home.
praise Than when we'd first be - gun.

COMMUNION:

Taste and See

Refrain



Taste and see, taste and see the good - ness of the
Lord. O taste and see, taste and see the
good - ness of the Lord, of the Lord.

Verses



1. I will bless the Lord at all times.
2. Glo - ri - fy the Lord with me.
3. Wor - ship the Lord, all you peo - ple.

Praise shall al - ways be on my lips;
To - geth - er let us all praise God's name.
You'll want for noth - ing if you ask.

my soul shall glo - ry in the Lord
I called the Lord who an - swered me;
Taste and see that the Lord is good;

for God has been so good to me.
from all my trou - bles I was set free.
in God we need put all our trust. **D.C.**

SENDING FORTH: We will sing verses 1 and 4.

Holy God, We Praise Thy Name



1. Ho - ly God, we praise thy name;
2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn
3. Lo, the ap - os - tol - ic train
4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son,



Lord of all, we bow be - fore thee!
An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;
Joins, the sa - cred name to hal - low;
Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name thee;



All on earth thy scep - ter claim,
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim,
Proph - ets swell the loud re - frain,
While in es - sence on - ly One,



All in heav'n a - bove a - dore thee;
In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,
And the white - robed mar - tyrs fol - low;
Un - di - vid - ed God we claim thee;



In - fi - nite thy vast do - main,
Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord:
And from morn to set - ting sun,
And a - dor - ing bend the knee,



Repeat ad lib.

Ev - er - last - ing is thy reign.
"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"
Through the Church the song goes on.
While we own the mys - ter - y.