

Opening Hymn

“Come Down, O Love Divine” *LSB 501*



1 Come down, O Love di - vine; Seek Thou this soul of mine,
 2 O let it free - ly burn, Till world - ly pas - sions turn
 3 Let ho - ly char - i - ty Mine out - ward ves - ture be
 4 And so the yearn - ing strong, With which the soul will long,



And vis - it it with Thine own ar - dor glow - ing;
 To dust and ash - es in its heat con - sum - ing;
 And low - li - ness be - come mine in - ner cloth - ing—
 Shall far out - pass the pow'r of hu - man tell - ing;



O Com - fort - er, draw near; With - in my heart ap - pear,
 And let Thy glo - rious light Shine ev - er on my sight,
 True low - li - ness of heart, Which takes the hum - bler part,
 No soul can guess His grace Till it be - come the place



And kin - dle it, Thy ho - ly flame be - stow - ing.
 And clothe me round, the while my path il - lum - ing.
 And o'er its own short - com - ings weeps with loath - ing.
 Where - in the Ho - ly Spir - it makes His dwell - ing.

Office Hymn

"What God Ordains Is Always Good" *LSB 760*


1 What God or - dains is al - ways good: His will is
 2 What God or - dains is al - ways good: He nev - er
 3 What God or - dains is al - ways good: His lov - ing
 4 What God or - dains is al - ways good: He is my

just and ho - ly. As He di - rects my life for me,
 will de - ceive me; He leads me in His righ - teous way,
 thought at - tends me; No poi - son can be in the cup
 friend and Fa - ther; He suf - fers naught to do me harm

I fol - low meek and low - ly. My God in - deed
 And nev - er will He leave me. I take con - tent
 That my phy - si - cian sends me. My God is true;
 Though man - y storms may gath - er. Now I may know

In ev - 'ry need Knows well how He will shield me;
 What He has sent; His hand that sends me sad - ness
 Each morn - ing new I trust His grace un - end - ing,
 Both joy and woe; Some - day I shall see clear - ly

To Him, then, I will yield me.
 Will turn my tears to glad - ness.
 My life to Him com - mend - ing.
 That He has loved me dear - ly.

5 What God ordains is always good:
 Though I the cup am drinking
 Which savors now of bitterness,
 I take it without shrinking.
 For after grief
 God gives relief,
 My heart with comfort filling
 And all my sorrow stilling.

6 What God ordains is always good:
 This truth remains unshaken.
 Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
 I shall not be forsaken.
 I fear no harm,
 For with His arm
 He shall embrace and shield me;
 So to my God I yield me.

Canticle

"Splendor and Honor" LSB 950



1 Splen - dor and hon - or, maj - es - ty and pow - er
 2 Praised be the true Lamb, slain for our re - demp - tion,
 3 To the Al - might - y, throned in heav'n - ly splen - dor,



Are Yours, O Lord God, fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing,
 By whose self - of - f'ring we are made God's peo - ple:
 And to the Sav - ior, Christ our Lamb and Shep - herd,



For by Your bid - ding was the whole cre -
 A priest - ly king - dom, from all tongues and
 Be ad - o - ra - tion, praise, and glo - ry



a - tion Called in - to be - ing.
 na - tions, Called to God's ser - vice.
 giv - en, Now and for - ev - er.

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Closing Hymn

“My Soul, Now Praise Your Maker” *LSB 820*



1 My soul, now praise your Mak - er! Let all with - in me
2 He of - fers all His trea - sure Of jus - tice, truth, and
3 For as a ten - der fa - ther Has pit - y on his
4 His grace re - mains for - ev - er, And chil - dren's chil - dren



bless His name Who makes you full par - tak - er Of
righ - teous - ness, His love be - yond all mea - sure, His
chil - dren here, God in His arms will gath - er All
yet shall prove That God for - sakes them nev - er Who



mer - cies more than you dare claim. For - get Him not whose
yearn - ing pit - y o'er dis - tress; Nor treats us as we
who are His in child - like fear. He knows how frail our
in true fear shall seek His love. In heav'n is fixed His



meek - ness Still bears with all your sin, Who heals your ev - 'ry
mer - it But sets His an - ger by. The poor and con - trite
pow - ers, Who but from dust are made. We flour - ish like the
dwell - ing, His rule is o - ver all; O hosts with might ex -



weak - ness, Re - news your life with - in; Whose grace and
spir - it Finds His com - pas - sion nigh; And high as
flow - ers, And e - ven so we fade; The wind but
cel - ling, With praise be - fore Him fall. Praise Him for -



care are end - less And saved you through the past; Who
heav'n a - bove us, As dawn from close of day, So
through them pass - es, And all their bloom is o'er. We
ev - er reign - ing, All you who hear His Word— Our



leaves no suf - f'rer friend - less But rights the wronged at last.
far, since He has loved us, He puts our sins a - way.
with - er like the grass - es; Our place knows us no more.
life and all sus - tain - ing. My soul, O praise the Lord!