Praise to God

Verse 1: Each little flower that opens, each little bird that sings,
Verse 2: The purple-headed thistle, the mountain, the river running by,
Verse 3: The cold wind in the winter, the pleasant summer sun,
Verse 4: He gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1883)
Music: Reuel Good, melody from The Dancing Master, 1695,
adapted by Martin Finkleman (1873-1958), arr. Richard Pfeffer (b. 1927)

Comes down, O Love divine seeks thou this soul of mine,
O let it freely burn till earth's passions with which the soul will turn long:
And so the Love divine in its heat consummating shall far outpass the power of human telling:

O Comforter, draw near within my heart appear,
For none can guess its grace, till Love create a place:
And kiss me, that holy flame be crowning while my path illumining:

Words: Joanne de Sierre (c. 1634), tr. Richard Frederick Littledale (1838-1890), alt.
1. O Lord, in their change, let we may feed the re-nown, since
you crowned with all the earth, nor wind and dew be
2. true, given; thus reignest and by the starry skies, in the
3. throne, all fostering power, all the glory come down

forth the gifts of God from the bounteous heaven. Thine is the health and
pay thee of those own. That we may praise thee

thine the wealth that all our days, and in our shine with the Father's

thine the kindly earth with with the Holy Spirit's gifts, the which the

Regeneration Days.
Words: Edward White Benson (1862-1920), alt.
Music: Kingfield, English melody; alt. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)