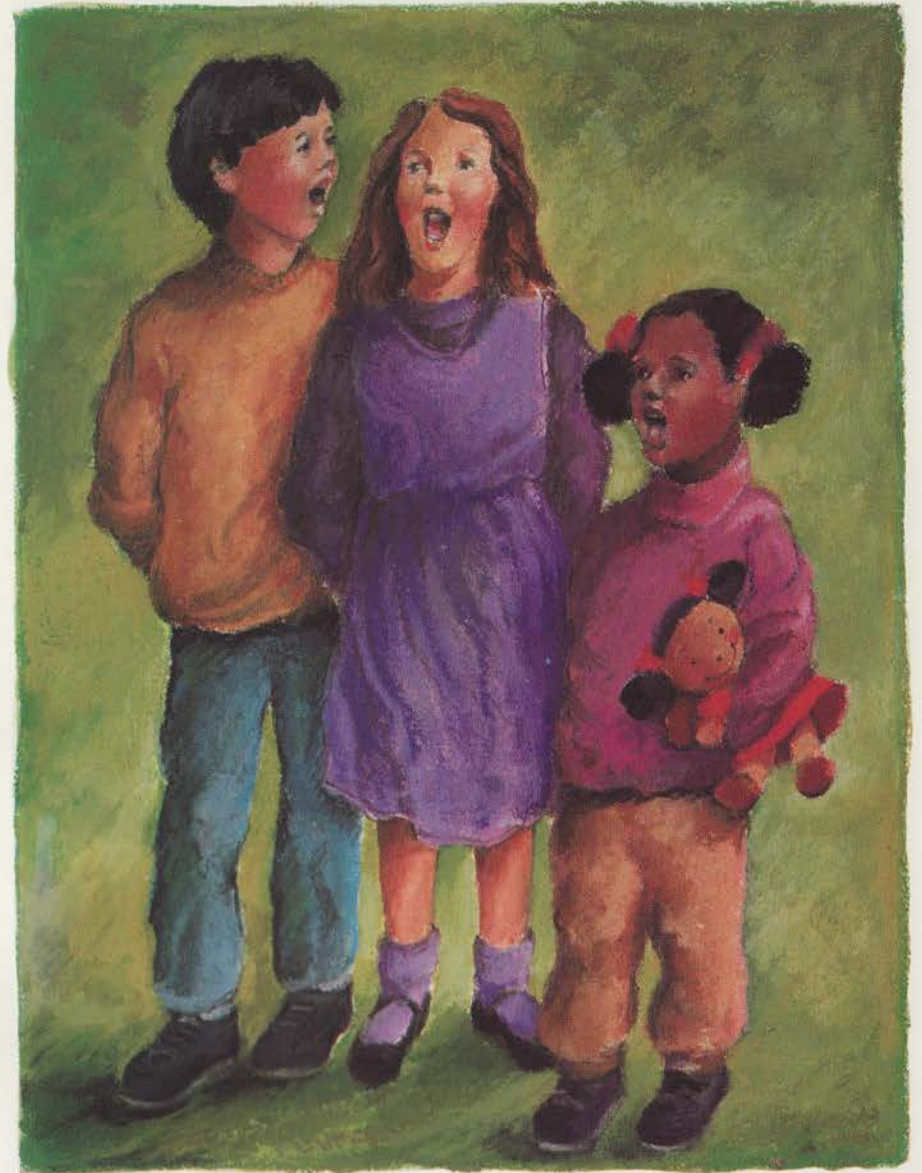




LET US SING



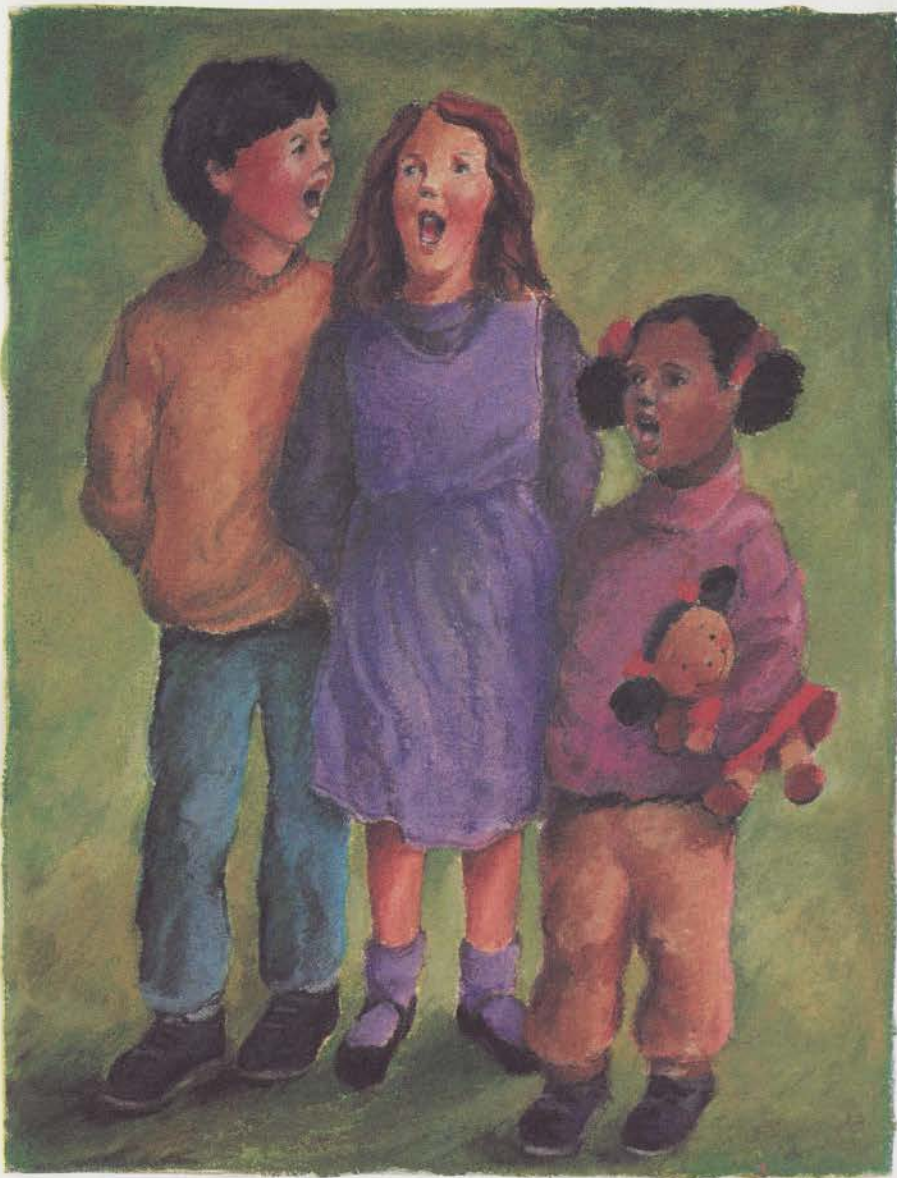
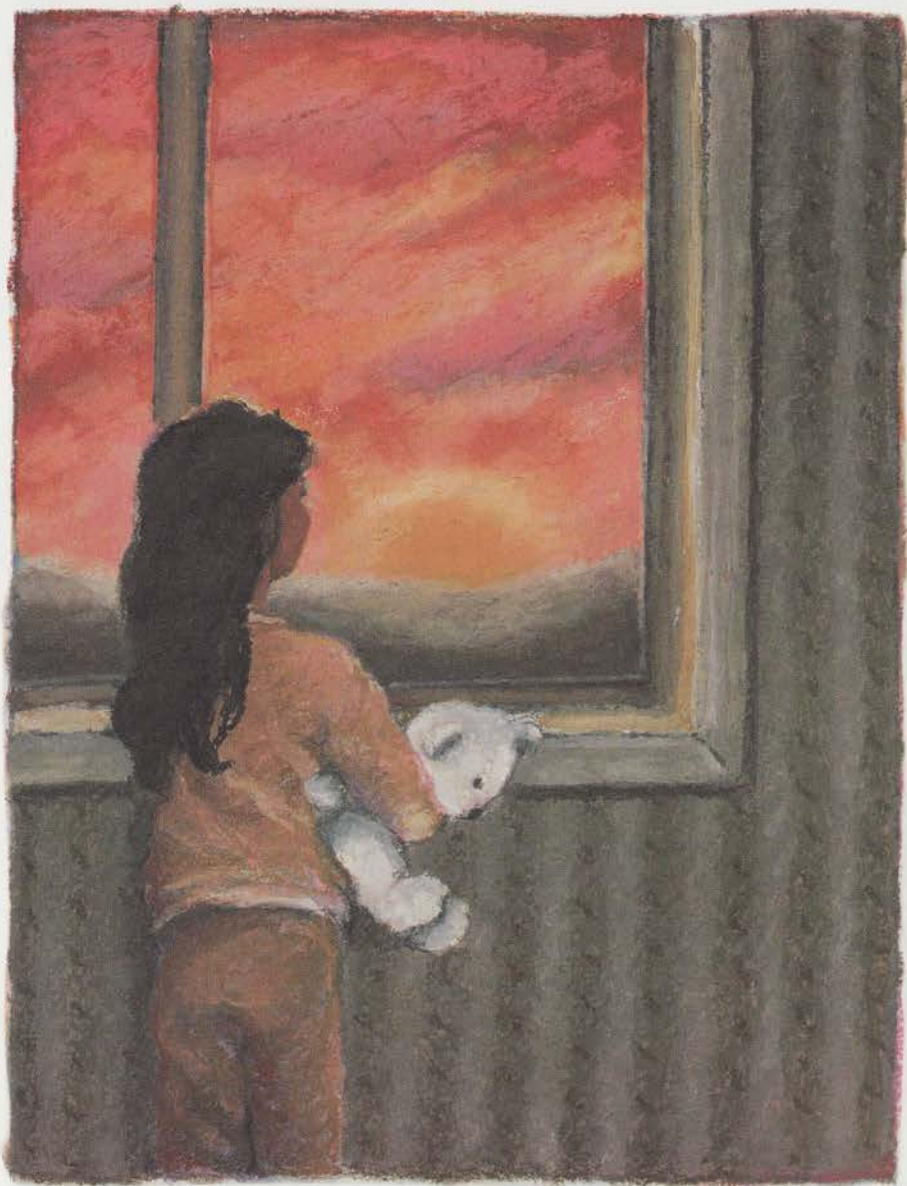


Illustration by Elizabeth Wolf
Cross Year, First Year, Kindergarten, Unit IV

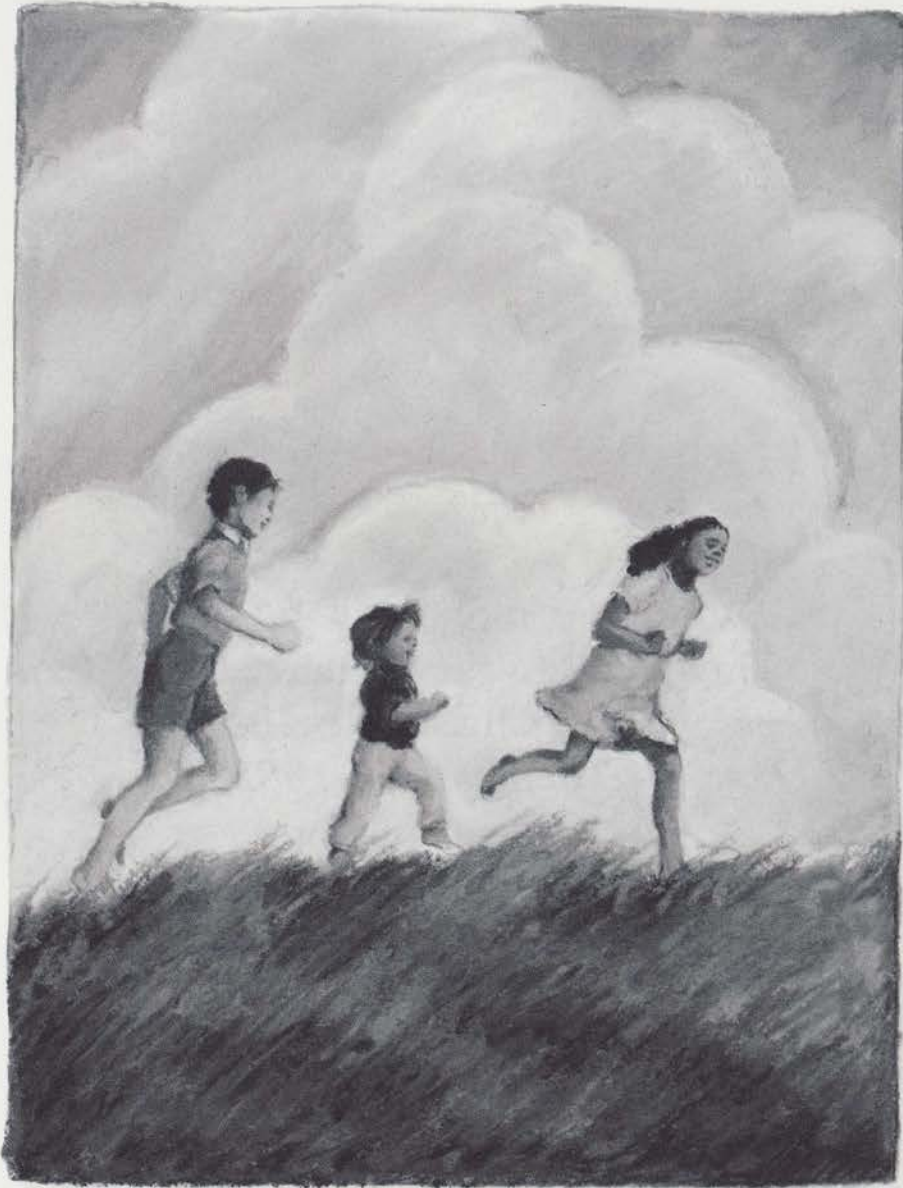
Jubilate

Be joyful in the Lord, all you lands;
serve the Lord with gladness
and come before his presence
with a song. . . .

—*The Hymnal 1982*, S-41



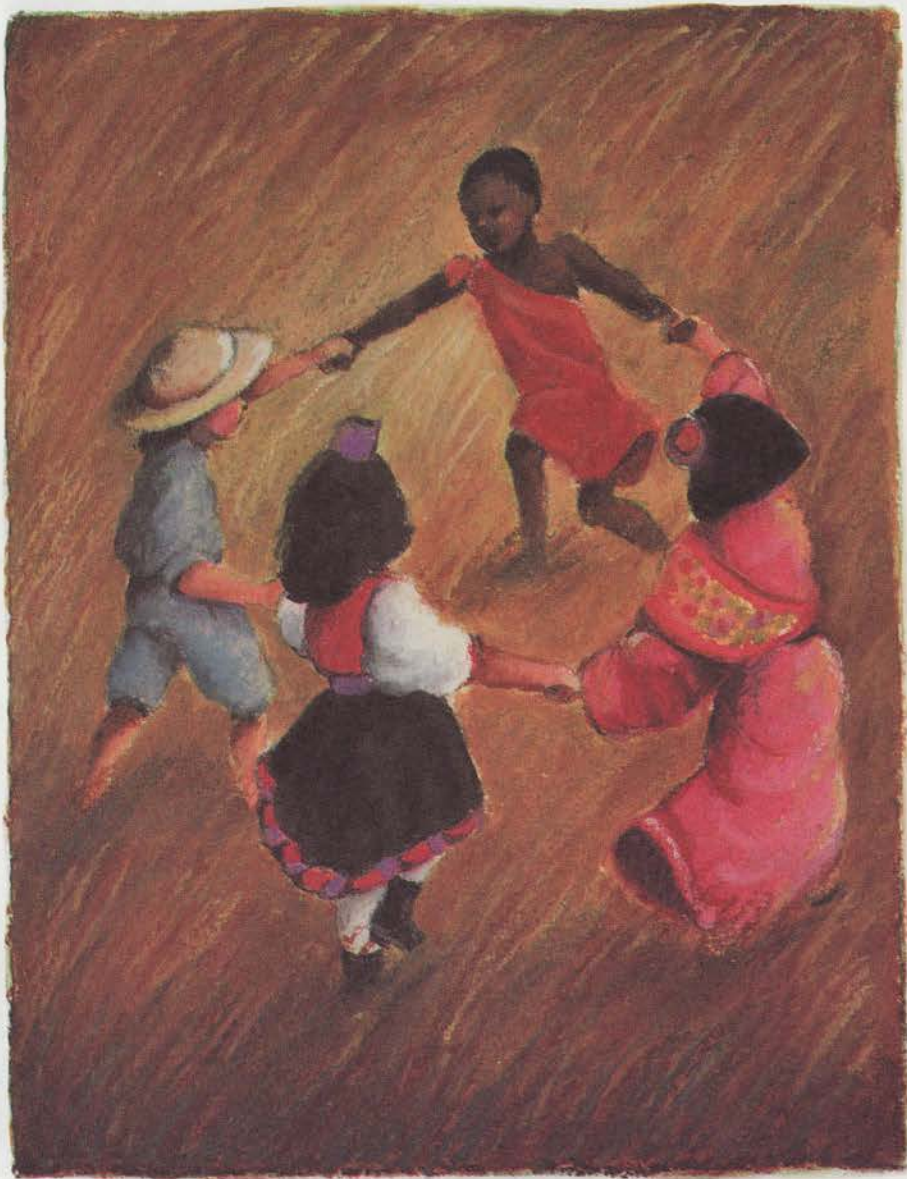
When morning gilds the skies
my heart awakening cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
—*The Hymnal 1982, 427*



Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
whose trust, ever childlike, no cares
could destroy,
be there at our waking, and give us, we
pray,
your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the
break of the day.

—*The Hymnal 1982*, 482

Jan Struther (1901-1953), from *Enlarged Songs of Praise*, 1931.
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Jesu, Jesu, fill us with your love,
show us how to serve
the neighbors we have from you.

Neighbors are rich and poor,
neighbors are black and white,
Neighbors are nearby and far away.

—*The Hymnal 1982*, 602
(refrain and stanza #2)

JESU, JESU, FILL US WITH YOUR LOVE

Words: Tom Colvin

Music: Ghana Folk Song, adapted by Tom Colvin

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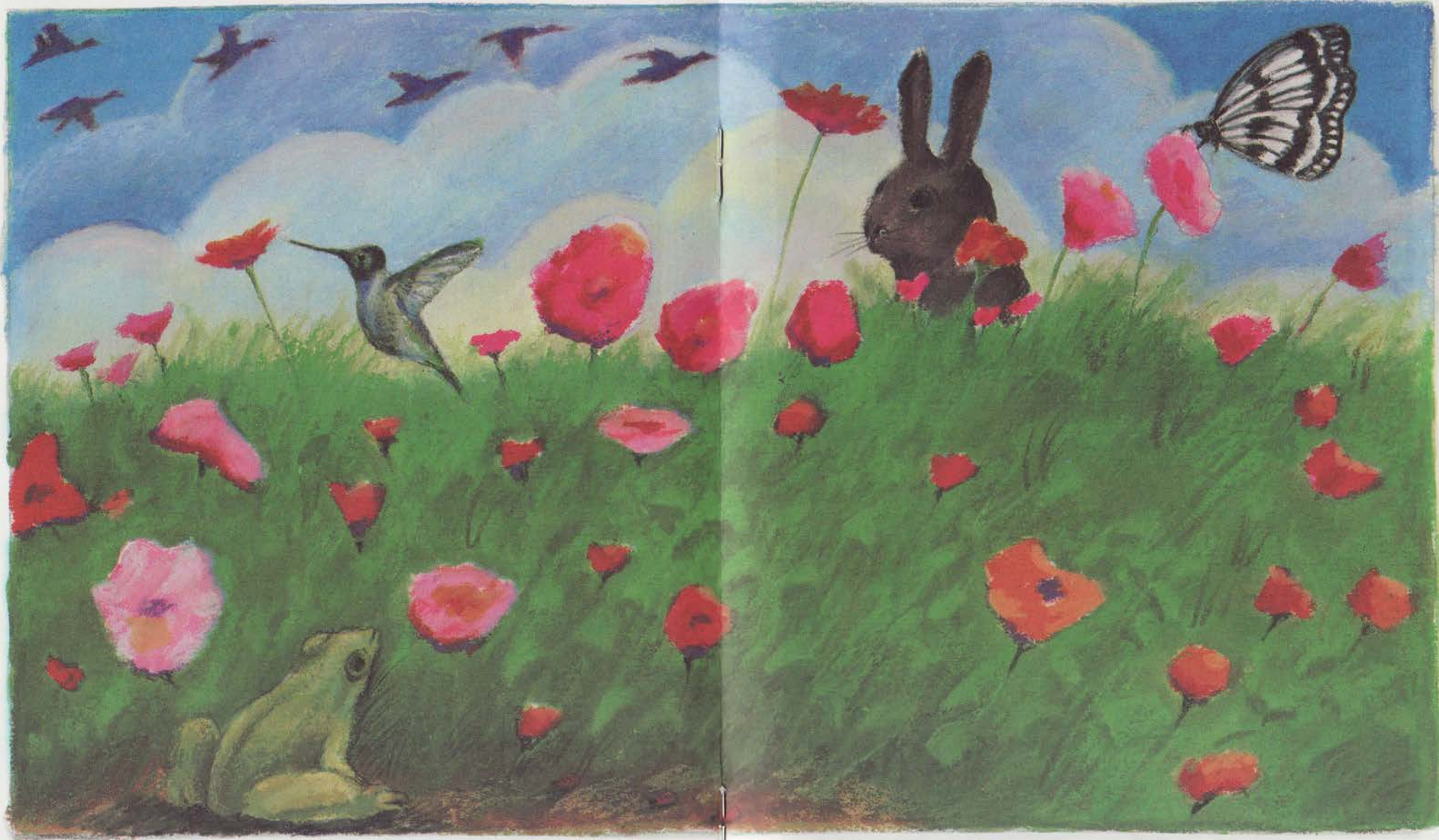
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Joyful, joyful, we adore thee,
God of glory, Lord of love;
hearts unfold like flowers before thee,
praising thee, their sun above.

—*The Hymnal 1982*, 376

Each little flower that opens,
all things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small,
all things that have the breath of life,
all praise to thee, O God, our Father.



All things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

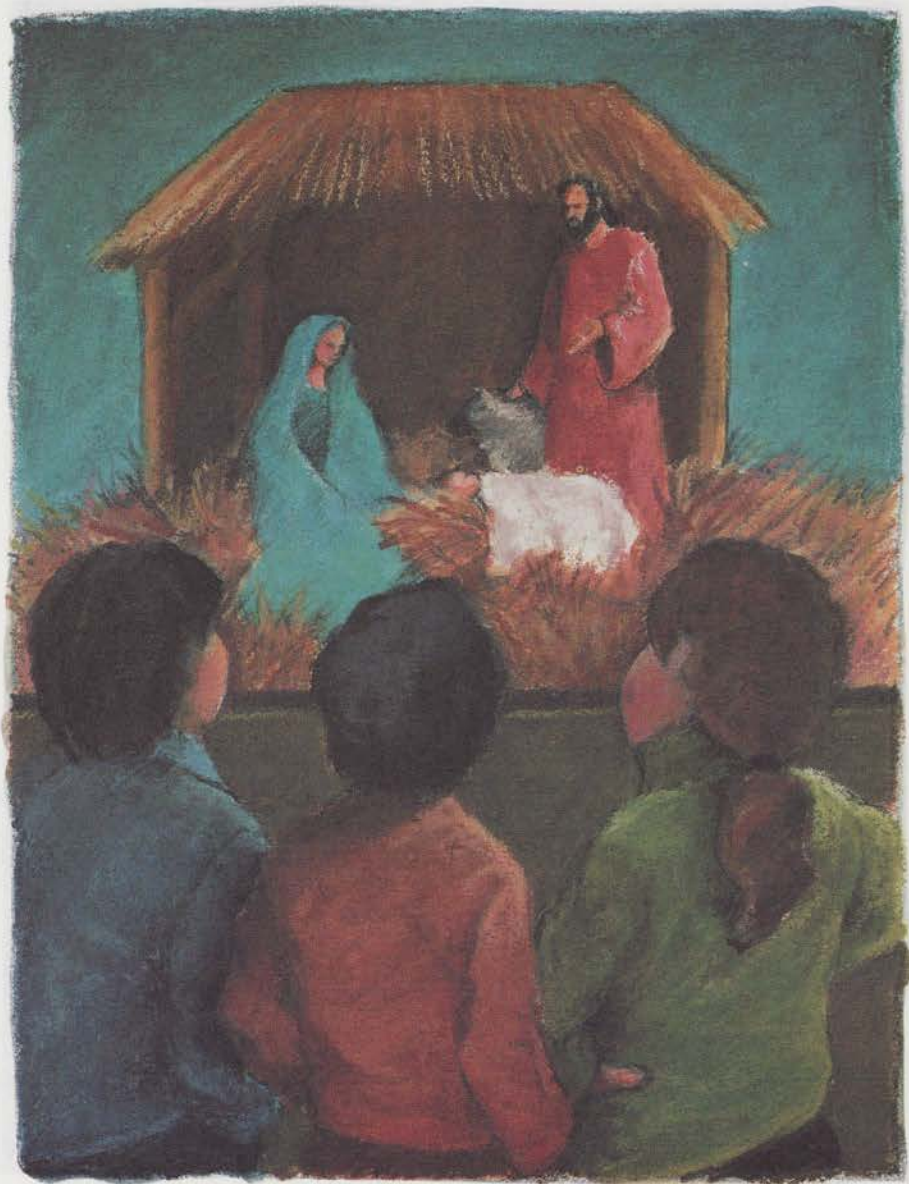
Each little flower that opens,
each little bird that sings,
he made their glowing colors,
he made their tiny wings.

—*The Hymnal 1982*, 405



Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening steal across the sky.
Jesus give the weary calm and sweet
 repose;
with the tenderest blessing may our eyelids
 close.

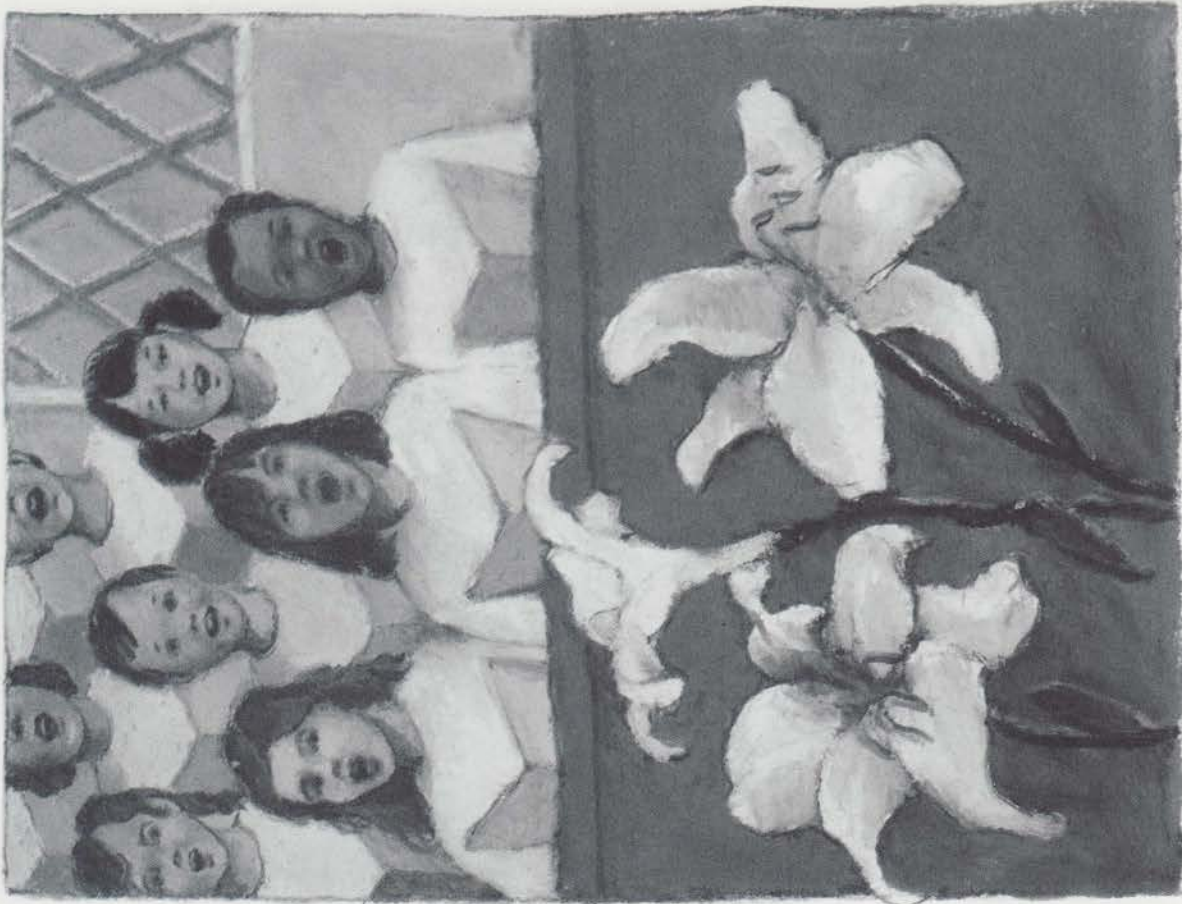
—*The Hymnal 1982*, 42



Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet
head.

The stars in the sky looked down where
he lay,
the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

—*The Hymnal 1982*, 101



Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
—*The Hymnal 1982*, 207



Hail thee, festival day! blest day that art
hallowed for ever, day when the Holy
Ghost
shone in the world with God's grace.

—*The Hymnal 1982*, 225



I sing a song of the saints of God,
patient and brave and true,
who toiled and fought and lived and died
for the Lord they loved and knew. . . .



You can meet them in school, or in lanes
or at sea,
in church, or in trains, or in shops,
or at tea,
for the saints of God are just folk like me,
and I mean to be one, too.

—*The Hymnal 1982, 293*

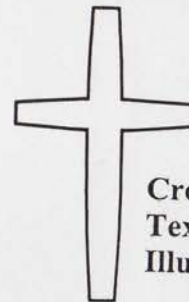
Let Us Sing

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