Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above

1 Sing praise to God who reigns above, the God of all
2 What God’s almighty power has made God’s gracious mercy
3 The Lord is never far away, but, through all grief
4 Thus all my toil-some way along I sing aloud

The regal divine imagery here will not be new to most singers, but some may not expect the third stanza’s image of God as mother. Yet it is part of God’s self-description in Isaiah 66:13. This Bohemian Brethren tune resembles both Genevan psalm tunes and French folk songs.
This canonic chant from the Taizé Community is based on the opening phrase of Mary’s song when she visited her relative Elizabeth, mother of John the Baptist (Luke 1:39–56). Both Eastern and Western churches have used the full text for many centuries as part of daily prayers.

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**TEXT:** Taizé Community, 1978

**MUSIC:** Jacques Berthier, 1978

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*MAY BE SUNG AS A CANON.*

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**MAGNIFICAT (TAIZÉ)**

Irregular

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Sing Out, My Soul

Magnificat

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mur-mur stilled: all is right: to God all praise and glory!

---

cho sen band: take your part:

---

Thanksgiving
Glory to God,
Whose Goodness Shines on Me

1 Glory to God, whose goodness shines on me,
   World without end, without end. Amen.

and to the Son, whose grace has pardoned me,
World without end, without end. Amen.

and to the Spirit, whose love has set me free,
World without end, without end. Amen.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. Amen.
Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

1 Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart,
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
5 Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou,

with sweet - ness fills my breast. But sweet - er far thy
nor can the mind re - call a sweet - er sound than
O joy of all the meek, to those who fall, how
nor tongue nor pen can show. The love of Je - sus,
as thou our prize wilt be. Je - sus, be thou our

face to see, and in thy pres - ence rest.
thy blest name, O Sav - ior of us all.
kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
what it is none but his loved ones know.
glo - ry now, and through e - ter - ni - ty.

The sweetness celebrated in this anonymous 12th-century Latin poem is not cloying or sentimental; it is more like an antidote to bitterness and a source of hope and healing. The best-known 19th-century translation is set here to a tune composed especially for these words.

MUSIC: John Bacchus Dykes, 1866, alt.

ST. AGNES
CM
Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Doxology

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise Christ, all people here below; praise Holy Spirit evermore; praise Triune God, whom we adore. Amen.

*Or "God"*
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1 A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never
fail-ing. Our help-er he, amid the flood of
mortal ills prevail-ing. For still our an-cient foe doth
seek to work us woe. His craft and power are great, and

2 Did we in our own strength con-fide, our striv-ing would be
los-ing, were not the right man on our side, the
dman of God’s own choos-ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ
Jes-sus, it is he. Lord Sab-a-oth his name, from
trem-ble not for him. His rage we can en-dure, for

3 And though this world, with dev-ils filled, should threat-en to un-
the flood of
truth to tri-umph through us. The Prince of Dark-ness grim, we
mor-tal life al-so. The bod-y they may kill; God’s

4 That word a-bove all earth-ly powers, no thanks to them, a-
our might placed on our side, God’s
strength is

TEXT: Martin Luther, 1529; trans. Frederick Henry Hedge, 1852
MUSIC: Martin Luther, 1529, alt.
armed with cruel hate, on earth is not his equal.
age to age the same, and he must win the battle.
lo, his doom is sure. One little word shall fell him.
truth abideth still. His kingdom is forever.