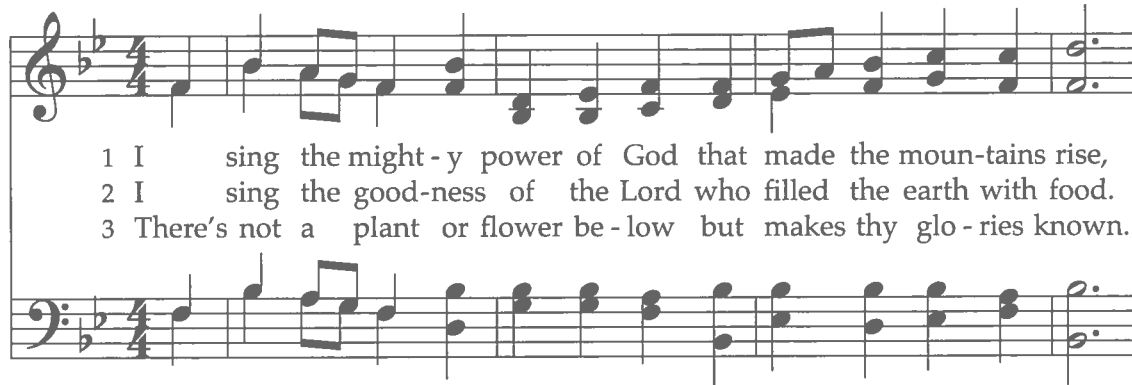
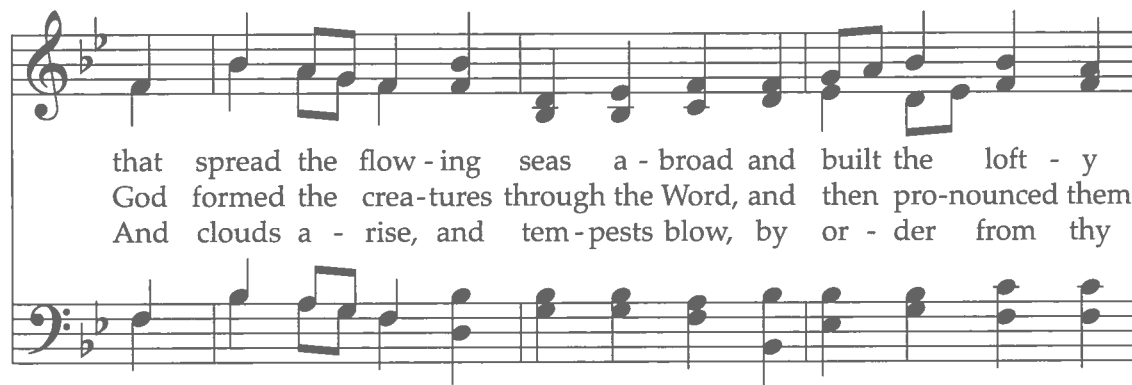


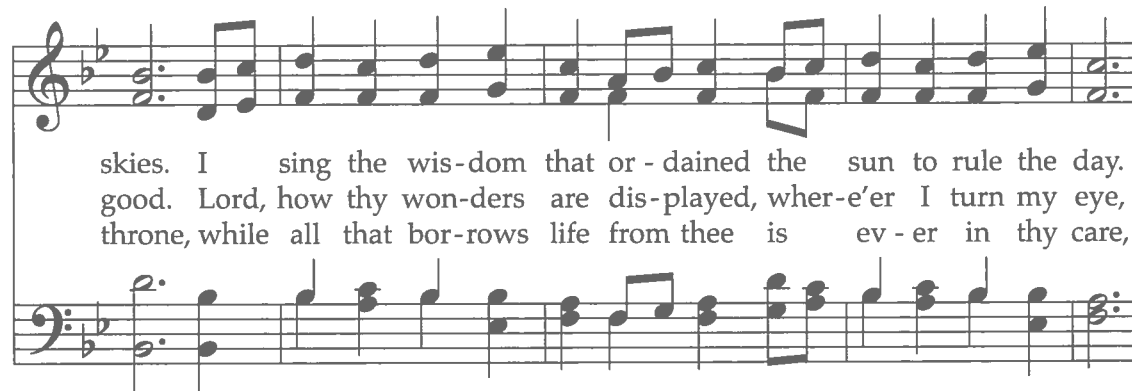
32 I Sing the Mighty Power of God



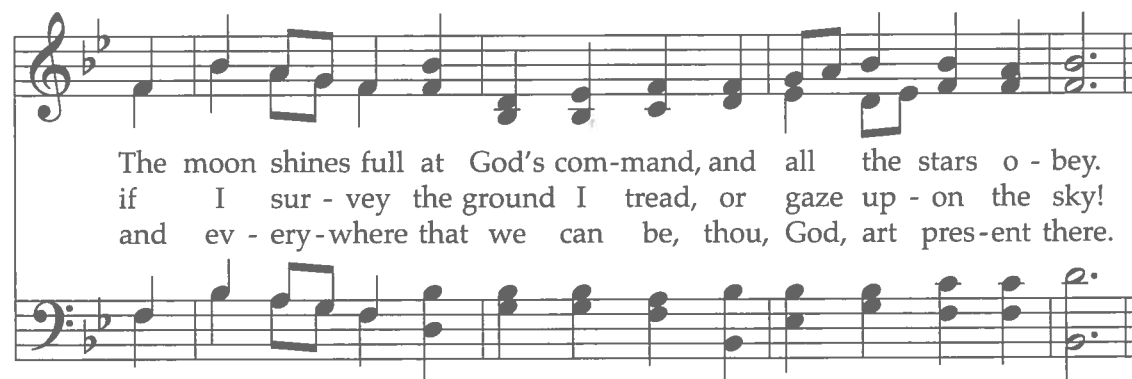
1 I sing the might - y power of God that made the moun - tains rise,
 2 I sing the good - ness of the Lord who filled the earth with food.
 3 There's not a plant or flower be - low but makes thy glo - ries known.



that spread the flow - ing seas a - broad and built the loft - y
 God formed the crea - tures through the Word, and then pro - nounced them
 And clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow, by or - der from thy



skies. I sing the wis - dom that or - dained the sun to rule the day.
 good. Lord, how thy won - ders are dis - played, wher - e'er I turn my eye,
 throne, while all that bor - rows life from thee is ev - er in thy care,



The moon shines full at God's com - mand, and all the stars o - bey.
 if I sur - vey the ground I tread, or gaze up - on the sky!
 and ev - ery - where that we can be, thou, God, art pres - ent there.

With minimal revision this text brings together six of the eight four-line stanzas in an 18th-century hymn written for children and originally headed "Praise for Creation and Providence." The anonymous German tune provides a fitting sense of breadth and wonder.

My Shepherd Will Supply My Need 803

(Psalm 23)



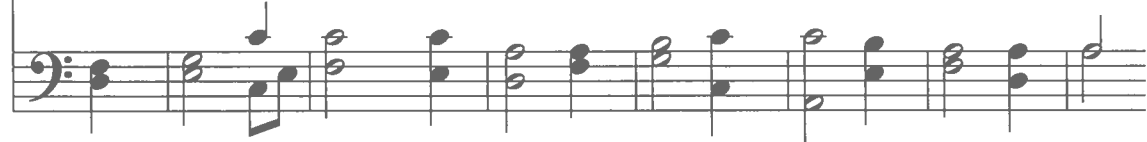
1 My shep-herd will sup - ply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name.
 2 When I walk through the shades of death your pres-ence is my stay;
 3 The sure pro - vi - sions of my God at - tend me all my days;



In pas - tures fresh he makes me feed, be - side the liv - ing stream.
 one word of your sup - port - ing breath drives all my fears a - way.
 O may your house be my a - bode, and all my work be praise.



He brings my wan - dering spir - it back when I for - sake his ways,
 Your hand, in sight of all my foes, does still my ta - ble spread;
 There would I find a set - tled rest, while oth - ers go and come;



and leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, in paths of truth and grace.
 my cup with bless - ings o - ver - flows; your oil a - noints my head.
 no more a strang - er, or a guest, but like a child at home.



The effectiveness of this beloved paraphrase of Psalm 23 owes much to the flowing shape note melody that serves as a "living stream" to carry the text, which in turn has been given a remarkable clarity and lightness through the poet's masterful use of single-syllable words.

Lift High the Cross

826

Refrain

Descant

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim

till all the world a - dore his sa - cred name. *Fine*

till all the world a - dore his sa - cred name.

1 Come, Chris - tians, fol - low where our Sav - ior trod,
 2 All new - born ser - vants of the Cru - ci - fied
 3 O Lord, once lift - ed on the glo - rious tree,
 4 So shall our song of tri - umph ev - er be:

the Lamb vic - to - rious, Christ, the Son of God.
 bear on their brow the seal of Christ who died.
 your death has brought us life e - ter - nal - ly.
 praise to the Cru - ci - fied for vic - to - ry.

to Refrain

This majestic hymn celebrates the paradox that for Christians a means of painful death has been transformed into a symbol of renewed life; a sign of defeat has become an emblem of victory. With the cross traced on our foreheads at baptism we are marked as Christ's own forever.