

O God, Almighty Father



1. O God, al-might-y Fa-ther, Cre-a-tor of all things, The
 2. O Je-sus, Word in-car-nate, Re-deem-er most a-dored, All
 3. O God, the Ho-ly Spir-it, Who lives with-in our soul, Send



heav-ens stand in won-der, While earth your glo-ry sings.
 glo-ry, praise, and hon-or Be yours, O sov-er-ign Lord.
 forth your light and lead us To our e-ter-nal goal.



O most ho-ly Trin-i-ty, Un-di-vid-ed u-ni-ty,



Ho-ly God, might-y God, God im-mor-tal be a-dored!

Text: *Gott Vater sei gepriesen*; anon; tr. by Irvin Udulutsch, OFM Cap., 1920–2010, alt. © 1959, 1977, Order of Saint Benedict, admin. Liturgical Press
 Tune: *GOTT VATER SEI GEPRIESEN*, 7 6 7 6 with refrain; *Limburg Gesangbuch*, 1838; harm. by Healey Willan, 1880–1968

We Walk by Faith



1., 5. We walk by faith, and not by sight; No
 2. We may not touch his hands and side, Nor
 3. Help then, O Lord, our un-be-lief; And
 4. That, when our life of faith is done, In



gra-cious words we hear From him who spoke as
 fol-low where he trod; But in his prom-ise
 may our faith a-bound To call on you when
 realms of clear-er light We may be-hold you



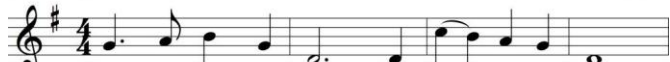
none e'er spoke; But we be-lieve him near.
 we re-joice, And cry, "My Lord and God!"
 you are near, And seek where you are found:
 as you are, With full and end-less sight.

Text: Henry Alford, 1810–1871, alt.
 Tune: SHANTI, CM; Marty Haugen, b.1950, © 1984, GIA Publications, Inc.

I WILL PRAISE YOUR NAME

Psalm 145

David Haas



I will praise your name, my King and my God.



I will praise your name, my King and my God.

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Holy God, We Praise Thy Name



1. Ho-ly God, we praise thy name;
 2. Hark! the loud ce-less-tial hymn
 3. Lo, the ap-os-tol-ic train
 4. Ho-ly Fa-ther, Ho-ly Son,



Lord of all, we bow be-fore thee!
 An-gel choirs a-bove are rais-ing;
 Joins, the sa-cred name to hal-low;
 Ho-ly Spir-it, Three we name thee;



All on earth thy scep-ter claim,
 Cher-u-bim and Ser-a-phem,
 Proph-ets swell the loud re-frain,
 While in es-sence on-ly One,



All in heav'n a-bove a-dore thee;
 In un-ceas-ing cho-rus prais-ing;
 And the white-robed mar-tyrs fol-low;
 Un-di-vid-ed God we claim thee;



In-fi-nite thy vast do-main,
 Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac-cord;
 And from morn to set-ting sun,
 And a-dor-ing bend the knee,



Ev-er-last-ing is thy reign,
 "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!"
 Through the Church the song goes on.
 While we own the mys-ter-y.

Repeat ad lib.

Text: *Grosser Gott, wir loben dich*; ascr. to Ignaz Franz, 1719–1790; tr. by Clarence Walworth, 1820–1900
 Tune: *GROSSER GOTT*, 7 8 7 8 7 7; *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Vienna, c.1774

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