

Welcome to Matins for **Thursday (Week 4)**. The Service for Matins can be found on p131-141 in the Lutheran Book of Worship (LBW). The Psalm for this morning is **Psalm 147:13-21 on page 287-8**. The hymn is **#548**.

PSALM 147:13-21 (*The cantor will speak / sing the antiphon. The psalm will be spoken / sung in unison.*)

ANTIPHON

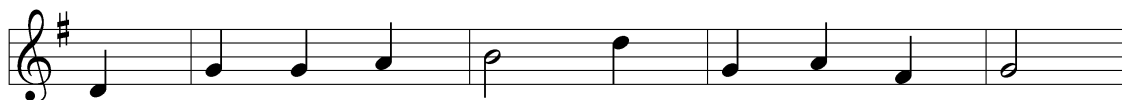
Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem.

- ¹³Worship the LORD, | O Jerusalem;*
praise your | God, O Zion;
- ¹⁴for he has strengthened the bars | of your gates;*
he has blessed your chil- | dren within you.
- ¹⁵He has established peace | on your borders;*
he satisfies you with the | finest wheat.
- ¹⁶He sends out his command | to the earth,*
and his word runs | very swiftly.
- ¹⁷He gives | snow like wool;*
he scatters hoar- | frost like ashes.
- ¹⁸He scatters his | hail like bread crumbs.*
Who can stand a- | gainst his cold?
- ¹⁹He sends forth his | word and melts them;*
he blows with his wind, and the | waters flow.
- ²⁰He declares his | word to Jacob,*
his statutes and his judg- | ments to Israel.
- ²¹He has not done so to any | other nation;*
to them he has not revealed his judgments. | Hallelujah!

ANTIPHON

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem.

Oh, Worship the King



1 Oh, wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove.
2 Oh, tell of his might; oh, sing of his grace,
3 The earth with its store of won - ders un - told,
4 Your boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite?



Oh, grate - ful - ly sing his pow'r and his love;
whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space;
Al - might - y, your pow'r has found - ed of old;
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,



our shield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,
his char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form,
es - tab - lished it fast by a change-less de - cree,
it streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,



pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
and round it has cast, like a man - tle, the sea.
and sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
in you do we trust, nor find you to fail;
your mercies, how tender, how firm to the end,
our maker, defender, redeemer, and friend.

6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
while angels delight to hymn you above,
the humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
with true adoration shall sing to your praise.

Text: Robert Grant, 1779–1838, alt.
Music: HANOVER, William Croft, 1678–1727

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