

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost



1. When walk-ing by the lake-side, there the Mas - ter saw two
2. The nets were full to break-ing, and they dragged their catch to
3. The one who shall sow spar-ing - ly will reap a small re -



boats. At his re - quest, the own - er Si - mon sailed him
land. Then Si - mon said, "O leave me Lord, for I'm a
ward; If boun - ti - ful, then great will be the bles - sings



out from shore. There, seat-ed, Je - sus taught the crowds; then
sin - ful man." The Lord re - plied, "Be not a - fraid. From
of the Lord! Be neith-er sad nor grudg-ing in your



said, "Put out to sea; Cast out your nets this one time
this time on, you'll see Your catch will not be fish, but
giv - ing, for we know God loves a cheer-ful giv - er!



more, the works of God you'll see."
men! Leave all and fol - low me."
Thus we serve him, high and low.

Text: J. Michael Thompson, based on Luke 5: 1-11 (vv. 1-2), 2 Corinthians 9: 6-11 (v. 3)

Melody: *Pod tvoј pokrov / We hasten to your patronage* (traditional)