

Hymns

Gathering: 366 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling;
all thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
pure, unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation;
enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
into every troubled breast;
let us all in thee inherit;
let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
end of faith, as its beginning,
set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty, to deliver;
let us all thy life receive;
suddenly return, and never,
nevermore thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above,
pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation;
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation
perfectly restored in thee:
changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

The Word: 531 Seed, Scattered and Sown

Seed, scattered and sown,
Wheat, gathered and grown,
Bread, broken and shared as one,
The Living bread of God.
Vine, fruit of the land, wine,
Work of our hands, one cup that is
Shared by all; the Living Cup,
The Living Bread of God. (cont)

Is not the bread we break,
A sharing in our Lord?
Is not the cup we bless,
The blood of Christ outpoured?

The seed which falls on rock
Will wither and will die,
The seed within good ground
Will flower and have life.

As wheat upon the hills
Was gathered and was grown,
So may the Church of God
Be gathered into one

The Sanctus

Holy, Holy, Holy

Santo, santo, santo

595

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly. My heart, my heart a - dores you!
San - to, san - to, san - to. ¡Mi co - ra - zón te a - do - ra!

My heart knows how to say to you: you are ho - ly, Lord!
Mi co - ra - zón te sa - be de - cir: ¡San - to e - res, Se - ñor!

Sending: 803 My Shepherd Will Supply My Need

My shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name.
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
beside the living stream.
He brings my wandering spirit back
when I forsake his ways,
and leads me, for his mercy's sake,
in paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death
your presence is my stay;
one word of your supporting breath
drives all my fears away.
Your hand, in sight of all my foes,
does still my table spread;
my cup with blessings overflows;
your oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
attend me all my days;
O may your house be my abode,
and all my work be praise.
There would I find a settled rest,
while others go and come;
no more a stranger, or a guest,
but like a child at home.