

HYMN OF THE DAY

All Things of Dust to Dust Return

ACS 920



1 All things of dust to dust re - turn on earth and in the sky.
 2 Lord, mark with dust and ash my brow so I may com-pre-hend
 3 Lord, mark up - on my brow this sign: a stark and bar-ren cross



The hot - test, bright - est suns that burn in time grow dim and die.
 that ev - 'ry mo - ment here and now links me to that same end
 re - mind-ing me that though di - vine you know my pain and loss,



The fish that leap, the birds that soar, the new-born young that play,
 I share with all that breathe and burn, that flare and fade and tire
 and at the touch of dust and ash a - wake my heart to view



the leaves that fill the for - est floor re - vert to dust and clay.
 yet by their wan - ing light dis-cern your own un - dy - ing fire.
 how death it - self is but a flash that dies a - way in you.

Text: Thomas H. Troeger, b. 1945

Music: THIRD MODE MELODY, Thomas Tallis, 1505–1585

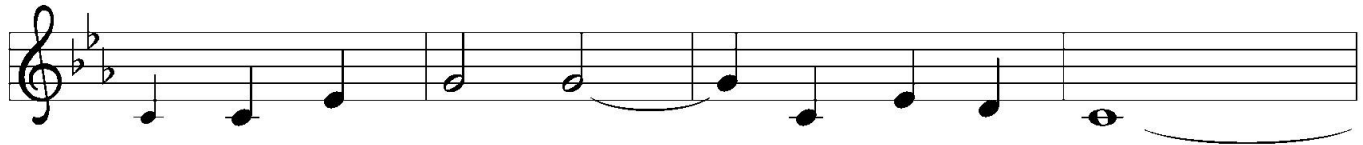
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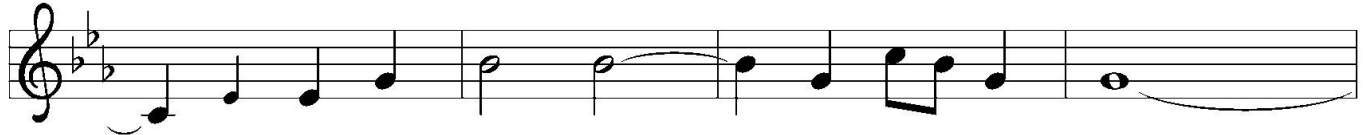
DISTRIBUTION HYMN

I Want Jesus to Walk with Me

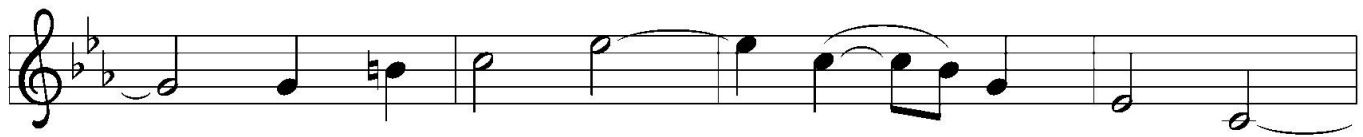
ELW 325



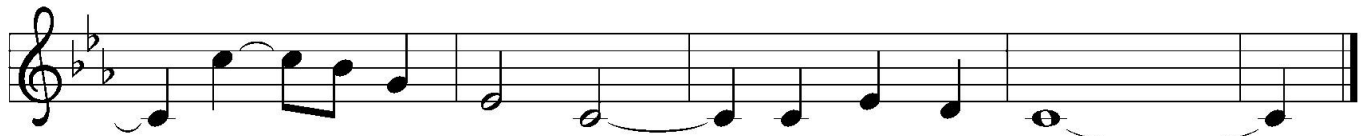
1 I want Je - sus to walk with me;
 2 In my tri - als, Lord, walk with me;
 3 When I'm in trou - ble, Lord, walk with me;



I want Je - sus to walk with me;
 in my tri - als, Lord, walk with me;
 when I'm in trou - ble, Lord, walk with me;



all a - long my pil - grim jour - ney,
 when my heart is al - most break - ing,
 when my head is bowed in sor - row,



Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.
 Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.
 Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.

Text: African American spiritual
 Music: SOJOURNER, African American spiritual

SENDING HYMN

Bless Now, O God, the Journey

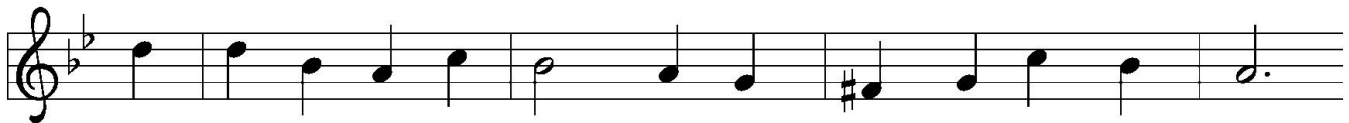
ELW 326



1 Bless now, O God, the jour - ney that all your peo - ple make,
 2 Bless so - journ-ers and pil - grims who share this wind-ing way;
 3 Di - vine e - ter - nal lov - er, you meet us on the road.



the path through noise and si - lence, the way of give and take.
 your hope burns through the ter - rors, your love sus-tains the day.
 We wait for lands of prom - ise where milk and hon - ey flow,



The trail is found in des - ert and winds the moun-tain round,
 We yearn for ho - ly free - dom while of - ten we are bound;
 but wait-ing not for plac - es, you meet us all a - round.



then leads be - side still wa - ters, the road where faith is found.
 to - geth - er we are seek - ing the road where faith is found.
 Our cov - e - nant is writ - ten on roads, as faith is found.

Text: Sylvia G. Dunstan, 1955–1993

Music: LLANGLOFFAN, Welsh tune, 19th cent.

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