

## BAPTISMAL HYMN

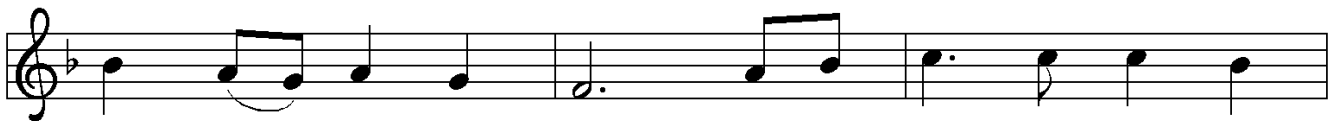
All Are Welcome | ELW 641



1 Let us build a house where love can dwell and all can safe - ly  
 2 Let us build a house where proph-ets speak, and words are strong and  
 3 Let us build a house where love is found in wa - ter, wine and  
 4 Let us build a house where hands will reach be - yond the wood and  
 5 Let us build a house where all are named, their songs and vi - sions



live, a place where saints and chil - dren tell how  
 true, where all God's chil - dren dare to seek to  
 wheat: a ban - quet hall on ho - ly ground where  
 stone to heal and strength - en, serve and teach, and  
 heard and loved and trea - sured, taught and claimed as



hearts learn to for - give. Built of hopes and dreams and  
 dream God's reign a - new. Here the cross shall stand as  
 peace and jus - tice meet. Here the love of God, through  
 live the Word they've known. Here the out - cast and the  
 words with - in the Word. Built of tears and cries and



vi - sions, rock of faith and vault of grace; here the love of  
 wit - ness and as sym - bol of God's grace; here as one we  
 Je - sus, is re - vealed in time and space; as we share in  
 strang-er bear the im - age of God's face; let us bring an  
 laugh-ter, prayers of faith and songs of grace, let this house pro -



Christ shall end di - vi - sions:  
 claim the faith of Je - sus:  
 Christ the feast that frees us: All are wel - come,  
 end to fear and dan - ger:  
 claim from floor to raf - ter:



## HYMN OF THE DAY

Now the Green Blade Rises | ELW 379



1 Now the green blade ris - es from the bur - ied grain,  
 2 In the grave they laid him, love by ha - tred slain,  
 3 Forth he came at Eas - ter like the ris - en grain,  
 4 When our hearts are win - try, griev - ing, or in pain,



wheat that in dark earth man - y days has lain;  
 think - ing that he would nev - er wake a - gain,  
 he that for three days in the grave had lain;  
 your touch can call us back to life a - gain,



love lives a - gain, that with the dead has been;  
 laid in the earth like grain that sleeps un - seen;  
 raised from the dead, my liv - ing Lord is seen;  
 fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been;



love is come a - gain like wheat a - ris - ing green.

Text: John MacLeod Campbell Crum, 1872–1958

Music: NOËL NOUVELET, French carol

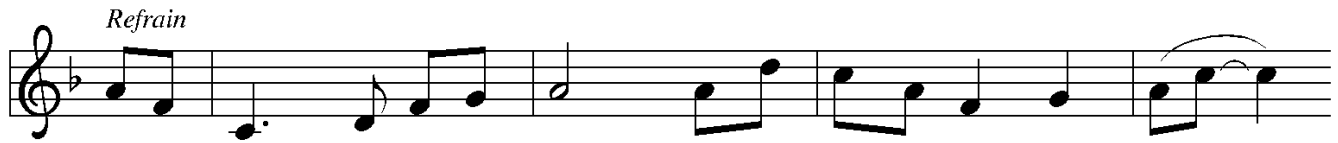
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## DISTRIBUTION HYMN

I Received the Living God | ELW 477

*Refrain*




I re - ceived the liv - ing God, and my heart is full of joy.



I re - ceived the liv - ing God, and my heart is full of joy.



- 1 Je - sus said: I am the bread, knead - ed long to give you life;
- 2 Je - sus said: I am the way, and my Fa - ther longs for you;
- 3 Je - sus said: I am the truth; come and fol - low close to me.
- 4 Je - sus said: I am the life, far from whom no thing can grow,



*Refrain*

you who will par - take of me need not ev - er fear to die.  
 so I come to bring you home to be one with us a - new.  
 You will know me in your heart, and my word shall make you free.  
 but re - ceive this liv - ing bread, and my Spir - it you shall know.

Text: Anonymous  
 Music: LIVING GOD, Anonymous

## SENDING HYMN

Hallelujah! Jesus Lives! | ELW 380



1 Hal-le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives! He is now the Liv - ing One;  
 2 Je - sus lives! Why do you weep? Why that sad and mourn - ful sigh?  
 3 Je - sus lives! And thus, my soul, life e - ter - nal waits for you;  
 4 Je - sus lives! Let all re - joice. Praise him, ran - somed of the earth.  
 5 Hal-le - lu - jah! An - gels, sing! Join with us in hymns of praise.



from the gloom-y halls of death Christ, the con - quer - or, has gone,  
 Christ who died our broth - er here lives our broth - er still on high,  
 joined to Christ, your liv - ing head, where he is, you shall be too;  
 Praise him in a no - bler song, cher - u - bim of heav'n-ly birth.  
 Let your cho - rus swell the strain which our fee - bler voic - es raise:



bright fore - run - ner to the skies of his peo - ple, yet to rise.  
 lives for - ev - er to be - stow bless - ings on his church be - low.  
 with the Lord, at God's right hand, as a vic - tor you shall stand.  
 Praise the vic - tor king, whose sway sin and death and hell o - bey.  
 Glo - ry to our God a - bove and on earth his peace and love!

Text: Carl B. Garve, 1763–1841; tr. Jane L. Borthwick, 1813–1897, alt.  
 Music: FRED TIL BOD, Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1812–1887

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