

GATHERING HYMN

Shall We Gather at the River | ELW 423



- 1 Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, where bright an - gel feet have trod,
- 2 On the mar - gin of the riv - er, wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
- 3 Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
- 4 Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, soon our pil - grim - age will cease;



with its crys - tal tide for - ev - er flow - ing by the throne of God?
 we will walk and wor - ship ev - er, all the hap - py gold - en day.
 grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, and pro - vide a robe and crown.
 soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er with the mel - o - dy of peace.

Refrain

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, the beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;



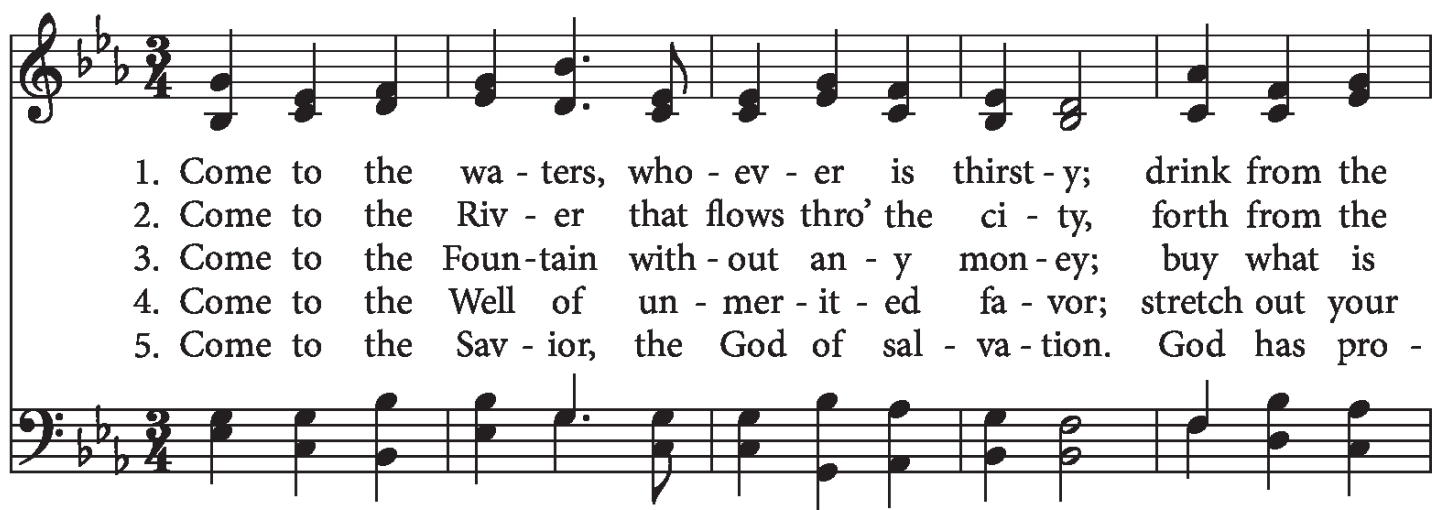
gath - er with the saints at the riv - er that flows by the throne of God.

Text: Robert Lowry, 1826–1899

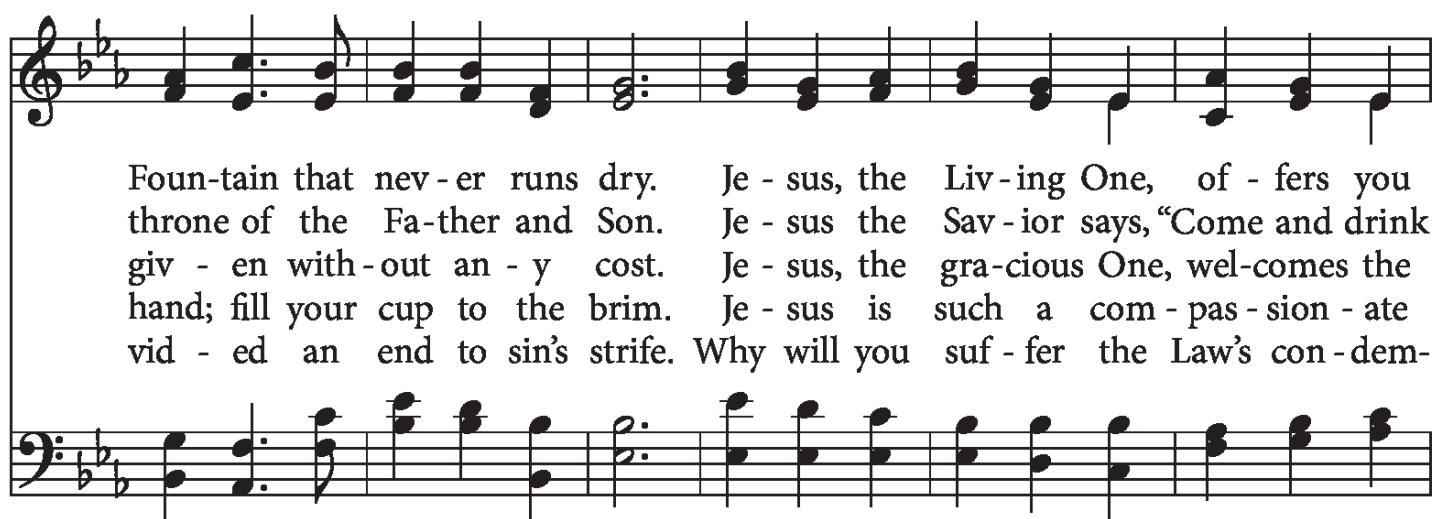
Music: HANSON PLACE, Robert Lowry

HYMN OF THE DAY

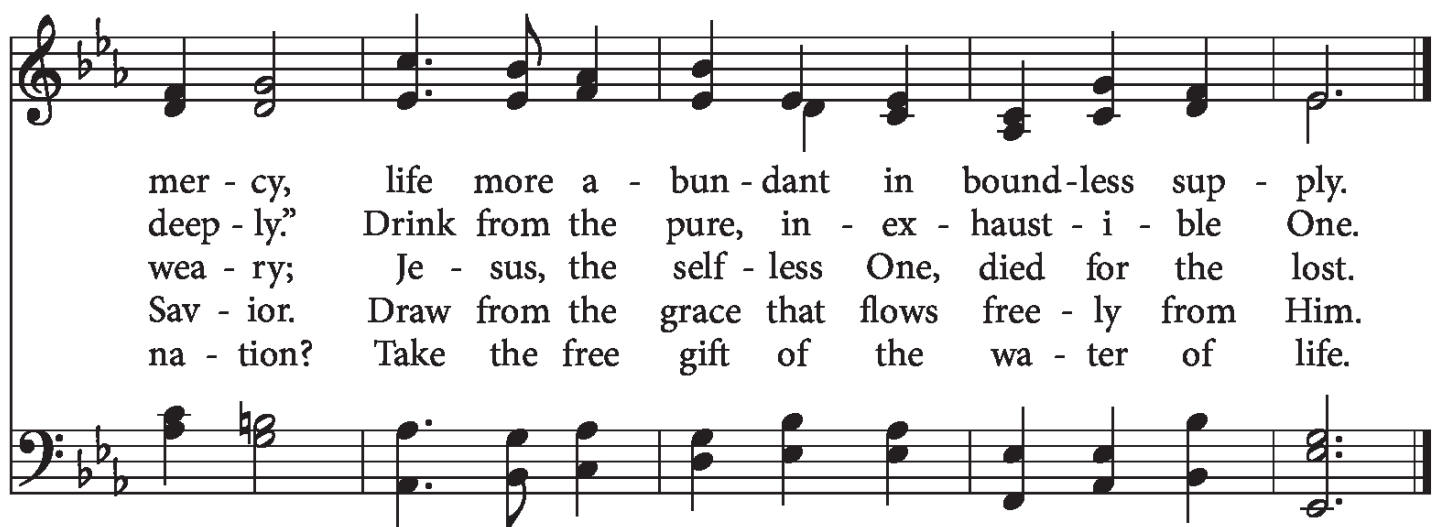
Come to the Waters, verse 1, 2, & 4



1. Come to the wa - ters, who - ev - er is thirst - y; drink from the
 2. Come to the Riv - er that flows thro' the ci - ty, forth from the
 3. Come to the Foun - tain with - out an - y mon - ey; buy what is
 4. Come to the Well of un - mer - it - ed fa - vor; stretch out your
 5. Come to the Sav - ior, the God of sal - va - tion. God has pro -



Foun - tain that nev - er runs dry. Je - sus, the Liv - ing One, of - fers you
 throne of the Fa - ther and Son. Je - sus the Sav - ior says, "Come and drink
 giv - en with - out an - y cost. Je - sus, the gra - cious One, wel - comes the
 hand; fill your cup to the brim. Je - sus is such a com - pas - sion - ate
 vid - ed an end to sin's strife. Why will you suf - fer the Law's con - dem -



mer - cy, life more a - bun - dant in bound - less sup - ply.
 deep - ly." Drink from the pure, in - ex - haust - i - ble One.
 wea - ry; Je - sus, the self - less One, died for the lost.
 Sav - ior. Draw from the grace that flows free - ly from Him.
 na - tion? Take the free gift of the wa - ter of life.

DISTRIBUTION HYMN

Many and Great, O God | ELW 837



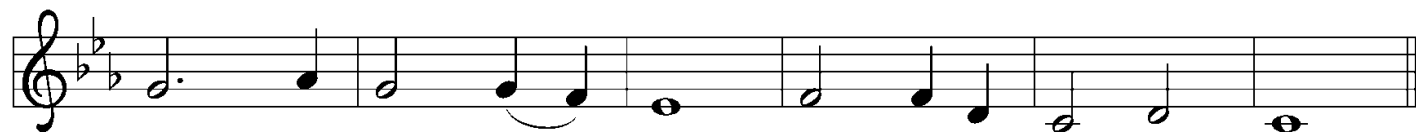
Wa - kan-tan - ka ta - ku ni - ta - wa tan - ka - ya
 1 Man - y and great, O God, are your works, mak - er of
 2 Grant un - to us com-mu - nion with you, O Star - a -



qa o - ta. Ma - hpi - ya kin e - ya - hna - ke ca,
 earth and sky. Your hands have set the heav'ns with stars;
 bid - ing One. Come un - to us and dwell with us;



ma - ka kin he du - o - wan - ca. Mni - o - wan
 your fin-gers spread the moun - tains and plains. Lo, at your
 with you are found the gifts of . . . life. Bless us with



ca - sbe - ya - wan-ke cin, he - na o - ya - ki - hi.
 word the wa - ters were formed; deep seas o - bey your voice.
 life that has no . . . end, e - ter-nal life with you.

Text: Joseph R. Renville, 1779–1846; para. Philip Frazier, 1892–1964, alt.

Music: LAC QUI PARLE, Dakota tune

SENDING HYMN

Let Streams of Living Justice | ELW 710



1 Let streams of liv - ing jus - tice flow down up - on the earth;
 2 For heal - ing of the na - tions, for peace that will not end,
 3 Your ci - ty's built to mu - sic; we are the stones you seek;
 give free - dom's light to cap - tives, let all the poor have worth.
 for love that makes us lov - ers, God grant us grace to mend.
 your har - mo - ny is lan - guage; we are the words you speak.

The hun - gry's hands are plead - ing, the work - ers claim their rights,
 Weave our var - ied gifts to - geth - er; knit our lives as they are spun;
 Our faith we find in ser - vice, our hope in oth - ers' dreams,
 the mourn - ers long for laugh - ter, the blind - ed seek for sight.
 on your loom of time en - roll us till our thread of life is run.
 our love in hand of neigh - bor; our home - land bright - ly gleams.

Make lib - er - ty a bea - con, strike down the i - ron pow'r;
 O great weav - er of our fab - ric, bind church and world in one;
 In - scribe our hearts with jus - tice; your way—the path un - tried;
 a - bol - ish an - cient ven - geance: pro - claim your peo - ple's hour.
 dye our tex - ture with your ra - diance, light our col - ors with your sun.
 your truth—the heart of strang - er; your life—the Cru - ci - fied.

Text: William Whitla, b. 1934

Music: THAXTED, Gustav Holst, 1874–1934

Text © 1989 William Whitla.

Permission to reprint, podcast, and/or stream the music in this service is
 obtained from ONE LICENSE #A-722821 and CCLI #21945303 & #21945310.