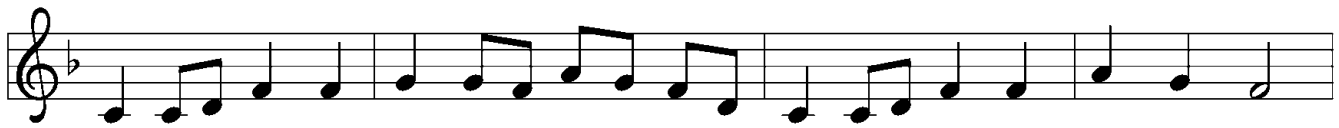


GATHERING HYMN

All Who Hunger, Gather Gladly | ELW 461



- 1 All who hun-ger, gath-er glad - ly; ho - ly man - na is our bread.
2 All who hun-ger, nev - er strang - ers; seek - er, be a wel - come guest.
3 All who hun-ger, sing to - geth - er, Je - sus Christ is liv - ing bread.



Come from wil - der - ness and wan - d'ring. Here in truth we will be fed.
Come from rest - less - ness and roam - ing. Here in joy we keep the feast.
Come from lone - li - ness and long - ing. Here in peace we have been fed.



You that yearn for days of full - ness, all a - round us is our food.
We that once were lost and scat - tered in com - mu - nion's love have stood.
Blest are those who from this ta - ble live their days in grat - i - tude.



Taste and see the grace e - ter - nal. Taste and see that God is good.
Taste and see the grace e - ter - nal. Taste and see that God is good.
Taste and see the grace e - ter - nal. Taste and see that God is good.

Text: Sylvia G. Dunstan, 1955–1993

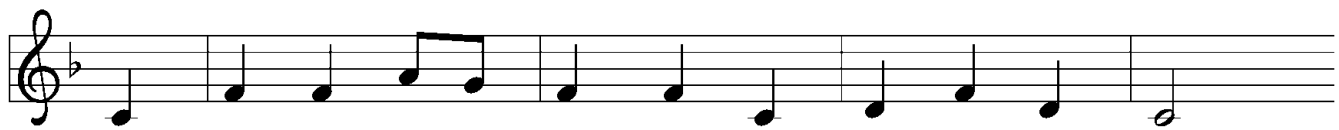
Music: HOLY MANNA, W. Moore, *Columbian Harmony*, 1825

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HYMN OF THE DAY

As Rain from the Clouds | ELW 508



1 As rain from the clouds will your word come to earth,
 2 As grain that is scat - tered your word has been sown
 3 As rays of the sun shall your word light the world,



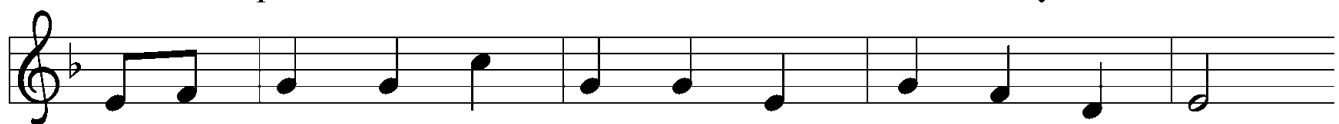
as snow from the heav - ens re - fresh - ing the land.
 on rocks and on road - ways, in good earth and sand.
 a - wak - ing and warm - ing and heal - ing our land.



Then soft - en our soil that the good seed may grow
 Make fer - tile our soil that the good seed may grow
 Then shine in our hearts that the good seed may grow



and rip - en rich fruit to re - turn to your hand.
 and rip - en rich fruit to re - turn to your hand.
 and rip - en rich fruit to re - turn to your hand.



We praise you, our God, for the dew of your word;
 We praise you, our God, for the seed of your word;
 We praise you, our God, for the light of your word;



(1-3) we thank you, good gar - d'ner, for your ten - der toil.



(1-3) We bless you, best farm - er, for hun - dred - fold yield,



(1-3) for har - vest of grace in our once - bar - ren soil.

Text: Delores Dufner, OSB, b. 1939

Music: AFTON WATER, Jonathan E. Spilman, 1812–1896

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DISTRIBUTION HYMN

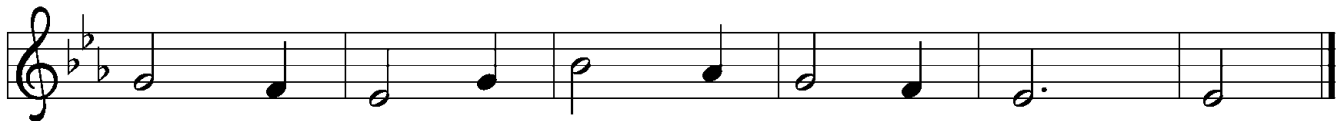
The King of Love My Shepherd Is | ELW 520



- 1 The King of love my shep - herd is, whose good - ness
- 2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, my ran - somed
- 3 Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, but yet in
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill, with thee, dear



- fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
soul he lead - eth and, where the ver - dant
love he sought me, and on his shoul - der
Lord, be - side me, thy rod and staff my



- I am his and he is mine for - ev - er.
pas - tures grow, with food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
gent - ly laid, and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
com - fort still; thy cross be - fore to guide me.

- 5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight;
thine unction grace bestoweth;
and, oh, what transport of delight
from thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so, through all the length of days,
thy goodness faileth never.
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
within thy house forever.

Text: Henry W. Baker, 1821–1877

Music: ST. COLUMBA, Irish tune

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SENDING HYMN

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say | ELW 611



1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
 2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;



lay down, O wea - ry one, lay down your head up - on my breast."
 the liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one; stoop down and drink and live."
 look un - to me, your morn shall rise, and all your day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, so wea - ry, worn, and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found in him my star, my sun;



I found in him a rest-ing-place, and he has made me glad.
 my thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, and now I live in him.
 and in that light of life I'll walk till trav-'ling days are done.

Text: Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889
 Music: KINGSFOLD, English folk tune

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