

Gather Us In

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1 Here in this place the new light is stream-ing, now is the dark-ness
 2 We are the young, our lives are a mys-t'ry, we are the old who
 3 Here we will take the wine and the wa-ter, here we will take the
 4 Not in the dark of build-ings con-fin-ing, not in some heav-en,



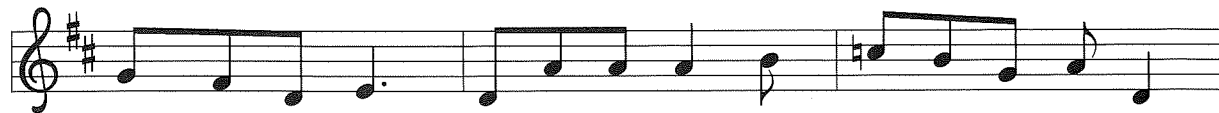
van-ished a-way; see in this space our fears and our dream-ings
 yearn for your face; we have been sung through-out all of his-t'ry,
 bread of new birth, here you shall call your sons and your daugh-ters,
 light years a-way— here in this place the new light is shin-ing,



brought here to you in the light of this day.
 called to be light to the whole hu-man race.
 call us a-new to be salt for the earth.
 now is the king-dom, and now is the day.



Gath-er us in, the lost and for-sak-en, gath-er us in, the
 Gath-er us in, the rich and the haugh-ty, gath-er us in, the
 Give us to drink the wine of com-pas-sion, give us to eat the
 Gath-er us in and hold us for-ev-er, gath-er us in and



blind and the lame; call to us now, and we shall a-wak-en,
 proud and the strong; give us a heart, so meek and so low-ly,
 bread that is you; nour-ish us well, and teach us to fash-ion
 make us your own; gath-er us in, all peo-ples to-geth-er,



we shall a-rise at the sound of our name.
 give us the cour-age to en-ter the song.
 lives that are ho-ly and hearts that are true.
 fire . . of love in our flesh and our bone.

Canticle of the Turning



1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
2 Though I am small, my . . . God, my all, you . . .
3 From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a
4 Though the na - tions rage from . . age to age, we re -



God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the
work great . . things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the
stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant . . from his throne.
liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
The hun - gry poor shall . . weep no more, for the
This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry
prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be



name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.

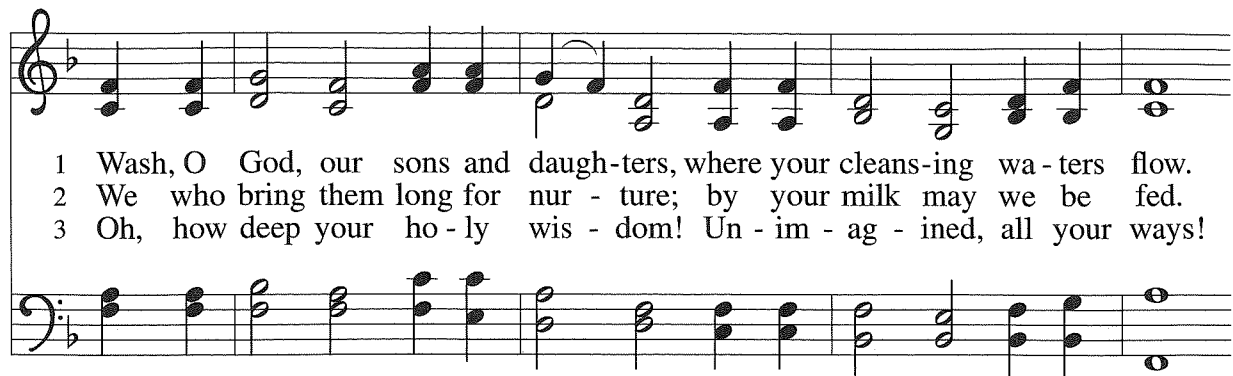


My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus - tice burn.

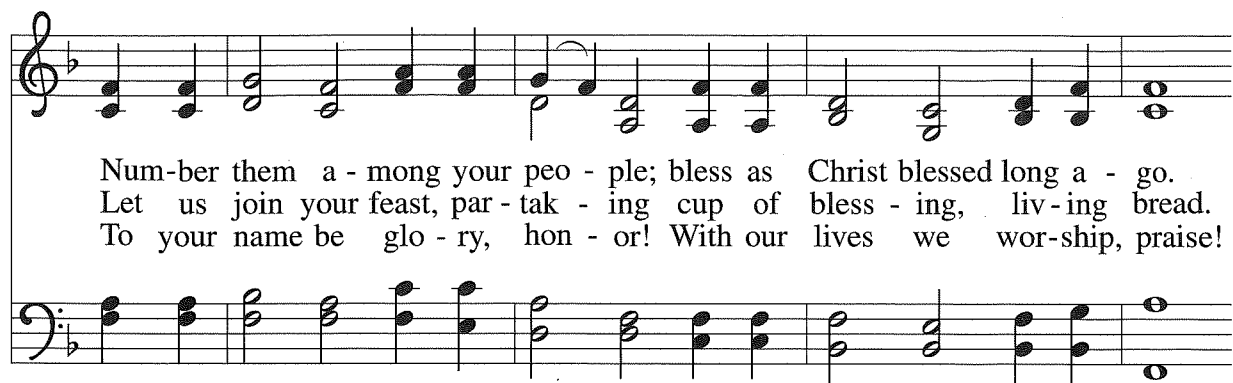


Wipe a - way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn.

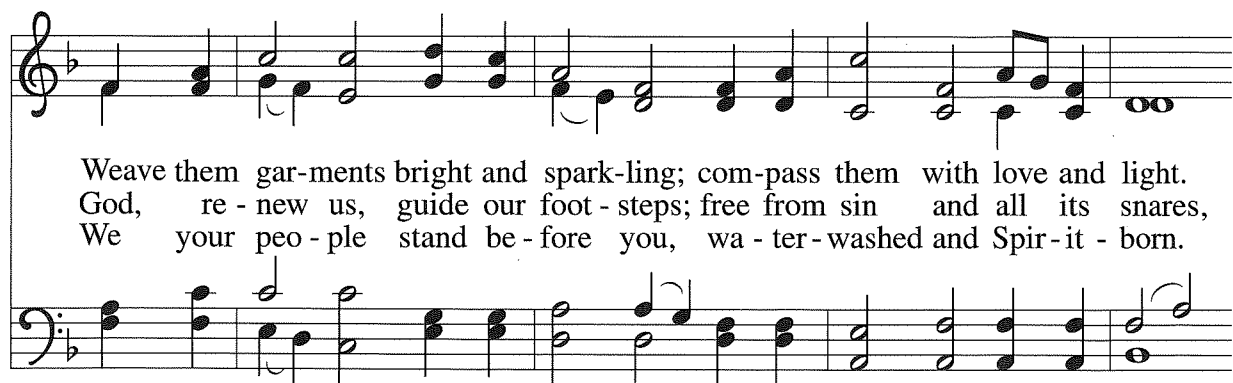
445 Wash, O God, Our Sons and Daughters



1 Wash, O God, our sons and daugh-ters, where your cleans-ing wa-ters flow.
 2 We who bring them long for nur-ture; by your milk may we be fed.
 3 Oh, how deep your ho-ly wis-dom! Un-im-ag-ined, all your ways!



Num-ber them a-mong your peo-ple; bless as Christ blessed long a-go.
 Let us join your feast, par-tak-ing cup of bless-ing, liv-ing bread.
 To your name be glo-ry, hon-or! With our lives we wor-ship, praise!



Weave them gar-ments bright and spark-ling; com-pass them with love and light.
 God, re-new us, guide our foot-steps; free from sin and all its snares,
 We your peo-ple stand be-fore you, wa-ter-washed and Spir-it-born.



Fill, a-noint them; send your Spir-it, ho-ly dove and heart's de-light.
 one with Christ in liv-ing, dy-ing, by your Spir-it, chil-dren, heirs.
 By your grace, our lives we of-fer. Re-cre-ate us; God, trans-form!

Text: Ruth Duck, b. 1947

Music: *The Sacred Harp*, Philadelphia, 1844; arr. *Selected Hymns*, 1985

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Arr. © 1985 Augsburg Fortress


BEACH SPRING

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As the Grains of Wheat

Refrain



As the grains of wheat once scat-tered on the hill were



gath-ered in - to one to be - come our bread; so may all your peo-ple from

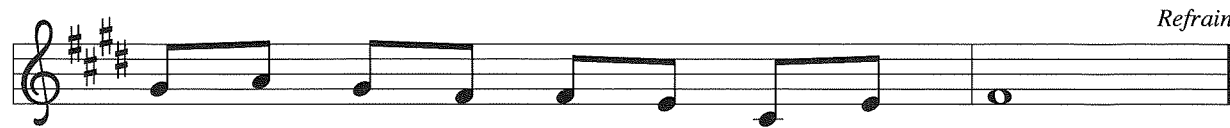


all the ends of earth be gath-ered in - to one in you.



1 As this cup of bless-ing is shared with-in our midst,
2 Let this be a fore-taste of all that is to come when

Refrain



may we share the pres - ence of your love.
all cre - a - tion shares this feast with you.

Text: Didache, 2nd cent.; Marty Haugen, b. 1950

Music: Marty Haugen


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AS THE GRAINS

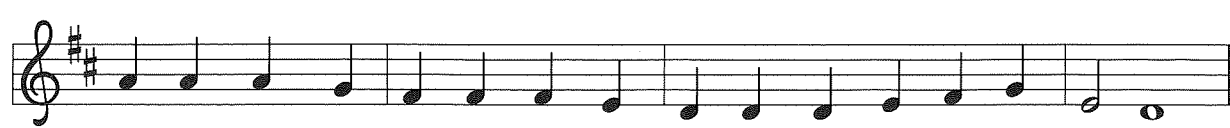
Irregular

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In the Singing



1 In the sing-ing, in the si-lence, in the hands ex-pec-tant, o-pen,
2 In the ques-tion, in the an-swer, in the mo-ment of ac-cep-tance,



in the bless-ing, in the break-ing, in your pres-ence at this ta-ble,
in the heart's cry, in the heal-ing, in the cir-cle of your peo-ple,

Text: Shirley Erena Murray, b. 1931

Music: Carlton R. Young, b. 1926

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BREAD OF PEACE

LM and refrain

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The Church's One Foundation

1 The church's one foun - da - tion is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
 2 E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, yet one o'er all the earth,
 3 Though with a scorn - ful won - der this world sees her op - pressed,
 4 Through toil and trib - u - la - tion and tu - mult of her war,
 5 Yet she on earth has u - nion with God, the Three in One,

she is his new cre - a - tion by wa - ter and the word.
 her char - ter of sal - va - tion one Lord, one faith, one birth:
 by schisms . . rent a - sund - er, by her - e - sies dis - tressed,
 she waits the con - sum - ma - tion of peace for - ev - er - more;
 and mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion with those whose rest is won.

From heav'n he came and sought her to be his ho - ly bride;
 one ho - ly name she bless - es, par - takes one ho - ly food,
 yet saints their watch are keep - ing; their cry goes up: "How long?"
 till with the vi - sion glo - rious her long - ing eyes are blest,
 Oh, bless - ed heav'n - ly cho - rus! Lord, save us by your grace,

with his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.
 and to one hope she press - es with ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 and soon the night of weep - ing shall be the morn of song.
 and the great church vic - to - rious shall be the church at rest.
 that we, like saints be - fore us, may see you face to face.