

COME, BRING YOUR BURDENS TO GOD

Come, bring your bur-dens to God, come, bring your
bur-dens to God; come, bring your bur-dens to God for
Je - sus will nev - er say no.

Words: Trad. South African; trans. by Barbara Clark, Mairi Munro, Martine Stemerick
Music: Trad. South African melody from the singing of the Mooiplaas congregation; arr. by Welile Sigabi
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SENT OUT IN JESUS' NAME

Sent out in Je - sus' name, our hands are rea - dy now to
make the earth the place in which the king - dom comes. The
an - gels can - not change a world of hurt and pain in -
to a world of love, of jus - tice and of peace. The
task is ours to do, to set it real - ly free. O
help us to o - bey and car - ry out your will.

Words: Anonymous, trans. by Jorge Maldonado, alt.
Music: ENVIADO - Trad. Cuban; arr. by Carmen Pena
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ALL ARE WELCOME

1. Let us build a house where love can dwell and
2. Let us build a house where proph - ets speak, and
3. Let us build a house where love is found in
4. Let us build a house where hands will reach be -
5. Let us build a house where all are named, their
all can safe - ly live, a place where saints and
words are strong and true, where all God's chil - dren
wa - ter, wine and wheat: a ban - quet hall on
yond the wood and stone to heal and strength - en,
songs and vi - sions heard and loved and treas - ured,
chil - dren tell how hearts learn to for - give. Built of
dare to seek to dream God's reign a - new. Here the
ho - ly ground, where peace and jus - tice meet. Here the
serve and teach, and live the Word they've known. Here the
taught and claimed as words with - in the Word. Built of

hopes and dreams and vi - sions, rock of faith and vault of
cross shall stand as wit - ness and as sym - bol of God's
love of God, through Je - sus, is re - vealed in time and
out - cast and the stran - ger bear the im - age of God's
tears and cries and laugh - ter, prayers of faith and songs of

grace; here the love of Christ shall end di - vi - sions:
grace; here as one we claim the faith of Je - sus:
space; as we share in Christ the feast that frees us:
face; let us bring an end to fear and dan - ger:
grace, let this house pro - claim from floor to raft - ter:
all are wel - come, all are wel - come, all are wel - come in this place.

Words: Marty Haugen
Music: TWO OAKS - Marty Haugen
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THE GREAT THANKSGIVING

Sung to the tune of Hymn 400

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Come, dear friends, now to the table.
Lift your hearts up to the Lord.
Let us gather, kneel together.
Raise our voices! Praise God!
Now we gather at the table.
Now we come to sing our praise
At the table of forgiveness
Oh, God's goodness: taste and see.

**Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
tune our hearts to sing thy grace;
streams of mercy, never ceasing,
call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach us some melodious sonnet,
sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount! We're fixed upon it,
mount of thy redeeming love.**

Out of love we were created,
from God's breath we drew our life.
But God's goodness we rejected,
bound for pain and grief and strife
So God sought us through the ages,
called to us to turn from sin.
Yet we would not heed God's pleading,
lost and suff'ring, broken.

**So God sent to us Christ Jesus,
God-made-flesh to walk with us.
By his wounds: we found redemption
in his life: abiding love.
Jesus sought us when still strangers,
wandering from the fold of God;
he, to rescue us from danger,
interposed his precious blood.**

On the night of that last supper
Jesus broke and shared the bread.
"This my body, take and eat it;
broken so the world might mend."
Jesus took the wine and poured it,
offering with it his own life.
Telling us: "You are forgiven,"
telling us we'd gained new life.

**O to grace how great a debtor
daily we're constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
bind our wandering hearts to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, we feel it,
prone to leave the God we love;
take our hearts, O take and seal them,
seal them for thy courts above.**

Holy, Holy, God Almighty,
Holy Spirit, fall on us.
Make these gifts of bread and cup now
Jesus' body, Jesus' blood.
Though this gift we are Christ's body.
In this meal, we are made one.
Here we raise our Ebenezer
at this table, we are home.

Text: Beth Quick, 2014, with adapted text from Robert Robinson, 1758, *Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing*

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