

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

Hymns for August 8, 2021

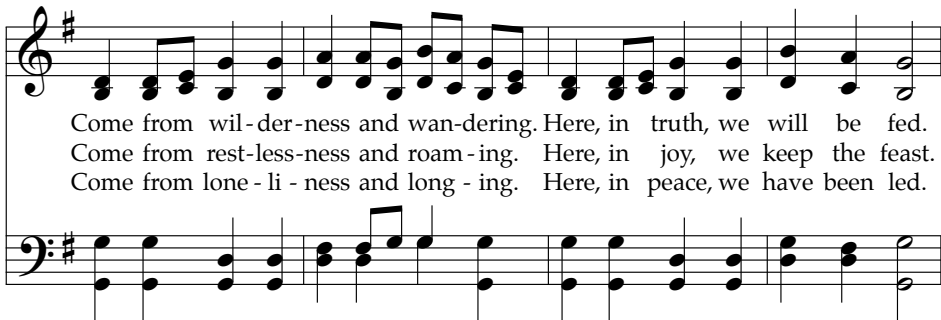
* HYMN 509

All Who Hunger, Gather Gladly

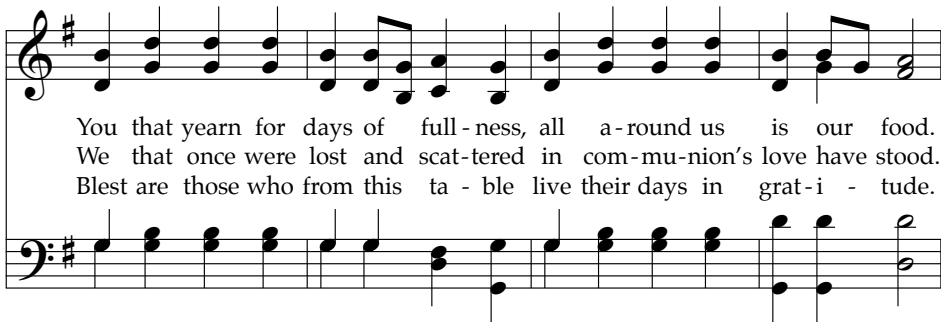
ANNAM Y LOH



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-dering. 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 led.



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.

1 Where char-i - ty and love pre - vail, there God is ev - er found;
 2 Let us re - call that in our midst dwells Christ, God's ho - ly Son.
 3 Let strife a - mong us be un-known; let all con - ten - tions cease.
 4 Let us for-give each oth - er's faults as we our own con - fess,
 5 Love can ex-clude no race or creed if hon - ored be God's name;

brought here to - geth - er by Christ's love, by love we thus are bound.
 As mem-bers of each bod - y joined, in him we are made one.
 Be God's the glo - ry that we seek; be his our on - ly peace.
 that we may love each oth - er well in Chris-tian gen - tle - ness.
 our com-mon life em - brac - es all whose Mak - er is the same.



1 Take us as we are, O God, and claim us as your own. As
 2 Bless us for your ser - vice, Lord; no pow - er we de - vise will
 3 Break us o - pen to dis - close how bro - ken - ness can heal, wher -
 4 Give us to the world you love as light and salt and yeast, that



once you chose to tell your love in hu - man flesh and bone, so
 ev - er give us strength e - nough or make us tru - ly wise, yet
 ev - er bro - ken loaves suf - fice to give a crowd a meal and
 we may nour - ish in your name the last, the lost, the least, un -

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let our lives be used to make your sav - ing pur - pose known.
 by your prom - ise we can know the peace your grace sup - plies.
 graves break o - pen to re - lease new life from death's dread seal.
 til at length you call us all to your un - end - ing feast.