

Communion Hymn (#461)

All Who Hunger, Gather Gladly

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; arr. hymnal version
Text © 1991 GIA Publications, Inc., 7404 S. Mason Ave., Chicago, IL 60638. www.giamusic.com. 800.442.3358.
All rights reserved. Used by permission.
Arr. © 2003 Augsburg Fortress.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

Communion Hymn (#490)

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

1 Let all mor-tal flesh keep si-lence, and with fear and trem-bling stand;
2 King of kings, yet born of Mar-y, as of old on earth he stood,
3 Rank on rank the host of heav-en spreads its van-guard on the way;
4 At his feet the six-winged ser-aph, cher-u-bim with sleep-less eye,

pon-der noth-ing earth-ly - mind-ed, for with bless-ing in his hand
Lord of lords in hu-man ves-ture, in the bod-y and the blood,
as the Light of light, de-scend-ing from the realms of end-less day,
veil their fac-es to the pres-ence, as with cease-less voice they cry:

Christ our God to earth de-scend-ing comes full hom-age to de-mand.
he will give to all the faith-ful his own self for heav'n-ly food.
comes, the pow'rs of hell to van-quish, as the dark-ness clears a-way.
"Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia, Lord Most High!"

Text: Liturgy of St. James; tr. Gerard Moultrie, 1829–1885, alt.
Music: PICARDY, French folk tune, 17th cent.