



HYMN INSERT February 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2026

*Unison or harmony*

1 E - ter - nal Lord of love, be - hold your Church  
 2 So dai - ly dy - ing to the way of self,  
 3 If dead in you, so in you we a - rise,

walk - ing once more the pil - grim way of Lent,  
 so dai - ly liv - ing to your way of love,  
 you the first - born of all the faith - ful dead;

led by your cloud by day, by night your fire,  
 we walk the road, Lord Je - sus, that you trod,  
 and as through ston - y ground the green shoots break,

moved by your love and toward your pres - ence bent:  
 know - ing our - selves bap - tized in - to your death:  
 glo - rious in spring - time dress of leaf and flower,

far off yet here—the goal of all de - sire.  
 so we are dead and live with you in God.  
 so in the Fa - ther's glo - ry shall we wake.

Words: Thomas H. Cain (b. 1931)  
 Music: *Old 124th*, melody *Pseaumes octante trois de David*, 1551;  
 harm. Charles Winfred Douglas (1867-1944)

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1 Je - sus, all my glad - ness, my re - pose in sad - ness,  
 2 Hence with earth - ly trea - sure: thou art all my plea - sure,  
 3 Flee, dark clouds that low - er, for my joy be - stow - er,

Je - sus, heaven to me, ah, my heart long plain - eth, ah, my spi - rit  
 Je - sus, my de - sire! Hence, for pomps I care not, e'en as though they  
 Je - sus, en - ters in! Joy from tri - bu - la - tion, hope from des - o -

strain - eth, long - eth af - ter thee! Thine I am, O ho - ly Lamb;  
 were not rank and for - tune's hire. Want and gloom, cross, death and tomb;  
 la - tion, they who love God win. Be it blame or scorn or shame,

on - ly where thou art is plea - sure, thee a - lone I trea - sure.  
 nought that I may suf - fer ev - er shall from Je - sus sev - er.  
 thou art with me in earth's sad - ness, Je - sus, all my glad - ness!

1 Shep - herd of souls, re - fresh and bless thy cho - sen  
 2 We would not live by bread a - lone, but by thy  
 3 Be known to us in break - ing bread, and do not  
 4 Lord, sup with us in love di - vine thy Bo - dy

pil - grim flock with man - na in the  
 word of grace, in strength of which we  
 then de - part; Sa - vior, a - bide with  
 and thy Blood, that liv - ing bread, that

wil - der - ness, with wa - ter from the rock.  
 trav - el on to our a - bid - ing - place.  
 us, and spread thy ta - ble in our heart.  
 heaven - ly wine, be our im - mor - tal food.

Words: James Montgomery (1771-1845), alt. Music: *St. Agnes*, melody John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876); harm. Richard Proulx (b. 1937), after John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876). Copyright © 1985, G.I.A. Publications.