

## + FIFTH SUNDAY OF EASTER +

May 18, 2025

### 826 HARK, THE VOICE OF JESUS CRYING



1 Hark, the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?  
2 If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,  
3 If you can - not be a watch - man, Stand - ing high on Zi - on's wall,  
4 Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"



Fields are white and har - vests wait - ing— Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"  
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.  
Point - ing out the path to heav - en, Of - f'ring life and peace to all,  
While the mul - ti - tudes are dy - ing And the Mas - ter calls for you.



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth; Rich re - ward He of - fers thee.  
If you can - not rouse the wick - ed With the judg - ment's dread a - larms,  
With your prayers and with your boun - ties You can do what God com - mands;  
Take the task He gives you glad - ly, Let His work your plea - sure be;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me"?  
You can lead the lit - tle chil - dren To the Sav - ior's wait - ing arms.  
You can be like faith - ful Aar - on, Hold - ing up the proph - et's hands.  
An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, send me, send me!"

Text (sts. 1–2, 4): Daniel March, 1816–1909, alt.; (st. 3): unknown, alt.  
Tune: Joseph Barnby, 1838–96  
Text and tune: Public domain

## HEAR," WHO HAVE NOT HEARD



1 "How shall they hear," who have not heard  
 2 "To all the world," to ev - 'ry place,  
 3 "Whom shall I send?" Who hears the call,  
 4 "Lord, here am I;" Your fire im - part  
 5 Spir - it of love, with - in us move:



News of a Lord who loved and came;  
 Neigh - bors and friends and far - off lands,  
 Con - stant in prayer, through toil and pain,  
 To this poor cold self - cen - tered soul;  
 Spir - it of truth, in pow'r come down!



Nor known His rec - on - cil - ing word,  
 Preach the good news of sav - ing grace;  
 Tell - ing of One who died for all,  
 Touch but my lips, my hands, my heart,  
 So shall they hear and find and prove



Nor learned to trust a Sav - ior's name?  
 Go while the great com - mis - sion stands.  
 To bring a lost world home a - gain?  
 And make a world for Christ my goal.  
 Christ is their life, their joy, their crown.

Text: Timothy Dudley-Smith, 1926-2024  
 Tune: Georg Joseph, 17th cent., adapt.  
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 Tune: Public domain

## 633 AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING

sts. 1–5



1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to  
 2 Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His  
 3 Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dread  
 4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal  
 5 Might - y Vic - tim from the sky, Hell's fierce



our vic - to - rious King, Who has washed us in the tide  
 sa - cred blood for wine, Gives His bod - y for the feast—  
 an - gel sheathes the sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - um-phantly go  
 vic - tim, pas - chal bread; With sin - cer - i - ty and love  
 pow'rs be - neath You lie; You have con - quered in the fight,



Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Through the wave that drowns the foe. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Eat we man - na from a - bove. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 You have brought us life and light. Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Latin, c. 5th–10th cent.; tr. Robert Campbell, 1814–68, alt.  
 Tune: Kirchengeseng, 1566, Ivancice  
 Text and tune: Public domain

## 623 LORD JESUS CHRIST, WE HUMBLY PRAY



1 Lord Je - sus Christ, we hum - bly pray That we may  
 2 Give us, who share this won - drous food, Your bod - y  
 3 By faith Your Word has made us bold To seize the  
 4 One bread, one cup, one bod - y, we, Re - joic - ing  
 5 Lord Je - sus Christ, we hum - bly pray: O keep us



feast on You to - day; Be - neath these forms of  
 bro - ken and Your blood, The grate - ful peace of  
 gift of love re - told; All that You are we  
 in our u - ni - ty, Pro - claim Your love un -  
 stead - fast till that day When each will be Your



bread and wine En - rich us with Your grace di - vine.  
 sins for - giv'n, The cer - tain joys of heirs of heav'n.  
 here re - ceive, And all we are to You we give.  
 til You come To bring Your scat - tered loved ones home.  
 wel - comed guest In heav - en's high and ho - ly feast.

Text: Henry E. Jacobs, 1844–1932, alt.  
 Tune: Canticale Germanicum, 1628, Gochsheim  
 Text and tune: Public domain

# 633 AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING

sts. 6–8



6 Now no more can death ap - pall, Now no  
 7 Eas - ter tri - umph, Eas - ter joy! This a -  
 Δ 8 Fa - ther, who the crown shall give, Sav - ior,

more the grave en - thrall; You have o - pened par - a - dise,  
 lone can sin de - stroy; From sin's pow'r, Lord, set us free,  
 by whose death we live, Spir - it, guide through all our days:

And Your saints in You shall rise. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 New - born souls in You to be. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Three in One, Your name we praise. Al - le - lu - ia!

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