

Hymns for the Fourth Sunday in Lent

March 30, 2025

University Lutheran Church | Cambridge, Mass.

ACS 1062 (Gathering Hymn)

Build a Longer Table



1 Build a long - er ta - ble, not a high - er wall,
2 Build a saf - er ref - uge, not a larg - er jail;
3 Build a broad - er door - way, not a long - er fence.
4 When we lived as ex - iles, ref - u - gees a - broad,



feed - ing those who hun - ger, mak - ing room for all.
where the weak find shel - ter, mer - cy will not fail.
Love pro - tects all peo - ple, spar - ing no ex - pense.
Christ be - came our door - way to the reign of God.



Feast - ing to - geth - er, strang - er turns to friend,
For an - y place where jus - tice is de - nied,
When we em - brace com - pas - sion more than fear,
So must our ta - bles wel - come those who roam.



Christ breaks walls to piec - es; false di - vi - sions end.
Christ will breach the jail wall, free - ing all in - side.
Christ tears down our fenc - es; all are wel - come here.
None can be ex - clud - ed; all must find a home.

Text: David Bjorlin, b. 1984

Music: NOËL NOUVELET, French carol

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ELW 606 (Hymn of the Day)

Our Father, We Have Wandered

1 Our Fa - ther, we have wan - dered and hid - den from your face;
2 And now at length dis - cern - ing the e - vil that we do,
3 O Lord of all the liv - ing, both ban - ished and re - stored,

in fool-ish-ness have squan - dered your leg - a - cy of grace.
be - hold us, Lord, re - turn - ing with hope and trust to you.
com-pas-sion-ate, for - giv - ing, and ev - er - car - ing Lord,

But now, in ex - ile dwell - ing, we rise with fear and shame,
In haste you come to meet us and home re - joic - ing bring,
grant now that our trans - gress - ing, our faith - less - ness may cease.

as, dis - tant but com - pel - ling, we hear you call our name.
in glad-ness there to greet us with calf and robe and ring.
Stretch out your hand in bless - ing, in par - don, and in peace.

Text: Kevin Nichols, 1929–2006
Music: HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN, Hans Leo Hassler, 1564–1612; arr. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750
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Here Would I Feast *Aquí del pan partido tomaré*



1 A - quí del pan par - ti - do to - ma - ré,
2 La cul - pa del pe - ca - do mi - a fue;
1 Here would I feast up - on the bread of God,
2 Mine is the sin, but thine the righ - teous - ness;



y de la co - pa de tu co - mu - nión;
mas tu - ya fue la san - gre de tu cruz.
here drink with thee the roy - al wine of heav'n;
mine is the guilt, but thine the cleans - ing blood;



tu nom - bre, mi buen Dios, in vo - ca - ré
Por e - lla y tu jus - ti - cia ten - go, sé,
here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load,
here is my robe, my ref - uge, and my peace:



y go - za - ré la paz de sal - va - ción.
per - dón, con - sue - lo y paz, Se - ñor Je - sús.
here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.
thy blood, thy righ - teous - ness, O Lord my God.





3 *Nos le - van - ta - mos de la ce - na_a - quí;*
3 Too soon we rise, the ves - sels dis - ap - pear;



la fies - ta pa - sa, mas no_a - sí_el a - mor.
the feast, though not the love, is past and gone.



To - do se va, mas tú te que - das, sí,
The bread and wine re - move, but thou art here,



cer - ca, muy cer - ca, a - ma - do Sal - va - dor.
near - er than ev - er, still my shield and sun.

Text: Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889; tr. T. W. Speaks
Music: AQUÍ DEL PAN PARTIDO TOMARÉ, José Ruiz, b. 1956
Music © 1989 Augsburg Fortress

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ELW 779 (Hymn during Communion 2)

Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound

1 A - maz - ing grace!— how sweet the sound— that
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and
3 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares I
4 The Lord has prom - ised good to me; his
5 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright

saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that
have al - read - y come; 'tis grace has brought me
word my hope se - cures; he will my shield and
shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to

now am found; was blind, but now I see.
grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!
safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.
por - tion be as long as life en - dures.
sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

Text: John Newton, 1725–1807, alt., sts. 1–4; anonymous, st. 5
Music: NEW BRITAIN, W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*, 1835; arr. Edwin O. Excell, 1851–1921, alt.

ELW 763 (Sending Hymn)

My Life Flows On in Endless Song

1 My life flows on in end - less song; a - bove earth's lam-en - ta - tion,
2 Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear that mu - sic ring - ing.
3 What though my joys and com-forts die? The Lord my Sav-ior liv - eth.
4 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a foun-tain ev - er spring-ing!

I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn that hails a new cre - a - tion.
It finds an ech - o in my soul. How can I keep from sing-ing?
What though the dark - ness gath-er round? Songs in the night he giv - eth.
All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from sing-ing?

Refrain

No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm cling-ing.

Since Christ is Lord of heav-en and earth, how can I keep from sing-ing?

Text: Robert Lowry, 1826–1899
Music: HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING, Robert Lowry, alt.

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