

ELW #314 – ARISE YOUR LIGHT HAS COME! – vs 1, 3, and 4



1 A - rise, your light has come! The Spir - it's call o - bey;
2 A - rise, your light has come! Fling wide the pris - on door;
3 A - rise, your light has come! All you in sor - row born,
4 A - rise, your light has come! The moun - tains burst in song!



show forth the glo - ry of your God which shines on you to - day.
pro - claim the cap - tive's lib - er - ty, good tid - ings to the poor.
bind up the bro - ken - heart - ed ones and com - fort those who mourn.
Rise up like ea - gles on the wing, God's pow'r will make us strong.

Text: Ruth Duck, b. 1947

Music: FESTAL SONG, William H. Walter, 1825–1893

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ELW #617 – WE COME TO YOU FOR HEALING, LORD – vs 1-3, AND 5



1 We come to you for heal - ing, Lord, of
2 As once you walked through an - cient streets and
3 You touch us through phy - si - cians' skills, through
4 When nights are long with wake - ful - ness, through
5 We come to you, O lov - ing Lord, in



bod - y, mind, and soul, and pray that by your
reached toward those in pain, come, ris - en Christ, a -
nurs - es' gifts of care, and through the love of
days when strength runs low, grant us your gift of
our dis - tress and pain, in trust that through our



Spir - it's touch we may a - gain be whole.
mong us still with pow'r to heal a - gain.
faith - ful friends who lift our lives in prayer.
pa - tience, Lord, your calm - ing peace to know.
nights and days your grace will heal, sus - tain.

Text: Herman G. Stuempfle Jr., 1923–2007

Music: MARTYRDOM, Hugh Wilson, 1764–1824

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ELW 661 – I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY



1 I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove,
2 I love to tell the sto - ry: how pleas - ant to re - peat
3 I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best



of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his love.
what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet!
seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it like the rest.



I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know it's true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly word.
I'll sing the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

Refrain



I love to tell the sto - ry; 'twill be my theme in glo - ry



to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.

Text: Katherine Hankey, 1834–1911

Music: HANKEY, William E. Fischer, 1849–1936