

Fifth Sunday of Easter - April 28, 2024

GATHERING HYMN *Like the Murmur of the Dove's Song* ELW 403-WOV 685



1 Like the mur - mur of the dove's song, like the chal - lenge of her
2 To the mem - bers of Christ's bod - y, to the branch - es of the
3 With the heal - ing of di - vi - sion, with the cease - less voice of



flight, like the vig - or of the wind's rush, like the
vine, to the church in faith as - sem - bled, to our
prayer, with the pow'r to love and wit - ness, with the



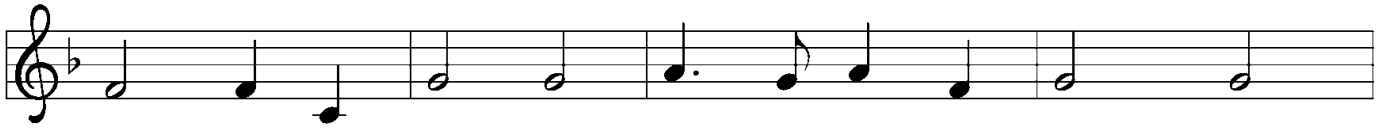
new flame's ea - ger might: come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
midst as gift and sign: come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
peace be - yond com - pare: come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.

Reprinted/podcast/streamed with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-711955. All rights reserved.

Like the Murmur of the Dove's Song; Text © 1982 Hope Publishing Company. Music © 1969 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All rights reserved. Used by permission. Reprinted/podcast/streamed with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-711955. All rights reserved.

There In God's Garden; Trans. © 1976 Hinshaw Music, Inc. Music © 1987 Birnamwood Publications (ASCAP), a division of MorningStar Music Publishers, Inc. Used by permission. Reprinted/podcast/streamed with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-711955. All rights reserved.

A Mighty Fortress; Text © 1978 Lutheran Book of Worship, admin. Augsburg Fortress. Reprinted/podcast/streamed with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-711955. All rights reserved.



1 There in God's gar - den stands the Tree of Wis - dom,
 2 Its name is Je - sus, name that says, "Our Sav - ior!"
 3 Thorns not its own are tan - gled in its fo - liage;
 4 See how its branch - es reach to us in wel - come;



whose leaves hold forth the heal - ing of the na - tions:
 There on its branch - es see the scars of suf - f'ring;
 our greed has starved it, our de - spite has choked it.
 hear what the Voice says, "Come to me, ye wea - ry!



Tree of all knowl - edge, Tree of all com -
 see there the ten - drils of our hu - man
 Yet, look! it lives! its grief has not de -
 Give me your sick - ness, give me all your



pas - sion, Tree of all beau - ty.
 self - hood feed on its life - blood.
 stroyed it nor fire con - sumed it.
 sor - row, I will give bless - ing."

5 This is my ending
 this my resurrection;
 into your hands, Lord,
 I commit my spirit.
 This have I searched for;
 now I can possess it.
 This ground is holy.

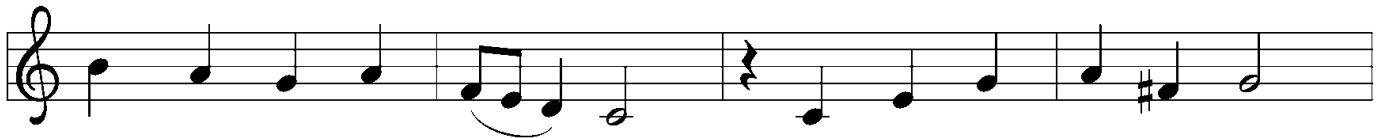
6 All heav'n is singing,
 "Thanks to Christ whose passion
 offers in mercy
 healing, strength, and pardon.
 Peoples and nations,
 take it, take it freely!"
 Amen! My Master!



1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a sword and shield vic -
 2 No strength of ours can match his might! We would be lost, re -
 3 Though hordes of dev - ils fill the land all threat - 'ning to de -
 4 God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide, no thanks to foes, who



to - rious; he breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's rod and
 ject - ed. But now a cham - pion comes to fight, whom
 your us, we trem - ble not, un - moved we stand; they
 fear it; for God him - self fights by our side with



wins sal - va - tion glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe
 God him - self e - lect - ed. You ask who this may be?
 can - not o - ver - pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage;
 weap - ons of the Spir - it. Were they to take our house,



has sworn to work us woe! With craft and dread - ful might
 The Lord of hosts is he! Christ Je - sus, might - y Lord,
 in bat - tle we'll en - gage! His might is doomed to fail;
 goods, hon - or, child, or spouse, though life be wrenched a - way,



he arms him - self to fight. On earth he has no e - qual.
 God's on - ly Son, a - dored. He holds the field vic - to - rious.
 God's judg - ment must pre - vail! One lit - tle word sub - dues him.
 they can - not win the day. The king - dom's ours for - ev - er!