

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany - January 30, 2022

GATHERING HYMN

Rise, Shine, You People!

ELW 665



1 Rise, shine, you peo - ple! Christ the Lord has en - tered
2 See how he sends the pow'rs of e - vil reel - ing;
3 Come, cel - e - brate; your ban - ners high un - furl - ing,
4 Tell how the Fa - ther sent the Son to save us.



our hu - man sto - ry; God in him is cen - tered. He comes to
he brings us free - dom, light and life and heal - ing. All men and
your songs and prayers a - gainst the dark - ness hurl - ing. To all the
Tell of the Son, who life and free - dom gave us. Tell how the



us, by death and sin sur - round - ed, with grace un - bound - ed.
wom - en, who by guilt are driv - en, now are for - giv - en.
world go out and tell the sto - ry of Je - sus' glo - ry.
Spir - it calls from ev - 'ry na - tion God's new cre - a - tion.

HYMN OF THE DAY

Although I Speak With Angel's Tongue ELW 644



1 Al - though I speak with an - gel's tongue, my faith, my
2 For love is pa - tient, love is kind, and nev - er
3 For now we peer at dark - ened glass; our vi - sions
4 The gifts are man - y, the Bod - y one, and in - to



knowl - edge all sur - pass, but have no love, my gifts are
vain with boast - ing pride; love bears all things, all things en -
end; our tongues all cease. In part we know, in part now
one are all bap - tized. Be - lov - ed, share one heart, one



vain as clang - ing gong or blar - ing brass.
dures. All things must end; love will a - bide.
see: then we will see love face to face.
mind, one hope, one faith, one love in Christ.



1 "Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, nev - er a - lone.
 2 "Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure.
 3 "Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, clos - er to me.



Wak - ing, sleep - ing, I am with you, you are my own.
 Here you learned how much I love you, what I can cure.
 Grow in love and love by serv - ing, joy - ful and free.



In my love's bap - tis - mal riv - er I have made you mine for - ev - er.
 Here you heard my dear Son's sto - ry, here you touched him, saw his glo - ry.
 Here my Spir - it's pow - er filled you, here my ten - der com - fort stilled you.



Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, you are my own."
 Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure."
 Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, joy - ful and free."

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