

Hymns ~ Ash Wednesday (School)

I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin, My hand will save.
I, who made the stars of night, I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them? Whom shall I send?

*Here am I, Lord. Is it I, Lord? I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me. I will hold your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of snow and rain, I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them. They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone, Give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my words to them. Whom shall I send?

I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will send the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them. My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide, 'Til their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them. Whom shall I send? (Daniel L. Schutte)

This is our God, the Servant King, He calls us now to follow Him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering of worship to the Servant King.

There in the garden of tears my heavy load He chose to bear:
His heart with sorrow was torn, 'Yet not my will but yours,' He said.

Come see His hands and His feet, the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve and in our lives enthrone Him,
each other's needs to prefer, for it is Christ we're serving. (Graham Kendrick)

Longing for light, we wait in darkness. Longing for truth, we turn to you.
Make us your own, your holy people, light for the world to see.

*Christ, be our light! Shine in our hearts. Shine through the darkness.
Christ, be our light! Shine in your church gathered today.*

Longing for peace, our world is troubled. Longing for hope, many despair.
Your word alone has power to save us. Make us your living voice.

Longing for food, many are hungry. Longing for water, many still thirst.
Make us your bread, broken for others, shared until all are fed.

Many the gift, many the people, many the hearts that yearn to belong.
Let us be servants to one another, making your Kingdom come. (Bernadette Farrell)