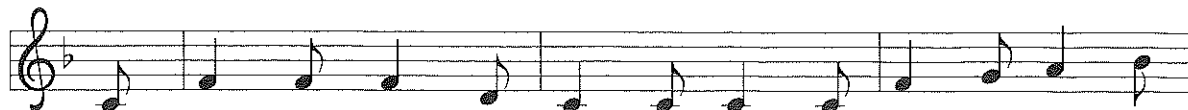
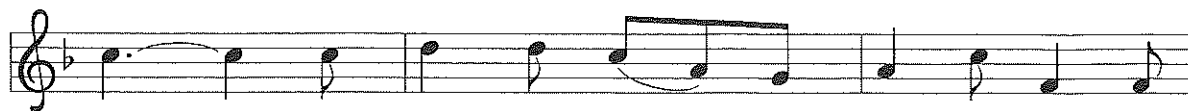


# I Come with Joy



1 I come with joy, a child of God, for - giv - en, loved, and  
 2 I come with Chris - tians far and near to find, as all are  
 3 As Christ breaks bread, and bids us share, each proud di - vi - sion  
 4 The Spir - it of the ris - en Christ, un - seen, but ev - er  
 5 To - geth - er met, to - geth - er bound by all that God has



free, the life of Je - sus to re - call in  
 fed, the new com - mu - ni - ty of love in  
 ends. The love that made us, makes us one, and  
 near, is in such friend - ship bet - ter known, a -  
 done, we'll go with joy, to give the world the



love laid down for me, in love laid down for me.  
 Christ's com - mu - nion bread, in Christ's com - mu - nion bread.  
 strang - ers now are friends, and strang - ers now are friends.  
 live a - mong us here, a - live a - mong us here.  
 love that makes us one, the love that makes us one.

Text: Brian A. Wren, b. 1936  
 Music: W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*, 1835  
 Text © 1971, rev. 1995 Hope Publishing Company

DOVE OF PEACE  
 86866

515

## Break Now the Bread of Life

1 Break now the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, as once you  
 2 Bless your own word of truth, dear Lord, to me, as when you  
 3 You are the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, your ho - ly

broke the loaves be - side the sea. Be - yond the sa - cred page  
 blessed the bread by Gal - i - lee. Then shall all bond-age cease,  
 word the truth that res - cues me. Give me to eat and live

I seek you, Lord; my spir - it waits for you, O liv - ing Word.  
 all fet - ters fall; and I shall find my peace, my All - in - All!  
 with you a - bove; teach me to love your truth, for you are love.

Text: Mary A. Lathbury, 1841-1913, alt.  
 Music: William F. Sherwin, 1826-1888

BREAD OF LIFE  
 6464D

1 Praise and thanks-giv-ing, God, we would of-fer for all things  
 2 God, bless the la-bor we bring to serve you, that with our  
 3 Fa-ther, pro-vid-ing food for your chil-dren, by Wis-dom's  
 4 Then will your bless-ing reach ev-'ry peo-ple, free-ly con-

liv-ing, you have made good: har-vest of sown fields, fruits of the  
 neigh-bor we may be fed. Sow-ing or till-ing, we would work  
 guid-ing teach us to share one with an-oth-er, so that, re-  
 fess-ing your gra-cious hand. Where you are reign-ing, no one will

or-chard, hay from the mown fields, blos-som and wood.  
 with you, har-vest-ing, mill-ing for dai-ly bread.  
 joic-ing with us, all oth-ers may know your care.  
 hun-ger; your love sus-tain-ing show-ers the land.

Text: Albert F. Bayly, 1901-1984, alt.  
 Music: Gaelic tune; arr. hymnal version  
 Text © Oxford University Press  
 Arr. © 2006 Augsburg Fortress

BUNESSAN  
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