

Sunday, January 11, 2026
The Baptism of the Lord

GATHERING SONG

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide - ness
2. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ures
3. Trou - bled souls, why will you scat - ter Like a crowd of

of the sea; There's a kind - ness in God's jus - tice
of our mind, And the heart of the E - ter - nal
fright - ened sheep? Fool - ish hearts, why will you wan - der

Which is more than lib - er - ty. There is plen - ti -
Is most won - der - ful - ly kind. If our love were
From a love so true and deep? There is wel - come

ful re - demp - tion In the blood that has been shed;
but more sim - ple We should take him at his word,
for the sin - ner And more grac - es for the good;

There is joy for all the mem - bers
And our lives would be thanks - giv - ing
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior,

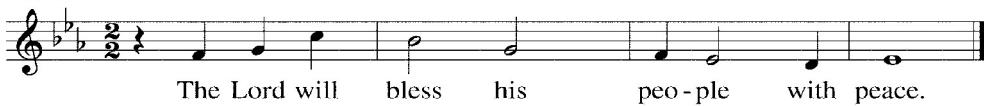
In the sor - rows of the Head.
For the good - ness of our Lord.
There is heal - ing in his blood.

Text: Frederick W. Faber, 1814-1863, alt.
Tune: IN BABILONIE, 8 7 8 7 D; *Oude en Nieuwe Hollandsche Boerenliedjes*, c.1710
Text & Tune: Public Domain

RESPONSORIAL PSALM: Psalm 29

Psalm 29: The Lord Will Bless His People

Refrain

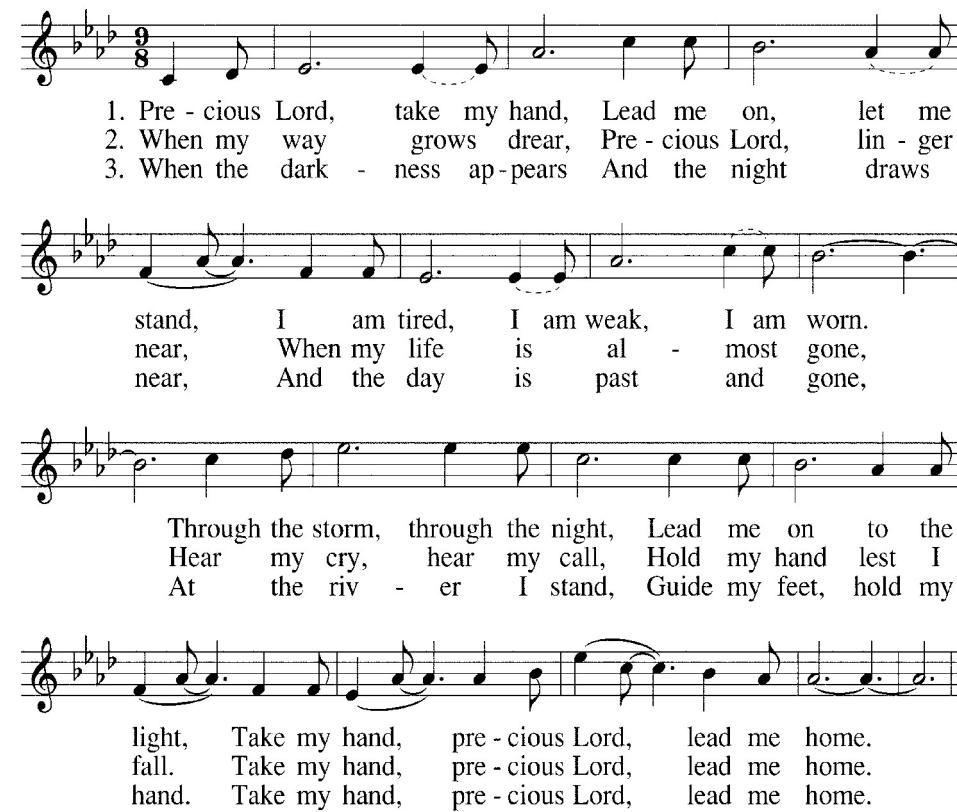


The Lord will bless his people with peace.

Text: Psalm 29:1-2, 3-4, 3, 9-10; © 1963, 1993, The Grail, GIA Publications, Inc., agent; refrain trans. © 1969, ICEL
Music: Michel Guimont, © 1994, GIA Publications, Inc.
Reprinted under OneLicense.net #A-703105

PREPARATION OF THE GIFTS

Precious Lord, Take My Hand



1. Pre - cious Lord, take my hand, Lead me on, let me stand, I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
2. When my way grows drear, Pre - cious Lord, lin - ger near, When my life is al - most gone, stand, I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
3. When the dark - ness ap-pears And the night draws near, And the day is past and gone, Through the storm, through the night, Lead me on to the light, Take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.
Hear my cry, hear my call, Hold my hand lest I fall. At the riv - er I stand, Guide my feet, hold my hand. Take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.
Take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home. Take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.

Text: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1899-1993
Tune: PRECIOUS LORD, 66 9 D; George N. Allen; arr. by Kelly Dobbs Mickus, b.1966
© 1938, Unichappell Music, Inc.
Reprinted under OneLicense.net #A-703105

COMMUNION HYMN

Here I Am, Lord

Verses

1. I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard my
2. I, the Lord of snow and rain, I have borne my
3. I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will tend the

peo - ple cry. All who dwell in dark and sin
peo - ple's pain. I have wept for love of them.
poor and lame. I will set a feast for them.

My hand will save. I who made the
They turn a - way. I will break their
My hand will save. Fin - est bread I

stars of night, I will make their dark - ness bright.
hearts of stone, Give them hearts for love a - lone.
will pro - vide Till their hearts be sat - is - fied.

Who will bear my light to them? Whom shall I send?
I will speak my word to them. Whom shall I send?
I will give my life to them. Whom shall I send?

Refrain

Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord? I have heard you
call-ing in the night. I will go, Lord, if you
lead me. I will hold your peo - ple in my heart.

Text: Isaiah 6; Dan Schutte, b.1947

Tune: Dan Schutte, b.1947; arr. by Michael Pope, SJ, John Weissrock

© 1981, Daniel L. Schutte and New Dawn Music. Published by OCP Publications.
All rights reserved. Used with permission. Reprinted under LisenSingOnline #612438

SONG FOR THE JOURNEY

Sing of the Lord's Goodness

1. Sing of the Lord's good-ness, Fa-ther of all wis-dom,
2. Pow-er he has wield-ed, hon-or is his gar-ment,
3. Cour-age in our dark-ness, com-fort in our sor-row,
4. Praise him with your sing-ing, praise him with the trum-pet,

come to him and bless his name. Mer-cy he has shown us,
ris-en from the snares of death. His word he has spo-ken,
Spir-it of our God most high; sol-ace for the wea-ry,
praise God with the lute and harp; praise him with the cym-bals,

his love is for ev-er, faith-ful to the end of days.
one bread he has bro-ken, new life he now gives to all.
par-don for the sin-ner, splen-dor of the liv-ing God.
praise him with your danc-ing, praise God till the end of days.

Come, then, all you na-tions, sing of your Lord's good-ness,
mel-o-dies of praise and thanks to God.

Ring out the Lord's glo-ry, praise him with your mu-sic,
wor-ship him and bless his name.

Text: Ernest Sands, b.1949, © 1981
Tune: Ernest Sands, b.1949, © 1981; acc. by Paul Inwood, b.1947
Published by OCP Publications
All rights reserved. Used with permission. Reprinted under LicensSingOnline # 612438

Music Reprinted ONE LICENSE, License #A-703105.