

Hymns for the 18th Sunday after Pentecost

27 September 2026

University Lutheran Church | Cambridge, Mass.

Gathering Hymn:

ELW 827 "Arise, My Soul, Arise!"



Nyt y - lös, sie - lu - ni, nous' y - lös mul - last' täs - tä!

1 A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Stretch forth to things e - ter - nal
2 Now hear the harps of heav'n! Oh, hear the song vic - to - rious,



Käy jal - kain juu - reen Ju - ma - lan ja Ka - rit - san.

and has - ten to the feet of your re - deem - er God,
the nev - er - end - ing an - them sound - ing through the sky!



Ja vaikk' ei sil - mä - ni va - lo - a Her - ran kes - tä,

who, hid from mor - tal eyes, yet dwells in light su - per - nal;
To mor - tals is not giv'n to join in strains so glo - rious;



niin kui - ten - kin sä rie - mui - ten käy lau - la - maan.

so wor - ship God in hum - ble - ness, your sov - 'reign Lord.
yet here on earth we too can sing our prais - es high!



I - äi - seen i - loon ja juh - laan ja - loon

The ban - quet of love a - waits you a - bove;
Christ bought with his blood the ran - somed of God;



oot Ka - rit - san sä suu - riin häi - hin kut - sut - tu.

yet here you have a fore - taste of the feast to come!
to him be ev - er - last - ing pow'r and vic - to - ry.





Tai - va - han kun - ni - a on Her - ran ar - mos - ta
 Re - joice, my soul, re - joice, to heav'n lift up your voice:
 And let the great a - men re - sound through heav'n a - gain.



sun o - sa - si, sun pe - rin - tös ja ta - va - ras.
 *Siis rie - muit - se ja a - jat - te - le au - tuut - tas.
 1, 2 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

**The Finnish stanza repeats the last line of music.*

Text: Johan Kahl, 1721–1746; Finnish tr. *Halullisten Sjelujen Hengelliset Laulut*, 1790; English tr. Ernest E. Ryden, 1886–1981, alt.
 Music: NYT YLÖS, SIELUNI, Finnish folk tune
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Hymn of the Day: ELW 555 "Oh, Sing to God Above"



1 Can - te - mos al Se - ñor un him - no de a - le - grí - a,
2 Can - te - mos al Se - ñor un him - no de a - la - ban - za
1 Oh, sing to God a - bove a hymn of joy - ful greet - ing,
2 Oh, sing to God a - bove a hymn of praise and bless - ing,



un cán - ti - co de a - mor al na - cer el nue - vo dí - a.
que ex - pre - se nues - tro a - mor, nues - tra fe y nues - tra es - pe - ran - za.
a song of grate - ful love in the new day's light re - peat - ing:
a song of grate - ful love, hope and faith our hearts ex - press - ing:



El hi - zo el cie - lo, el mar, el sol y las es - tre - llas
En to - da la crea - ción pre - go - na su gran - de - za,
you made the sea and sky, the sun and stars in splen - dor;
cre - a - tion lifts its voice to tell your might and glo - ry,



y vio en e - llos bon - dad, pues sus o - bras e - ran be - llas.
a - sí nues - tro can - tar va a - nun - cian - do su be - lle - za.
de - light shone in your eye— all your works were filled with won - der.
and we, too, will re - joice to pro - claim the sav - ing sto - ry.

Refrain / Estribillo



¡A - le - lu - ya! ¡A - le - lu - ya! Can - te - mos al Se -
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Oh, sing to God a -



ñor: ¡A - le - lu - ya! ¡A - le - lu - ya! ¡A - le - lu -
bove: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu -



ya! Can - te - mos al Se - ñor: ¡A - le - lu - ya!
ia! Oh, sing to God a - bove: Al - le - lu - ia!

Last time



Can - te - mos al Se - ñor: ¡A - le - lu - ya!
Oh, sing to God a - bove: Al - le - lu - ia!

Hymn during Communion 1: ELW 701 “Once We Sang and Danced”



- 1 Once we sang and danced with glad-ness, once de-light filled ev-'ry breath;
- 2 All the wil-lows bow in weep-ing, all the riv-ers rage and moan,
- 3 God, who came to dwell a-mong us, God, who suf-fered our dis-grace,
- 4 Come, O Christ, a-mong the ash-es, come to wipe our tears a-way,



now we sit a-mong the ash-es, all our dreams de-stroyed by death.
as cre-a-tion joins our plead-ing: “God, do not leave us a-lone.”
from your own heart, grieved and wound-ed, come the rich-es of your grace.
death de-stroy and sor-row ban-ish; now and al-ways, come and stay.

Text: Susan R. Briehl, b. 1952, based on Psalm 137

Music: KAS DZIEDĀJA, Latvian folk tune

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Hymn during Communion 2: ELW 817 “You Have Come Down to the Lakeshore”



1	Tú	has ve - ni - do_a la_o - ri - lla,	no has bus -
1	You	have come down to the lake - shore	seek - ing
2	You	know full well what I have, Lord:	nei - ther
3	You	need my hands, my ex - haus - tion,	work - ing
4	You	who have fished oth - er wa - ters;	you, the



ca - do	ni_a sa - bios ni_a	ri - cos;	tan só - lo
nei - ther	the wise nor the	wealth - y,	but on - ly
trea - sure	nor wea - pons for	con - quest,	just these my
love for	the rest of the	wea - ry—	a love that's
long - ing	of souls that are	yearn - ing:	O lov - ing



quie - res	que yo	te si - ga.	
ask - ing	for me	to fol - low.	
fish - nets	and will	for work - ing.	
will - ing	to go	on lov - ing.	
Friend, you	have come	to call	me.



Refrain / Estribillo

Se - ñor,	me has mi - ra - do_a los o - jos;	son - ri - en - do,
Sweet Lord,	you have looked in - to my eyes;	kind - ly smil - ing,



has di - cho mi nom-bre.	En la_a-re - na	he de - ja - do mi
you've called out my name. . . .	On the sand I	have a-ban-doned my



bar - ca;	jun-to_a ti	bus-ca - ré o - tro mar.
small boat;	now with you,	I will seek oth - er seas.

2 *Tú sabes bien lo que tengo:
en mi barca no hay oro no espadas;
tan sólo redes y mi trabajo.*
Estribillo

4 *Tú, Pescador de otros mares;
ansia eterna de almas que esperan.
Amigo bueno, que así me llamas.*
Estribillo

3 *Tú necesitas mis manos,
mi cansancio que_a otros descanse,
amor que quiera seguir amando.*
Estribillo

Sending Hymn: ELW 621 “Jesus Lives, My Sure Defense”



1 Je - sus lives, my sure de-fense and my ev - er - last - ing Sav - ior!
 2 Je - sus, my re - deem - er, lives; I too un - to life shall wak - en.
 3 No, too close - ly am I bound un - to him by hope for - ev - er;
 4 I am flesh and must re - turn un - to dust, whence I am tak - en.



Know - ing this, my con - fi - dence rests in hope and will not wa - ver,
 Bright the hope this prom - ise gives; shall my cour - age, then, be shak - en?
 faith's strong hand the rock has found, grasped it, and will leave it nev - er;
 But these eyes my Lord will know when from death I shall a - wak - en,



though the night of death be fraught still with man - y an anx - ious thought.
 Shall I fear then? Can the head rise and leave his mem - bers dead?
 e - ven death now can - not part from its Lord the trust - ing heart.
 with my Sav - ior to a - bide in his glo - ry, at his side.



5 Then take comfort and rejoice
 for his people Christ will cherish.
 Fear not, you will hear his voice;
 dying, you will never perish;
 for the very grave is stirred
 when the trumpet's blast is heard.

6 Here on earth, then, let your hearts
 rise from longings vain and hollow.
 Seek what Christ your Lord imparts
 while you in his footsteps follow.
 As you now still wait to rise,
 set your hearts beyond the skies!

Text: Otto von Schwerin, 1616–1679; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.
 Music: JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT, attr. Johann Crüger, 1598–1662

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