

Tolling of the Bell | Organ Voluntary | Greeting | Opening Sentences

Hymn 327

From All That Dwell Below the Skies

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

*Unison*

1 From all that dwell be-low the skies let the Cre - a - tor's praise a -  
 2 In ev - ery land be - gin the song, to ev - ery land the strains be -  
 3 E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; e - ter - nal truth at - tends thy

*Harmony* *Unison*

rise: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Let the Re - deem - er's  
 long: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! In cheer - ful sound all  
 word: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thy praise shall sound from

*Harmony*

name be sung through ev - ery land, in ev - ery tongue.  
 voic - es raise and fill the world with joy - ful praise. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 shore to shore, till suns shall rise and set no more.

*Unison*

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1719, P.D.  
 Music (LASST UNS ERFREUEN 8.8.8.8 with alleluias): *Auserlesen Catholische Geistliche Kirchengesänge*, Cologne, 1623; adapt. and harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), 1906, P.D.

Prayer of Confession

## Declaration of Forgiveness

### Response

Henry Greatorex

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the  
 Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; as it was in the be -  
 gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be,  
 world with - out end. A - men, a - men.

### The Peace

### Conversation with Children

### Reading

### Anthem

*Deep River*

Spiritual • arr. Nicholas Palmer  
(b. 1963)

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,  
 Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.

O don't you want to go to that gospel feast,  
 that promised land where all is peace?

### Sermon

Keatan King

1 This is my song, O God of all the na - tions,  
 2 My coun - try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean,  
 3 This is my prayer, O Lord of all earth's king - doms:

a song of peace for lands a - far and mine.  
 and sun - light beams on clo - ver - leaf and pine.  
 thy king - dom come; on earth thy will be done.

This is my home, the coun - try where my heart is;  
 But oth - er lands have sun - light too, and clo - ver,  
 Let Christ be lift - ed up till all shall serve him,

here are my hopes, my dreams, my ho - ly shrine;  
 and skies are ev - ery - where as blue as mine.  
 and hearts u - nit - ed learn to live as one.

but oth - er hearts in oth - er lands are beat - ing  
 So hear my song, O God of all the na - tions,  
 So hear my prayer, O God of all the na - tions:

with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.  
 a song of peace for their land and for mine.  
 my - self I give thee; let thy will be done.

## Offertory

### Offertory Anthem

#### *God Be in My Head*

John Rutter  
(b. 1945)

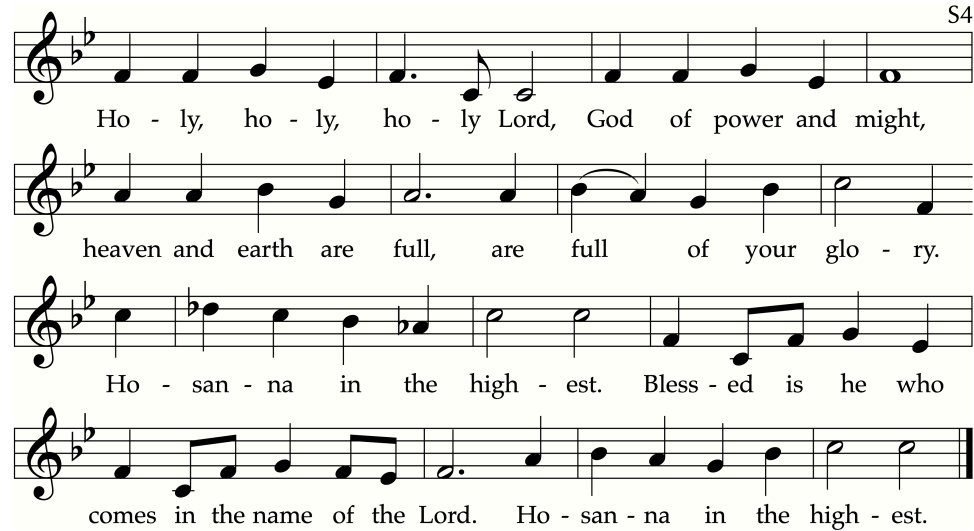
God be in my head and in my understanding.  
God be in mine eyes and in my looking.  
God be in my mouth and in my speaking.  
God be in mine heart and in my thinking.  
God be at my end and in my departing.

– Old English prayer

## Communion Prayer

### SANCTUS


S4



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of power and might,  
heaven and earth are full, are full of your glo - ry.  
Ho - san - na in the high - est. Bless - ed is he who  
comes in the name of the Lord. Ho - san - na in the high - est.

### MYSTERY OF FAITH

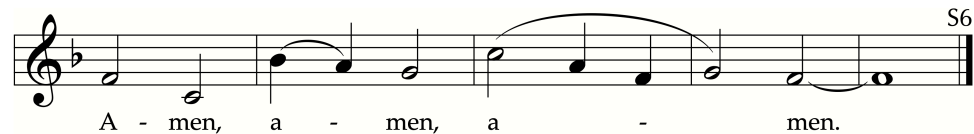
S5



Christ has died, Christ is ris - en, Christ will come a - gain.

### AMEN

S6



A - men, a - men, a - men.

## The Lord's Prayer

## Communion

## Prayer of Thanksgiving

## Hymn 339

*Lift Every Voice and Sing*

LIFT EVERY VOICE



1. Lift ev - 'ry voice and sing, Till earth and heav - en  
 2. Ston - y the road we trod, Bit - ter the chas - t'ning  
 3. God of our wea - ry years, God of our si - lent



ring, Ring with the har - mo - nies of lib - er -  
 rod, Felt in the days when hope un - born had  
 tears, Thou who hast brought us thus far on the



ty; Let our re - joic - ing rise High as the lis - t'ning  
 died; Yet with a stead - y beat, Have not our wea - ry  
 way; Thou who hast by thy might Led us in - to the



skies, Let it re-sound loud as the roll - ing sea.  
 feet Come to the place for which our peo - ple sighed?  
 light, Keep us for - ev - er in the path, we pray.



Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has  
 We have come o - ver a way that with tears has been  
 Lest our feet stray from the plac - es, our God, where we



taught us; Sing a song full of the  
 wa - tered; We have come, tread - ing our  
 met thee; Lest our hearts, drunk with the



hope that the pres - ent has brought us; Fac - ing the  
 path through the blood of the slaugh - tered; Out from the  
 wine of the world, we for - get thee; Shad - owed be -



ris - ing sun Of our new day be - gun,  
 gloom - y past, Till now we stand at last  
 neath thy hand, May we for - ev - er stand,



Let us march on till vic - to - ry is won.  
 Where the bright gleam of our bright star is cast.  
 True to our God, true to our na - tive land.

Initially a poem for a school assembly at which Booker T. Washington spoke on Lincoln's birthday in 1900, this text and tune have gained national recognition and devotion, not only within the African American community, but also among all who seek liberation from oppression.

## Charge and Blessing

## Organ Voluntary

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### Musicians

St. Philip Choir | Matthew Dirst – organist & conductor | Randall Swanson – director of music

