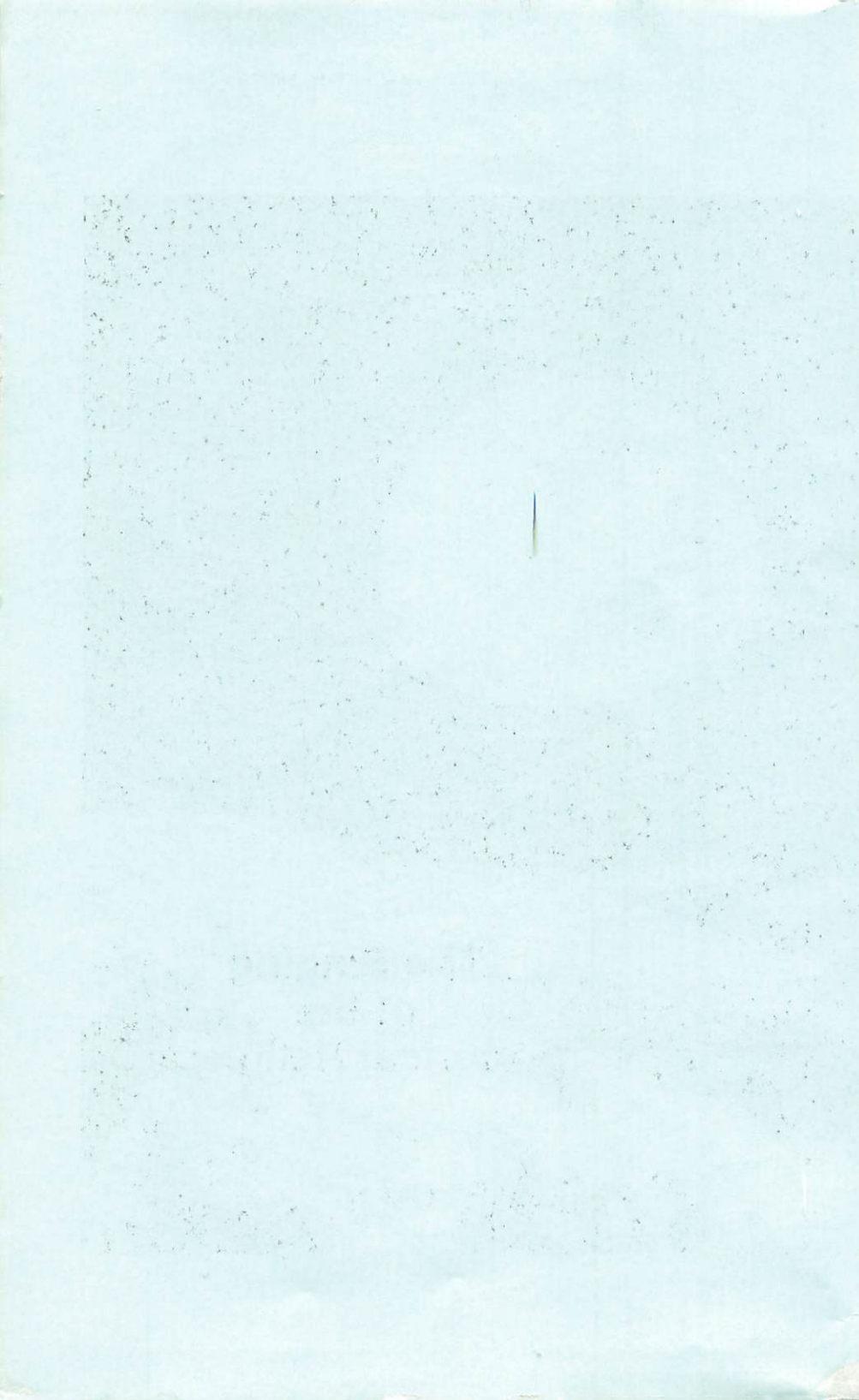


**The Singing
of the
Historical Religious**



The Singing of the Historical Religious

All Creatures of Our God and King	144
Amazing Grace	144
Ascription	160
At The Cross	151
Battle Hymn of the Revolutionary	148
Being	153
Be Thou My Vision	142
Called to Be	152
Called To Walk In The Way	159
Church, The	157
Come Thou Fount	141
Contemplation	155
Dark Night - Long March	162
Doxology	160
Finish Our Work	151
For All The Saints	143
Geneva Crossroads	149
Give Thanks	158
Glory Be To The Father	160
God	156
God Moves	143
Good News	158
Grace	156
Grace and Peace	160
Harvest Time	142
How Firm A Foundation	142
I Know Whom I Have Believed	141
Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise	141
Invitation, The	152
Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho	149
Just A Closer Walk With Thee	143

King's Business, The	1
Life From Nothing	1
Lonesome Valley	1
Lord of the Dance	1
Lord's Prayer, The	1
Men of the Spirit	1
Mighty Fortress Is Our God, A	1
New Jerusalem	1
O For a Thousand Tongues	1
O God, Our Help in Ages Past	1
Obedience	1
Once To Every Man and Nation	1
Our Eyes Have Seen A Thousand Years	1
Pentecost Hymn	1
Poverty	1
Praise To The Lord	1
Praise Ye The Lord	1
Prayer	1
Prayer: The Time is Come	1
Psalm 13	1
Psalm 117	1
Responsibility	1
Single Mind, The	1
Song of the Prophets	1
That He Reign	1
Those Who Wait On The Lord	1
Voice of God is Calling	1
Watch Ye Therefore	1
We Celebrate Your Being	1
We Celebrate Your Family	1

COME THOU FOUNT

Come, thou fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it, mount of thy redeeming love.

Here I raise mine Ebenezer; hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter, bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wonder, Lord I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it: seal it for thy courts above.

I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED

I know not why God's wondrous grace to me He hath made known,
Nor why unworthy—Christ in love redeemed for his own.

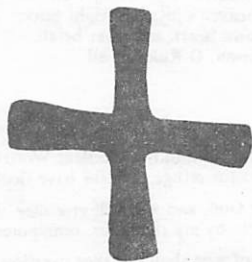
Refrain:

But I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed unto Him against that day.

I know not how this saving faith to me he did impart,
Nor how believing in his Word wrought peace within my heart.

I know not how the Spirit moves, convincing Men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the Word, creating faith in Him.

I know not what of good or ill may be reserved for me,
Or weary ways or golden days, before His face I see.



IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE, GOD ONLY WISE

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible, Hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, The Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great Name we praise.

Unresting, unchanging, And silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life Thou givest, to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
Thy wisdom so boundless, Thy mercy so free,
Eternal Thy goodness, for naught changeth Thee.

Great Father of Glory, Pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee, All veiling their sight;
All laud we would render; O help us to see
'Tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee.

HARVEST TIME

The seed I have scattered in springtime with weeping, and watered with tears and with dews from on high
Another may shout when the harvesters reaping, shall gather my grain in the sweet by and by.

Refrain:

Over and over, yes, deeper and deeper, my heart is pierced through with life's sorrowing cry.
But the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper shall mingle together in joy by and by.
By and by, by and by, by and by, by and by.

Yes the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper shall mingle together in joy by and by.

Another may reap what in springtime I've planted. Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain.
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted while toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.

Thorns will have choked and the summer sun blasted the most of the seed which in springtime I've sown.
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted will give me a harvest for what I have done.

Coda:

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, palms of victory, I shall wear.



BE THOU MY VISION

Be thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my Wisdom, and thou my true Word;
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, and I thy true son,
Thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise;
Thou mine inheritance, now and always,
Thou and thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

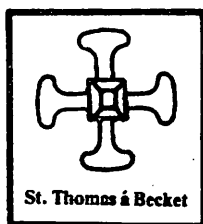
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said, to you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed, for I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go, the rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, and sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

"When through fiery trials thy pathways shall lie, my grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine."

"The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"



GOD MOVES

God move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; the clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break in blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, but trust him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence he hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast, unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower.

FOR ALL THE SAINTS

For all the saints, who from their labors rest, who thee by faith before the world confessed.
Thy name, O Jesus: be forever blest. Alleluia. Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might; thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light. Alleluia. Alleluia!

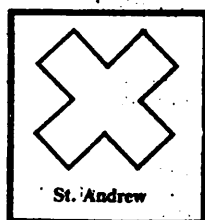
O may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold, fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia. Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine! We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia. Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia. Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day, the saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The king of glory passes on this way. Alleluia. Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, through gates of pearl streams in the countless host
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia. Alleluia!



JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE

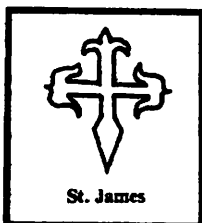
Chorus

Just a closer walk with thee! Grant it, Jesus, is my plea.
Daily walking close to thee - let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

I am weak, but thou art strong; Jesus keep me from all wrong.
I'll be satisfied as long as I walk, let me walk close to thee.

Through this world of toil and snares, if I falter, Lord, who cares?
Who with me my burden shares? None but thee, dear Lord, none but thee

When my feeble life is o'er, time for me will be no more,
Guide me gently, safely o'er, to thy kingdom shore, to thy shore.



AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost, but now am found, was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear and grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear, the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise then when we'd first begun.

ALL CREATURES OF OUR GOD AND KING

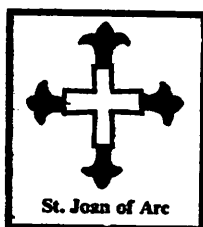
All creatures of our God and King, lift up your voice and with us sing, Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam, thou silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise him, O praise him! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou rushing wind that art so strong, ye clouds that sail in heaven along, O praise him! Alleluia!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice, ye lights of evening, find a voice!
O praise him, O praise him! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou flowing water, pure and clear, make music for thy Lord to hear, Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou fire so masterful and bright, thou givest man both warmth and light!
O praise him, O praise him! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

And thou, most kind and gentle death, waiting to hush our latest breath, O praise him, Alleluia!
Thou leadest home the child of God, and Christ our Lord the way hath trod,
O praise him, O praise him! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Let all things their Creator bless, and worship him in humbleness, O praise him! Alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son, and praise the Spirit, three in one!
O praise him, O praise him! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!



PRAISE TO THE LORD

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy hearth and salvation:
All ye who hear, now to his temple draw near,
Joining in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen? All that is needful hath been
Granted in what he ordaineth.

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do,
If with his love he befriend thee!

Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me adore him;
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before him!
Let the Amen sound from his people again;
Gladly for aye we adore him.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing;
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great, and, armed with cruel hate, on earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man on our side, the Man of God's own choosing;
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth, his name, from age to age the same, and he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us;
The prince of darkness grim, we tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure, for lo! his doom is sure, one little word shall fell him

That word above all earthly powers, no thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours through Him who with us sideth;
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;
The body they may kill: God's truth abideth still, His kingdom is forever.

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES

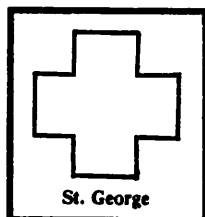
O for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King, the triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God, assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad the honor of Thy name.

He breaks the power of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood availed for me.

He speaks and listening to His voice, new life the dead receive
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice, the humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, your loosened tongues employ.
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come, and leap, ye lame, for joy.



O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast and our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone, and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight, are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night, before the rising sun

Time, like an ever rolling stream, bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last, and our eternal home

ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight,
And the choice goes by forever
Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just,
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

By the light of burning martyrs,
Christ, Thy bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the cross that turns not back.
New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold
And upon the throne be wrong,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

THE VOICE OF GOD IS CALLING

The voice of God is calling
It summons unto men;
As once He spake in Zion,
So now He speaks again.
Whom shall I send to succor
My people in their need?
Whom shall I send to loosen
The bonds of shame and greed?

I hear my people crying
In cot and mine and slum;
No field or mart is silent,
No city street is dumb.
I see my people falling
In darkness and despair.
Whom shall I send to shatter
The fetters which they bear?

We heed, O Lord, thy summons,
And answer: Here are we!
Send us upon thine errand,
Let us thy servants be.
Our strength is dust and ashes,
Our years a passing hour;
But thou canst use our weakness
To magnify thy power.

From ease and plenty save us;
From pride of place absolve;
Purge us of low desire;
Eft us to high resolve.
Take us, and make us holy;
Teach us Thy will and way.
Speak and behold! we answer!
Command, and we obey!

THAT HE REIGN

Slaves of Christ, his mercy we remember, and his will that our lands for him we win,
That he reign—our witness we shall bear, for all his brethren care,
And his communion share in all our work and prayer.

Refrain:

Slaves of Christ, his mercy we remember, and His will that our lands for Him we win.

Calling men, the laboring and the laden, to his feet that their burdens He may lift.
At his work—their sorrows fully past, their troubles on him cast,
Their sickness healed at last, will men to him hold fast.

Bringing him, our Master and our Savior, where his sword must all false pretences slay.
That his peace—may shatter human pride, the right from wrong divide,
The widow's cause decide, injustice set aside.

OUR EYES HAVE SEEN A THOUSAND YEARS

Tune: I Am Bound for the Promised Land

To prophesy that all the earth belongs to every Man,
One must behold a thousand years and thus unceasing stand.

Refrain:

Our eyes have seen a thousand years: we must unceasing stand
And prophesy that all the earth belongs to every Man.

We're on the edge for all Mankind, we hear the human cry,
We point to possibility in the struggle of our time.

Life is a resurrected deed lived that all Men be free,
Responding to the global need in particularity.

Within the painful fire of change, the spirit era sign,
The style through which the depths of life are lived for all Mankind.

Coda:

I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land.
Oh, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

LONESOME VALLEY

Jesus walked this lonesome valley, he had to walk it by himself.
Oh, nobody else could walk it for him, he had to walk it by himself.

We must walk this lonesome valley, we have to walk it by ourselves.
Oh, nobody else can walk it for us, we have to walk it by ourselves.

You must go and stand your trial, you have to stand it by yourself.
Oh, nobody else can stand it for you, you have to stand it by yourself.

WATCH YE THEREFORE

Watch ye, therefore, ye know not the day,
When the Lord shall call your soul away.
If you labor, striving for the right,
You shall wear a golden crown.

Be not like the foolish virgins ten,
For he's coming and you know not when.
Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning bright,
You shall wear a golden crown.

I shall wear a crown, I shall wear a crown,
When the trumpet sounds, when the trumpet sounds.
I shall wear a crown, I shall wear a crown,
I shall wear a golden crown.

Special Ending:

For just as soon as my feet strike Zion, gonna lay down my heavy burdens,
Gonna put on my robe in glory, gonna shout and tell the story,
Gonna come over hills and mountains, step up to the crystal fountain,
Where all of God's sons and daughters will be drinking from the healing waters,
Then we shall wear a golden crown.



SONG OF THE PROPHETS

Chorus

Out of the depths of history The Cry! The Cry!
Calls forth the prophets of the time to build the new.
We are the ones who see the vision.
Struggle to bring new life to men,
And we know we carry the future of every man.

It called to Jeremiah The Cry! The Cry!

"I send you out to speak the Word and build the New."

He said, "Oh Lord, I am too young, I am too young to do this deed."

But the Lord said, "Jeremiah, I'll give you the strength."

Chorus

Isaiah heard within his heart The Cry! The Cry!

"Whom shall I send and who will go to build the New?"

"I am the one who must decide to breathe new spirit into the hearts of men."

I decide to live on behalf of all.

Chorus

Demanding of Ezekiel The Cry! The Cry!

"Go to my children, sad and tired and build the New.

They have forgotten the vision they saw, the promise of all history

Is theirs to have is only they hear my call."

Chorus



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REVOLUTIONARY

When there needs be changes made, there rise up a people
Who respond to history by giving up their lives.
Doubt rightness or doubt goodness, as they move on ahead.
Just some die for the living and some die for the dead.

Chorus:

Our Father who art in Heaven, give us our daily bread
Jesus our Saviour, our leaven, I've heard you're not really dead

Troubles and complaining soon dominate the scene
And through the few remaining a small band carry on.
We struggle, fight and laugh and cry and get on with the task,
'Cause God don't want no misery, our lives are all he asks.

Chorus

God does what he wants to do, you cannot force his hand.
He gives just what he wants to give - We've nothing to demand
Doubt rightness or doubt goodness, as we move on ahead.
Just some die for the living and some die for the dead.

Chorus

GENEVA CROSSROADS

From our ancient fathers our wisdom grows and grows.
Taking their past insight to build a brand new world.
NSV created, on behalf of all,
Iron Men create the future
For all men.

Refrain:

To Geneva Crossroads 400 people came
Francis, Paul and Luther, Kennedy and King
All of the earth belongs to every man.
Iron Men create the future
For all men.

Iron men are molded through exercise and games.
Healthy minds and bodies, become one and the same.
Terrible Tummy Twister, Iron Man Handstand,
Iron Men create the future
For all men.

Refrain

Heads upon the water glide over the abyss,
Walking in the water, waiting for the sun.
Still the rain keeps falling, clouds will not disperse.
Iron Men create the future,
For all men.

Refrain

NEW JERUSALEM

Tune: House of the Rising Sun

Three hundred people spoke in tongues
With flames above their heads
The Holy Ghost descended there
The Emerging Church they led.

Refrain:

There is a camp in New Orleans
Called New Jerusalem
A place of emerging spirit men.
O Lord, I know I'm one.

Bread and wine they feasted on
They lived in corporateness
Rehearsed the story of their lives
And danced their brokenness.

Refrain

Paul did journey far abroad
Through trials and misery
And though he shipwrecked on the shore
He praised the Mystery.

Refrain

Across the globe they spread the Word
Of death and victory.
Worked wonder through the glorious name
Of the Man from Galilee.

Refrain

The blinding vision fills the eyes
Of global men dispersed
The open future now proclaimed:
New Heaven and New Earth.

Refrain

JOSHUA FIT DE BATTLE OF JERICO

Chorus:

Joshua fit de battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fit de battle of Jericho, and the walls came tumblin' down.

You may talk about your kings of Gideon, you may talk about your men of Saul,
But there's none like good ol' Joshua, at de battle of Jericho.

Right up to the walls of Jericho, he marched with spear in hand.
"Go blow them ram horns," Joshua cried, "Cause the battle am in my hand."

Then the lamb, ram, sheephorns began to blow and the trumpets began to sound
Joshua commanded the children to shout and the walls came tumblin' down.
... that morning ...

THE KING'S BUSINESS

Tune: The King's Business

I am a stranger here within a foreign land.
My home is far away upon a golden strand.
Ambassador to be to realms beyond the sea.
I'm here on business for my king.

Refrain:

This is the message that I bring.
A message angels fain would sing.
Oh, be ye reconciled.
Thus saith my Lord and King.
Oh, be ye reconciled to God.

There is a desert there that breaks the surest soul.
All meaning seared away makes life an empty role.
Yet on that arid plain there falls eternal rain
And that's the pause in my return.

There is a darkness there, profound as death's domain
The mortal blow to sight leaves hopelessness and pain.
Yet in that pitchest night there shines the glory light.
And that's the pause in my return.

There is a burning there that's like the flame of hell.
It's an apostasy beyond man's power to quell.
Yet in that awful fire there sings a holy choir.
And that's the pause in my return.

Refrain:

There is a stillness there that's like a violent gale.
And in that ecstasy I know my native vale.
Tis then I hear the cry of brothers doomed to die.
And that's the cause of my return.

Refrain:

I am a stranger here, within a foreign land.
My home is far away upon a golden strand.
Ambassador to be to realms beyond the sea.
I'm here on business for my king.

Refrain:



LORD OF THE DANCE

I danced in the morning when the world was begun, and I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun.
And I came down from heaven and danced on the earth, at Bethlehem I had my birth.

Refrain:

Dance then wherever you may be, I am the lord of the dance, said he
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be, and I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.

I danced for the scribes and the pharisees, but they would not dance and they would not follow me.
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John; they came with me and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame, the holy people said it was a shame
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high, and they left me there on the cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black: it's hard to dance with the devil on your back:
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone, but I am the dance and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high: I am the life that'll never never die:
'I'll live in you if you live in me, I am the lord of the dance, said he.

AT THE CROSS

Alas, and did my Saviour bleed and did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?

Refrain:

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

Was it for crimes that I have done, he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing Pity! Grace unknown! and love beyond degree.

Well might the Sun in darkness hide, and shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died for man his creature's sin.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away — 'tis all that I can do.



FINISH OUR WORK

Tune: I Walk the Line

We are one body with the race of men,
All who are, will be, and e'er have been.
"You must not die," the dead cry out within,
"Finish our work! Finish our work!"

We choose to hear the cries from history,
Of pioneers in responsibility,
Who struggled for a world they did not see,
"Finish our work! Finish our work!"

We hear the voices of the saints of old
Of martyrs, monks and churchmen who were bold
Who gave their lives the historic church to mold,
"Finish our work! Finish our work!"

We hear the coming generation
Demand we will the new formation
Of every local congregation,
"Finish our work! Finish our work!"

We are the people of God in history
Who are and were and evermore shall be,
Out of the depth we hear the mystery,
"Finish our work! Finish our work!"

PRAYER: THE TIME IS COME

Tune: Waiting for the Sunrise

O God, the world is waiting for resurgence, every heart is waiting for You.
The hopes of man, the spirit deeps are crying. Now, O God, the time is come!

O God, old men are dreaming dreams of future, and young men see visions of hope.
The prophecy from daughters all is rising. Now, O God, the time is come!

O God, pour out a portion of Your spirit, give a sign of what is to come,
Send down the fire of power and repentance. Now, O God, the time is come!

O God, be with us on our journey always, as we serve the anguish of men,
Save us unto Thy everlasting glory. Now, O God, the time is come!

PSALM 13

Tune: Five Hundred Miles

How long, O Lord, wilt thou quite forget me?
How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?
How long must I suffer anguish in my soul,
grief in my heart, day and night?
How long shall my enemy lord it over me?
Look now and answer me, O Lord my God.
Give light to my eyes lest I sleep the sleep of death,
lest my adversary say, "I have overthrown him,"
and my enemies rejoice at my downfall.
But for my part I trust in thy true love.
My heart shall rejoice, for thou hast set me free.
I will sing to the Lord, who has granted all my desire.

THE INVITATION

Tune: Bve. Bve. Love

Refrain:

Come to me, all you who labor, and are heavy laden.
And I will give you rest. And I will give you rest.

You are invited to be set free. Be not offended, attend to me.
Lay down your burden, pick up your life: the one solution for all your strife.

The call comes daily, confronting me: all former patterns are shaken free.
The man exalted, the God brought low: behind this offence, my death I know.

I'm at the crossroads, I must decide to live offended or faith confide.
There is no reason, the cross to choose: it's my election, my life to lose.

The Church triumphant is yet to be, always becoming in history.
The one salvation, severity: the Church's task is to set men free.

CALLED TO BE

Called to be the glimpsers of the Mystery
Carving dreams with creativity
Called to be the POETS
On behalf of mankind.

Called to be the miracle workers
Serving with the necessary deed
Called to be the new SAINTS
On behalf of mankind.

Called to be enactors of the victory
Leading all in courage every day
Called to be the GENERALS
On behalf of mankind.

Called to be speakers of the Wisdom
Knowing all and pointing out the Way
Called to be the WISE ONES
On behalf of mankind.

Called to be the sacrificial servants
Giving life to alter history
Called to be THE ANOINTED
On behalf of mankind.

PRAYER

Tune: Aravah (Hebrew)

When I see my life
ever is torn

And loved ones
Violated

And my failures are
daily reborn

Then sorrow with
heaven is weighted.

Yet I can gladly em-
brace every hour

And praise God's
inequity

I can sing of my
blessings that shower

My joy
inexpressible be.

Now here I stand
battered to and fro

The chaos within
yet surrounding

I cry out my want and
the lack that I know

And power from with-
out feel uplifting.

The weight of the work
on my shoulders I bear

I echo the
voices that cry

The path of Mankind
with my agony bent

And my God
I'll fight on till I die.



BEING

Tune: Theme from "Black Orpheus"

My life is as
Vast as the sea
No boundaries no
Floor beneath me.

Yet as I look within
No man has greater sin.
I am the least of all
I daily fall.

But it's then when I
Doubt that I can
I choose to be nothing
For man.

To die is my lot
I live as if not
With Paul
I merge with all.

I see then as
Never before
The secrets of
Heaven my store.

With wisdom twice my age
My life an open page
Though with each insight
Gain a deeper pain.

Yet I live with the
Lord on my side
And wild intuition
My guide.

I'm sent as a sign
The bread and the wine
My form
And virgin born.

Then I act seeing
Action is vain
And accomplishments
Never as gain.

To only do is less
Than forming humanness
So mission I must be
To set men free.

Called to burn as an
Undying flame
Each word and each
Gesture the Name.

I must through life-loss
An exalted cross
My place
Reveal his face.

Then the Lord through
My life prays a prayer
And my being is
Filled being there.

I can invent anew who
All the saints once kne
By being who I am
I create man.

And it's no longer
I who is seen
But the Lord standing
There in between.

Finished as I die
Held there between
Sky and sod
To save our God.

Yes, it's there on the limbs of the worm-eaten tree where the All and the Nothing can BE.

POVERTY

Tune: from Brahms' "First Symphony," Fourth Movement

Come walk with Francis Like him you'll Naked die	Bound too by fame? then You must leap O'er that shoal	Drawn too by surety? Living is to Be unsure	Belong in the tension Where life and Death contend
Free all you now cherish For time soon will Pass you by	Your calling's been written Upon the Ages' scroll	So pour your life wholly Each burden you Will endure	As bridge to the future Burn out the flesh Time did lend
If you would do something Then be God's nothing Be the Lord's Fool and sife	The mass of most Men Laugh and don't listen Say that you've Failed, gone mad	Abound with Paul and Run the race and In fullness There abase	If holiness binds you Leave it behind you Such vestments You must rend
In holding to naught There the secret is found You are wealth When not by wealth . . .	Yet when all seems wrong You wink and appear gone Lo, the Lord's New face is . . .	In all that you do Make this your song That all earth To all Men . . .	The only defense In the battle that's won Is life-in-depth The Kingdom . . .

OBEDIENCE

Tune: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (Joyful, Joyful...)

Come all spirits Roaming freely Bind your will in Common thrust	Let the light that Fights with darkness Show your rights and Everyman's	Heed the cries that Sound your passion Bleed with every Struggling one	Live your life Before the calling To discern the Will of God
Stand beneath the Gaze of neighbor Ready to obey Their trust	Place your share Upon the altar Burn it at the Lord's command	Will that you might Live to free them Speak the Word, the Deed be done	Fellowhood with Every neighbor Each demand a Weight and rod
Take within yourself The burden Peace on earth, Good will to men	Speak with lightning When the shadows Blind the eyes of Those you love	Launch with those who Share the vision To expand man's Destiny	Choose to follow On the ascending Know that alone to Be your way
All the world is Now your parish Every spirit Yours to win.	Never let the Clouds of winning Block the glorious Sun above.	In the life that's Born of drowning Sail with friends who Wage the sea.	Then join hands Beyond the border With the Saints in Bright array.

CONTEMPLATION

Tune: Those Were the Days

When in the midst of strife The other strikes my life	And in my past I find The fatefulness of time	And the Not-yet I see Is cut from under me	And deep within I see The fact that I just be
And that encounter Will not let me flee	But then a transformation comes to me	So fast it comes as Possibility	And unrepeatably This one this self.
It's then I honor him Though he be foe or friend	I then begin my poem In mystery alone	Then my reality Is change eternally	Free passion then I live My depthless life I give
And I become the All that is not me	And I am Adam In all History	And I become the All of yet to be	I find that I be Being in myself.



THE SINGLE MIND

Tune: A Great and Mighty Wonder

Refrain:

Obedience the armor, our poverty the sign,
Our chastity the battle to create the single mind.

The journey of the spirit demands full heart and mind;
To forge the universal on behalf of all Mankind.

To sacrifice as mission, take up your shield and rod;
March on the road, true comrades, of obedience to God.

True poverty in spirit your style and symbol be;
That all Mankind may follow the call to set God free.

Come colleagues of the journey, give up your will to God's
Become the bloody footsteps on the road our fathers trod.

GOD

Tune: Blowin' in the Wind

It is God that is always driving man to care about the coming day.
And yet God is the mystery who takes each man's security away.
It is God that makes man seek happiness, but does not allow his joy to stay.
It is God who gives every man his life, and God who takes his life away.

It is God that drives man to search for love, and yet man is constantly pursued.
By that force which finally casts each one out into loneliness and solitude.
It is God that drives man to knowledge and truth, but always denies him certitude.
It is God who gives every man his life, and God who takes his life away.

It is God that gives the desire to achieve, and yet death leaves man's work undone.
It is God that summons man to do good, and neglect his duty to none.
And yet God is the voice that pronounces guilt, for man's war with self is never won.
It is God who gives every man his life, and God who takes his life away.

GRACE

Tune: Mary's Little Boy Child

"Where sin abounded, grace did all the more abound," Paul said.
The state of our whole life is this, that we are separated.
Separated from life's aim and its origin;
Separated from ourselves and from other men.

Grace strikes when we are estranged from life's mystery,
From its greatness and its depth, its source and destiny.
Grace strikes when we are in great restlessness and pain,
And when all of life itself seems meaningless and vain.

Grace strikes when we are estranged from another life;
When relationships become filled with human strife.
Grace strikes when we deeply feel this separation,
Because another life we've harmed through what we have done.

Grace strikes when in our self-hate we are in despair;
And the failures of our lives become too hard to bear.
Grace strikes when, year after year, the longed-for life does not appear
And all joy is gone away and courage turned to fear.

Sometimes at that moment while separated
A light breaks through, a word is said, "You are accepted."
A wave of light sometimes breaks through in that moment of great dread,
And a voice is heard to say, "You are accepted."

Grace strikes then, but we may not be better than before;
And believing may not be increased to any more.
But we are united to life's aim and origin,
Reunited to ourselves and to other men.

"Where sin abounded, grace did all the more abound," Paul said.
Now the state of our whole life is reunited.
Reunited to life's aim and its origin;
Reunited to ourselves and to other men.

RESPONSIBILITY

Tune: Yellow Submarine

Refrain:

Free men live in responsibility, duty bound and free in relativity.

Free men live in responsibility, whoever they may be, their deeds are history.

Observe and judge the given facts. Weigh up the values; decide and act.

You're alone, completely free, leave the judgment to history.

To no principle, no law, to no authority can you withdraw.

You decide it all alone, right from right and wrong from wrong.

Obligation is the call; to God and neighbor surrender all.

The free venture is the deed rendered up to meet the need.



THE CHURCH

Tune: Theme from "Exodus"

The Church of God is like the pioneer, the sensitive, responsive one,
Who hears the Word of God and sees His judgements,
And has the vision of the resurrection.

The Church of God is like the Israelite, whose voice denounced idolatry.
Who lived in brother-love, the law responsible,
And thus eventually all nations would be blessed.

The Church of God is like the Nazarene, first risen in obedience,
Who on behalf of all, showed what all men might do,
Who in God's mercy lived and gave that gift to man.

The Church of God, the world-society, to God-in-Christ and Christ-in-God
Responds in hope and trust, repents for all Mankind,
And so reduplicates the deed of Jesus Christ.

GIVE THANKS

Tune: Wind.

Chorus:

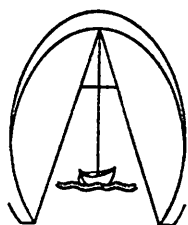
Praise be to God the Father Almighty, praise be to God who came to this earth.
Praise be to God the Spirit eternal, praise be to God forever.

Give thanks for the mystery that man cannot know or see:
The final reality whom we embrace, whom we embrace.

Give thanks that all life is good: give thanks that we are received;
Give thanks that the past's approved and the future is open, and the future is open.

Give thanks that all men are free to live life responsibly;
Observe, judge, and weigh the fact, decide and act, decide and act.

Give thanks for the will to be the Church in all history;
To care for society and die our deaths, and die our deaths.



GOOD NEWS

Tune: Good News, Chariot's Coming

Good news, all is good. Good news, all is received.
Good news, all is approved. All is possible.
That's the word of life he came to bear; (3 times)
That's the word, the good news.

It's an affirmation, life is good . . .

Whatever you are, you are received . .

Whatever your past, it's stamped approved . . .

All is possible, the future is yours . . .

MEN OF THE SPIRIT

Tune: Meadowlands

Men of the Spirit, march on to build a new tomorrow,
Theirs is the will to will one thing and only.
Theirs is the joy, the godly sorrow.

Men of the Spirit are men of flesh and blood and iron,
Theirs is the war that's never won, but winning,
Theirs is the mission never done.

Men of the Spirit are black, tan, brown, white, red and yellow,
Theirs is the task to build the earth, the future,
Their lives are given for their fellow.

Men of the Spirit fight on and hold the common vision,
Theirs is not wealth nor status nor vainglory,
Theirs is not discord nor division.

Men of the Spirit march on to build a new tomorrow,
Theirs is the will to will one thing and only.
Theirs is the joy, the godly sorrow.

CALLED TO WALK IN THE WAY

Tune: Put Your Hand in the Hand

Called to walk in the way of the man who stilled the water;
Called to walk in the way of the man who calmed the sea;
Called to live in the Word and be free to live for others;
Called to walk in the way of the man from Galilee.

Hear the Word that's the Word that's been said for all God's creatures;
Hear the Word that's the Word that's been said for you and me;
It's the Word about life you are called to give to others;
It's the Word that will give them possibility.

Well, a voice comes, I hear it saying all too clearly;
"You are my Son, with you I am well pleased!"
Got a job to be done and life must needs be given,
Can't promise rewards and your pain will be increased."

Then the Spirit came and said, "Go into the desert!
There's a power—old Satan—he's the one you've got to meet."
Forty days without food out there as a solitary;
Had to decide old Satan was the one that had to be beat.

Got the Word, can't hold it, have to say it—it is the gospel;
"The time has come! The kingdom it has arrived!"
You must change your hearts and minds and believe this good news;
It's the Word from which the future must be derived."

Heal the sick, chase the demons, say the Word that says "forgiveness,"
Take away all excuses for a life to be lived as dead.
Help each man you meet to make a new decision—
To pick up the past, live the future with all its dread.

There'll be betrayal and despair and denial—you'll be left all alone;
And you'll wonder if the God who has called has gone away.
There'll be taunts and a hill and a cross all prepared for you,
Then the spear, flowing blood, final words . . . has death won the day?

Feel the darkness and the darkness and the quietness of this closed-up tomb!
Feel the relief that old death has prepared for you and me!
But the Lord calls again—look! The stone! It has been rolled away!
Time to walk with the pain through the avenues of history.

Repeat first verse

ASCRPTION

Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky

In the name of the Father
And the Son, and the Holy Ghost,
In the name of the Father,
And the Son, and the Holy Ghost,
In the name of the Father,
And the Son, and the Holy Ghost.
Amen, Amen.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
In the name of the Father,
And the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

DOXOLOGY

Tune: Jamaica Farewell or Hernando's Hideaway

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below.
Praise Him above ye heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Repeat

Amen. Amen. Amen.
Amen. Amen. Amen.
Amen. Amen. Amen.
Amen. Amen. Amen.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER

Tune: Children's Marching Song

Glory be to the Father,
And to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning,
Is now and ever shall be;
World without end. Amen.
Amen. Amen. Amen.
Amen. Amen. Amen.

GRACE AND PEACE

Tune: The Happy Wanderer

Grace and peace be unto you
From God our Father.
And the Lord Jesus Christ!
Grace and peace be unto you
From God our Father
And the Lord Jesus Christ.
Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.
Grace and peace be unto you!



LIFE FROM NOTHING

Tune: I Walk the Line

Life from nothing began through Him,
And life from the dead began through Him.
And He is therefore justly called
The Lord of all, the Lord of all!

Repeat

THE LORD'S PRAYER

*Tune: Midnight in Moscow or
Chorus of "Waltzing Matilda"*

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven.
Give to us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our debts,
As we forgive our debtors,
Lead us not into temptation.
But deliver us from all evil;
For Thine is the kingdom,
The power, and the glory,
Forever and ever, Amen.

PRAISE YE THE LORD

O Lord, open Thou our lips,
O Lord, open Thou our lips,
And our mouths shall show forth
Shall show forth Thy praise,
Shall show forth Thy praise.

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.
The Lord's name be praised.
The Lord's name be praised.
The Lord's name be praised.

Let each one announce the Word.
Let each one announce the Word.
My life is pleasing,
Oh yea, my life is pleasing,
Oh yea, my life is pleasing to the Lord.

THOSE WHO WAIT ON THE LORD

Those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.
They shall mount up on wings as eagles.
They shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint,
Help us, Lord, help us, Lord, in Thy way.

Those who love the Mystery . . .
Those who live the risen life . . .
Those who serve the suffering world . . .
Those who die on the march . . .

WE CELEBRATE YOUR BEING

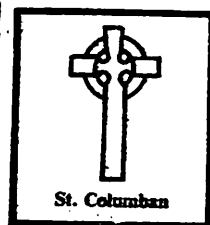
Tune: Jamaica Farewell

We celebrate your being here
With Being itself in History.
We celebrate your being here
With Being itself in History.
We celebrate your being here
We celebrate your being here
We celebrate your being here
With Being itself in History.
Amen, Amen, A—men
Amen, Amen, A—men
Amen, Amen, A—men
Amen, Amen, A—men

PSALM 117

Tune: We Shall Overcome

Praise the Lord all nations!
Extol him, all peoples!
For great is his kindness toward us;
And the mercy of the Lord is everlasting!
Hallelujah!



WE CELEBRATE YOUR FAMILY

Tune: Jamaica Farewell

We celebrate your family
As Mission from God to History.
We celebrate your family
As Mission from God to History.
We celebrate your family
We celebrate your family
We celebrate your family
As Mission from God to History.
Amen, Amen, A—men
Amen, Amen, A—men
Amen, Amen, A—men
Amen, Amen, A—men

PENTECOST HYMN

Tune: There's A New World Coming

Like the sound of heaven with the rushing of the wind
Came the fire a-burning and new life was given to men.
The young see visions and the old dream dreams
Born of fire, filled with power, for all men.

To the light from darkness, and to freedom from fear
Building from the ashes into one community
Peter, Paul, and Luther, Augustine and Benedict
Born of fire, filled with power, for all men.

With despair abounding and a lack of hope around
Still the Spirit comes to the ones who birth the day
Giving breath and being to the ones who give their death
Born of fire, filled with power, for all men.

For the coming ages and the journey of mankind
We claim the promise that the fire give life to them
Deciding freely to live on behalf of all
Born of fire, filled with power, for all men.

DARK NIGHT— LONG MARCH

Tune: Les Bicyclettes de Belsize

La la la . . .

O When Dark Night assaults my soul and nothing's presence fills the All,
And when the Fire burns out my love, I suffer Death (before I die)

I am marching through the Night, silence and stillness, blackened light,
Trusting that Heav'n will come at last and vanquish Hell.

Wounded so deep by Awe I swoon, oppressive weakness seals my doom,
No place to hide, no will to live, I suffer death (before I die)

I am marching through the Night, silence and stillness, searing light,
Myst'ry has won the war in me, I melt away.

I hear a Voice, "You are my Son, you are well-pleasing, Blessed One,"
I am the one who's come to life, born of the Fire (before I die)

I am marching through the Night, silence and stillness, filled with light,
Assured that Heav'n has made its shrine in darkest Hell.

And now Dark Night and I are friends, I'll trust the Long March never ends,
For now I see by Fire of Love, I've found the Way (before I die)

I am marching through the Night, silence and stillness, blazing light,
Leaping as one consumed by Fire, my passion born.

La, la, la . . .