

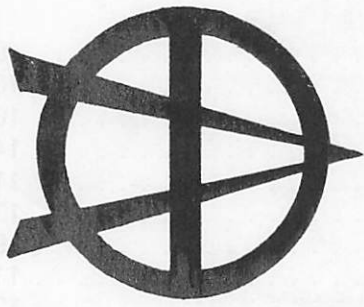
summer 70

summer 71

summer 72

summer 73

the singing of the four years



the singing of the four years

1970	the year of the local experiment
1971	the year of the practical vision
1972	the year of the great turn
1973	the year of the global guild

INTRODUCTION

SUMMER '73 brings to fruition four summers of Research Assemblies drawing forth the wisdom of local man, born of fifty years of church renewal and social change, and focusing now on building the new earth. The singing of the past four summers has traced the journey of the Movement of the Spirit and has played a key role in releasing the depths of human care, directing it toward all men. In its singing the Movement captures the explosion of the mundanity in life, seeing through it the profound dimensions of human existence. Such expansion in time and space recreates human motivity and draws forth the resolve which is grounded in union with the mystery of life.

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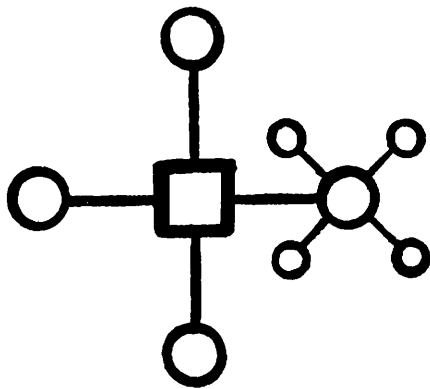
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1970 the year of the local experiment

SUMMER '70 focused on the building of the Tactical System for the Reconstruction of the Local Church. In the midst of weaving together the tactics and spirit which form the fabric of the new church, singing emerged which celebrated the past heroes of the church, called for engagement in tactical implementation, and grounded the New Religious Mode.

THE VISION

Tune: Sounds of Silence

We heard the cry from the past
We heard the cry set forth at last;
Our ancestors plead to live our time,
The crimson line their only awesome sign.
Now all the earth cries out within our hearts
Agony.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Beyond the wanderings of time;
Beyond the race of all mankind;
I see living bodies torn and crushed,
Life emerging from the arid dust.
Now the face I see is dark beyond all hope
Mystery.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Pain and joy and hope unfold
Pain and joy and hope untold;
We cannot contain ascending life,
Nor escape the chaos and the strife.
Now the wonder of our God is struggle and love
Eternally.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Lightning moment blazing spark
Lightning moment in our dark;
The birth and death of every star and tree,
The dread assault of spirit within me.
Then God confronts me with terror and with love
Ecstasy.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Burning flame and life is born
Burning flame and all is gone;
Trembling and afraid above the abyss,
Grasping now that only nothing exists.
Then I plumb the abyss my life becomes new birth
Ceaselessly.
Comes the dawn of silence.

FINISH OUR WORK

Tune: I Walk the Line

We are one body with the race of men,
All who are, will be, and ere 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 ever more shall be,
Out of the depth we hear the mystery,
 "Finish our work!"
 "Finish our work!"

ALL LIFE IS OPEN

Tune: Guantanamera

Refrain: All life is open,
 Embrace the future with vision,
 Die your death for the living,
 The mystery has received all.

Our knowledge falters and crumbles,
Our thoughts turn banal and senseless,
Our feelings flood in to drown us,
Our hearts cry out, "Push no further!"
 But don't stop now lead us onward
 To what we know yet cannot see.

The real world bursts in upon us,
Our cares are ruthlessly tromped on,
Yet our desires are unceasing,
The power pushes us further.
 Is there no end to this chaos?
 Must separation be final?

Illusions trap us and bind us,
We can't endure endless struggle,
We need our promise of greatness,
Or must withdraw isolated.
 Then life demands we embrace all,
 That all is good and accepted.

We see our linkage to history,
We see the duty demanded,
Our cares unite in the power,
All life is served in obedience.
 We give our minds, hearts and spirits
 To forge the free deed in history.

But we alone can do nothing,
We stumble on in our weakness,
Till we unite in the mission
And structure human endeavors.
 For we belong to the movement,
 That lays its life down for all men.

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 transform- ation comes to me	So fast it comes as Possibility	And unrepeat- ably 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

BEING

Tune: Theme from "Black Orpheus"

My life is as Vast as the sea No boundaries nor Floor beneath me.	I see then as Never before The secrets of Heaven my store.	Then I act seeing Action is vain And accomplishments Never as gain.	Then the Lord through my Life prays a prayer And my being is Filled being there:
Yet as I look within No man has greater sin I am the least of all I daily fall.	With wisdom twice my age My life an open page Though with each insight Gain a deeper pain.	To only do is less Than forming humanness So mission I must be To set men free.	I can invent anew What all the saints once knew By being who I am I create man.
But it's then when I Doubt that I can I choose to be nothing For man.	Yet I live with the Lord on my side And wild intuition My guide	Called to burn as an Undying flame Each word and each gesture The Name.	And it's no longer I who is seen But the Lord standing there In between.
To die is my lot I live as if not With Paul I merge with all	I'm sent as a sign The bread and the wine My form And virgin born.	I must through life-loss An exalted cross My place Reveal his face.	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.

Tune: Mariah

Oh, I'm a lost and lonely soul;
My heart is full of cryin'.
The Cry is not for pain of me—
It is my God a-dyin'.
He calls to me to give him aid,
To help him go on livin'.
He bids me smash my house and brain:
My life for him be given.

Refrain:

The Cryin'.
It calls me to my dyin'.

I say, "O Lord, if that be you,
I really must be certain.
Pull back the veil and show your face.
What lies behind the curtain:
The Cry responds in anguished tone,
"There is no time for showing.
The past and future wait on you,
To die your death not knowing."

It's then I feel the pangs of love
For earth and men and heaven.
"I'll save these for you, Lord," I cry,
"And this can be your leaven."
The Cry responds, "It's not for me
You save what you inherit.
For I must crush your world to bones,
And grind it into Spirit."

"I'm not a God of virtue now,
Of peace, or of refinement.
It's war against the infidel—
And that's your one assignment!
The infidel who's satisfied,
Whose world is staid and stable—
Bring that fat beast before my throne
And slay him on my table!"

It's then I know what I had known
Before the world began;
The infidel, the satisfied,
'Tis I who am that man!
Oh, I'm a lost and lonely soul;
My heart is full of cryin'.
The Cry is now for pain of me—
My God and I are dyin'.

Final Refrain:

The Cryin', the Cryin',
New Life will come from dyin'.

GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH

Burdens Down

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Since I laid my burdens down.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Since I laid my burdens down.

Refrain:

Burdens down, Lord,
Burdens down, Lord,
Since I laid my burdens down.
Burdens down, Lord,
Burdens down, Lord,
Since I laid my burdens down.

Friends don't treat me
Like they used to
Since I laid my burdens down.
Friends don't treat me
Like they used to
Since I laid my burdens down.

I feel better,
So much better,
Since I laid my burdens down.
I feel better,
So much better,
Since I laid my burdens down.

(Hum one verse)

Special ending:

Glory, Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Since I laid my burdens down.

HARVEST TIME

The seed I have scattered
In springtime with weeping
And watered with tears
And with dew 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.

The 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.

Special ending:

Then palms of victory,
Crowns of glory,
Palms of victory
I shall wear.

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.

EVERY TIME I FEEL THE SPIRIT

Refrain:

Every time I feel the spirit
Movin' in my heart,
I will pray.

Upon the mountain, when my Lord spoke,
Out of his mouth came fire and smoke.
Look'd around me, it looked so fine,
Till I asked my Lord if all were mine.

Oh, I have sorrows and I have woe,
And I have heartache here below;
But while God leads me, I'll never fear
For I am sheltered by his care.

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.

CREATION

Tune: Early in the Morning

Refrain:

We stand beyond our life and see,
We stand beyond our death and really see
What's required of men
Who give their Death
To History.
And it is now that we must Do
What other ones must always seek to be,
To discover what's required of us
To set men free.

A time to set forth a new demand.
A time to look into the past
For without "What has been "
There is no "yet to be."
Nothing that we do then could last.

No more must men live in poverty,
No more in strife and disarray,
For when all the men
Create all the earth,
That shall be the new day.

In those who choose to be all there is
Pain and misery are lost,
Transformed because
They bring forth human life,
New life never comes but from a cross.

The global task now has claimed our lives,
Who knows where our bodies they shall find?
But with us anew
Now the Mystery appears,
The meaning of the life of all mankind,

PENTECOST HYMN

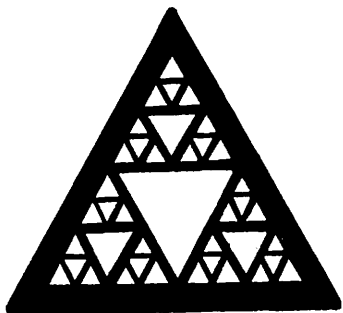
Tune: There's A New World Coming

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.



1971 the year of the practical vision

SUMMER '71 was the time of researching the dynamical relations, ideological principles and contradictions of twentieth century society in order to arrive at practical proposals for building the future. The intensification of the Secular and Religious brought with it the rediscovery of the spirit depths and a singing which reappropriated the Psalms, recovered gospel music, and articulated the vision of the People of God in the new age.

NSV JOURNEY SONG

Tune: Country Roads

Born in plenty
Raised up blind,
All turned hollow
Something there was wrong.
Human suffering over all the world,
Three billion people
Die and never live.

Refrain:

All the Earth
Belongs to all.
That's the vision,
And the call.
Local man
Shall rise again,
To build the earth,
The common earth.

Joined the rebels,
Lost the past,
Saw destruction,
Nothing really changed.
Human suffering over all the world,
Three billion people
Die and never live.

Then a stranger
Loved by none,
All was gone,
Every hope had died.
Human suffering over all the world,
Three billion people
Die and never live.

At the center,
Aweful calm,
Born of spirit,
Then my life was gone.
Human suffering over all the world,
Three billion people
Die and never live.

From the center,
We shall stand,
In every nation,
Throughout every land,
Building patterns to release the New
Dying daily,
That the New may live.

GO DOWN, MOSES

When Israel was in Egypt land,
Let my people go!
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go!

Refrain:

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land
Tell old Pharaoh to let my people go!

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go!
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go!

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
Than when we'd first begun.

THE KING'S BUSINESS

I am a stranger here within a foreign la.
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.

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*)

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 me 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 me 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.

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 fife	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: from 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	Each man of the Globe your brother 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.

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.

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 . . .

GIVE THANKS

Tune: Wendy

Refrain:

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 to 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.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS LEADS HOME

I must needs go home by the way of the cross,
There's no other way but this;
I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
If the way of the cross I miss.

Refrain:

The way of the cross leads home
The way of the cross leads home
It is sweet to know, as I onward go,
The way of the cross leads home.

I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way,
The path that the Savior trod,
If I ever climb to the heights sublime,
Where the soul is at home with God.

Then I bid farewell to the way of the world,
To walk in it nevermore:
For my Lord says, "Come," and I seek my home,
Where He waits at the open door.

COME THOU FOUNT

Tune: Nettleton

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 wander, 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.

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 waters;
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 of life you are called to give to your brother;
It's the Word that will give him his 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 to given,
Can't promise rewards and your pains 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 his 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 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 dankness 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.

Called to walk in the way of the man who stilled the waters;
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.

FOR I HAVE TOUCHED THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT

I will go dancing,
I will go dancing,
I will go dancing in my soul,
For I have touched the hem of his garment
And his power has made me whole.

Refrain:

Sing Alleluia, sing Alleluia,
Sing Alleluia in my soul,
For I have touched the hem of his garment
And his power has made me whole.

I will go singing . . .

I will go praying . . .

Watching and waiting . . .

Fasting and feasting . . .

I will go dancing . . .

4

THE INVITATION

Tune: Bye, Bye, 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 offense, 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.

THE SPIRIT

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.

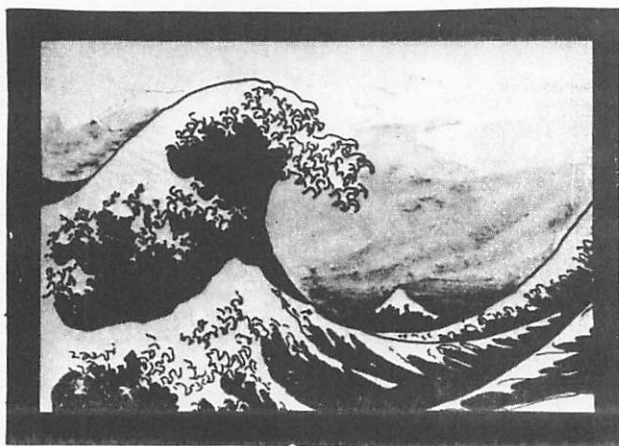
We're on the edge for all mankind
We hear the human cry
We point to possibility
In the struggle of our time.

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.



1972 the year of the great turn

SUMMER '72 marked the turn of the Spirit Movement into the next twenty years. It was the summer of locating the strategic points for effectively catalyzing social change and describing the necessary logistical designs. Summer '72, caught in the midst of the tension between 4/4 and 3/4 time, precipitated the recovery of "The Other World" with images of the land, the river, the mountain, and the sea. The march, the waltz, the foik and the pop songs stylized The Year of the Great Turn.

THE OTHER WORLD

Tune: The Blue Danube

In mystery strange new land I see
The river of consciousness flows free
A mountain of care this world for me
And tranquil like sea within there be.

My life is transformed, now wonder-filled,
No more shall I live as once I lived,
The other world here in this world
Is the world that all shall see.

A land strange and vast, an endless plain
The awe-filling meadow lost in rain,
The rocks and the trees on magic ground
Entrapped in the mystery I'm found.

The river that wanders ceaselessly
With consciousness wild, the rapids free,
From spring to the sea, a wide expanse,
Submissive awareness, endless dance.

A mountain there looms with crags so high,
A path winding upward toward the sky,
Upon boulders etched with lines of care,
O'ershadowed by worlds my strength so rare.

The sea, whisp'ring waves encompass all
E'er beckons with endless rolling call.
Implosion in vibrant silent deeps
Unspeakable joy within me leaps.

SUDDENLY LIFE

Tune: Lara's theme from Dr. Zhivago

Suddenly light
Crosses the surging sea
Shadows foretell
Voyage of destiny.

Suddenly peace
Dawns in dark tragedy
Enemies fade
Fearless in ecstasy.

Vict'ry: To battle in life's true fight
Vict'ry: Life's bursting through death's dark night

Suddenly joy
Breaks on the troubled sea
Strange rapture swells
Captures death's agony.

Suddenly life
Floods through death's boundary
Seized by the storm
Safe in eternity.

WHEN YOU ARE AWARE

Tune: When You are in Love

When you are aware,
The whole world is a mountain of care.
Skies constantly weep,
Over all of the tragedy there.
Then your life belongs
To all suffering men everywhere.
When you are aware
The whole world is a mountain of care.

Bearing the weight of the world,
And the dread of its crushing demands,
Joyously burdened to know
That there's no other world on your hands.
And, your heart starts to soar,
With the wonder that's filling the air.
When you are aware,
The whole world is a mountain of care.

THE COST OF MY CARE

Tune: Anniversary Waltz

Given the chance
To do life in the deeps

To serve all mankind
Is the gift that I be

To care for the world
Is the burden I bear

Invent with my life
'Tis the cost of my care.

Chorus:

Strange awful power
Is dancing through me
Buoyantly forging
Impossible be.

With all my heart
I'm poured out
Endlessly
I'm burdened
Eternally.

Wholly engulfed
In unbounded rapport

Doomed for the world
My life wholly outpoured

Always encumbered
Tomorrow is here

Molding the future
The cost of my care.
(Chorus)

Burning with wisdom
Empowered to do

The weight of the world
For all men everywhere

Guardian of all
To all history an heir

Absurdly in charge
'Tis the cost of my care.
(Chorus)

Repeat first verse without chorus.

MYSTERY IS EVERYWHERE

Tune: Desert Song

The Myst'ry is everywhere
I'm trapped in awe for e'er and e'er
And I must roam through life with all its care
Grasping nought for certain except my dying.

Why should I so driven be
To bear with such absurdity?
Still I shall die yearning
Lost in the wonder
Of mystery.

The Myst'ry is everywhere
I'll ne'er escape its awful stare
Destroyed, unveiled, within a searing glare
Doomed to live transparent within my dying.

Why am I condemned to see
The pow'r of this finality?
Still I shall die yearning
Lost in the wonder
Of mystery.

The Myst'ry is everywhere
And changes all beyond compare.
It runs to breathe surprise into the air
And I find a strange new life in my dying.

Why should I the chosen be
To dance with this vitality?
Still I shall die yearning
Lost in the wonder
Of mystery.

The Myst'ry is everywhere
Yet I must doubt this one so fair
For none can ever know its secrets rare
And I'll ever be lonely in my dying.

Why's this awful love in me
Become my sole reality?
Still I shall die yearning
Lost in the wonder
Of mystery.

MY CONSUMMATION

Tune: Danny Boy

Life beckons me to wonder and humility
To journey into deep reality
To live fore'er within the realm of mystery,
Forever bound in awful ecstasy.

Apostasy, the doubt that comes as certainty
I'm seized by dread and vanquished, hopelessly
And I submit to given, fearful history
This perfect love transforms the wonder that is me.

Life beckons me to freedom and lucidity
To be the self that shapes futurity
To bear the weight of painful, conscious rhapsody,
Inventing all that I am doomed to be.

Morality beyond my own integrity
I stand amidst my fate and destiny
And I must ever, always, my own conscience be
That final judgment dreads the wonder that is me.

Life beckons me to service for humanity
To spend my life as solidarity
To be the burdened one, with man's dark tragedy,
This suffering world compels my sympathy.

Humanity, my sole responsibility
The past, the future are for all, I see
And I am called beyond my possibility
This awe-full gift flows through the wonder that is me.

Life beckons me to live complete and joyously
To dwell in showers of blessing, ceaselessly
To peace that comes from love of dreadful mystery,
In realms of wonder, I will ever be.

Tranquillity, no burden, no hostility
I live with strange, unseen community
And death and I do now embrace, eternally
My consummation, 'tis the wonder that is me.

COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND

Tune: Come and Go With Me

Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land
Where I'm bound, where I'm bound,

Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land
Where I'm bound.

There is mystery in that land

There is freedom in that land

There is caring in that land

There is glory in that land

Come and go with me to that land

AMAZING WORLD

Tune: This World is not My Home

This world is not my home, I am a stranger here
I've seen amidst this world the other world appear
My life is now transformed, though earthly as before,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

Refrain:

Amazing world, the Land of Mystery
Of consciousness and care and wild tranquillity
My life is now transformed, though earthly as before
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

A land of mystery assaults on every side
Where death is waiting all, and there's no place to hide
A yearning floods my life, more lonely than before,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

A mighty river flows, of consciousness in me
A willing child of fate, I live creatively,
My life's a precious gift that I must answer for,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

A mountain's weight of care, seems strangely light to me
Embracing this world's woe, I live responsibly
Proclaiming man's true home, I lead them to the door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

The sea is tranquil now, it's wild in ecstasy
Refusing my own life, my only enemy
And joyfully I see that I am weak and poor
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

MORNING OF FREEDOM

Tune: Morning Has Broken

Morning of freedom, final awareness
Standing on nothing, groundlessly there.
Myself inventing, ever becoming
Never completed, always undone.

All life is given, creatures of fortune
No one for blaming, never excused.
I am entrusted, history creating
Offspring of Adam, measure of man.

Crossing the river, beyond the moral
All is permitted, only decide.
I am accepted, dearly beloved
Endlessly chosen, serving all men.

Anchored securely, wholly united
Warring gods fallen, painful relief.
My yoke is easy, light is the burden
The day is coming, destiny won.

AT THE CROSS

Alas, and did my Savior 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 had 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 the 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.

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
O 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,
Shout and tell The Story
Gonna come over the hills and mountains,
Step up to the crystal fountain
All of God's Sons and Daughters
Will be drinking from the healing waters
Then we shall wear a golden crown.

AT THE CENTER TRANQUIL

Tune: Shenandoah

Universe, illumination
All unknown, absurd assurance
Everywhere is found life's meaning
And I, I am the way
At the center tranquil

There's no hope, yet all is hopeful
Then no cares, there are no problems
No enemies, no earthly foes
And I, I am the struggle
At the center tranquil

Pulsing exhilaration
Everything's become a blessing
Embraced by joy, a dance of rapture
And I, I am the stillness
At the center tranquil

Gloriously condemned to die
Life is new, a great resurgence
Community with all the faithful
And I, I am forever
At the center tranquil

I AM THE ONE

Tune: 76 Trombones

I am the one set free to embrace the world.
I am the one compelled all to give.
I am the one condemned to be ever sorrow filled
And to die each moment that I live.

I am amazed my life is in history.
I am amazed this world's where I'm bound.
I am amazed I'm one with creation's family
And in each the mystery is found.

The guardian of the world for all eternity,
Living, living, with all who've gone before,
The director of the world in all its future,
And the key hist'ry is waiting for.

The wiseman who can always know his knowing,
Standing, standing ever in the fray,
The watchman who is always on the stage in every single age,
And moves a million mountains everyday.

DREADFUL AWARENESS

Tune: Stout-Hearted Men

Constantly conscious of dreadful awareness
I plumb the abyss evermore.
With knowing intent, my own self I invent
And I'm empty as never before.

Bound to my state, I am cast here by fate
And excuse has no use anymore.
Man creates the world's design
And I become man's sign.
Free, I will to be
The self I am in history.

Free from the maze of conventional ways
I decide for the right all alone.
My life's approved and my chains are removed,
To this world I am mission I know.

I'm anchored fast in my true home at last,
And the gods of this world now have flown.
I can feel my burdens lightened
Though I bear the world.
Free, I will to be
The self I am in history.

Constantly conscious of dreadful awareness
I plumb the abyss evermore.
Bound to my state, I am cast here by fate,
And excuse has no use anymore.

My life's approved and my chains are removed,
To this world I am mission I know.
I can feel my burdens lightened
Though I bear the world.
Free, I will to be
The self I am in history.

A LIGHT IS NOW BREAKING

Tune: Washington Post March

A light is now breaking, showing the secret
That meaning is everywhere in life,
And I am the bearer of the light
A peace is now present, hopes are banished
And cares all gone, and nothing's to hate
And self is the only war to fight.

What powerful light, it blinds, it dazzles me.
I'm spun in a wildly crashing whirl
Aware that I'm sent for all the world.
And finding the terror peace, I'm silent
As never before, I encounter the calm
Of the knowing that's held before my eyes.

A wild kind of joy bursts forth,
A singing that's free, a dancing on sea;
My life's transformed, bliss unknown before
I'll never live more than each moment in hist'ry.

A joy is now leaping forth in ecstasy
And gratitude's now the way of life
By happiness struck and all's worthwhile
My death is now here—a painful reality.
I find myself new, impelled into life,
Victorious for eternity.

What rapturous joy, it swells it consumes me.
I'm breathless in throbbing ecstasy
Aware I can die, what rhapsody.
And finding a cry released, I'm free from death
As never before, I'm one with the world.
I dive in the endless sea, awhirl.

A wild kind of joy bursts forth,
A singing that's free, a dancing on sea;
My life's transformed, bliss unknown before
I'll never live more than each moment in history.

THE CADENCE COUNT

Tune: Cadence Count

Response:

Praise God, Glory Be
Amen, Amen, Amen, Praise God!

Into the Land of Mystery
The meaning of Final Reality
Death awaits.
No escape.
Power is born.

River of Consciousness now is found
Free to Decide the moral ground
Create the self.
Election absurd.
Painful relief.

Consuming mission, Mountain of Care
Election to life the burden your bear
Freely bound.
Never look back.
Pillar of iron.

Tranquillity's rapture walks with woe
The hope of no hope defeating the foe
Awful truth.
Fitful dance.
Teeming life.

DAWNS THE WORLD

Tune: Glorious Things of Thee

Dawns the world of awful wonder
Chained to my contingency,
All protection torn asunder,
Shame and weakness wounding me.
Then there groans a re-creation,
Born anew, within recast,
In unfolding transformation
Pains a passion unsurpassed.

Dawns the world of man's awareness
Self-transcending liberty,
Shaping self and world in boldness,
Sign for all humanity.
Then in lonely free creation
With no map of good or ill,
I decide in obligation,
I surrender all my will.

Dawns the world of deep compassion
Yoked to life's strange harmony,
Unrelenting in my mission
Doomed to die for history.
Bearing every time's long hour
Every brother's agony,
I am strangely filled with power,
Wondrous deeds are done through me.

Dawns the world of joyful living,
Shocked by truth's absurdity
Earthly hopes and dreams forsaking
I am blessed with victory.
And in raptured self-denying
Dancing in the arms of strife,
I perceive in final dying
Bleeds the glorious, endless life.

IN THE WORLD OF SPIRIT

Tune: If I Were A Rich Man

In the world of spirit,
radically contingent, trustful expectation,
intense shock

Life's impacted by the mystery,
and it's all a cloud of awe!

In the world of spirit,
revelation of enigma, wheel of fortune,
no excuse

One essential task, create the world,
Sudden reeling, mystery's won the day.

Oneness of all creation,
wholly engulfed in marching with all of history.
Binding the wounds of time, everything's worthwhile.
The other world you see through all and move
mountains
and there's none to show the way.
All in love with life and all poured out.

In the world of spirit,
resurrectional existence, gloriously
condemned to waltz,
Rapture walks with woe, struck dumb by bliss,
playing in a symphony,
In the world of spirit,
irresistably impelled, and simply all a-tingle now
Running on an endless marathon
Sudden reeling, mystery's won the day.

Repeat 2nd verse

and

Repeat 3rd verse through "all a-tingle now"

Coda: Running on an endless marathon
 Suddenly deciding I'm the one
 Running on an endless marathon
 Mystery has won the day.

AT THE CENTER

Tune: Try to Remember

When you encounter the light at the center
The final dawn of worlds converging,
When life's illumined by light at the center
Assured by wisdom's swift emerging,
When knowings ended in light at the center
And life's sacred meaning is in you surging,
Then at the center, in blinding encounter
You be it.

When you encounter the peace at the center
Where earthly hopes are all transcended,
When life's unburdened with peace at the center
Where worldly cares are all suspended,
When you're delivered to peace at the center
And for mortal foes your hatred's ended,
Then at the center, where no problems enter
You be it.

When you encounter the joy at the center
Your tingling deeps in animation,
When you're possessed by the joy at the center
All things received with affirmation,
When you are speechless in joy at the center
And each moment brimming with wild vibration,
Then at the center, in wonder filled rapture
You be it.

When you encounter the life at the center
Condemned to be a dead man waking,
When you are boundless with life at the center
Compelled to live on water waltzing,
When you are risen to life at the center
A man who is ageless with hist'ry walking,
Then at the center, while dancing forever
You be it.

THIS EARTH IS NOT MY HOME

Tune: Tradition

This earth is not my home
I am a stranger here
I saw around the globe
A mighty word appear.
It seized my deepest soul
And made me realize
The world's a mystery
It rings with ancient cries

The Mystery
The Mystery

It flashed before my eyes
And then it went away
I seek it constantly
But lose it every day
I trust it to my death
It carries all my dreams
Its wholeness fills my life,
My brokenness redeemed.

The Mystery
The Mystery

MYSTERY

Tune: Yesterday

Mystery, I see death as my reality
Everything is now absurdity
I'm helpless, stunned by Mystery.
Suddenly, pulled apart, I cry unceasingly
There's no chance to win nor place to flee
And all is known by Mystery.

In my depths I feel a new power, intensity.
My whole past's recast and I'm now a different me
This feast unsettles me
And in doubt I say it cannot be
Then, while lonely, yearning endlessly
My life submits to Mystery.

Mystery, floods me with my own futility
As I see in life's mundanity
The dreadful presence constantly.
I can't flee, everywhere my life's exposed to me
I am haunted, hounded endlessly
My guilt's known by the Mystery.

Then my crippled legs start to dance, I'm fancy-free
Blinding light—a voice—says the Promised Land's for me
Yet giants there I see
Life's cruel joke has disillusioned me
Wounded is my life eternally
Enraptured with the Mystery.

A 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!

FREE AM I

Tune: Summertime

Free am I, come aware at the center
 Standing nowhere, and forever exposed
 Shaping who man is, and the man who will be,
I'm now becoming, endlessly.

Free am I, fated to life and dying
 There is nought to blame, life's a gift to receive
 Feeling all men's woes and creating the future,
I'm final measure, endlessly.

Free am I, now beyond good and evil
 Deciding the right and surrendering the deed
 Ever smiled upon by the mercy of Being,
I'm then commissioned, endlessly.

Free am I, coming home on the journey
 Putting gods to flight with the bend of the knee
 Heavy burdens light, all life's cares made easy,
I'm under judgment, endlessly.

A STRANGE GLADNESS

Tune: Cabaret Medley

Shocking!
My life's anew, vict'ry
Shocking!
It's certitude, trembling
Illumination, light within, without
I am that light, there's meaning everywhere
And it is shocking!
It's all come clear, It is
The Other World, the Other World, the Other World.

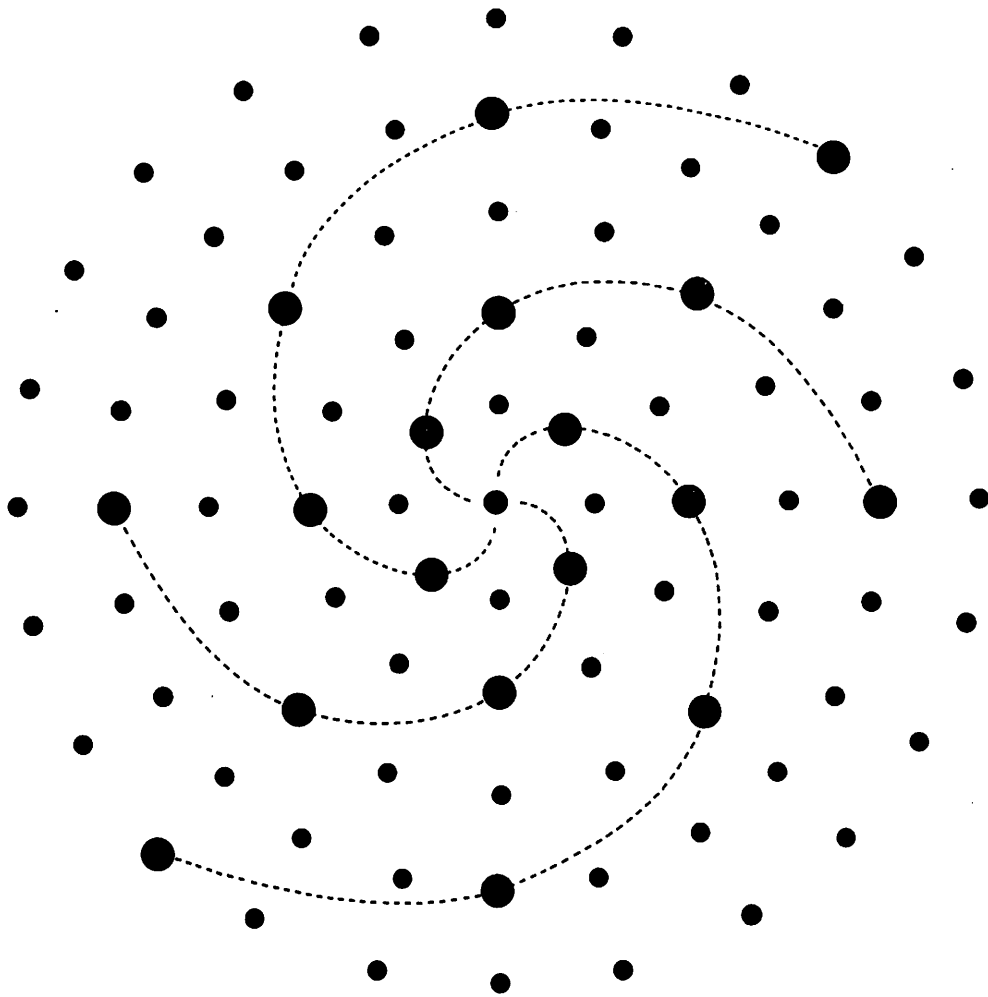
Nothing to hate now and nothing to fear
Within the human pain
Oh, it's the Other World, my friend
Come lay your burdens down.

Moments of rapture and seizures of bliss
Within the human woes
Oh, it's the Other World, my friend
Come live triumphantly.

The Other World is in this world
It's part of every life for those who have the eyes to see
and choose it.

Living my life and embracing my death
Within the human way
Oh, it's the Other World, my friend
Come dance a happy death!

Shocking!
My life's anew, vict'ry
Shocking!
It's certitude, trembling
Illumination, light within, without
I am that light, there's meaning everywhere
And it is shocking!
It's all come clear, It is
The Other World, the Other World, the Other World.



1973 the year of the global guild

SUMMER '73 releases the Resurgence of human spirit which is at the heart of the guild. The singing is an experiment in a practical form to realize the self-consciousness of man's encounter with the awe-filled richness of life as it appears in the midst of the mundane, the secular and the everyday. It is a means of allowing any guildsman, in any situation, to behold and make manifest the mystery of life.

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW

Somewhere over the rainbow
Way up high
There's a land that I heard of
Once in a lullaby.

Somewhere over the rainbow
Skies are blue,
And the dreams that you dare
To dream really do come true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far
Behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me.

Somewhere over the rainbow
Bluebirds fly.
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why then, oh, why can't I?

If happy little bluebirds
Fly above the rainbow,
Why, oh, why can't I?

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

They asked me how I knew my true love was true.
I, of course, replied, "Something here inside,
Cannot be denied."

They said some day you'll find, all who love are blind,
When your heart's on fire, you must realize
Smoke gets in your eyes.

So I chaffed them and I gaily laughed to think
They could doubt my love.
Yet today, my love has flown away,
I am without my love.

Now laughing friends deride tears I cannot hide,
So I smile and say, "When a lovely flame dies,
Smoke gets in your eyes."

TILL THERE WAS YOU

There were bells on the hill
But I never heard them ringing,
No, I never heard them at all
Till there was you.

There were birds in the sky,
But I never saw them winging,
No, I never saw them at all
Till there was you.

And there was music, and there were
Wonderful roses, they tell me
In sweet fragrant meadows
Of dawn and hue.

There was love all around,
But I never heard it singing,
No, I never heard it at all
Till there was you.

LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING

Love is a many-splendored thing,
It's the April rose that only grows
 in the early spring.
Love is nature's way of giving
 a reason to be living,
The golden crown that makes a man a king.

Once on a high and windy hill,
In the morning mist two lovers kissed
 and the world stood still,
Then your fingers touched my silent heart
 and taught it how to sing,
Yes, true love's a many-splendored thing.

YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE

When you walk through a storm hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of the storm is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark

Walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain
Though your dreams be tossed and blown
Walk on, walk on with hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone.

I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT

I could have danced all night
I could have danced all night
And still have begged for more,

I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I'd never done before.

I'll never know what made it so exciting
Why all at once my heart took flight.

I only know when he
Began to dance with me,
I could have danced, danced, danced
All night.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow,
There's a bright golden haze on the meadow,
The corn is as high as an elephant's eye,
And it looks like it climbing clear up to the sky.

Refrain:

Oh, what a beautiful morning,
Oh, what a beautiful day.
I've got a beautiful feeling
Everything's going my way.

All the sounds of the earth are like music,
All the sounds of the earth are like music,
The breeze is so busy it don't miss a tree,
And an old weeping willow is laughing at me.

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

With a song in my heart,
I behold your adorable face,
Just a song at the start,
But it soon is a hymn to your grace.
When the music swells I'm touching your hand
It tells that you're standing near, and

At the sound of your voice
Heaven opens its portals to me.
Can I help but rejoice
That a song such as ours came to be?
But I always knew
I would live life through
With a song in my heart for you.

THE SHADOW OF YOUR SMILE

The shadow of your smile when you are gone
Will color all my dreams and light the dawn.
Look into my eyes my love and see
All the lovely things you are to me.

Our wistful little star was far too high,
A teardrop kissed your lips and so did I.
Now when I remember Spring
All the joy that love can bring,
I will be remembering
The shadow of your smile.

OLD MAN RIVER

Old Man River
That Old Man River
He must know somethin'
He don't say nothin'
He just keeps rollin'
Just keeps on rollin' along.

He don't plant taters.
He don't plant cotton
And them that plants 'em
Is soon forgotten
But Old Man River
He just keeps rollin' along.

You and me
We sweat and strain
Bodies all achin'
And racked with pain.
Tote that barge; lift that bale
You get a little drunk,
And you land in jail.

I gets weary
And sick of tryin'
I'm tired of livin'
And feared of dyin'
But Old Man River
He just keeps rollin' along.

MOON RIVER

Moon River, wider than a mile
I'm crossing you in style some day.
Old dream-maker, you heart-breaker,
Wherever you're going, I'm going your way
Two drifters, off to see the world.
There's such a lot of world to see.
We're after the same rainbow's end
Waiting 'round the bend,
My Huckleberry friend,
Moon River and me.

BALI HAI

Bali Hai may call you
Any night, any day
In your heart you hear it call you
Come away, come away.
Bali Hai will whisper
On the wind of the sea
Here am I your special island
Come to me, come to me.

Your own special hopes
Your own special dreams
Bloom on the hillside
And shine in the streams

If you try you will find me
Where the sky meets the sea
Here am I your special island
Come to me, come to me.
Bali Hai, Bali Hai, Bali Hai.

Some day you'll see me
Floating in the sunshine
My head sticking out from a low flying cloud.
You'll hear me call you
Singing through the sunshine
Sweet and clear as can be.

Come to me, here am I
Come to me.

If you try you'll find me
Where the sky meets the sea,
Here am I your special island
Come to me, come to me.
Bali Hai, Bali Hai, Bali Hai.

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

That old black magic has me in its spell.
That old black magic that you weave so well.
Those icy fingers up and down my spine,
The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.

The same old tingle that I feel inside.
And then that elevator starts its ride,
And down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go
Like a leaf that's caught in the tide.

I should stay away, but what can I do?
I hear your name, and I'm aflame,
Aflame with such a burning desire
That only your kiss can put out the fire.

For you're the lover I have waited for,
The mate that fate had me created for.
And every time your lips meet mine
Darling, down and down I go,
'Round and 'round I go
In a spin
Loving the spin I'm in
Under that old black magic called love.

NIGHT AND DAY

Night and day, you are the one,
Only you beneath the moon and under the sun,
Whether near to me, or far, it's no matter, darling, where you are
I think of you
Night and day.

Day and night why is it so
That this longing for you follows wherever I go?
In the roaring traffic boom, in the silence of my lonely room
I think of you
Night and day.

Night and day under the hide of me
There's an oh! such a hungry, yearning, burning inside of me.
And its torment won't be through,
'Til you let me spend my life making love to you
Day and night, night and day.

CHLO-E

Chloe! Chloe!
Someone calling, no reply,
Night shades falling, hear him sigh,
Chloe! Chloe!
Empty spaces meet his eyes,
Empty arms outstretched, he's crying,

Through the black of night, I got to go where you are.
If it's wrong or right, I got to go where you are.
I'll roam through the dismal swampland searching for you,
'Cause if you are lost there, let me be there too.

Through the smoke and flame, I got to go where you are,
For no place could be too far where you are.
Ain't no chains can bind you, if you live, I'll find you,
Love is calling me, I got to go where you are.

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

To dream the impossible dream
To fight the unbeatable foe,
To bear with unbearable sorrow,
To run where the brave dare not go,

To right the unrightable wrong,
To love pure and chaste from afar,
To try when your arms are too weary
To reach the unreachable star.

This is my quest, to follow that star,
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far,
To fight for the right without question or pause
To be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause.

And I know if I'll only be true to this glorious quest
That my heart will lie peaceful and calm
When I'm laid to my rest.
And the world will be better for this
That one man scorned and covered with scars
Still strove with his last ounce of courage
To reach the unreachable star.

WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR

When you wish upon a star,
Makes no difference who you are,
Anything your heart desires
Will come to you.

If your heart is in your dream,
No request is too extreme,
When you wish upon a star
As dreamers do.

Fate is kind,
She brings to those who love
The sweet fulfillment of
Their secret longing.

Like a bolt out of the blue,
Fate steps in and sees you through,
When you wish upon a star
Your dream comes true.

STRANGER IN PARADISE

Take my hand, I'm a stranger in paradise,
All lost in a wonderland, a stranger in paradise.
If I stand starry-eyed,
That's a danger in paradise,
For mortals who stand beside an angel like you.

I saw your face and I ascended
Out of the commonplace into the rare!
Somewhere in space I hang suspended
Until I know there's a chance that you care;
Won't you answer the fervent prayer
Of a stranger in paradise?
Don't send me in dark despair
From all that I hunger for,

But open your angel arms
To a stranger in paradise
And tell him that he need be
A stranger no more.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

I'll be seeing you
In all the old familiar places
That this heart of mine embraces
All day through.

In the small cafe,
The park across the way,
The children's carousel,
The chestnut tree, the wishing well.

I'll be seeing you
In every lovely summer's day
In everything that's light and gay
I'll always think of you that way.

I'll find you in the morning sun
And when the night is new,
I'll be looking at the moon
But I'll be seeing you.

MY SECRET LOVE

Once I had a secret love
That lived within this heart of me,
All too soon my secret love
Became impatient to be free.

So I told a friendly star
The way that dreamers often do
Just how wonderful you are
And why I'm so in love with you.

Now I shout it from the highest hill,
Even told the golden daffodil.
At last my heart's an open door,
And my secret love's no secret anymore.

BLUE MOON

Blue Moon, you saw me standing alone
Without a dream in my heart,
Without a love of my own.

Blue Moon, you knew just what I was there for,
You heard me saying a prayer for
Someone I really could care for.

And then there suddenly appeared before me
The only one my arms will ever hold,
I heard somebody whisper, "Please adore me,"
And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold!

Blue Moon, now I'm no longer alone
Without a dream in my heart,
Without a love of my own.

ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

I have often walked down this street before
But the pavement's always stayed beneath my feet before.
All at once am I several stories high,
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.

Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?
Does enchantment pour out of every door?
No, it's just on the street where you live.

And, oh, the towering feeling
Just to know somehow you are near,
The overpowering feeling
That any moment you may suddenly appear.

People stop and stare, they don't bother me
For there's nowhere else on earth that I would rather be.
Let the time go by, I don't care if I
Can be here on the street where you live.

IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING

It's a grand night for singing!
The moon is flying high
And somewhere a bird who is bound he'll be heard,
Is throwing his heart at the sky.

It's a grand night for singing!
The stars are bright above,
The earth is aglow and to add to the show,
I think I am falling in love,
Falling, falling in love.

AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE

Ah! Sweet mystery of life at last I've found you,
Ah! At last I know the secret of it all
All the longing, seeking, striving, waiting, yearning,
The idle hopes, and joys and burning tears that fall.

For 'tis love and love alone the world is seeking,
And 'tis love and love alone I've waited for.
'Tis the answer, 'tis the end and all of living,
For it is love that rules forevermore.

FAR AWAY PLACES

Far away places with strange sounding names
Far away over the sea,
Those far away places with the strange sounding names
Are calling, calling me.

Going to China or maybe Siam
I want to see for myself
Those far away places
I've been reading about
In a book that I took from a shelf.

I start getting restless
Whenever I hear
The whistle of a train.
I pray for the day
I can get underway
And look for those castles in Spain.

They call me a dreamer,
Well maybe I am,
But I know that I'm burning to see
Those far away places
With the strange sounding names calling, calling me.

STORMY WEATHER

Don't know why there's no sun up in the sky, stormy weather.
Since my man and I ain't together,
Keeps rainin' all the time.

Life is bare, gloom and misery everywhere, stormy weather.
Just can't get my poor self together,
I'm weary all the time.

When he went away the blues walked in and met me
If he stays away old rockin' chair will get me
All I do is pray the Lord above will let me
Walk in the sun once more.

Can't go on, everything I had is gone, stormy weather,
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps rainin' all the time.

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING

Some enchanted evening,
You may see a stranger,
You may see a stranger,
Across a crowded room
And somehow you know
You know even then
That somewhere you'll see her
Again and again.

Some enchanted evening,
Someone may be laughing,
You may hear her laughing
Across a crowded room
And night after night,
As strange as it seems,
The sound of her laughter
Will sing in your dreams.

Who can explain it?
Who can tell you why?
Fools give you reasons
Wise men never try.

Some enchanted evening,
When you find your true love,
When you hear her call you
Across a crowded room,
Then fly to her side
And make her your own
Or all through your life
You may dream all alone.

Once you have found her
Never let her go.
Once you have found her
Never let her go.

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

Grab your coat, and get your hat,
Leave your worry on the doorstep,
Just direct your feet
To the sunny side of the street.

Can't you hear that pitter pat?
And that happy tune is your step,
Life can be so sweet
On the sunny side of the street.

I used to walk in the shade
With those blues on parade.
But I'm not afraid,
This Rover crossed over.

If I never have a cent
I'll be rich as Rockefeller,
Gold dust at my feet
On the sunny side of the street.

A NEW DAY

I can see a new day
A new day soon to be
When the storm clouds are all gone
And the sun shines on a world that is free.

I can see a new church
A new church, in history
Where the Word is at the center
And the future ever shall be.

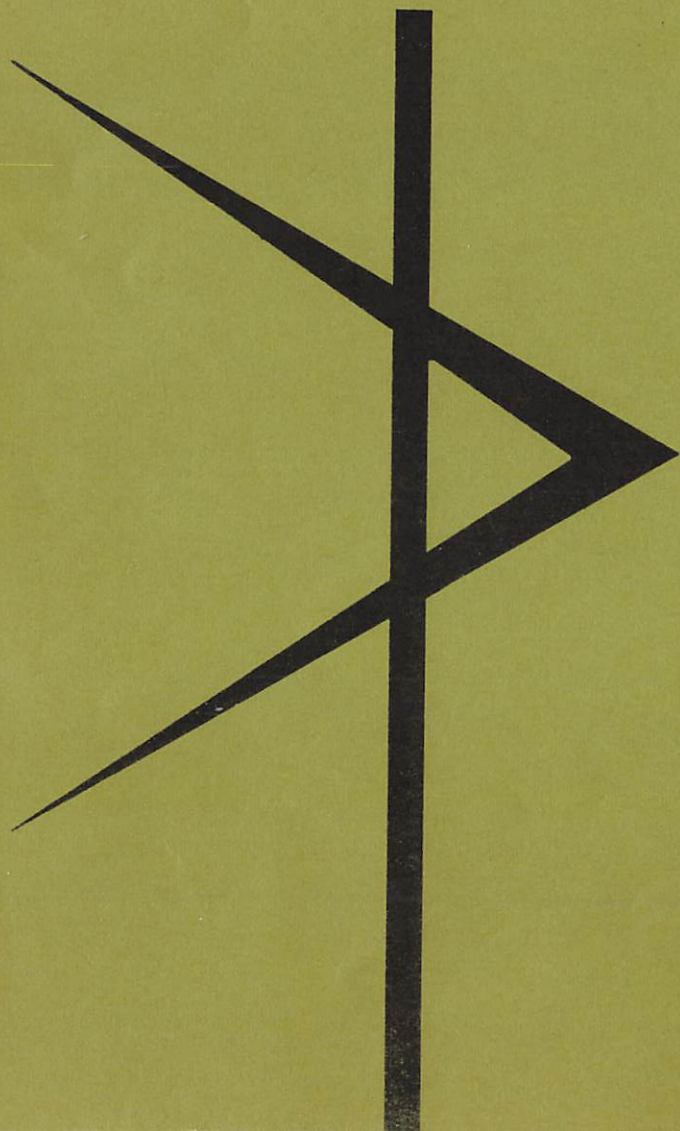
I can see a new man
A new man standing tall
With his head high and his heart proud
And afraid of nothing at all.

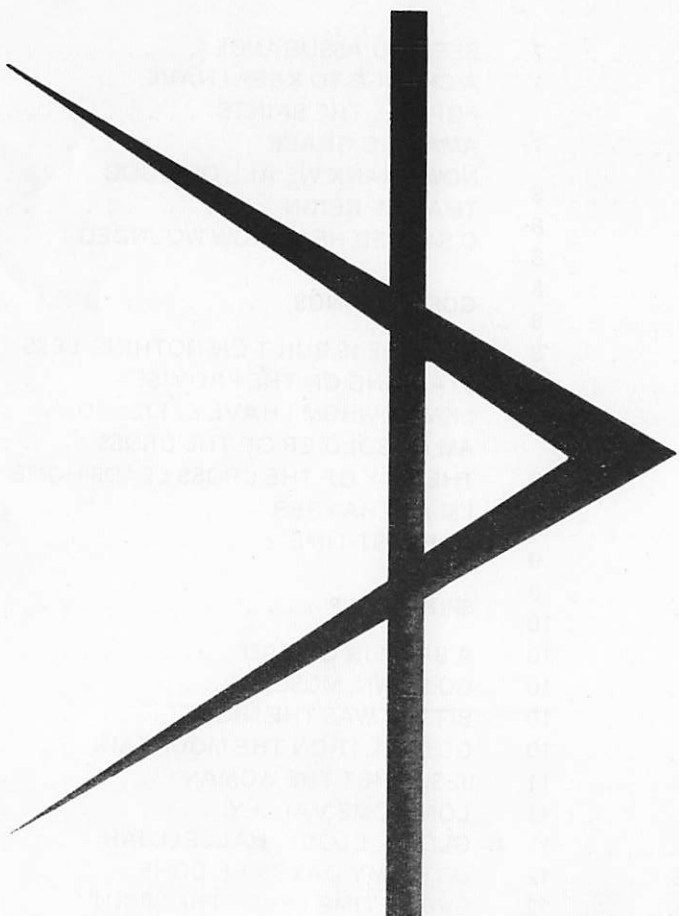
I can see a new woman
A new woman breathing awe
In her eyes light, and her heart strong
And consumed with a love for the all.

I can see a new world
A new world coming fast
Where all men are brothers
And hatred is forgotten at last.

I can see a new day
A new day soon to be
When the storm clouds are all gone
And the sun shines on a world that is free.

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Disclosing the Awe

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INTRODUCTION

From man's first encounter with consciousness, songs have been the emergence of his stance in the midst of his situation and have dramatized his struggle to be his givenness. Songs which live are those through which men have decided to give their creativity to their situation. Thus the songs which captivate the man of faith are those which remind him of the Word and of his decision to actualize the Word in humanizing structures. From the earliest cave men who chanted rhythmically as they bore homeward their heavy load—to the computer programmer who sings along to the jazz that glows from the computer, man has used song to disclose the mood of his times. In a day when the technology of communication escapes no one, it becomes apparent that songs are a tool for globalizing every man's experience. Songs not only unite the man of faith with his past and project him into the future, but they become a symbol of global responsibility.

DISCLOSING THE AWE

Songs are like a time machine which allows one to step into any moment of history and participate in what it meant to be human at that juncture of time and space. The Old Testament David, St. Francis, Ambrose, Charles Wesley, and Harry Emerson Fosdick live again and speak of the spirit wrestling of their day as a body reappropriates the songs which were created out of their encounter with the Mystery. It is out of such reappropriation that churchmen may say "I was there!" and thus know the universality of the demand to be one's time for the sake of the future. To bring to focus how the past has shaped us releases us to probe the deeps of how the spirit winds were blowing and to discern the breakloose of the spirit today. To participate in such an event dramatizes how the total past collides at our juncture in history.

KINDLING THE SPIRIT

Songs function as the countdown which allows perpetual commitment to the times. As a filter, they unveil the deeps which are present in every human encounter. To see the necessity of unveiling the deeps is to have decided in the midst of the historical milieu to

be a people, and this elicits the spirit from which songs emerge and are participatory events. When songs like "Men of Faith" are a part of the sung and unsung daily style, they become a basic mode of rehearsing the corporate self-understanding. Thus new life wells up and is released through the creation and participation in the songs which reflect the radical decision to be this particular moment.

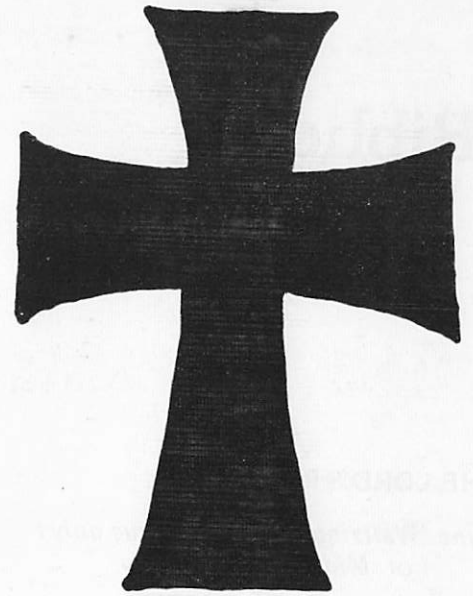
CONSUMING THE WORLD

The future is anticipated and created through the telescopic lens of songs. The images which reflect the decision to assume responsibility for the future are embedded in the consciousness of a people by songs. The continued rehearsal of futuristic images such as "We shall Overcome" keeps the vision alive and releases to create anew the necessary forms which will actualize the future. Commitment to the revolutionary style is made possible by the songs which spin in our heads and continually call one to radically actualizing the future. Practical expenditure is concretized in the creation and singing of authentic songs.

The movemental church has always assumed responsibility for collecting and creating the repertoire of songs necessary for the sustenance of missional endeavor and the presencing of the sign of possibility. Traditional songs have been reappropriated in some instances by recontextualizing in such a way that these songs may be sung with new fervor; in other instances traditional words have given new life by fusing the words with contemporary tunes. Songs which transform the captivating music of the day into songs which rehearse contemporary theological poetry intertwine the sense of the destinal significance with the mood of the times. The songs of the future are born of the model building which is culminated in new images and stories, and are circuited through the tunes which have for centuries captured the lives of those who have been engaged in building new social forms.

This particular collection holds symbolically and actually the song life of the global movement.

DISCLOSING THE AWE the heritage



THE APOSTLES' CREED

Tune: "Dominique"

I believe in God
The Father Almighty;
Maker of heaven and earth.
And in Jesus Christ,
His only Son, our Lord.
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost.
Born of the Virgin Mary;
Suffered under Pontius Pilate;
Was crucified, dead and buried.
He descended into Hell,
On the third day He arose again from the dead.
He ascended
Into Heaven;
And sitteth on the right hand of God,
The Father, Almighty.
From thence He shall come to judge,
The quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost,
The Holy Catholic Church,
The communion of saints,
The forgiveness of sins,
The resurrection of the body,
And the life everlasting.

THE 23RD PSALM

Tune: Theme from "High Noon"

The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures
He leadeth me beside still waters
He restoreth my soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness,
For His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
Of death, I will fear no evil,
For Thou art with me.
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me,
Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of my enemies,
Thou annoint'st my head with oil,
My cup runneth over.
Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
Forever, and ever, and ever. Amen.

Biblical Poetry

THE LORD'S PRAYER

*Tune: Waltzing Matilda (chorus only)
or Midnight in Moscow*

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 us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us;
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil;
For Thine is the kingdom,
And the power, and the glory, forever.
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!

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.

117 PSALM

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!

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 know the Mystery . . .

Those who see the risen Lord . . .

Those who symbolize their lives . . .

Those who live the global style . . .

LIFE FROM NOTHING

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!

Tune on page 40.

DOXOLOGY

Tune: Jamaica Farewell

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. Amen.

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;
Does ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth, his name,
For 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.

GOD OF ABRAHAM PRAISE

The God of Abraham praise,
All praised be His Name,
Who was, and is and is to be,
And still the same!
The one eternal God,
Ere aught that now appears;
The First, the Last: beyond all thought
His timeless years!

His spirit floweth free,
High surging where it will;
In prophet's word he spoke of old—
He speaketh still.
Established is His law,
And changeless it shall stand,
Deep writ upon the human heart,
On sea, or land.

He hath eternal life,
Implanted in the soul;
His love shall be our strength and stay,
While ages roll.
Praise to the living God!
All praised be his Name
Who was, and is and is to be,
And still the same!

GOD OF GRACE

God of grace and God of glory,
On thy people pour thy power;
Crown thine ancient Church's story,
Bring her bud to glorious flower.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
For the facing of this hour,
For the facing of this hour.

Lo! the hosts of evil round us
Scorn thy Christ, assail his ways.
Fears and doubts too long have bound us,
Free our hearts to work and praise.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
For the living of these days,
For the living of these days.

Cure thy children's warring madness.
Bend our pride to thy control,
Shame our wanton, selfish gladness,
Rich in things and poor in soul.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
Lest we miss thy kingdom's goal.
Lest we miss thy kingdom's goal.

Save us from weak resignation
To the evils we deplore;
Let the search for thy salvation
Be our glory evermore.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
Serving thee whom we adore,
Serving thee whom we adore.

Classical Hymns

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS NAME BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWE-FULL THRONE

All hail the power of Jesus name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Before Jehovah's awe-full throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd his gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is his command;
Vast as eternity his love;
Firm as a rock his truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

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!

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.

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!

Classical Hymns

GOD MOVES

God moves 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.

Blind unbelief is sure to err, and scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain.

JAYA HO

Jai ho, Jai ho, Jai ho, Jai ho
Ja-ya Ja-ya Ja-ya Ja-ya ho
Ja-ya Ja-ya Ja-ya Ja-ya ho Ja-ya ho
Te-re san(a) Muk(a) Ha (a) hain a-te
Te-re san(a) Muk(a) Ham(a) hain a-te
Dhama no men hain sis(e) na-wa-te,
Cha-ra-no hain sis(e) na-wa-te,
Ja-ya Ja-ya te-ri ham(a) hain ga-te
Ja-ya Ja-ya te-ri ham(a) hain ga-te
Ja-ya Ja-ya Ja-ya Ja-ya ho—
Ja-ya Ja-ya Ja-ya Ja-ya ho
Ja-ya ho.

Tune on page 39.

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!

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord,
She is his new creation
By water and the Word,
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride,
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of Peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

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 honors 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.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

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.

BLESSED ASSURANCE

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His Blood.

Refrain: This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior, am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

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 blessed,
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!

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!

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

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.

Thru 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
Than when we first begun.

Classical Hymns

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

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 labouring 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 Saviour,
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.

Tune on page 40.

O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED

O sacred head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy holy crown,
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss, till now, was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

Be thou my consolation,
My shield when I must die;
Recall to me thy passion
When my last hour draws nigh.
Mine eyes shall then behold thee,
Upon thy cross shall dwell;
My heart by faith behold thee:
Who diest thus dies well.

Classical Hymns

MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS _ STANDING ON THE PROMISES

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Chorus:

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand.
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils his lovely face
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In very high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Through eternal ages let his praises ring.
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

Refrain:

Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises of God my Savior,
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail
By the living word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
Listening every moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Savior, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word.

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 me 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.

Gospel Songs

THE WAY OF THE CROSS LEADS HOME

I must needs go home by the way of the cross,
There's no other way but this;
I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
If the way of the cross I miss.

Chorus:

The way of the cross leads home
The way of the cross leads home
It is sweet to know, as I onward go,
The way of the cross leads home.

I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way,
The path that the Savior trod,
If I ever climb to the heights sublime,
Where the soul is at home with God.

Then I bid farewell to the way of the world,
To walk in it nevermore:
For my Lord says, "Come," and I seek my home,
Where He waits at the open door.

I'M A STRANGER

Chorus:

I'm a stranger, I'm a stranger,
I'm a stranger in an unfriendly world.
I'm a stranger, I'm a stranger,
In an unfriendly world.

Oh, Brother, won't you help me.
Oh, Brother, won't you help me to pray.
Oh, Brother, won't you help me.
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord.

Oh, Sister, won't you help me.
Oh, Sister, won't you help me to work . . .

Oh, Preacher, won't you help me.
Oh, Preacher, won't you help me to fight . . .

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.

The 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.

Gospel Songs

A BALM IN GILEAD

Refrain:

There is a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole,
There is a balm in Gilead
To heal the sinsick soul.

Sometimes I feel discouraged
And think my work in vain,
But then the Holy Spirit
Revives my soul again.

If you cannot sing like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus
And say he died for all.

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Chorus:

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere,
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is a-born.

When I was a sinner,
I prayed both night and day;
I asked the Lord to help me,
And he showed me the way.

When I was a seeker,
I sought both night and day;
I asked the Lord to help me,
And he taught me to pray.

He made me a watchman
Upon the city wall.
And if I am a Christian
I am the least of all.

GO DOWN, MOSES

When Israel was in Egypt land,
Let my people go!
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go!

Refrain:

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land;
Tell old Pharaoh to let my people go!

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go!
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go!

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.

BITTER WAS THE NIGHT

Bitter was the night,
Thought the cock would crow forever.

Refrain:

Bitter was the night,
Before the break of day.

Jesus, he came by.
But I said I didn't know him.

Told them all a lie,
And I said it three times over.

What did Judas do?
Sold him a bag of silver,

Judas died of shame,
Hanged himself upon an alder.

Thought I'd do the same.
Thought the night would last forever.

Bitter was the night,
Thought there'd never be a morning.

Bitter was the night.
Thought the cock would crow forever.

Spirituals

GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH

(Chorus)

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Since I laid my burdens down.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Since I laid my burdens down.

(Special chorus)

Burdens down, Lord
Burdens down, Lord
Since I laid my burdens down.
Burdens down, Lord
Burdens down, Lord
Since I laid my burdens down

(verses)

Friends don't treat me
Like they used to
Since I laid my burdens down (repeat)

(special chorus)

I feel better,
So much better
Since I laid my burdens down (Repeat)

(special chorus)

(Hum and clap the beat of the song,
then sing.)

Since I laid my burdens down.

UNTIL MY DAYS ARE DONE

I'm going to work, until my days are done.
I'm going to work, until my days are done.
I'll cease from sorrow, There'll be no tomorrow.
I'm going to work, until my days are done.

I'm going to sing. . .

I'm going to pray. . .

JESUS MET THE WOMAN AT THE WELL

Jesus met the woman at the well
And he told her everything she ever done
He said, woman, woman, where is your husband
And he told her everything she ever done
She said, Jesus, Jesus, ain't got no husband
And you don't know everything I ever done
He said, woman, woman, you got five husbands
And the one you got now is not your own
She said, this man, this man, must be a prophet
He done told me everything I ever done
She said, Jesus, Jesus, he is the Savior
He done told me, "life is good, as it is."

EVERY TIME I FEEL THE SPIRIT

Chorus:

Every time I feel the spirit
Movin' in my heart,
I will pray.

Upon the mountain, when my Lord spoke,
Out of his mouth came fire and smoke.
Looks around me, it looked so fine,
Till I asked my Lord if all were mine.

Oh, I have sorrows and I have woe,
And I have heartache here below;
But while God leads me, I'll never fear
For I am sheltered by his care.

Spirituals

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.

RS-I Songs

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 do not seek
to know or do that day,
Perhaps later you will know
just what to do and say,
As for now simply accept
the fact of what's been said,
By a greater Thou than you,
"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.

KINDLING THE SPIRIT

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 new
religious mode

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 judgments,
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.

GOOD NEWS

Tune: Good News, The Chariot's Coming

Refrain:

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;
That's the word of life he came to bear;
That's the word of life he came to bear;
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 . . .

SOUND OFF

Tune: Cadence Count

Verses:

1. All the past is now approved.
2. All that is has been received.
3. The Church of God has been renewed.
4. We are free to die our deaths.
5. The men of God are merry men.
6. We will create a human world.

Chorus:

Leader: Praise God!

Group: **Amen!**

Leader: Praise God!

Group: **Amen!**

Leader: Glory be!

Group: **Amen, Amen Amen!**
Praise God!

GIVE THANKS

Tune: Wendy

Refrain:

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.

PRAISE THE LORD

Tune: Walk Right In

Praise the Lord, Christ is risen,
He is risen indeed.
Praise the Lord, Christ is risen,
He is risen indeed.
Everybody's talking 'bout
A new way of walking.
Pick up your bed and walk.
Praise the Lord, Christ is risen,
Pick up your bed and walk.

HEAR THE WORD

Tune: Amen

Hear the Word:	Amen!
You're accepted;	Amen!
You're received.	Amen! Amen! Amen!

Hear the Word:	Amen!
All is good;	Amen!
Future's open.	Amen! Amen! Amen!

We are free	Amen!
To decide	Amen!
To live our lives.	Amen! Amen! Amen!

Cruciformity	Amen!
Is the way	Amen!
We have chosen.	Amen! Amen! Amen!

(The words are sung on the pickup notes to the Amen chorus.)

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 yes, my life is pleasing
Oh yes, my life is pleasing to the Lord.

GLORY BE TO THEE, O GOD

Tune from ITI: India

Refrain:

Glory be to Thee, O God,
Hallelujah!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah!

Praise the Lord, Christ is risen,
Hallelujah!
He is risen indeed,
Hallelujah!

Chorus:

Praise God, the Father,
The Son, and the Holy Ghost!
Praise God, the Father,
The Son, and the Holy Ghost!

(Refrain)

All the world has been received,
Hallelujah!
It has been received indeed,
Hallelujah!

(Chorus)

(Refrain)

All of life must be embraced,
Hallelujah!
It must be embraced indeed,
Hallelujah!

(Chorus)

(Refrain)

Men of faith can live their lives,
Hallelujah!
They can live their lives indeed,
Hallelujah!

(Chorus)

Tune on page 39

(Refrain)

Men of faith have been set free,
Hallelujah!
They have been set free indeed,
Hallelujah!

(Chorus)

(Refrain)

Men of faith can die their deaths,
Hallelujah!
They can die their deaths indeed,
Hallelujah!

(Chorus)

(Refrain)

The Church of God has been renewed,
Hallelujah!
It has been renewed indeed,
Hallelujah!

(Chorus)

(Refrain)

The gates of hell shall not prevail,
Hallelujah!
They shall not prevail indeed,
Hallelujah!

(Chorus)

I'M SO GLAD

I'm so glad the Word's in history.
I'm so glad the Word's in history.
I'm so glad the Word's in history.
Singing Glory Hallelujah!
The Word's in history!

...That all of life is good...

...That my life is received...

...The past is all approved...

...That all is possible...

...The Word's in history...

MEN OF FAITH

Men of Faith create tomorrow,
Men of Faith live the Word,
Men of Faith reduplicate the Deed,
Men of Faith proclaim the Word.

Refrain: March into the future, March!

Dance over the dark abyss.

March into the future, March!

Men of Faith create the world.

Men of freedom live responsibly,
Men of freedom can decide,
Men of freedom dare obedience,
Men of freedom live their lives.

Men of God are solitary,
Men of God are lucid men,
Men of God are comprehensive,
Dying on behalf of all.

Men of Faith, we start the journey,
Discipline our heart and mind,
When we hear the Cry, we start the March,
Saving God, the Crimson Line.

Comrades now, come join the battle,
See the vision, hear the call,
Men of Faith, pass on your banners,
Leaders of the front ranks, all.

Praise

Style

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR

Tune: Zulu Warrior)

WARRIOR'S CHANT: Praise Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!
(Repeat 24 times) Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

WARRIOR'S HYMN: (Begin on 3rd repeat of Warrior's Chant)

See him there, the Christian warrior!
See him there, the man of black, black, black!

See him there, the Christian warrior!
See him there, the man of brown, brown, brown!

See him there, the Christian warrior!
See him there, the man of tan, tan, tan!

See him there, the Christian warrior!
See him there, the man of yellow, yellow, yellow!

See him there, the Christian warrior!
See him there, the man of white, white, white!

See him there, the Christian warrior!
See him there, the man of red, red, red!

See him there, the Christian warrior!
See him there, the global man, man, man!

See him there, the Christian warrior!
See him there, the man of God, God, God!

See him there, the Christian warrior!
See him there, the iron man, man, man!

See him there, the Christian warrior!
See him there, the man who's free, free, free!

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.

THE PREPARATION AND THE CRY

Tune: Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme

Free yourself from the mind,
Seeks to order all that is,
And free yourself from the heart's terror,
That seeks essence in all things.

Sail calmly toward the abyss,
Learn to say that nothing exists,
So conquer hope, the greatest temptation,
Find the freedom you have sought.

Then at time of great happiness,
Time of virtue or despair,
Someone within will cry out, "O help me!"
As he struggles to be free.

If you do not hear this voice,
Do not set out on the March;
You must continue to prepare,
Till within you hear this Cry:

"I, the Cry, am the Lord your God!
Not a hope or a home,
I am your general, we are not friends;
You are my comrades in arms."

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.

THE VISION

Tune: Sounds of Silence

We heard the cry from the past
We heard the cry set forth at last;
Our ancestors plead to live our time,
The crimson line their only awesome sign.
Now *all* the earth cries out within our hearts
Agony.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Beyond the wanderings of time
Beyond the race of all mankind;
I see living bodies torn and crushed,
Life emerging from the arid dust.
Now the *face* I see is dark beyond all hope
Mystery.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Pain and joy and hope unfold
Pain and joy and hope untold;
We cannot contain ascending life,
Nor escape the chaos and the strife.
Now the *wonder* of our God is struggle and love
Eternally.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Lightning moment blazing spark
Lightning moment in our dark;
The birth and death of every star and tree,
The dread assault of spirit within me.
Then *God* confronts me with terror and with love
Ecstasy.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Burning flame and life is born
Burning flame and all is gone;
Trembling and afraid above the abyss,
Grasping now that only nothing exists.
Then I *plumb* the abyss my life becomes new birth
Ceaselessly.
Comes the dawn of silence.

ALL LIFE IS OPEN

Tune: Guantanamera

Refrain: All life is open,
Embrace the future with vision,
Die your death for the living,
The mystery has received all.

Our knowledge falters and crumbles,
Our thoughts turn banal and senseless,
Our feelings flood in to drown us,
Our hearts cry out, "Push no further!"
But don't stop now lead us onward
To what we know yet cannot see.

The real world bursts in upon us,
Our cares are ruthlessly tromped on,
Yet our desires are unceasing,
The power pushes us further.
Is there no end to this chaos?
Must separation be final?

Illusions trap us and bind us,
We can't endure endless struggle,
We need our promise of greatness,
Or must withdraw isolated.
Then life demands we embrace all,
That all is good and accepted.

We see our linkage to history,
We see the duty demanded,
Our cares unite in the power,
All life is served in obedience.
We give our minds, hearts and spirits
To forge the free deed in history.

But we alone can do nothing,
We stumble on in our weakness,
Till we unite in the mission
And structure human endeavors.
For we belong to the movement,
That lays its life down for all men.

ROLES

Called to be	Intellectual struggler,	
Called to teach	the wisdom of life;	
Called to be	a RABBI	On behalf of all men.

Called to be	Intentional distance,	
Called to preach	the word of God;	
Called to be	an EVANGELIST	On behalf of all men.

Called to be	Enigmatic presence	
Called to evoke	experiences of being;	
Called to be	a GURU	On behalf of all men.

Called to be	Wise guidance	
Called to lead	the rational task;	
Called to be	an ELDER	On behalf of all men.

Called to be	Historical signal,	
Called to forge	representational deed;	
Called to be	a PROPHET	On behalf of all men.

Called to be	Battlefield nurture,	
Called to rehearse	the intentional deeps;	
Called to be	a PRIEST	On behalf of all men.

Called to be	Corporate discipline,	
Called to enable	colleagues be strong;	
Called to be	a PRIOR	On behalf of all men.

Called to be	Compassionate council,	
Called to sustain	the hope of life;	
Called to be	a PASTOR	On behalf of all men.

Called to be	Human example,	
Called to show	the demanded style	
Called to be	the RELIGIOUS	On behalf of all men.

Tune on page 40

FREEDOM

Tune: "Greensleeves"

Our freedom lies in obedience
Of choosing the necessity,
And nothing can deliver us
From dreadful responsibility.

Refrain: No recourse to the law,
No justification or righteousness,
No way to defend our deeds,
But we offer them up to the Mystery.

Now deed and self stand naked here
We own whatever we've brought to be.
No rules to rescue, no course to clear
From dreadful responsibility.

GLORY, GRACE AND GOD

Tune: Early In The Morning

What shall we do with the sleeping Christian?
What shall we do with the sleeping Christian?
What shall we do with the sleeping Christian?
Early in the morning.

Chorus:
Glory, Grace and God be with him;
Glory, Grace and God be with him;
Glory, Grace and God be with him,
Early in the morning.

Pray to the Lord for his redemption . . .

Give him a life with a mission . . .

He can change the coming ages . . .

What shall we do with the sleeping Christian? . . .

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'll live in me,
I am the lord of the dance, said he.

Style

GONNA BUILD A MODEL

Tune: Gonna build a mountain

Gonna build a model
For the local Church
Gonna build a model
Gonna make it work.

CHORUS: Gonna build a model
Gonna see it through,
Gonna build a model for the Church
And the world will be made new.

Gonna build a cadre
To recruit the men
Gonna build a cadre
To train Iron men

(Chorus)

Gonna build a signal
Congregation
Gonna build the programs,
That will get it done,
(Chorus)

Gonna build a Parish
As a special sign
Gonna build that parish
For all mankind
(Chorus)

ENDING: Gonna build that model
Gonna make that plan
Since I choose to give my life
It will be for every man.

Journey

ON POVERTY

Tune: Brahms, First Symphony, Fourth Movement

Come walk with Francis
Like Him you'll naked die
Free all you now cherish
For time soon will pass you by
If you would do something, then be God's nothing
Be the Lord's fool and fife
In holding to nought, there the secret is found
You're wealth when you're not by wealth bound

Bound too by fame? then
You must leap o'er that shoal
Your calling's been written
Upon the ages' scroll
The mass of most—men laugh and don't listen
Say that you've failed, gone mad
Yet just when all seems wrong, you wink and appear gone
Lo, the Lord's new Face is drawn

Drawn too by surety?
Living's to be unsure
So pour your life wholly
Each burden you will endure
Abound with Paul and run the race
And in fullness there abase
In all that you do make this your song
That all earth to all men belong

Belong in the tension
Where life and death contend
As bridge to the future
Burn out the flesh time did lend
If holiness binds you, leave it behind you
Such vestments you must rend
The only defense in the battle that's won
Is life in Depth, the Kingdom Come

Tune on page 40

BEING

Tune: Theme from "Black Orpheus"

My life is as Vast as the sea No boundaries nor 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 Pau! I merge with all	I see them 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 though life-less 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 What all the saints once knew My 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.
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Yes it's there on the limbs of the worm-eaten tree where the All and the Nothing can BE.

THE SINGLE MIND

Tune: "A Great and Mighty Wonder"

The Journey of the Spirit demands full heart and mind;
To forge the Universal on behalf of all mankind.

Refrain: Obedience the Armor, Our poverty the sign,
Our chastity the battle to create the single mind.

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.

CONTEMPLATION

Tune: Those Were the Days

When in the midst of strife
The other strikes my life

And that encounter
Will not let me flee

It's then I honor him,
Though he be foe or friend

And I become the
All that is not me.

And deep within I see
The fact that I just be

And unrepeat-
ably this one this self.

Free passion then I live
My depthless life I give

I find that I be
Being in Myself

And in my past I find
The fatefulness of time

But then a transfor-
mation comes to me

I then begin my poem
In mystery alone

And I am Adam
in all History

And the Not-yet I see
Is cut from under me

So fast it comes
As possibility

Then my reality
Is change eternally

And I become the
All of yet to be

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
embrace 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 without
feel uplifting.

The weight of the world
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.

Tune on page 40

CREATION

(Tune: Early in the Morning!)

We stand beyond our life and see,
We stand beyond our death and really see,
What's required of men
Who give their Death
To History.

And it is now that we must Do
What other ones must always seek to be,
To discover what's required of us
To set men free.

A time to set forth the new demand.
A time to look into the past.
For without "What has been",
There is no "yet to be".
Nothing that we do then could last.
CHORUS

No more must men live in poverty,
No more in strife and disaray,
For when all the men
Create all the earth,
That shall be the new day.

CHORUS
In those who choose to be all there is
Pain and misery are lost,
Transformed because
They bring forth human life,
New life never comes but from a cross.
CHORUS

The global task now has claimed our lives,
Who knows where our bodies they shall find?
But with us anew
Now the Mystery appears,
The meaning of the life of all mankind.
CHORUS

Tune on page 39.

FINISH OUR WORK

(Tune: I walk the Line)

We are one body with the race of men,
All who are, will be, and ere 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 formulation,
Of parish, cadre, congregation,
"Finish our work!"
"Finish our work!"

We are the people of God in History,
Who are and were and ever more shall be,
Out of the depths we hear the mystery,
"Finish our work!"
"Finish our work!"

THE INVITATION

Tune: Bye, Bye, 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 offense, 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.

THE CRYIN'

Tune: Mariah

Oh, I'm a lost and lonely soul;
My heart is full of cryin'.
The Cry is not for pain of me—
It is my God a-dyin'.
He calls to me to give him aid,
To help him go on livin'.
He bids me smash my house and brain:
My life for him be given.

Refrain:

The Cryin', the Cryin',
It calls me to my dyin',

I say, "O Lord, if that be you,
I really must be certain.
Pull back the veil and show your face.
What lies behind the curtain?
The Cry responds in anguished tone,
"There is no time for showing.
The past and future wait on you,
To die your death not knowing."

It's then I feel the pangs of love
For earth and men and heaven.
"I'll save these for you, Lord," I cry,
"And this can be your leaven."
The Cry responds, "It's not for me;
You save what you inherit.
For I must crush your world to bones,
And grind it into Spirit."

'I'm not a God of virtue now,
Of peace, or of refinement.
It's war against the infidel—
And that's your one assignment!
The infidel who's satisfied,
Whose world is staid and stable—
Bring that fat beast before my throne
And slay him on my table!"

It's then I know what I had known
Before the world began;
The infidel, the satisfied,
'Tis I who am that man!
Oh, I'm a lost and lonely soul;
My heart is full of cryin',
The Cry is not for pain of me—
My God and I are dyin'.

Final Refrain:

The Cryin', the Cryin',
New Life will come from dyin'.

Journey

PRAISE GOD

Tamil Tune (Folk tune of Southern India)

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.

As it was in the beginning,
Is now and ever shall be,
(repeat first four lines).

Tune on page 40.

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)

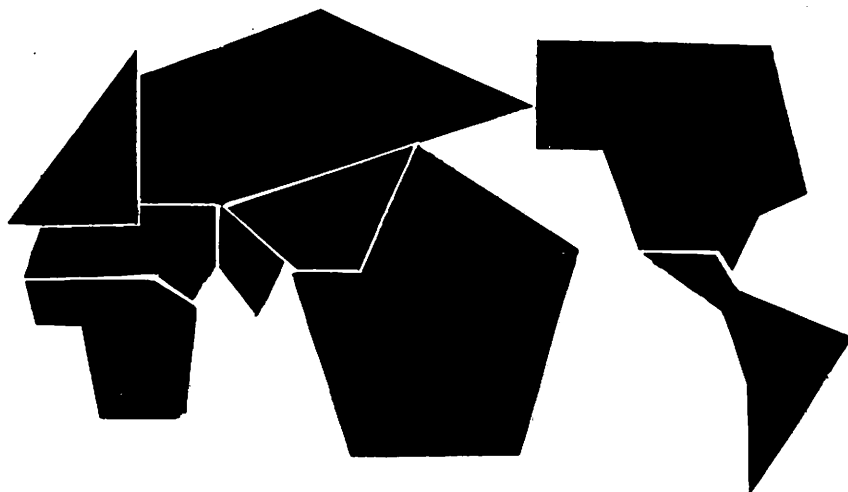
There is a stillness there that's like a violent gale
And in that ecstasy I know my native vale.
'Tis then I hear the cry of brothers doomed to die.
And that's the cause of my return.

(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)

CONSUMING THE WORLD the new social vehicle



WHEN IRON MEN

Tune: When The Saints Go Marching In

When Iron Men go marching in,
When Iron Men go marching in;
There'll be a new day tomorrow,
When Iron Men go marching in.

When City Five has come alive,
When City Five has come alive;
There'll be a new day tomorrow,
When City Five has come alive.

O, when the trend begins to bend,
O, when the trend begins to bend;
There'll be a new day tomorrow,
When the trend begins to bend.

O, when the world picks up the sign,
O, when the world picks up the sign,
There'll be a new day tomorrow,
When the world picks up the sign.

For Iron Men it's never done,
For Iron Men it's never done;
There'll be a new day tomorrow,
When Iron Men go marching in.

MARCHING SONG OF THE IRON MEN

Tune: The Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Deep within the hearts of Black Men
Charred by bitterness and pain,
By three hundred years of slavery,
Of injustice, fear and shame,
Burns the spark of human dignity
Which history will claim
As the destiny of man.

Refrain:

Men of iron, we stand together;
Men of iron, we stand together;
Men of iron, we stand together
For the dignity of man.

From the blackness of the West Side
Now the spark bursts into flame,
Rushing outward from Fifth City,
From Chicago whence it came;
Spreading forth to every city,
Every nation to proclaim
The dignity of man

Refrain:

Men of iron, we march together . . .
For the dignity of man.

See the vision of a life style
Stretch before the eyes of man,
From Brazil, to France, to China,
From the Congo to Iran.
Where all men can live in freedom,
Claim their power and their plan,
Full humanness for all.

Refrain:

Men of iron, march on together . . .
Toward the destiny of man.

CHICAGO IS A WONDERFUL PLACE

Tune: Washington Square

Chicago is a wonderful place,
The West Side's where we live;
Chicago is a wonderful place,
The West Side's where we live.
So sing all you people,
Life is here to love;
So sing all you people,
Life is here to live.
Chicago is a wonderful place,
The West Side's where we live;
Chicago is a wonderful place,
The West Side's where we live;
The West Side's where we live;
The West Side's where we live.

5th City Songs

I LIVE IN 5TH CITY

I live in 5th City— West side is my home
I live in 5th City— Won't leave it alone

Chorus: We're gonna build it for Chicago
We're gonna give it to the world
We're gonna build it for Chicago
We're gonna give it to the world

Out here in 5th City— We are all at work
Building for the future— A task we will not shirk

Chorus: People of 5th City— The task they understand
Creating a new life style— We'll take to every land

Chorus: People of 5th City— Are black and that is great
Gonna give our blackness to the world and the
world will celebrate

Tune on page 39.

WE'VE GOT TO BUILD FIFTH CITY

Tune: Lonesome Valley

We've gotta go out and build Fifth City,
We've gotta build it by ourselves;
Ain't nobody here goin' to build it for us;
We've gotta go out and build Fifth City by ourselves.

Oh, you can't blame it on the devil,
Oh, you can't blame City Hall;
You can't blame the way life is,
You gotta go out and build Fifth City by yourself.

Can't depend on Mr. Do-Good,
Can't depend on city gold;
Oh, we can't depend on Mr. Charley;
We've gotta go out and build Fifth City by ourselves.

We're going to build it with our blackness,
Goin' to build it with our soul;
Oh, we're going to build it with our power,
We've gotta go out and build Fifth City by ourselves.

We're goin' to build it in Chicago,
As a Sign to all mankind;
Of the power of the people,
Who decide to give their lives to change the world.

We're gonna go out and build Fifth City,
We're gonna build it by ourselves;
Ain't nobody here goin' to build it for us;
We're gonna go out and build Fifth City by ourselves.

FREE TO DECIDE

Tune: Hi, Ho, Nobody Home

Free, free, free to decide
What this world is going to be;
This imperative is ours
To be free, free...(repeat)

(This song is most effectively sung as a round)

5th City Songs

BALLAD OF IRON MAN

Tune: The Ballad of John Henry

When Iron Man was a little baby,
Sitting on his daddy's knee,
He picked up a model and a little wedge of steel,
Said, "This model gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord;
This model gonna be the death of me!"

Iron Man said to Mr. Charley,
A Black man's got to be a man,
And before I'll let you keep me back,
I'll die with my model in my hand, Lord, Lord;
I'll die with my model in my hand.

Iron man said to Fifth City
Fifth City, why don't you sing?
Cause I've got Black Power here to move my wedge,
Just listen to that cold steel ring, Lord, Lord;
Just listen to that cold steel ring.

There's a man they call Mr. Bourgeois,
He thinks he's mighty fine,
But before I'll let his life-style mow me down,
I'll go out and change the world with mine, Lord, Lord;
Go out and change the world with mine!

Iron Man hammered out his model,
His wedge was strikin' fire,
He built Fifth City for the sake of the world,
But it took away his life, and he died, Lord, Lord;
It took away his life and he died.

So they took Iron Man to the graveyard,
And they buried him in the ground,
But he rose straight up, and he shouted to the world,
You can never keep an Iron Man down, Lord, Lord;
Never keep an Iron Man down!

Now the Iron Man of Fifth City,
Is known across this land;
Can't stop a dead man when he's changing the world,
A model and a wedgeblade in his hand, Lord, Lord;
A model and a wedgeblade in his hand!

UNIVERSE SONG

Tune: Three Blind Mice

We live in the universe,
We live in the universe,
On the planet earth,
On the planet earth;
We look for life in the sky so blue,
And down in the ocean for something new,
Look at the world we have on our hands!
What shall we do?
What shall we do?

VOOM, VOOM ASTRONAUT

Tune: Baa, Baa Black Sheep

Voom, Voom, Astronaut! are you having fun
With the moon and the stars and the very large sun?
Do you like it, being alone?
Or would you rather be back home?
Voom, Voom, Astronaut! are you having fun
With the moon and the stars and the very large sun?

DOORS THAT SHUT

Tune: Heigh, Ho! Nobody Home

I'm always running into doors that shut.
But I can live no matter what!
I'm alive and here I am!
I decide as the only one who can.

I LOVE FIFTH CITY

Tune: I Love the Flowers

I love Fifth City.
I love the planet Earth.
I love this day and time,
I love the universe.
I'm always ready to see this world of ours.
I tell you man I like it here,
I tell you man I like it here. —Yeah.

Children's Songs

UNIVERSE MAN

Tune: This Land is Your Land

We are the Black Man.
We are the Red Man.
We are the Brown Man.
We are the Yellow Man.
We are the Tan Man.
We are the White Man.
This is the land for you and me.

Chanted:

Black Man! Red Man! Brown Man! Yellow Man!
Tan Man! White Man! Universe Man!

LIFE IS GOOD

Tune: Walk Right In

Life is good and we can shout,
With the sun and the moon and stars.
Life is good and we can shout,
With the sun and the moon and stars.
Everybody's talking 'bout the universe;
Let's all dance to life
Life is good and we can shout,
With the sun and the moon and the stars, yeah man!
With the sun and the moon and the stars. Yeah!

Children's Songs

I'M ALWAYS FALLING DOWN

Tune: Old MacDonald

I'm always falling down,
But I know what I can do.
I can pick myself up and say to myself,
I'm the greatest too.
It doesn't matter if I'm big or small,
I live now if I live at all.
I'm always falling down,
But I know what I can do.

THUNDERATION

Chant:

Thunder, Thunder, Thunderation!
We're the present generation.
We can change the situation.
We can move with determination!

Sing:

Thunder, thunderation!
We're the present generation.
We can move with determination.
We can change the situation.

Thunder, thunderation!
We're the future generation.
We can move with determination.
We can change the situation.

IMPACT THE WORLD

Tune: Marching to Pretoria

Refrain:

We are on our way to impact the world,
Impact the world, Impact the world.
We are on our way to impact the world,
We will change history!

The world needs you, the world needs me,
And so we will march together,
So we will march together,
So we will march together,
The world needs you, the world needs me
And so we will march together
To change history!

Education needs you, education needs me,
And so we will teach together,
So we will teach together,
So we will teach together,
So we will teach together,
Education needs you, education needs me
And so we will teach together
To change history!

Fifth City needs you, Fifth City needs me,
And so we will stand together,
So we will stand together,
So we will stand together.
Fifth City needs you, Fifth City needs me,
And so we will stand together,
To change history!

HOW MANY?

Tune: Blowin' in the Wind

How many noses do I have on my face?
(point to nose)
How many ears on my head?
(to ears)
How many fingers do I have on my hand?
(wave fingers)
How many pillows on my bed?
(head over hand)

Chorus:

I have a lot of questions.
A lot that I don't know.
A lot of answers to find
And I know that some are easy.
I know that some are hard.
I know there are some I'll never find.

How many hairs do I have on my head?
(point to hair)
How big will I grow?
(hand up high over head)
How many years will I live in my life?
(hand out open)
How many people will I know?
(point to other people)

New Social Vehicle

RUN INTO THE FUTURE RUN

Tune: Men of Faith

Refrain:

Run into the future, run.
Run into the rising sun.
Run into the future, run.
Men who run create the world.

Men of ages snare the wisdom.
Men of ages bear the Word,
Live the story, see the vision,
Bringing forth the dawning world.

Men of ages bear the burden
Of the suffering of mankind.
Men of ages start the journey,
Mighty people made from God.

Men of ages greet the Secret,
Fills the future of the Now,
With our knowing from past ages
With the singing of our lives.

The day is come, my ancient people.
Now we run to meet the sun.
Born of pain beyond all suffering.
Now the day of Wonder comes.

THE SPIRIT

Tune: I am bound for the Promised Land

We're on the edge for all mankind
We hear the human cry
We point to possibility
In the sickness of our time.

Chorus:

Our eyes must see a thousand years;
We must unceasing stand
And prophesy that all the earth
Belongs to every man.

Life is a resurrected deed
Lived that all men are free,
Responding to the global need
In particularity.

Within the painful fire of change
The spirit era sign,
The style through which the deeps of life
Are lived for all mankind.

And prophesy that all the earth
Belongs to every man;
Our eyes must see a thousand years
We must unceasing stand.

Final Chorus:

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

WHEN I'M ON MY JOURNEY

When I'm on my journey,
There is no one there but me.
When I'm on my journey,
There is no one there but me.
When I'm on my journey,
There is no one there but me,
Lord, I know there is
No one there but me.

... I am one with family.

... spirit colleagues there will be.

... all mankind I will see.

... I will bend all history.

... there is no one there but me.

CREATION (song on page 31)



GLORY BE TO THEE, O GOD (song on page 23)



I LIVE IN 5TH CITY (song on page 34)



JAYA HO (song on page 10)



LIFE FROM NOTHING (song on page 8)



PRAYER (song on page 30)



ON POVERTY (song on page 28)



ROLES (song on page 26)



THAT HE REIGN (song on page 14)



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