

Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise God, all creatures
here be - low; praise God a - bove, you heaven-ly host; Cre -
- a - tor, Christ, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

There Is Now a New Creation



1 There is now a new cre - a - tion through the grace of Je - sus Christ,
2 Call the lost and found to - geth - er; tell the news to ev - ery - one:
3 Wrap the prod - i - gal in wel - come; run to greet the way - ward child.
4 Come and join the cel - e - bra - tion; come and join this hap - py feast;
5 There is now a new cre - a - tion through the grace of Je - sus Christ.

peace and rec - on - cil - i - a - tion with the God of end - less life.
now the past is gone for - ev - er and a new life has be - gun.
All is fin - ished and for - giv - en; let us now be rec - on - ciled.
Je - sus makes an in - vi - ta - tion to the great - est and the least.
Sing, with thanks and ad - o - ra - tion, to the God of end - less life!

At the center of this text stands a reference to the well-known parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15:11–32), and the fourth stanza forms an effective bridge between that gospel story and the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The first and last stanzas draw on 2 Corinthians 5:17.

TEXT: David Gambrell, 2009
MUSIC: Witt's *Psalmody Sacra*, 1715, alt.
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STUTTGART
8.7.8.7

Lift Every Voice and Sing



1 Lift ev - ery voice and sing till earth and heav - en
 2 Ston - y the road we trod, bit - ter the chas - tening
 3 God of our wea - ry years, God of our si - lent



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



ty. Let our re - joic - ing rise high as the lis - tening
 died. Yet, with a stead - y beat, have not our wea - ry
 way; thou who hast by thy might led us in - to the

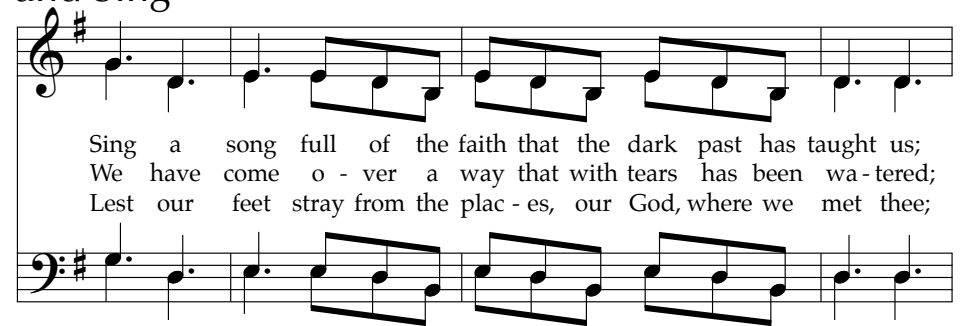


skies; let it re - sound loud as the roll - ing sea.
 feet come to the place for which our par - ents sighed?
 light, keep us for - ev - er in the path, we pray.

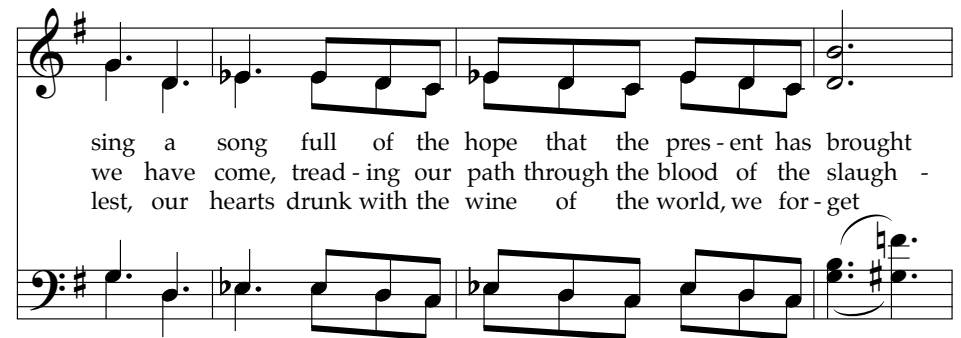
Initially a poem for a school assembly at which Booker T. Washington spoke on Lincoln's birthday in 1900, this text and tune have gained national recognition and devotion, not only within the African American community, but also among all who seek liberation from oppression.

TEXT: James Weldon Johnson, 1900
 MUSIC: J. Rosamond Johnson, 1905

LIFT EVERY VOICE
 Irregular



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



sing a song full of the hope that the pres - ent has brought
 we have come, tread - ing our path through the blood of the slaugh -
 lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we for - get



us. Fac - ing the ris - ing sun of our new day be -
 tered, out from the gloom - y past, till now we stand at
 thee; shad - owed be - neath thy hand may we for - ev - er



gun, let us march on, till vic - to - ry is won.
 last where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.
 stand, true to our God, true to our na - tive land.