

O God, We Bear the Imprint

Em Am B7 Em

1 O God, we bear the im-print of your face: the col - ors
 2 Where we are torn and pulled a - part by hate be - cause our
 3 O God, we share the im - age of the One whose flesh and

Am B7 Am

of our skin are your de - sign, and what we have of
 race, our skin is not the same, while we are judged un -
 blood are ours, what-ev - er skin; in Christ's hu - man - i -

D G Am6

beau - ty in our race as man or wom - an, you a -
 e - qual by the state and vic - tims made be - cause we
 ty we find our own, and in his fam - i - ly our

B7 Am D

lone de - fine, who stretched a liv - ing fab - ric on our
 own our name, hu - man - i - ty re - duced to lit - tle
 prop - er kin: Christ is the broth - er we still cru - ci -

G Am6 Em B7 Em

frame and gave to each a lan - guage and a name.
 worth, dis - hon - ored is your liv - ing face on earth.
 fy, his love the lan - guage we must learn, or die.

Rather than treating racism as a societal problem, this text considers the issue from a theological point of view. When we distance ourselves from other people merely because of the color of their skin, we fail to honor their God-likeness and to see Christ's image in them.

TEXT: Shirley Erena Murray, 1987
 MUSIC: Margaret R. Tucker, 1998
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TODOS LOS COLORES
 10.10.10.10.10

Crown Him with Many Crowns

1 Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;
 2 Crown him the Lord of love; be - hold his hands and side,
 3 Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a scep - ter sways
 4 Crown him the Lord of years, the po - ten - tate of time;

hark, how the heaven-ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own!
 rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 from pole to pole, that wars may cease, ab - sorbed in prayer and praise.
 cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime.

A - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
 no an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end; and round his pierc - ed feet
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For thou hast died for me;

and hail him as thy match-less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 but down-ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through-out e - ter - ni - ty.

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