

Let Streams of Living Justice

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1 Let streams of liv - ing jus - tice flow down up - on the earth;
 2 For heal - ing of the na - tions, for peace that will not end,
 3 Your ci - ty's built to mu - sic; we are the stones you seek;



give free - dom's light to cap - tives, let all the poor have worth.
 for love that makes us lov - ers, God grant us grace to mend.
 your har - mo - ny is lan - guage; we are the words you speak.



The hun - gry's hands are plead - ing, the work - ers claim their rights,
 Weave our var - ied gifts to - geth - er; knit our lives as they are spun;
 Our faith we find in ser - vice, our hope in oth - ers' dreams,



the mourn - ers long for laugh - ter, the blind - ed seek for sight.
 on your loom of time en - roll us till our thread of life is run.
 our love in hand of neigh - bor; our home - land bright - ly gleams.

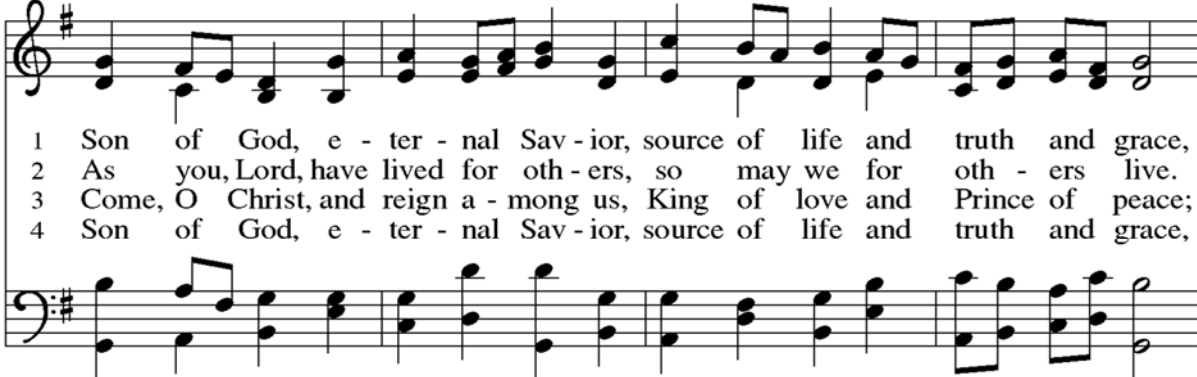


Make lib - er - ty a bea - con, strike down the i - ron pow'r;
 O great weav - er of our fab - ric, bind church and world in one;
 In - scribe our hearts with jus - tice; your way—the path un - tried;

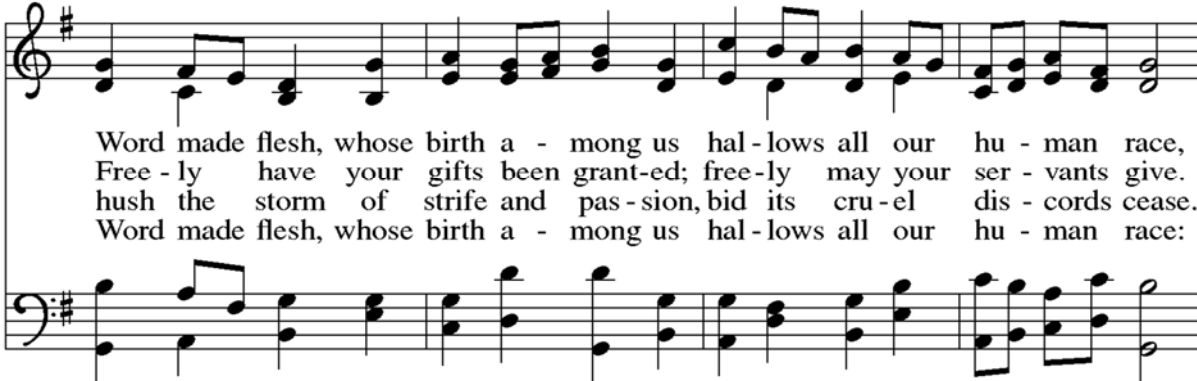


a - bol - ish an - cient ven - geance: pro - claim your peo - ple's hour.
 dye our tex - ture with your ra - diance, light our col - ors with your sun.
 your truth—the heart of strang - er; your life—the Cru - ci - fied.

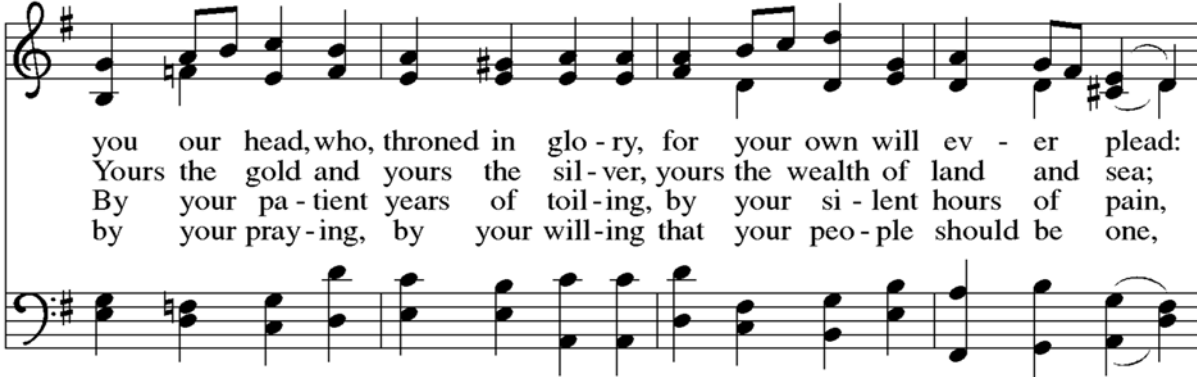
Son of God, Eternal Savior



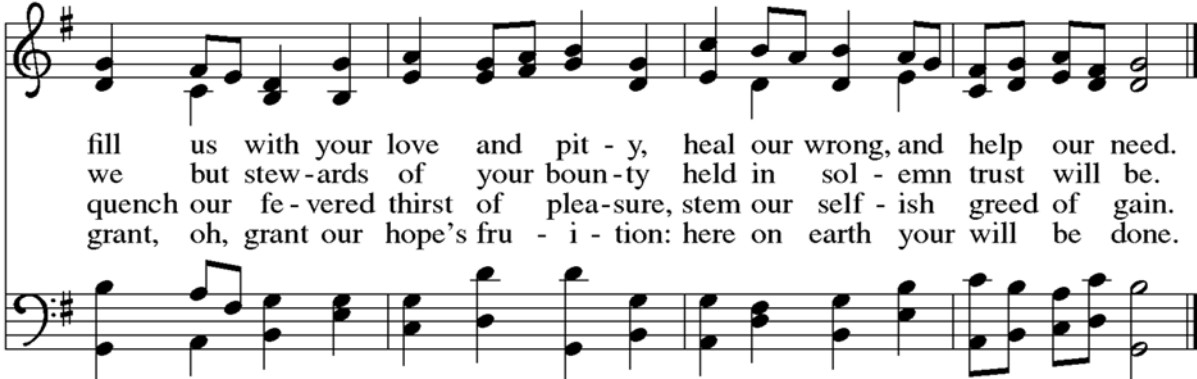
1 Son of God, e - ter - nal Sav - ior, source of life and truth and grace,
 2 As you, Lord, have lived for oth - ers, so may we for oth - ers live.
 3 Come, O Christ, and reign a - mong us, King of love and Prince of peace;
 4 Son of God, e - ter - nal Sav - ior, source of life and truth and grace,



Word made flesh, whose birth a - mong us hal - lows all our hu - man race,
 Free - ly have your gifts been grant - ed; free - ly may your ser - vants give.
 hush the storm of strife and pas - sion, bid its cru - el dis - cords cease.
 Word made flesh, whose birth a - mong us hal - lows all our hu - man race:



you our head, who, throned in glo - ry, for your own will ev - er plead:
 Yours the gold and yours the sil - ver, yours the wealth of land and sea;
 By your pa - tient years of toil - ing, by your si - lent hours of pain,
 by your pray - ing, by your will - ing that your peo - ple should be one,



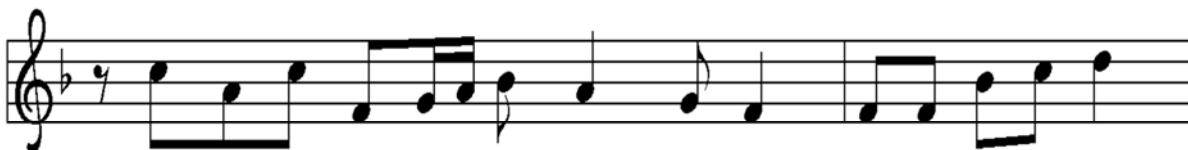
fill us with your love and pit - y, heal our wrong, and help our need.
 we but stew - ards of your boun - ty held in sol - emn trust will be.
 quench our fe - vered thirst of plea - sure, stem our self - ish greed of gain.
 grant, oh, grant our hope's fru - i - tion: here on earth your will be done.

Tesxt: Sommerset C. Lowry, 1855-1932

Music: *Oude en Nieuwe Hollantse Boerenlities en Contradansen*, 1710; arr. Julius Rontgen, 1855-1932

Create in Me a Clean Heart

Offering Song



Cre-ate in me a clean heart, O God, and re-new a right



spir-it with-in me. Cast me not a-way from your pres-ence, and take



not your Ho-ly Spir-it from me. Re-store to me the joy of



your sal - va - tion, and up-hold me with your free Spir - it.

Music: Richard W. Hillert, b. 1923

Music © 1978 Lutheran Book of Worship, admin. Augsburg Fortress

Take, Oh, Take Me As I Am

Take, oh, take me as I am; sum-mon out what I shall be;

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment of chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic foundation with chords and some melodic movement.

set your seal up - on my heart and live in me.

The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

Text: John L. Bell, b. 1949

Music: John L. Bell

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Be Thou My Vision



1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;
 3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise,
 4 Light of my soul, af - ter vic - to - ry won,



naught be all else to me, save that thou art:
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord.
 thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O heav - en's Sun!



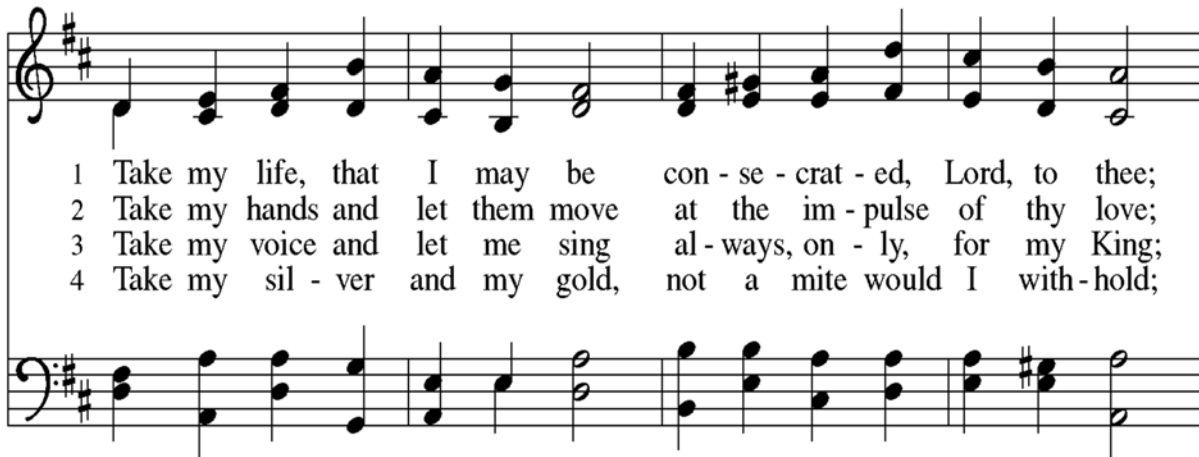
thou my best thought both by day and by night,
 Thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tow'r,
 thou and thou on - ly, the first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,



wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 raise thou me heav'n - ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.
 great God of heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Take My Life, That I May Be

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1 Take my life, that I may be con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2 Take my hands and let them move at the im - pulse of thy love;
3 Take my voice and let me sing al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
4 Take my sil - ver and my gold, not a mite would I with - hold;



take my mo - ments and my days; let them flow in cease - less praise.
take my feet and let them be swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.
take my lips and let them be filled with mes - sag - es from thee.
take my in - tel - lect, and use ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine;
it shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own;
it shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
at thy feet its treasure store;
take myself, and I will be
ever, only, all for thee.

Rise Up, O Saints of God!

1 Rise up, O saints of God! From vain am - bi - tions turn;
 2 Speak out, O saints of God! De - spair en - gulf's earth's frame;
 3 Rise up, O saints of God! The king - dom's task em - brace;
 4 Give heed, O saints of God! Cre - a - tion cries in pain;
 5 Com - mit your hearts to seek the paths which Christ has trod;

Christ rose tri - um - phant that your hearts with no - bler zeal might burn.
 as heirs of God's bap - tis - mal grace, the word of hope pro - claim.
 re - dress sin's cru - el con - se - quence; give jus - tice larg - er place.
 stretch forth your hand of heal - ing now, with love the weak sus - tain.
 and, quick - ened by the Spir - it's pow'r, rise up, O saints of God!