

All Are Welcome

Marty Haugen, Tune-Twin Oaks

v3

Let us build a house where love can dwell and all can safe -ly — live, a — place where saints and
Let us build a house where all are named, their songs and vis - ons heard and — loved and trea -sured

6 chil - dren — tell how — hearts learn — to for — give. Built of hopes and dreams and vis - ions rock of
taught and claimed as words with in the Word. Built of tears and cries and laugh - ter Prayers of

11 faith and vault of grace; here the love of Christ shall end di - vis — ion all are wel — come
faith and songs of Grace, Let this house pro -claim from floor to raf - ter

16 All are wel — come all are wel — come in this place

All Hail the Power of Jesus Name

v2

G D

All Crown Crown Sin - hail Him Him ye ye whose the pow'r morn - - ing of stars of your light, God, Let who who the

Em D7 G G

an - - gels pros - - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - - al fixed his float - - ing ball; Now hail the strength of from His al - - tar the call; Ex - tol the Stem of worm - wood and the gall; Go spread your tro - - phies

D G D Em A7 D

di - - a - - dem and and crown Him Lord of all. Is rael's ___ might, and and crown Him Lord of all. Jes See's ___ Rod, and and crown Him Lord of all. at his ___ feet and and crown Him Lord of all.

G D D7 Em

Bring forth the roy - - al di - - a - - dem and Bring Now hail the strength of Is rael's ___ might and Ex - tol the Stem of Jes see's ___ Rod and Go spread your tro - - phies at his ___ feet and

G C G D7 G

crown Him Lord of all. crown Him Lord of all. crown Him Lord of all. crown Him Lord of all.

An Evening Prayer

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel v3
popularized by Elvis Presley

$\text{♩} = 90$

G D7 G D C Am7

1. If I have wound - ed a - ny soul to - day, If
2. If I have ut - tered i - dle words or vain, If
3. If I have been per - verse or hard, or cold, If
4. For - give the sins I have con - fessed to Thee; For -

D7 G D7 G

I have caused one foot to go a - stray, If
I have turned a - side from want or pain, Lest
I have longed for shel - ter in Thy fold, When
- give the sec - ret sins I do not see; O

G D7 G Gm7 C D Bm D7 G

I have walked in my own will - ful way, Dear Lord, for - give!
I my - self shall suf - fer through the strain, Dear Lord, for - give!
Thou hast giv - en me some fort to hold, Dear Lord, for - give!
guide me, love me and my keep - er be, A - - men.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe/Air: "John Brown's Body" v4



1. Mine ___ eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - - treat; He is



tram - pling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damp; I can be
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - - fore His judg - ment - - seat; Oh, be

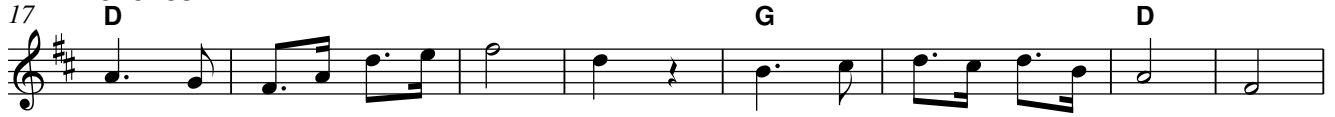


loosed the fate - - ful light - - ning of His ter - - ri - ble swift
read His right - - eous sen - - tence by the dim and flar - - ing
swift, my soul, to an - - swer Him! be ju - - bi - lant, my



sword, His truth is march - - ing on. _____
lamps, His day is march - - ing on. _____
feet! Our God is march - - ing on. _____

CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - - jah! His truth is march - ing on. _____

Blessed Assurance

Music and Setting: 'Blessed Assurance' or 'Assurance' Phoebe P. Knapp, 1873.

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1873. v2a

1. Bless - ed as su - rance, Je - sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine!
2. Per - fect sub mis - sion, per - fect de light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now burst in - to sight;
3. Per - fect sub mis - sion, all is at rest I in my Sa - vior am hap - py and blest,

4 Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His Spi - rit, washed in His blood.
An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a bove, E - choes of mer - cy, whisp - ers of love.
Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.

8 This is my stor - y, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sa - vior, all the day long;

12 This is my stor - - y, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sa - vior, all the day long.

Chords: C, F, C, G, D, G, G, F, C, Dm, C/G, G7, G, F, C, G, D, G, G7, C, F, C, Dm, C, G7, C

Come Christians Join to Sing

v1b

G D G C G Am D7 G

Come, Chris - tians, join to sing
Come, lift your hearts on high, A - le - lu - ia!
Praise yet our Christ a - gain, A _____ men

5 G D G C G Am D7 G

loud let praise to
let prais - es Christ we bring;
life shall not end the sky;
strain: A - le - lu - - ia A _____ men

9 G D7 G C D G Am D

let all with heart and voice, be - - fore his throne re - - jice
Christ on heav - en's guide and friend, on whom we can de - - pend,
on heav - en's bliss - ful shore, his good - ness we'll a - - dore,

13 G D7 G C D G Am D7 G

praise is his gra - cious choice, A - le - lu - ia A _____ men
his love shall. nev - er end
sing - - ing for ev - er - more

Come, You Disconsolate

vl

C F C F G7 C

Come, you dis - - con - so - late, where - - e'er you lan - - guish;
 Joy of the des - - o - late, light of the stray - - ing,
 Here see the bread of life; see wa - - ters flow - - ing

F G/D D7 G

come to the mer - - cy seat, fer - - vent - ly kneel.
 hope of the pen - - i - tent, fade - - less and pure!
 forth from the throne of God, pure from a - - bove.

C F C

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - - guish;
 Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in mer - - cy say - - ing,
 Come to the feast pre - pared; come, ev - - er know - - ing

F C/G G7 C

Earth has no sor - rows that heaven can - - not heal.
 Earth has no sor - rows that heaven can - - not cure."
 Earth has no sor - rows but heaven can re - - move.

Day by Day

Oskar Ahnfelt, 1872 v2a

♩ = 105

D **Em** **A** **A7**

1. Day by day, and with each pass - ing mo - ment, Strength I find, to meet my tri - als
 2. Ev - ery day, the Lord Him - self is near me With a spe - - cial mer - cy for each
 3. Help me then, in ev - ery tri - bu - la - tion So to trust Thy prom - is - es, O

D **Em** **A** **A7**

here; Trust - ing in my Fa - ther s wise be - stow - ment, I ve no cause for wor - ry or for
 hour; All my cares He fain would bear, and cheer me, He whose Name is Coun - sel - or and
 Lord, That I lose not faith s sweet con - so - la - tion Of - fered me with - in Thy ho - ly

D **G** **A** **A7**

fear. He whose heart is kind be - yond all mea - sure Gives un - - to each day what He deems
 Power; The pro - tect - ion of His child and trea - sure Is a charge that on Him - self He
 Word. Help me, Lord, when toil and trou - ble meet - ing, Eer to take, as from a fa - ther s

D **Em** **A** **A7** **D**

best Lov - ing - ly, its part of pain and plea - sure, Ming - ling toil with peace and rest.
 laid; As thy days, thy strength shall be in mea - sure, This the pledge to me He made.
 hand, One by one, the days, the mo - ments fleet - ing, Till I reach the prom - ised land.

Go My Children, With My Blessing

Welsh Melody v2a

♩ = 96

G C A D C D G

Go, my chil - dren with my bless - ing, nev - - er a - lone.
 Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure.
 Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, clos - - er to me.

G C A D C D G

Wak - - ing sleep - ing, I am with you, you are my own
 Here you learned how much I love you, what I can cure.
 Grow in love and love by serv - ing, joy - - ful and free.

C Am C Am D7 Am7

In my love's bap - tis - mal riv - er I have made you mine for - ev - er.
 Here you heard my dear son's sto - ry; here you touched him, saw his glo - ry
 Here my Spir - it's pow - er filled you; here my ten - der com - fort stilled you.

G C A D C D7 G

Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, you are my own.
 Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure.
 Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - shed, joy - - ful and free.

God the Omnipotent

Alexis Fyodorovich Lvov, 1833 v7b

$\text{♩} = 100$

D G D G D B

1. God the Om - nip - o - tent! King, who or - - dain - - est
2. God the all mer - ci - ful: Earth hath for - - sa - - ken
3. God the all right - eous One! Man had de - - fied Thee;

5 Em A7 D Bm F#m C# D

Thun - - der Thy clar - - ion, the light - - ning Thy sword;
They ways of bles - - sed - ness, slight - - ed They Word;
Yet to e - - ter - - ni - - ty stand - - eth they Word

9 A7 D Bm G A7

Show forth Thy pit - - y on high where Thou reign - - est;
Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - - rors a - - wa - - ken
False - hood and wrong shall not tar - - ry be - - side thee

13 D Em A7 D

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God's Work Our Hands

Earth and All Stars Melody

v3

1. God's work, our hands: work - ing to - - ge - - ther,
2. God's work, our voice: sing - ing to - - ge - - ther,

5 build - - ing a fu - - ture, re - - pair - - ing the world,
prais - - ing, proc - - laim - - ing to all who will hear,

9 rais - - ing up for homes, plant - ing new gar - - - dens,
pray - ing for peace, shout - ing for jus - - - ice,

13 feed - - ing the hun - - gry for and shel - - tering and the cold.
claim - - ing the God's love for the the least.

17 Bless, God, our hands as as we work in your name,
Bless, God, our voice as as we speak in your name,
Em G Am D G

21 shar - - ing the good news of your Gos - - - pel.
shar - - ing the good news of your Gospel.

Let Streams of Living Justice

Tune-THAXTED from *The Planets* by Gustav Holst v2

♩ = 86

Treble

Chords: C F G7/D C/E F G Am Em/G

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

Chords: F G7/D C/E C F Dm/F C C/E

free - dom's light to cap - tives, let all the poor have worth. The -
 love that makes us lov - ers, God grants us grace to mend. Weave our
 har - mon - y is lang - uage; we are the words you speak. Our -

Chords: G Am G/B C/E G C F Bdim/D

hung - gry hands are plead - ing, the work - ers claim their rights the -
 var - ied gifts to - ge - ther. Knit our lives as they are spun; on your
 faith we find in ser - vice, our hope in oth - ers dreams, our -

Chords: Am Cmaj7/G F C/E Dm7 C Dm/F Dm Am/C G/B Am Em/G

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

Chords: F G7/D C/E F G Am Em/G

lib - er - ty a bea - con, strike down the i - ron power, a -
 weav - er of our fab - ric, bind church and world in one; dye our
 scribe our hearts with jus - tice; your way the path un - tried; your -

Chords: C F G7/D C/E C F Dm/F

bol - ish an - cient veng - eance pro - claim your peo - ple's power.
 tex - ture with your rad - iance, light our col - ors with your sun.
 truth the heart of stran - ger; your life the Cru - ci - fied.

Lord You Give the Great Commission

v2

D F#m Bm G D Bm Em

Lord you give the great com mis sion Heal the sick and
Lord, you call us to your ser vice In my name bap
Lord, you make the the com mon ho ly; This my bod y

7 D A D F#m Bm G D

preach the word. Lest the church ne glect its mis sion
- tize and teach. blood. That the world may trust your prom ise
this my blood. Let us all for earth's true glo ry

13 Bm Em D A C Em

and the gos pel go un heard. Help us wit ness
life a bun dant meant for each, us all new
dai ly lift life heav en ward, ask ing that the

19 D7 G A Em6 Bm F#7 Bm

to your pur pose with re newed in teg ri ty
fer vor, draw us close er in com mu nit ty
world a round us share your chil dren's lib er ty

25 D F#m Bm Am Em Esus4 Em D G Bm A7 D

With the Spir it's gifts em pow'r us for the work of min is try.

Ma'oz Tzur

(Rock of Ages)

Adapted from arrangement of Mordechai Gordon 2018 v3

G C D G G D7 D G

ma - oz tzur ye - shu - a - ti le cha na - eh le - sha be - e - ach
Rock of ag - es God a - bove hear we pray our grate - ful song

5 G C D G G D7 D G

ti - kon bet te - fi - la - ti ve sham to - da ne - za be - e - ach le
Not our pow - er but they love and They spir - it make us strong

9 D G C D

at eg - mor be - shir miz - mor ha - nu - kat ha - miz - be - e - ach
Foes have cruel - ly fought us, but thy word has ev - er taught

13 G D Em C D G

az eg - mor be - shir miz - mor ha - nu - kat ha - miz be - ach
How to live, thanks we give, cour - age Thou has brought us

17 G D Em C D G

az eg - mor be - shir miz - mor ha - nu - kat ha - miz be - e - ach
How to live, thanks we give, cour - age Thou has brought us

O Zion Haste

James Walch v2

$\text{♩} = 112$

C **G7** **Am** **F**

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - - ing, To tell to
 2. Be - hold how man - - y thou - sands still are ly - - ing, Bound in the
 3. Pro - claim to ev - - 'ry peo - ple, tongue and na - - tion him That God in
 4. He comes a - gain O Zi - on ere thou meet him Make known to

6 **C** **G7** **C** **Dm7** **C**

all the world that God is Light; That He who made all
 dark - - some pris - on - - house of sin; With none to tell them
 Whom they live and his move is love; Let how none He stooped to
 ev' - - ry heart his sav - ing grace; he hath

11 **E** **Am** **D**

na - - tions is not will - - - ing One soul should
 of the Sav - - iour's dy - - - ing, Or of died the
 save His lost cre - - - tion, him, And they on
 ran - - somed fail to greet him, Through they ne - -

14 **G** **Em** **Am** **G** **D** **G** **G7** **C**

per - - ish, lost died in shades of night. Pub - - lish glad ti - - dings,
 life He that man for them to a - - win. bow. face.
 earth - glect un - fit might to live see his face.

19 **G7** **C** **C7** **A7** **Dm** **F** **C** **G7** **C**

Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - - sus, Re - demp - tion and re - lease.

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

v2

Piano

D A7 D G D G D

1 Praise, my soul, the King of hea - - ven, to his feet thy
 2 Praise him for his grace and fa - - your to our fa - thers
 3 Fa - ther like, he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble
 4 An - gels, help us to a - - dore him, ye be - hold him

Piano

Em A F# Bm B7 Esus4 E

tri - bute bring; ran - somed, healed, re - - stored, for - - gi - ven,
 in dis tress. Praise him, still the same for - - e - - ver,
 frame he knows. In his hands he gent - ly bears us,
 face to face. Sun and moon, bow down be - - fore him;

F#m D E A D/F# G A

who like me his praise should sing. Al - - le - - lu - - ia!
 slow to chide and swift to bless. Al - - le - - lu - - ia!
 res - cues us from all time our foes. Al - - le - - lu - - ia!
 dwell - ers all in time and space. Al - - le - - lu - - ia!

Bm Em Bm Em D/A A D

Al - le - - lu - - ia! Praise the e - ver - - las - ting King!
 Al - le - - lu - - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - - ness!
 Al - le - - lu - - ia! Wide - ly as his mer - cy flows!
 Al - le - - lu - - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!

Sing to the Lord of Harvest

J. Steurlein v1b

♩ = 100

G C Am D G/B Am7 D G

Sing to the Lord of harv - est, sing songs of love and praise; with
 By Him the clouds drop fat - - ness, the de - serts bloom and spring, the
 Heap on His sa - - cred al - - tar the gifts His good - ness gave, the
 To God the gra - cious Fa - - ther, who made us "ve - ry good," to

5 G/B C Am D G/B Am7 D G

joy - ful hearts and voi - - ces your al - - le - lu - ias raise! By
 hills leap up in glad - - ness, the val - leys laugh and sing. He
 gol - den sheaves of harv - est, the souls Christ died to save. Your
 Christ, who, when we wan - - dered, re - stored us with his blood, and

9 G D Em C/E D

him the rol - ling sea - - sons in fruit - ful or - der move; sing
 fil - leth with His full - - ness all things with large in - crease; He
 hearts lay down be - fore Him when at His feet you fall, and
 to the Ho - ly Spi - - rit, who doth up - on us pour His

13 G Em C Am D G/B Am7 D G

to the Lord of harv - - est a song of hap - py love.
 crowns the year with good - - ness, with plen - ty, and with peace.
 with your lives a - dore Him who gave His life for all.
 bless - - ed dew and sun - - shine, be praise for - e - - ver more.

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want

BROTHER JAMES' AIR

*Psalm 23 Francis Rous, William Mure, and others Scottish Psalter, 1650 v2
J. L. Macbeth Bain, ca. 1840-1925 Arr. by Gordon Jacob, 1934; alt.*

♩ = 160

D G D G D A D

The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
My soul he doth re - - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear none ill,
My ta - ble thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence of my foes;
Good - ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me:

D G D G D A D

In pas - tures green; he lead - eth me The qui - et wa - - ters by.
With - - in the paths of right - eous - ness, E'en for his own name's sake;
For thou art with me; and thy rod And staff me com - fort still;
My head thou dost with oil a - noint, And my cup o - - ver - - flows.
And in God's house for - - ev - er - more My dwell - ing place shall be;

A D A D G D

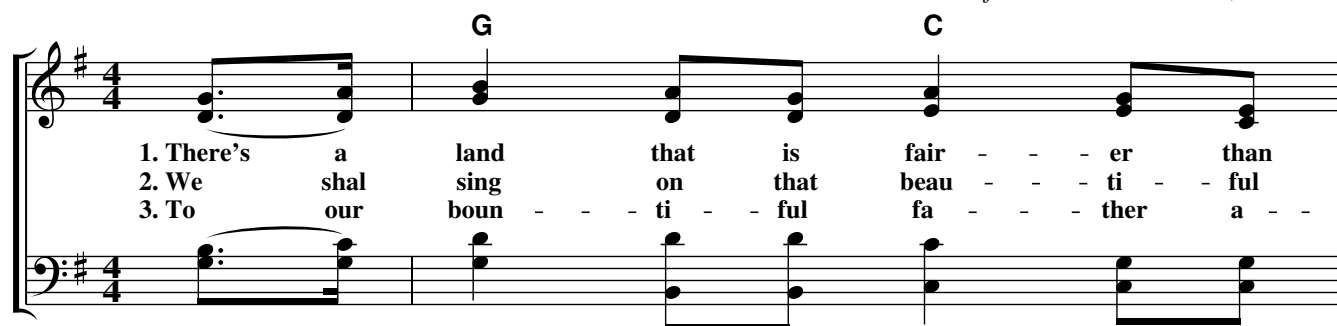
He lead - eth me, he lead - eth me The qui - et wa - - ters by.
With - in the paths of right - eous - ness, E'en for his own name's sake.
For thou art with me; and thy rod And staff me com - fort still.
My head thou dost with oil a - noint, And my cup o - - ver - - flows.
And in God's house for - - ev - er - more My dwell - ing place shall be.

There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day

In the Sweet By and By

Sanford Fillmore Bennett, 1868 v2

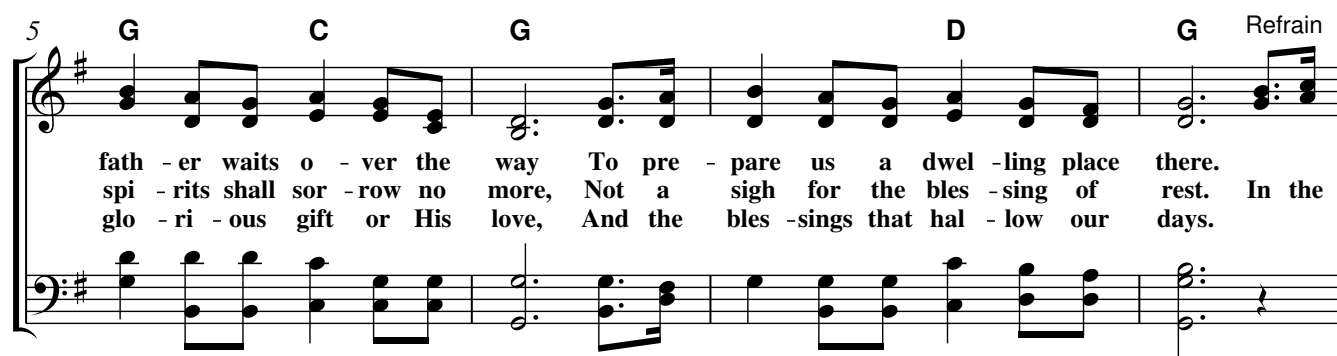
1. There's a land that is fair - - - er than
2. We shall sing on that beau - - - ti - - ful
3. To our boun - - - ti - - ful fa - - - ther a - -



2
day, And by faith we can see it a - - far; for the
shore The mel - o - - di - ous songs of the blest, And our
-bove, We will of - - fer the tri - - bute of praise For the



5
fath - er waits o - ver the way To pre - pare us a dwel - ling place there.
spi - rits shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bles - sing of rest. In the
glo - ri - ous gift or His love, And the bles - sings that hal - low our days.



9
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beauu - ti - ful shore; In the



13
sweet by and bye, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore



There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

Music: Henry Brinley Richards Text: Frederick William Faber v2

F F B $\flat$ F F C Am F

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide - ness of the sea
 2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner And more grac - es for the good
 3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ures of man's mind
 4. Tis not all we owe to Je - sus It is some - thing more than all

F F B $\flat$ F F C C F F B $\flat$

There's a kind - ness in his jus - tice Which is more than lib - er - ty There is no place
 There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior There is heal - ing in his Blood There is grace e -
 And the heart of the e - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind There is plen - ti
 Grea - ter good be - caause of ev - il Lar - ger mer - cy though the fall If our love were

B $\flat$ F F Dm Am F C F F

where earth's sor - rows are more felt then up in hea - ven There is no place
 - nough for thou - sands Of new worlds as great as th - - is There is room for
 ful re - dem tion In the Blood that has ben sh - - ed There is joy for
 but more sim - ple We should take him at his wo - - rd And our lives would

B $\flat$ F F C C F

where earth's fail - - ings Have such kind - - ly judg - - ment given.
 fresh cre - a - - tions In that up - - per home of bliss.
 all the mem - - bers In the sor - - rows of the Head
 be all sun - - shine In the sweet - - ness of our Lord