

God of the Ages, Who with Sure Command 592

Daniel Crane Roberts, 1876; alt.

1 God of the a - ges, who with sure com-mand
 2 Your pur - pose, just, en - vi - sions mor-tals free;
 3 From war's a - larms, from dead-ly pes - ti - lence,
 4 Re - fresh your peo - ple on life's toil-some way;

brought forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
 God, set our path toward hu - man lib - er - ty.
 with stead - fast care be ev - er our de - fense;
 lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;

of shin - ing worlds in splen-dor through the skies,
 Still be our rul - er, guard-ian, guide, and stay—
 Your love and faith with - in our hearts in - crease;
 With truth and love guide us through er - ror's maze,

our grate - ful songs be - fore your throne a - rise.
 your Word our law, your paths our cho - sen way.
 with boun-teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
 and we shall give you glo - ry, laud, and praise.

Episcopal priest Daniel Crane Roberts wrote this hymn for a July 4, 1876, centennial celebration at Brandon, Vermont. George W. Warren, composer of the tune, was organist at St. Thomas' Church in New York City for thirty years.

Tune: NATIONAL HYMN 10.10.10.
 George William Warren, 1892

Lift Every Voice and Sing

James Weldon Johnson, 1921; alt.

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

har - mo - nies of lib - er - ty; Let our re - joic - ing
 days when hope un - born had died; Yet with a stead - y
 brought us thus far on the way; God, who by your

rise, high as the lis - tening skies, let it re - sound loud as the
 beat, have not our wea - ry feet, come to the place for which our
 might, led us in - to the light, keep us for - ev - er in the

roll - ing sea. Sing a song full of the
 peo - ple sighed? We have come o - ver a
 path, we pray. Lest our feet stray from the

Poet James Weldon Johnson was the first African-American to pass the bar examination in the state of Florida, and served as U.S. consul in Venezuela and Nicaragua. He collaborated with his composer brother, John Rosamond Johnson, to write Broadway operettas and edit song collections. John appeared in vaudeville, directed London musicals, and headed the Music School Settlement in New York.

Tune: LIFT EVERY VOICE Irr.
 J. Rosamond Johnson, 1921

CITIZENSHIP

faith that the harsh past has taught us, Sing a song full of the
 way that with tears has been wa - tered, We have come, tread - ing our
 plac - es, our God, where we met you, Lest our hearts, drunk with the

hope that the pres - ent has brought us; Fac - ing the
 path through the blood of the slaugh - tered, Out from the
 wine of the world, for - get you; Shad - owed be -

ris - ing sun of our new day be - gun, let us march
 gloom - y past, till now we stand at last where the white
 neath your hand, may we for - ev - er stand, true to our

on till vic - to - ry is won.
 gleam of our bright star is cast.
 God, true to our na - tive land.

TRANSFIGURATION

182 We Have Come at Christ's Own Bidding

Mat. 17:1-8; Mark 9:2-8; Luke 9:28-36

Carl P. Daw, Jr., 1988

1 We have come at Christ's own bid - ding to this high and
2 Light breaks through our clouds and shad - ows, splen - dor bathes the
3 Strength-ened by this glimpse of glo - ry, fear - ful lest our

ho - ly place, Where we wait with hope and long - ing for some
flesh-joined Word, Mo - ses and E - li - jah mar - vel as the
faith de - cline, We, like Pe - ter, find it tempt-ing to re -

to - ken of God's grace. Here we pray for new as -
heav - enly voice is heard. Eyes and hearts be - hold with
main and build a shrine. But true wor - ship gives us

sur - ance that our faith is not in vain, Search - ing
won - der how the Law and Proph - ets meet: Christ with
cour - age to pro - claim what we pro - fess, That our

like those first dis - ci - ples for a sign both clear and plain.
gar - ments drenched in bright - ness, stands trans - fig - ured and com - plete.
dai - ly lives may prove us peo - ple of the God we bless.