

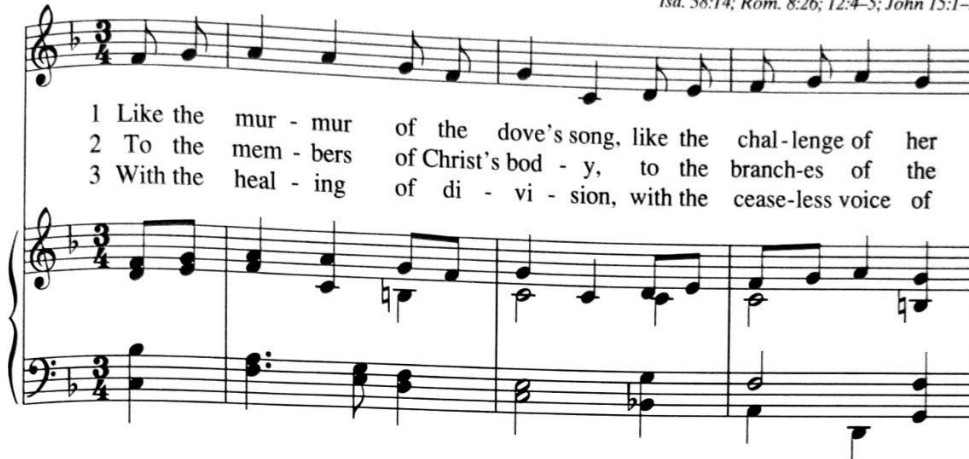
Like the Murmur of the Dove's Song

PENTECOST

270

Carl P. Daw, Jr., 1982

Isa. 38:14; Rom. 8:26; 12:4-5; John 15:1-5



1 Like the mur - mur of the dove's song, like the chal - lenge of her
2 To the mem - bers of Christ's bod - y, to the branch - es of the
3 With the heal - ing of di - vi - sion, with the cease - less voice of



flight, like the vig - or of the wind's rush, like the
Vine, to the church in faith as - sem - bled, to our
prayer, with the power to love and wit - ness, with the



new flame's ea - ger might:
midst as gift and sign: Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
peace be - yond com - pare:

Carl P. Daw, Jr., wrote this text for The Hymnal 1982 (Episcopal), and expressly for the tune Bridegroom. Born and educated in England, composer Peter Cutts has served as music director for churches in Massachusetts and on the faculty of Andover Newton Theological School.

Tune: BRIDEGROOM 8.7.8.7.6.
Peter Cutts, 1969

Words Copyright © 1982 by The Hymn Society
Music Copyright © 1989 by Hope Publishing Company

Come, O Spirit, Dwell Among Us

1 Come, O Spir - it, dwell a - mong us;
 2 We would raise our al - le - lu - ias
 3 Come, O Spir - it, dwell a - mong us;

3
 come with Pen - te - cos - tal power; give the church a
 for the grace of yes - ter - years; for to - morrow's
 give us words of fire and flame. Help our fee - ble

6
 strong - er vi - sion; help us face each
 un - known path - way, hear, O Lord, our
 lips to praise you, glo - ri - fy your

Glory to God 280

TEXT: Janie Alford, 1979; © 1979 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All rights reserved. Used by Permission.
 MUSIC (EBENEZER 8.7.8.7.D): Thomas John Williams, 1890

8

cru - cial hour. Built up - on a firm foun - da - tion,
 hum - ble prayers. In the church's pil - grim jour - ney
 ho - ly name. Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it,

11

Je - sus Christ, the Cor - ner - stone, still the church is
 you have led us all the way; still in presence
 Three in One: what mys - ter - y! We would sing our

14

called to mission that God's love shall be made known.
 move be - fore us, fire by night and cloud by day.
 loud ho - san - nas now and through e - ter - ni - ty.

Glory to God 280

TEXT: Jamie Aford, 1979; © 1979 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All rights reserved. Used by Permission.
 MUSIC (EBENEZER 8.7.8.7.D): Thomas John Williams, 1890

Every Time I Feel the Spirit

2 Sam. 22:9; Ps. 18:8

African-American spiritual

Refrain

Ev - ery time I feel the Spir - it mov - ing in my heart I will

pray. Yes, ev - ery time I feel the Spir - it mov - ing

Last time, end

in my heart I will pray. ¹ Up - on the moun - tain my God
² Oh, Jor - dan riv - er, chil - ly and

spoke, out of God's mouth came fire and smoke. Looked all a -
cold, it chills the bod - y, not the soul. There's on - ly

to Refrain

round me; looked so fine; I asked my God if all were mine.
one train on this track; it runs to heav - en, then right back.

Among the thousands of spirituals that exist today are songs of gladness and songs of sorrow. This well-known spiritual is a song of joy, captured not only in the words, but in the lively rhythms.

Tune: African-American spiritual
Arr. Joyce Finch Johnson, 1992

I Sing a Song of the Saints of God

Unison

Lesbia Scott, 1929; alt.

1 I sing a song of the saints of God, faith-ful their whole lives
 2 They loved their God and they lived that love. It was lov-ing that made them
 3 They lived not on-ly in a- ges past, there are hun-dreds of thou-sands

through, who brave-ly la-bored, lived, and died for the God they
 strong. They did what was right, for Je-sus' sake, lived just-ly their
 still. The world is filled with liv-ing saints who choose to

loved and knew. And one was a doc-tor, and one was a queen, and an-
 whole lives long. And one was a proph-et, and one was a priest, and an-
 do God's will. You can meet them in school, on the road, or at sea, in a

oth-er a shep-herd in pas-tures green: they were saints of God, if you
 oth-er was slain by a fierce wild beast: there is no earth-ly rea-son,
 church, in a train, in a shop, or at tea: for the saints are folk like

know what I mean. God, help me to be one, too.
 none in the least, why I should-n't be one, too.
 you and like me, and I mean to be one, too.