

O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

1 O beautiful for spacious skies,
for amber waves of grain,
for purple mountain majesties
above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
and crown thy good with *brotherhood
from sea to shining sea!

2 O beautiful for heroes proved
in liberating strife,
who more than self their country loved,
and mercy more than life!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw;
confirm thy soul in self-control,
thy liberty in law!

3 O beautiful for patriot dream
that sees beyond the years
thine alabaster cities gleam,
undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
till all success be nobleness
and every gain divine!

TEXT: Katharine Lee Bates, 1893, alt.
MUSIC: Samuel Augustus Ward, 1882
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My Tribute

Verse

*How can I say thanks for the things
You have done for me?
Things so undeserved,
Yet You give to prove Your love for me.
The voices of a million angels
Could not express my gratitude;
All that I am and ever hope to be,
I owe it all to Thee.*

Chorus

*To God be the glory;
To God be the glory.
To God be the glory;
For the things He has done.
With His blood He has saved me,
With His pow'r He has raised me,
To God be the glory
For the things He has done.*

Bridge

*Just let me live my life,
Let it be pleasing Lord, to Thee;
And should I gain any praise,
Let it go to Calvary.*

Ending

*With His blood He has saved me,
With His pow'r He has raised me,
To God be the glory;
For the things He has done.*

Words & Music: Andraé Crouch
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Lift Every Voice and Sing

1 Lift every voice and sing till earth and heaven ring,
ring with the harmonies of liberty.
Let our rejoicing rise high as the listening skies;
let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us;
sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us.
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
let us march on, till victory is won.

2 Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod,
felt in the days when hope unborn had died.
Yet, with a steady beat, have not our weary feet
come to the place for which our parents sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered;
we have come, treading our path through the blood of the
slaughtered,
out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last
where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

3 God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
thou who hast by thy might led us into the light,
keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met
thee;
lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget thee;
shadowed beneath thy hand may we forever stand,
true to our God, true to our native land.

TEXT: James Weldon Johnson, 1900
MUSIC: J. Rosamond Johnson, 1905
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Worship In Kirkbride Park

July 4, 2021

