

There Is a Balm in Gilead 792

Refrain

There is a balm in Gil-e-ad to make the wound-ed whole;

there is a balm in Gil-e-ad to heal the sin-sick soul.

Fine

1 Some-times I feel dis-cour-aged, and think my work's in vain, but
 2 Don't ev - er feel dis-cour-aged, for Je-sus is your friend, and
 3 If you can-not preach like Pe - ter, if you can-not pray like Paul, you can

then the Ho-ly Spir - it re-vives my soul a - gain. There is a
 if you lack for knowl-edge, he'll not re-fuse to lend. There is a
 tell the love of Je - sus and say, "He died for all." There is a

to Refrain

This African American spiritual offers a long-delayed answer to the prophet Jeremiah's question, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" (Jeremiah 8:22). No earthly remedy can compare with the healing that comes from a sense of God's presence; nothing else can heal "the sin-sick soul."

655 Sanctuary

Your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit. Therefore honor God. 1 Corinthians 6:19-20

F#m A Em A D A D/A

Lord, pre - pare me to be a sanc - tu - ar - y, pure and

G Em7 D A F#m A Em D

ho - ly, tried and true; With thanks - giv - ing, I'll be a

A D/A G F#m A A7 D D/C Bbsus Bb Gm Bb7

Optional repeat chorus setting

liv - ing sanc - tu - ar - y for You. Lord, pre -

Eb Bb Eb/Bb Ab Fm7 Eb Bb

pare me to be a sanc - tu - ar - y, pure and ho - ly, tried and true;

Gm Bb Fm Bb Eb Bb Ab Gm Bb7

With thanks - giv - ing, I'll be a liv - ing sanc - tu - ar - y for

TEXT: John Thompson and Randy Scruggs
MUSIC: John Thompson and Randy Scruggs

SANCTUARY
Irregular meter

PURITY AND HOLINESS

slowly

$E\flat$ $B\flat$ $\frac{E\flat}{B\flat}$ $A\flat$ $\frac{G\flat}{B\flat}$ $B\flat7$ $\frac{A\flat}{E\flat}$ $E\flat$

You. I'll be a liv - ing sanc - tu - ar - y for You.

17 18 19 20 21

261 Peoples, Clap Your Hands!

(Psalm 47)

1 Peo-ples, clap your hands! Shout to God with joy! King of all the earth
2 God as-cends the throne with a joy-ful cry, and with trum-pet sound

is the Lord Most High; all hu-man-i-ty stands in awe of God.
has gone up on high; sing your praise to God, sing with joy-ful voice!

With a might-y hand God brings na-tions low, and be-neath our feet
Rul-ers, peo-ples, now join to serve the Lord; for earth's might-y ones

casts down ev-ery foe; our in-her-i-tance comes from God the Lord.
all be-long to God, who ex-alt-ed reigns: now with psalms re-joice!

In joining this 20th-century English paraphrase of Psalm 47—a psalm long associated with Christ’s Ascension—with the 16th-century Genevan psalm tune written for a French metrical version, an important affirmation of the continuity of Reformed tradition is being made.

799 America, the Beautiful

The boundary lines have fallen in pleasant places; I have a delightful inheritance. Psalm 16:6

B \flat B \flat F D \flat F \flat F F \flat F \flat B \flat B \flat \circ F \flat
 F C F C C F \flat F \flat C

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - ci - ous skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years

F B \flat G \flat m \flat F F \circ F C \flat C \flat C \flat C \flat F C \flat F \flat F \flat
 C C G C G G A

For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Un - dimmed by hu - man tears!

N.C. B \flat B \flat B \flat B \flat F \flat F B \flat F F \flat F \flat F \flat F \flat B \flat F \flat
 F D D F C D E \flat F \flat G A B \flat B \flat

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - ery flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

B \flat F \flat E \flat C \flat m \flat B \flat N.C. F \flat B \flat
 D F F F F F F

And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - ery gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

TEXT: Katharine Lee Bates

MUSIC: Samuel A. Ward; Last stanza setting and Choral ending by Camp Kirkland

MATERNA

C.M.D.