

April 21st, 2021

Choral Prelude: K. Lee Scott, arr. *Same Train*

Same train, standin' at the station

Same train, be back tomorrow

Same train, same train.

Same train

Carried my father

Same train

Same train

Carried my mother

Same train

Same train

Carried my brother

Same train

Same train

Carried my sister.

Same train

Same train

Carried poor sinner

Same train

v. 1

1. Why should I feel dis-cour-aged, — Why should the shad-ows come, —
 2. "Let not your heart be trou-bled," — His ten-der word I hear, —
 3. When ev-er I am tempt-ed, — When ev-er clouds a-rise, —

1. Why should my heart be lone-ly, — And long for heav'n and home; — When
 2. And rest-ing on His good-ness, — I lose my doubts and fears; — Though
 3. When songs give place to sigh-ing, — When hope with-in me dies, — I

1. Je-sus is — my por-tion? — My con-stant friend — is He: — His
 2. by the path — He lead-eth, — But one step I — may see; — His
 3. draw the clos-er to Him, — From care He sets — me free; — His

eye is on — the spar-row, — And I know He watch-es me; — His

Words: Civilla D. Martin (1860-1948)

Music: Charles H. Gabriel (1856-1932); arr. Horace Clarence Boyer (b. 1935)

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eye is on the spar-row, — and I know He watch-es me. — I

sing be-cause I'm hap-py, — I sing be-cause I'm free; — For His

eye is on the spar-row, — And I know He watch-es me. —

1 O ho - ly ci - ty, seen of John, where Christ, the Lamb, doth
 2 O shame to us who rest con - tent while lust and greed for
 3 Give us, O God, the strength to build the ci - ty that hath
 4 Al - rea - dy in the mind of God that ci - ty ris - eth

reign, with - in whose four - square walls shall come no
 gain in street and shop and ten - e - ment wring
 stood too long a dream, whose laws are love, whose
 fair: lo, how its splen - dor chal - leng - es the

night, nor need, nor pain, and where the tears are
 gold from hu - man pain, and bit - ter lips in
 crown is ser - vant - hood, and where the sun that
 souls that great - ly dare— yea, bids us seize the

wiped from eyes that shall not weep a - gain!
 blind de - spair cry, "Christ hath died in vain!"
 shin - eth is God's grace for hu - man good.
 whole of life and build its glo - ry there.

Alternative tune: *Morning Song*, 583.

Words: Walter Russell Bowie (1882-1969), alt.

Music: *Sancta Civitas*, Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

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