

Sing a New Song

Hymns of Inclusion, Justice, and
Faith

Alan D. Eastman
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

www.westernhymnwriters.org/news/2017/7/22/sing-a-new-song

We Walk By Faith

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.



1. We walk by faith and not by sight; No one can
2. Some - how we hear a deep - er call Than a - ny
3. Our love is real and root - ed deep, Our God is
4. Our eyes are blind to high - er things, The heart has



see be - yond the bend. Be - tween the sha - dows and the
com - ing from this world, So we are sure but ne - ver
gra - cious to the end, And in that grace we take de -
rea - sons of her own, So let us rise a - bove the



light, We walk by faith and not by sight.
quite, We walk by faith and not by sight.
light To walk by faith and not by sight.
night And walk by faith and not by sight.



God of the Homeless

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

1. God of the home - less and all ref - u - gees, God of the
2. God of those pun - ished for tell - ing the truth, God of the
3. God of all wo - men and girls young and old, Bound by tra -
4. God who be - friend - ed the wo - man a - lone, Faced her ac -
5. Give us the cour - age to walk with the ones Brand - ed un -

hun - gry, the wear - y, the shamed, All those re - ject - ed for how they were
peace-ful and God of the meek, God of all strang-ers, what - ev - er their
di - tion, in - dif-ference, or fate, Tell all your daugh-ters, to - day is the
cu - sers and sent them a - way, Help us to scat - ter op - pres-sers a -
wor - thy by un - wor - thy men, Help us de - fend all your daugh-ters and

made, Ne - ver re - mem - bered, num-bered, or named.
tribe, All those who wan - der, all those who seek.
day, Loos - en the chains, throw o - pen the gate.
gain, Fol - low - ing in your foot - steps to - day.
sons, Bless us with tongues of fi - re a - gain.

Thou Gracious God, Whose Mercy Lends

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.

Alan D. Eastman

(1)

1. Thou gra - cious God, whose mer - cy lends the light of
 2. Wilt thou not hear us while we raise in sweet ac -
 3. For all the bless - ings life has brought, for all its
 4. The noon - tide sun - shine of the past, those brief, bright
 5. We thank thee, Fa - ther; let thy grace our lo - ving

3 (5)

home, the smile of friends, our ga - thered flock thine arms en -
 cord of sol - emn praise the voi - ces that have min - gled
 sor - rowing hours have taught, for all we mourn, for all we
 mo - ments fad - ing fast, the stars that gild our dark - ning
 cir - cle still em - brace, thy mer - cy shed its heav'n - ly

6

fold as in the peace - ful days of old.
 long in joy - ous flow of mirth and song?
 keep, the hands we clasp, the loved that sleep.
 years, the twi - light ray from ho - lier spheres.
 store: thy peace be with us e - ver more.

Son of the Morning

Text by
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music by
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

1. Son of the Morn - ing, how great was your fall! As
2. Where is the chain that you held in your hand? In
3. Ar - mies and nav - ies were yours to com - mand,
4. You, e - ven you, will one day bow the knee,

far as the hea - vens are o - ver the earth. You
dark - ness you laughed as your an - gels re joiced, But
Mer - chants of i - ron, and o - il, and men,
You will con fess that an oth er is king. The

sought to ex - alt your - self o - ver us all,
kings of the na - tions who heed - ed your call,
Gent - ly you led them as calves to the stall,
words on your tongue will turn bit ter as gall.

Son of the Morn - ing, how great was your fall!
Look on in won - der, how great was your fall!
Glo - ry was yours, but how great was your fall!
Son of the Morn - ing, how great was your fall!

© 2013 J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

This hymn may be copied for incidental noncommercial use.

This Earth Is Like a Garden

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

1. This earth is like a gar - den That
2. The ce - dar and the spar - row, The
3. Cre - a - tion set in ba - lance By
4. This gar - den of a - bun - dance Seems

we are meant to tend and keep,
fox - es on the moun - tain,
some un - seen ar - rang - er,
plant - ed for our pleas - ure,

The de - sert and the can - yon, The
The li - ly of the val - ley, The
So o - ver - run with beau - ty, Yet
A moth - er's care re - veal - ing, A

sky a - bove, the o - cean deep.
ri - ver and the foun - tain:
fraught with ev - ery dan - ger.
gift be - yond all meas - ure.

Lord of Creation

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
Alan D. Eastman

1. Lord of cre - a - tion, Lord of change,
2. Lord of cre - a - tion, Lord of light,
3. Lord of cre - a - tion, Lord of day,
4. Lord of cre - a - tion, Lord of grace,

Call - ing forth a vast ar - ray,
Shin - ing in and through all things,
All things rise and set in you,
Source of all we ap - pre - hend,

Crea - tures won - der - ful and strange,
Blaz - ing day and spark - ling night,
In a state - ly roun - de - lay,
Arch - ing o - ver time and space,

Take their place, then pass a - way,
Glo - ry ris - ing as on wings, Sing
Ev - er turn - ing, ev - er new,
No be - gin - ing and no end,

Lord of Creation

A - le - lu - ia ev - 'ry one: Cre -

a - tion ne - ver will be done.

1, 2, 3.

Instrumental accompaniment for the third system.

Instrumental accompaniment for the fourth system.

will be done.

4.

I Bow My Head and Still My Mind

Alan D. Eastman

♩ = 72

I bow my head and still my mind in rev' - rence at the mu - sic's start, with
The bu - sy world has left me spent; a week of cares has drained my cup, and
The bro - ken loaf is more than bread; the Spir - it guides my eyes to see: the
The cup of wa - ter is so small to quench the thirst I feel for Thee! Yet
To - day I share in crumb and cup the sym - bols of Thy gift so free; re -

5

faith that some - how I can find the Spir - it pre - sent in my heart.
so I take the Sac - ra - ment that Thou, dear Lord, might lift me up.
bread of life, as Thou hast said, can fill my ach - ing soul with Thee.
liv - ing wa - ter, I re - call, Thy life, Thy words will be for me.
newed in heart, I of - fer up my life, my will, my all to Thee.

I Was a Stranger

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

1. I was a strang - er, you took me in,
2. When were you hun - gry, when were you sick?
3. I was the strang - er, hun - gry and sick,
4. Who are my peo - ple, where are my sheep?

I was sick and you gave me care,
When did we feed you, when did we share?
I was in pri - son, I was not free,
Which na - tions list - ened, which of them heard?

I was hun gry, and you fed me, When
Nev - er would we call you strang - er, We
All you said and all you did for the
All who cared for these my child - ren, What -

I was in pri - son, you came to me there.
vi - si - ted pri - son, but you were not there.
least of my child - ren, you did it for me.
ev - er their creed, they were liv - ing my word.

Jesus Was a Brown-Skinned Boy

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

1. Je - sus was a brown - skinned boy,
 2. Je - sus turned the dev - il down,
 3. And he threw their mon - ey oh
 4. An - gels rolled the stone a - way,
 5. Je - sus pro - mised to re - turn,

oh, oh oh, Je - sus was a brown - skinned
 Je sus turned the dev il
 And he threw their mon - ey
 An - gels rolled the stone a -
 Je - sus pro - mised to re -

boy, He grew
 down, down, oh, oh, oh, oh, All the
 down, oh, oh, oh, oh, So they
 way, Ma - ry
 turn, We will

up in Gal - i - lee,
 king - doms of the world,
 hung him on a tree, Oh oh, oh
 saw him stand - ing there,
 pray un - til he comes,

© 2017 J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

This hymn may be copied for incidental noncommercial use.

Jesus Was a Brown-Skinned Boy

oh, He grew up in Gal - i - lee,
 All the king - doms of the world,
 So they hung him on a tree, Oh
 Ma - ry saw him stand - ing there,
 We will pray un - til he comes,

oh, oh oh, Yes he did (yes he
 Yes he did (yes he
 Yes they did (yes they
 Yes she did (yes she
 Yes we will (yes we

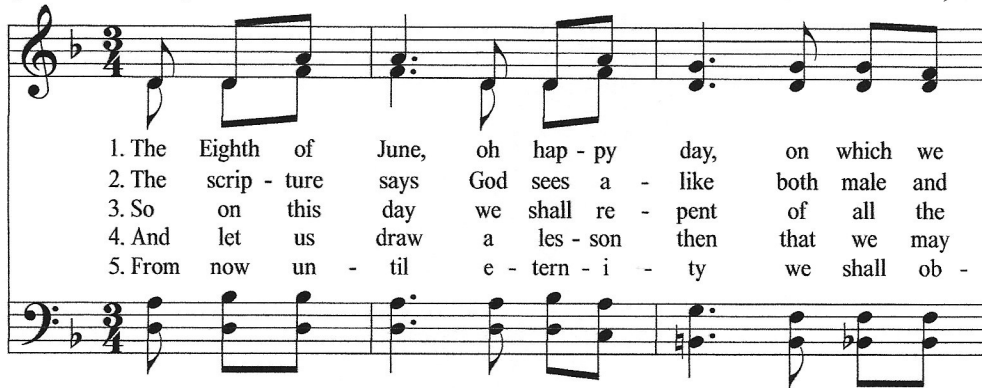
did) yes he did (yes he did) He grew
 did) yes he did (yes he did) All the
 did) yes they did (yes they did) So they
 did) yes she did (yes she did) Ma - ry
 will) yes we will (yes we will) We will

up in Gal - i - lee, yes he did.
 king doms of the world, yes he did.
 hung him on a tree, yes they did.
 saw him stand - ing there, yes she did.
 pray un - til he comes, yes we will.

Jubilee

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

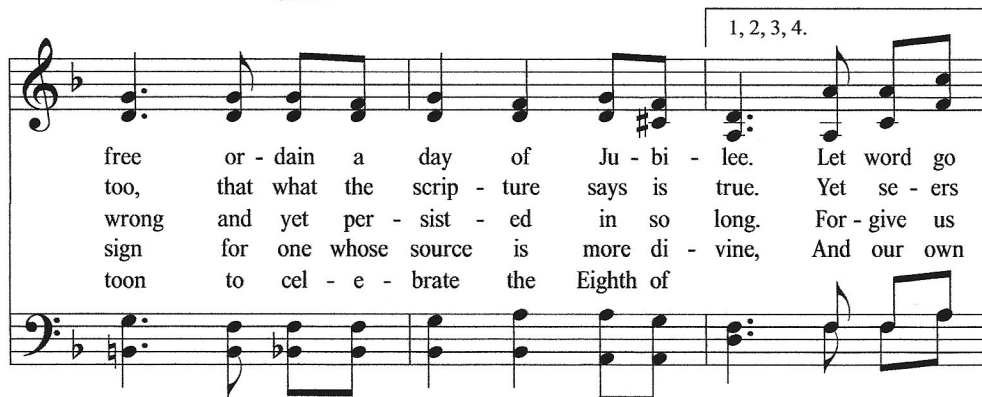
Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.



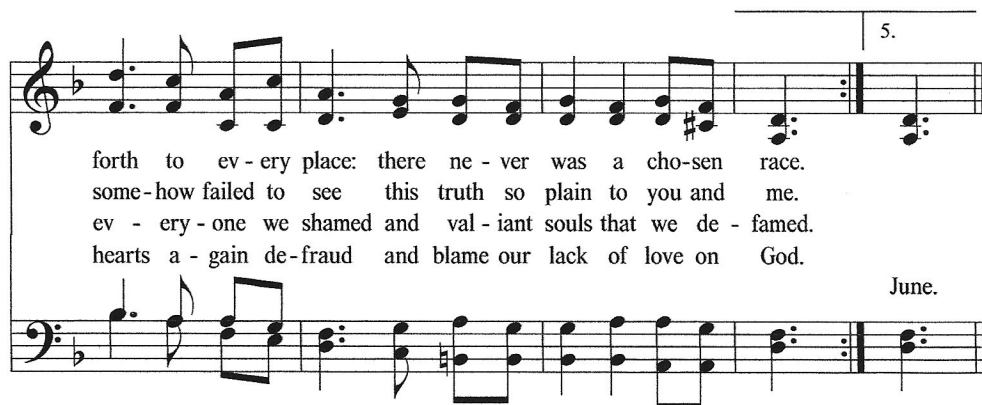
1. The Eighth of June, oh hap - py day, on which we
2. The scrip - ture says God sees a - like both male and
3. So on this day we shall re - pent of all the
4. And let us draw a les - son then that we may
5. From now un - til e - tern - i - ty we shall ob -



put our sin a - way, So let us now that we are
fe - male, black and white, Our in - ner light as - sures us
sol - emn words we spent De - fend - ing what we knew was
not mis - take a - gain A role that men choose to as -
serve this Ju - bi - lee, And ev - ery house of God fes -



1, 2, 3, 4.
free or - dain a day of Ju - bi - lee. Let word go
too, that what the scrip - ture says is true. Yet se - ers
wrong and yet per - sist - ed in so long. For - give us
sign for one whose source is more di - vine, And our own
toon to cel - e - brate the Eighth of



5.
forth to ev - ery place: there ne - ver was a cho - sen race.
some - how failed to see this truth so plain to you and me.
ev - ery - one we shamed and val - iant souls that we de - famed.
hearts a - gain de - fraud and blame our lack of love on God.
June.

Daughters of Zion

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

1. Daugh - ters of Zi - on a - rise as the morn - ing,
2. Num - bers un - num - bered, ten thou - sand ten thou - sands,
3. Long have the voic - es of sor - row been si - lenced,
4. Pro - phe - sy, sis - ters, as oth - ers be - fore you,

Fair as the moon and clear as the sun,
Fill - ing the streets with laugh - ter and song,
Long all your gifts neg - lect - ed or worse,
Mi - ri - am, Deb - orah, daugh - ters of light,

Ter - ri - ble as an ar - my with ban - ners,
Now is your mo - ment, daugh - ters of Zi - on,
God is you God, with no man be - tween you,
Lift up your voic - es, an - gels are watch - ing,

Come now, a - rise, your day has be - gun.
Beau - ti - ful, wise, de - vot - ed, and strong.
Call - ing your name and break - ing the curse.
Roar like a li - on - ess in the night.

We Are Children

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.



1. We are child-ren of a Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, In His im-age we are cre-at-
2. We are child-ren of a Heav'n-ly Mo-ther, In Her im-age we are cre-at-



ed. And when we see Him we will be like Him and be all to -
ed. And when we see Her we will be like



ge-ther once a-gain.

Her and be all to - ge-ther once a-gain,



And be all to - ge-ther once a - gain.

rit.



© 2013 J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

This hymn may be copied for incidental noncommercial use.

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

Frederick William Faber, 1814-1863

Alan D. Eastman

♩ = 72

There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy like the wide - ness of the
There is no place where earth's sor - rows are more felt than up in
Was there ev - er kind - er shep - herd, half so gen - tle, half so
For the love of God is broad - er than the mea - sure of our

sea; There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice that is more than lib - er -
heav'n. There is no place where earth's fail - ings have such kind - ly judge - ment
sweet as the Sa - vior who would have us come and ga - ther at his
mind, and the heart of the E - ter - nal is most won - der - ful - ly

ty. There is wel - come for the sin - ner and more gra - ces for the
giv'n. There is plen - ti - ful re - dem - tion in the blood that has been
feet? But we make his love too nar - row by false lim - its of our
kind. If our love were but more faith - ful, we should take him at his

good. There is mer - cy with the Sa - vior; there is heal - ing in his blood.
shed; there is joy for all the mem - bers in the sor - row of the head.
own, and we mag - ni - fy his strict - ness with a zeal he will not own.
word, and our life would be thanks - giv - ing for the good - ness of the Lord.

© 2003 Alan D. Eastman

This hymn may be copied for incidental, noncommercial use.

Like the Sound of Many Waters

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

1. Like the sound of ma - ny wa - ters rush - ing out up - on the
2. They will pro - phe - sy, our daugh - ters, as the light from hea - ven
3. Has the voice of God been si - lenced? Will it ne - ver more be
4. We can ask and get an an - swer, we can seek and we will

land Is the voice of God to those with ears to hear and un - der -
streams, And our young men will see vi - sions and our old men will dream
heard? Do we have e - nough al - rea - dy? Are we wea - ry of his
find, We can knock and doors will o - pen, for our God is ve - ry

stand. As the hea - vens o - ver flow - ing at the end - ing of a
dreams. For the word of God is sweet - er far than hon - ey to our
word? No! We hun - ger for his voice and for the so - lace that it
kind. But he ne - ver will com - pel us to re - ceive an - oth - er

drought, O - ver all his sons and daughters he will pour His spi - rit out.
taste, May the ves - sel ne - ver fail and may the bar - rel ne - ver waste.
brings, And be - lieve that he will whis - per yet a thou - sand gen - tle things.
word; he will wait to give an an - swer till he knows it will be heard.

© 2013 J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

This hymn may be copied for incidental noncommercial use.

Say Amen

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

1. Can you say a - men when you hear that name? Is your
2. Can you raise your voice when the cho - ir sings? Do you
3. Can you sing the song of re - deem - ing love That was
4. Did you set your hand to the gos - pel plow And take

heart still glad that the an - gels came? Does your
still re - joice at the news it brings? Would you
taught to you by the ho - ly dove, Bring - ing
up your cross with a joy - ful vow? Oh, you

soul still burn with a gos - pel flame?
trade your chains for a pair of wings? Say A -
fi - re down from the Son a - bove?
loved him then, can you love him now?

men, A men, A men. (A - men)

© 2013 J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

This hymn may be copied for incidental noncommercial use.

Let Justice Roll Down

Text:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

1. Sweet the air of li - ber - ty,
2. All a - cross the pro - mised land,
3. God will make the pro - mise sure,
4. We have work e - nough to do,

(Roll, Lord, let it roll) _____

Soon the cap - tive will be free.
Bro - thers with your sis - ters stand,
No more rich and no more poor,
Help to make the dream come true,

(Roll Lord, let it roll) _____

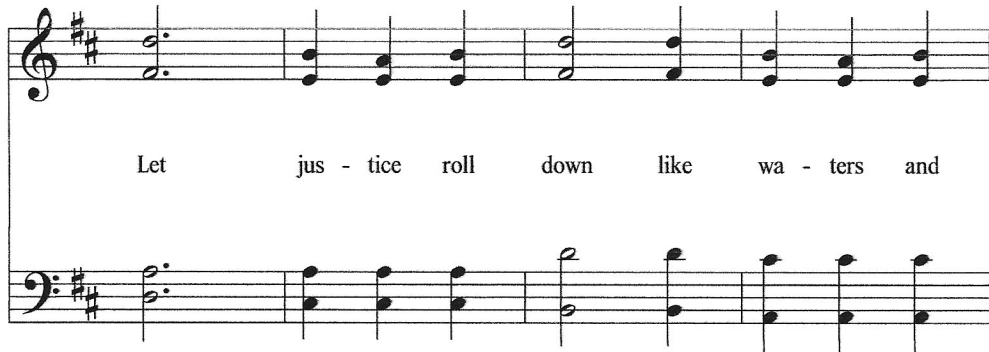
Let Justice Roll



Let jus - tice roll down like wa - ters and



right - eous - ness as a might - y stream,



Let jus - tice roll down like wa - ters and



right - eous - ness as a might - y stream.

The Grace of Our Lord

Text:
Revelation 22: 21

Music:
J. Frederic Voros, Jr.

The grace of our Lord Je - sus Christ

be with you all.

A - - - - -

men.