

# THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF LAWRENCEVILLE

## MUSIC AND LYRICS for

The Order Of Worship  
March 29, 2020 at 10:00 o'clock

LIVING AND DYING IN CHRIST

## 802 The King of Love My Shepherd Is (Psalm 23)

1 The King of love my shep-herd is, whose good - ness  
2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow my ran - somed  
3 Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, but yet in  
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill with thee, dear

fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if  
soul he lead - eth, and where the ver - dant  
love he sought me, and on his shoul - der  
Lord, be - side me; thy rod and staff my

I am his and he is mine for - ev - er.  
pas - tures grow, with food ce - les - tial feed - eth.  
gent - ly laid, and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.  
com - fort still, thy cross be - fore to guide me.

- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
thy unction grace bestoweth;  
and O what transport of delight  
from thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so through all the length of days  
thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
within thy house forever.

Since its creation in the mid-19th century, this text has been one of the favorite paraphrases of Psalm 23 in the English-speaking world. That popularity increased in the early 20th century when *The English Hymnal*, 1906, first joined these words to this flowing Irish melody.

TEXT: Henry Williams Baker, 1868  
MUSIC: Irish melody; harm. *The English Hymnal*, 1906, alt.

ST. COLUMBA  
8.7.8.7

## *Man in Black* by Johnny Cash

Well, you wonder why I always dress in black,  
Why you never see bright colors on my back,  
And why does my appearance seem to have a somber tone.  
Well, there's a reason for the things that I have on.

I wear the black for the poor and the beaten down,  
Livin' in the hopeless, hungry side of town,  
I wear it for the prisoner who has long paid for his crime,  
But is there because he's a victim of the times.

I wear the black for those who never read,  
Or listened to the words that Jesus said,  
About the road to happiness through love and charity,  
Why, you'd think He's talking straight to you and me.

Well, we're doin' mighty fine, I do suppose,  
In our streak of lightnin' cars and fancy clothes,  
But just so we're reminded of the ones who are held back,  
Up front there ought 'a be a Man In Black.

I wear it for the sick and lonely old,  
For the reckless ones whose bad trip left them cold,  
I wear the black in mournin' for the lives that could have been,  
Each week we lose a hundred fine young men.

And, I wear it for the thousands who have died,  
Believen' that the Lord was on their side,  
I wear it for another hundred thousand who have died,  
Believen' that we all were on their side.

Well, there's things that never will be right I know,  
And things need changin' everywhere you go,  
But 'til we start to make a move to make a few things right,  
You'll never see me wear a suit of white.

Ah, I'd love to wear a rainbow every day,  
And tell the world that everything's OK,  
But I'll try to carry off a little darkness on my back,  
'Till things are brighter, I'm the Man In Black.

*A Boy Named Sue* by Johnny Cash

My daddy left home when I was three  
And he didn't leave much to ma and me  
Just this old guitar and an empty bottle of  
booze.  
Now, I don't blame him cause he run and hid  
But the meanest thing that he ever did  
Was before he left, he went and named me  
"Sue".

Well, he must o' thought that is quite a joke  
And it got a lot of laughs from a' lots of folk,  
It seems I had to fight my whole life through.  
Some gal would giggle and I'd get red  
And some guy'd laugh and I'd bust his head,  
I tell ya, life ain't easy for a boy named "Sue".

Well, I grew up quick and I grew up mean,  
My fist got hard and my wits got keen,  
I'd roam from town to town to hide my  
shame.  
But I made a vow to the moon and stars  
That I'd search the honky-tonks and bars  
And kill that man who gave me that awful  
name.

Well, it was Gatlinburg in mid-July  
And I just hit town and my throat was dry,  
I thought I'd stop and have myself a brew.  
At an old saloon on a street of mud,  
There at a table, dealing stud,  
Sat the dirty, mangy dog that named me  
"Sue".

Well, I knew that snake was my own sweet  
dad  
From a worn-out picture that my mother'd  
had,  
And I knew that scar on his cheek and his  
evil eye.  
He was big and bent and gray and old,  
And I looked at him and my blood ran cold  
And I said, "My name is 'Sue'! How do you  
do!  
Now you're gonna die!"

Well, I hit him hard right between the eyes  
And he went down, but to my surprise,  
He come up with a knife and cut off a piece

of my ear.  
But I busted a chair right across his teeth  
And we crashed through the wall and into  
the street  
Kicking and a' gouging in the mud and the  
blood and the beer.

I tell ya, I've fought tougher men  
But I really can't remember when,  
He kicked like a mule and he bit like a  
crocodile.  
I heard him laugh and then I heard him  
cuss,  
He went for his gun and I pulled mine first,  
He stood there lookin' at me and I saw him  
smile.

And he said, "Son, this world is rough  
And if a man's gonna make it, he's gotta be  
tough  
And I knew I wouldn't be there to help ya  
along.  
So I give ya that name and I said goodbye  
I knew you'd have to get tough or die  
And it's the name that helped to make you  
strong."

He said, "Now you just fought one hell of a  
fight  
And I know you hate me, and you got the  
right  
To kill me now, and I wouldn't blame you if  
you do.  
But ya ought to thank me, before I die,  
For the gravel in ya guts and the spit in ya  
eye  
Cause I'm the son of a bitch that named you  
'Sue'."

I got all choked up and I threw down my gun  
And I called him my pa, and he called me his  
son,  
And I came away with a different point of  
view.  
And I think about him, now and then,  
Every time I try and every time I win,  
And if I ever have a son, I think I'm gonna  
name him  
Bill or George! Anything but Sue! I still hate  
that name!

## 39 Great Is Thy Faithfulness

1 \*Great is thy faith - ful - ness, O God my Fa - ther;  
 2 Sum - mer and win - ter, and spring - time and har - vest,  
 3 Par - don for sin and a peace that en - dur - eth,

there is no shad - ow of turn - ing with thee.  
 sun, moon, and stars in their cours - es a - bove  
 thine own dear pres - ence to cheer and to guide,

Thou chang - est not; thy com - pas - sions they fail not.  
 join with all na - ture in man - i - fold wit - ness  
 strength for to - day and bright hope for to - mor - row:

As thou hast been thou for - ev - er wilt be.  
 to thy great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love.  
 bless - ings all mine, with ten thou - sand be - side!

\*Or "Great is thy faithfulness, O God, Creator."

Written as a meditation on Lamentations 3:22-23, this text is one of the few hymns among the 1200 poems by this Methodist writer and pastor that has gained much currency. The tune that appears here was composed especially for these words, and the pairing has proved enduring.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE

Refrain

Great is thy faith - ful - ness! Great is thy faith - ful - ness!  
 오 신 실 하 신 주 오 신 실 하 신 주

Morn - ing by morn - ing, new mer - cies I see.  
 날 마 다 자 비 를 베 푸 시 며

All I have need - ed thy hand hath pro - vid - ed.  
 일 용 할 모 든 것 내 려 주 시 니

Great is thy faith - ful - ness, Lord un - to me!  
 오 신 실 하 신 주 나 의 구 주

# 853 We Are Marching in the Light of God

*Siyahamba*

We are march-ing in the light of God; we are march-ing in the  
Si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha - nyen' kwen - khos', si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha -

light of God. nyen' kwen - khos'. We are march - ing in the light of God;  
Si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha - nyen' kwen - khos',  
we are march-ing in the light of God.  
si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha - nyen' kwen - khos'.

we are march-ing in the light of God.  
si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha - nyen' kwen - khos'.  
we are march-ing in the light of, the light of God.  
si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha - nyen' kwen-, kha - nyen' kwen - khos'.  
we are march-ing in the light of God.  
si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha - nyen' kwen - khos'.

This lively Zulu/Xhosa freedom song originated in a Methodist young men's group in South Africa and has gone on to become popular in many other languages around the globe. Some additional stanzas are suggested, but others may be improvised as appropriate to the occasion.

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISES OF GOD

We are march - ing  
Si - ya - ham - ba

We are march - ing, march - ing, we are march - ing, march - ing,  
Si - ya - ham - ba, ham - ba, si - ya - ham - ba, ham - ba,

we are march - ing in the light of God.  
si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha - nyen' kwen - khos'.

we are march - ing in the light of, the light of God.  
si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha - nyen' kwen -, kha - nyen' kwen - khos'.

we are march - ing in the light of God.  
si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha - nyen' kwen - khos'.

We are march - ing  
Si - ya - ham - ba

We are march - ing, march - ing, we are march - ing, march - ing,  
Si - ya - ham - ba, ham - ba, si - ya - ham - ba, ham - ba,

we are march - ing in the light of God.  
si - ya - hamb' e - ku - kha - nyen' kwen - khos'.

*Additional stanzas ad lib.:*  
We are dancing...  
We are praying...  
We are singing...