

558

We Are the Church

Refrain (Unison)

I am the church! You are the church! We are the church to -

geth - er! All who fol - low Je - sus,

all a - round the world! Yes, we're the church to - geth - er!

Fine

1. The church is not a build-ing, the church is not a stee-ple,
2. We're man-y kinds of peo-ple, with man - y kinds of fac - es,
3. Some-times the church is march-ing, some-times it's brave-ly burn-ing,
4. And when the peo-ple gath-er, there's sing-ing and there's pray-ing,
5. At Pen-te - cost some peo - ple re - ceived the Ho-ly Spir-it

D.C.

the church is not a rest-ing place, the church is a peo-ple.
 all col - ors and all a - ges, too, from all times and plac - es.
 some-times it's rid-ing, some-times hid-ing, al - ways it's learn-ing.
 there's laugh-ing and there's cry-ing some-times, all of it say-ing:
 and told the Good News through the world to all who would hear it.

BAPTISM, CONFIRMATION, REAFFIRMATION

Child of Blessing, Child of Promise 611

1. Child of bless - ing, child of prom - ise, bap - tized
 2. Child of love, our love's ex - pres - sion, love's cre -
 3. Child of joy, our dear - est trea - sure, God's you
 4. Child of God your lov - ing Par - ent, learn to

with the Spir - it's sign; with this wa - ter
 a - tion, loved in - deed! Fresh from God, re -
 are, from God you came. Back to God we
 know whose child you are. Grow to laugh and

God has sealed you un - to love and grace di - vine.
 fresh our spir - its, in - to joy and laugh - ter lead.
 hum - bly give you; live as one who bears Christ's name.
 sing and wor - ship, trust and love God more than all.

WORDS: Ronald S. Cole-Turner, 1981
 MUSIC: Attr. to C. F. Witt, 1715; adapt. by Henry J. Gauntlett, 1861
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STUTTGART
 87.87

SANCTIFYING AND PERFECTING GRACE

404 Every Time I Feel the Spirit

Refrain

Ev - ery time I feel the Spir - it mov - ing in my heart,

I will pray. Yes, ev - ery time I feel the

Spir - it mov - ing in my heart, I will pray. *Fine*

1. Up - on the moun - tain, my Lord spoke, out his
2. Jor - dan riv - er runs right cold, chills the

mouth came fire and smoke. All a - round me looks so
bod - y, not the soul. Ain't but one train on this

shine, ask my Lord if all was mine.
track, runs to heav - en and right back. *D.C.*