

# Let Justice Flow like Streams

The musical score is written for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the soprano part, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

1 Let jus - tice flow like streams of spar - kling wa - ter, pure,  
2 Let righ - teous - ness roll on as oth - ers' cares we heed,  
3 So may God's plumb line, straight, de - fine our mea - sure true,

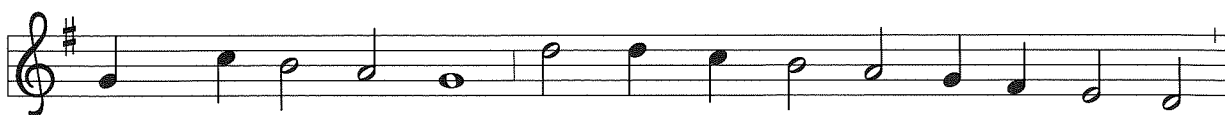
en - a - bling growth, re - fresh - ing life, a - bun - dant, cleans - ing, sure.  
an ev - er - flow - ing stream of faith trans - lat - ed in - to deed.  
and jus - tice, right, and peace per - vade this world our whole life through.

Text: Jane Parker Huber, b. 1926

Music: ST. THOMAS, Aaron Williams, 1731–1776

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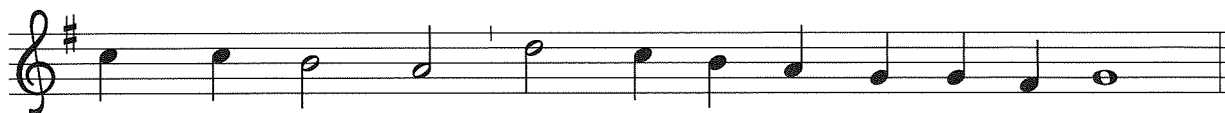
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Son to us im - parts. Lord, you have made all for your plea - sure,  
formed un - to your will. As grain, once scat - tered on the hill - sides,



and giv'n us food for all our days, giv - ing in Christ the  
was in this bro - ken bread made one, so from all lands your



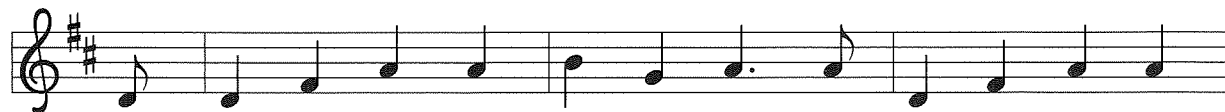
bread e - ter - nal; yours is the pow'r, yours be the praise.  
church be gath - ered in - to your king - dom by your Son.

## We Come to the Hungry Feast

479



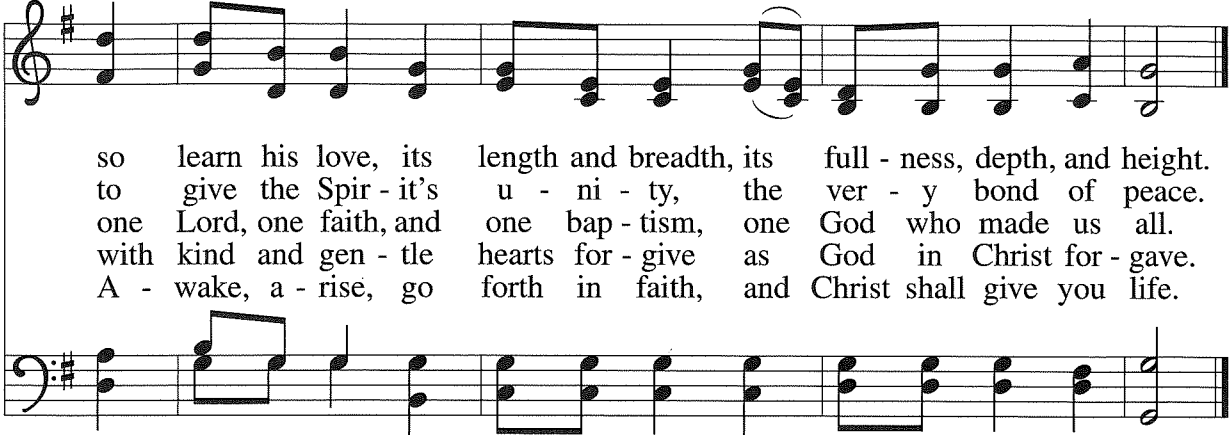
1 We come to the hun - gry feast hun - gry for a word of peace.  
2 We come to the hun - gry feast hun - gry for a world re - leased  
3 We come to the hun - gry feast hun - gry that the hun - ger cease,



To hun - gry hearts un - sat - is - fied the love of God is  
from hun - gry folk of ev - 'ry kind, the poor in bod - y,  
and know - ing, though we eat our fill, the hun - ger will stay



not de - nied. We come, we come to the hun - gry feast.  
poor in mind. We come, we come to the hun - gry feast.  
with us; still we come, we come to the hun - gry feast.



so learn his love, its length and breadth, its full - ness, depth, and height.  
to give the Spir - it's u - ni - ty, the ver - y bond of peace.  
one Lord, one faith, and one bap - tism, one God who made us all.  
with kind and gen - tle hearts for - give as God in Christ for - gave.  
A - wake, a - rise, go forth in faith, and Christ shall give you life.

# Baptized and Set Free

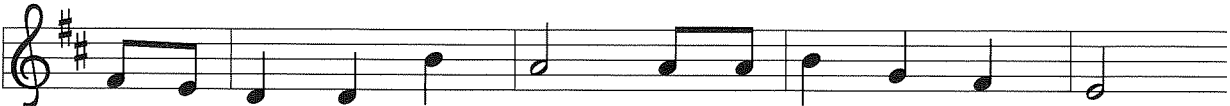
453



- 1 We are peo - ple cre - at - ed, cho - sen by God.
- 2 We are fed and we're nour - ished, filled and re - freshed.
- 3 We are nour - ished by wa - ter, all liv - ing things,
- 4 Now with praise and thanks - giv - ing, we join the song.



Then we're washed, ev - er gent - ly, in mer - cy and love.  
Then our hun - ger re - turns and a - gain we are blessed.  
and by life that the Spir - it a - bun - dant - ly brings.  
All are wel - come! We gath - er to sing loud and strong.



Sin has pow - er no more. Je - sus o - pened the door  
For what - ev - er the need, God is great - er in - deed:  
As we jour - ney toward home, may your pres - ence be known:  
Not en - slaved, but set free! From now on, all will be



to a foun - tain bring - ing heal - ing, and whole - ness and more.  
end - less o - cean, al - ways deep - er than all of our need.  
pre - cious riv - er, ev - er - flow - ing, now car - ry us home.  
one in Je - sus, one in wa - ter, bap - tized and set free!

# Let Streams of Living Justice

1 Let streams of liv - ing jus - tice flow down up - on the earth;  
2 For heal - ing of the na - tions, for peace that will not end,  
3 Your ci - ty's built to mu - sic; we are the stones you seek;  
give free - dom's light to cap - tives, let all the poor have worth.  
for love that makes us lov - ers, God grant us grace to mend.  
your har - mo - ny is lan - guage; we are the words you speak.

The hun - gry's hands are plead - ing, the work - ers claim their rights,  
Weave our var - ied gifts to - geth - er; knit our lives as they are spun;  
Our faith we find in ser - vice, our hope in oth - ers' dreams,  
the mourn - ers long for laugh - ter, the blind - ed seek for sight.  
on your loom of time en - roll us till our thread of life is run.  
our love in hand of neigh - bor; our home - land bright - ly gleams.

Make lib - er - ty a bea - con, strike down the i - ron pow'r;  
O great weav - er of our fab - ric, bind church and world in one;  
In - scribe our hearts with jus - tice; your way—the path un - tried;  
a - bol - ish an - cient ven - geance: pro - claim your peo - ple's hour.  
dye our tex - ture with your ra - diance, light our col - ors with your sun.  
your truth—the heart of strang - er; your life—the Cru - ci - fied.

Text: William Whitla, b. 1934

Music: THAXTED, Gustav Holst, 1874–1934

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