

## HYMN SUGGESTIONS FROM MINNESOTA COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

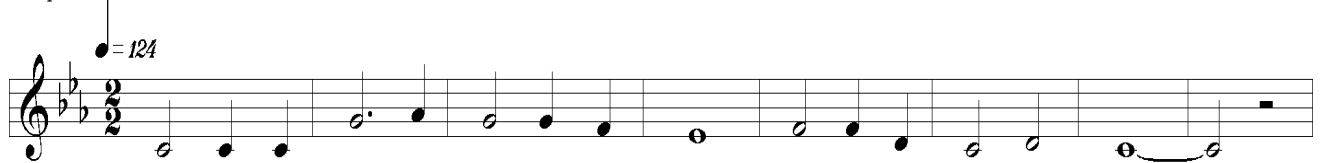
### Hymn                      Many and great, O God (Dakota Hymn)<sup>1</sup>

- 1        Wakantanka taku nitawa tankaya qa ota;  
         mahpiya kin eyahnake ça,  
         maka kin he duowanca;  
         mniowanca šbeya wanke cin, hena oyakihi.
- 2        Woehdaku nitawa kin he minagi kin qu wo;  
         mahpiya kin iwankam yati,  
         wicowašte yuha nanka,  
         wiconi kin he mayaqu nun, owihanke wanin.
- 1        Many and great, O God, are your works, maker of earth and sky.  
         Your hands have set the heavens with stars;  
         your fingers spread the mountains and plains.  
         Lo, at your word the waters were formed; deep seas obey your voice.
- 2        Grant unto us communion with you, O star-abiding One.  
         Come unto us and dwell with us;  
         with you are found the gifts of life.  
         Bless us with life that has no end, eternal life with you

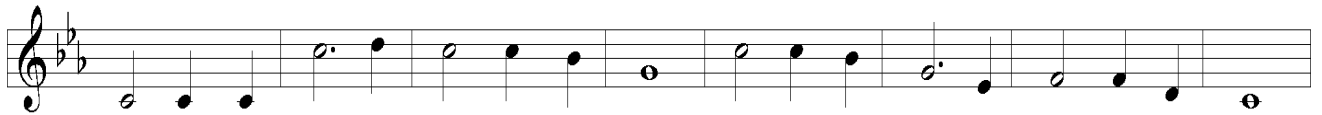
*Paraphraser: Philip Frazier; Author: Joseph Renville (1842)*

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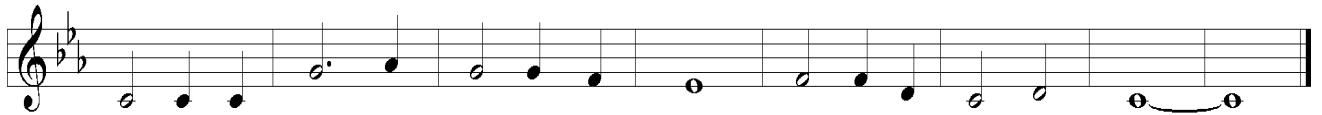
<sup>1</sup> This hymn was sung by thirty-eight Dakota prisoners of war as they were led to execution at Mankato, Minnesota, on December 26, 1862. This song was first published in the Dakota Indian Hymnal (1916) and is perhaps the only Native American hymn to be sung broadly in North America beyond its original Dakota culture. The author, Joseph Renville, was indigenous Dakota and the translator of this hymn is Francis Philip Frazier.




Man - y and great, O God, are your things, Mak - er of earth and sky.  
 Zahl-reich und groß ist, Gott, was du schufst, Er - de und Him-mels - welt!  
 Mu - chas y gran - des tus o - bras son. Crea-dor de cie - lo y tierra.



Your hands have set the heav - ens with stars; your fin - gers spread the moun-tains and plains.  
 Dei - ne Hand weist den Ster - nen die Bahn, du gabst Ge - stalt den Ber - gen, dem Tal.  
 Tu ma - no pu - so es - tre - llas al cie - lo mon - tes y lla - nos has es - par - ci - do,



Lo, at your word the wa - ters were formed; deep seas o - bey your voice.  
 Ja, auf dein Wort das Was - ser sich teilt, Mee - re ge - hor - chen dir.  
 por tu pa - la - bra el a - gua bro - tó, tu voz es - cu - cha el mar.

hand drum or tom-tom 

2. Grant unto us communion with you,  
 you star abiding one;  
 come unto us and dwell with us;  
 with you are found the gifts of life.  
 Bless us with life that has no end,  
 eternal life with you.

2. Wir bitten, gib' Gemeinschaft mit dir,  
 du bist das Licht, das bleibt.  
 Komme zu uns und wohne bei uns,  
 du hältst des Lebens Gaben bereit.  
 Segne mit Leben, das nie vergeht,  
 das ewig lebt bei dir.

2. Que entre nosotros tu siempre estés  
 Sé tú el principal  
 En medio nuestro ven a morar  
 contigo esté el don de la vida  
 Bendícenos con vida sin fin  
 Vida eterna en ti.

# Hymn

## Wade into the water<sup>2</sup>

Traditional

African American Spiritual  
arr. Jimmie Abbington

Wade in the wa - ter, wade in the wa - ter chil - dren, wade in the wa - ter,

God's gon na trou - ble the wa - ter. See that host all dressed in white,  
See that band all dressed in red,  
If you don't be - lieve I've been re - deemed,

God's gon - na trou - ble the wa - ter. The lead - er must be the  
Looks like the band that  
Just fol - low me down to

Is - rael - ite, God's gon - na trou - ble the wa - ter.  
Mo - ses led,  
Jor - dan's stream,

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<sup>2</sup> This is an African American Jubilee Spiritual by Frederick J. Work and John Wesley Work Jr. (1901), based upon the narrative of John 5:2-9. For the enslaved, this song represented the struggles of life and the empowerment of freedom. Within the context of the 'troubled' waters of life there are healing waters, because God is in the midst of the turmoil.

# Hymn      Come thou font of every blessing

Robert Robinson

J. Wyeth Repository of Sacred Music 1813: USA

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing tune my heart to sing thy  
2. Here I raise my E - be - ne - zer: "Hi - ther to thy help I've  
3. O to grace how great a deb - tor dai - ly I'm con - strained to

grace: streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing call for  
come;" And I hope, by thy good pleas - ure safe - ly  
be. Let that grace now, like a fet - ter bind my

songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious  
to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a  
wan - dering heart to thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I

son - net sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the  
stran - ger wan - dering from the fold of God. He, to  
feel it. Prone to leave the God I love. Here's my

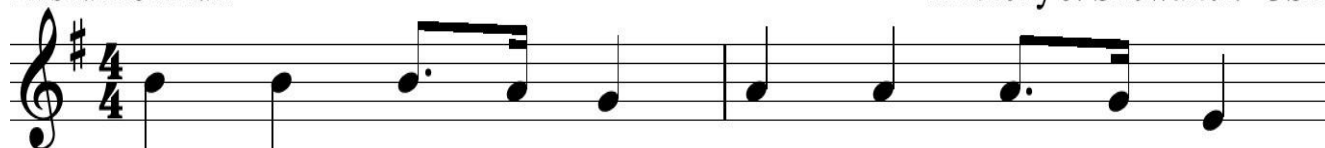
mount, I'm fixed up - on it, mount of thy un - chang - ing love  
re - scue me from dan - ger in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
heart, O take and seal it. Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

## Hymn

What a fellowship, what a joy divine<sup>3</sup>

Elisha Hoffman

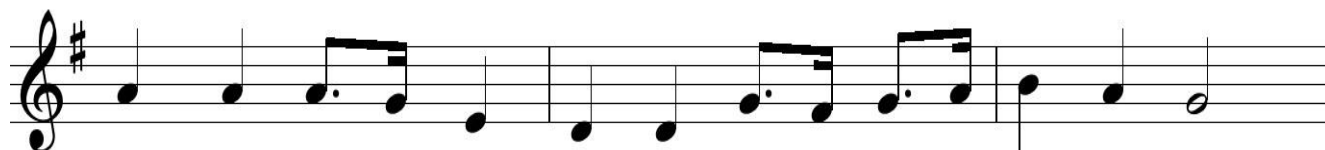
Anthony J. Showalter: USA



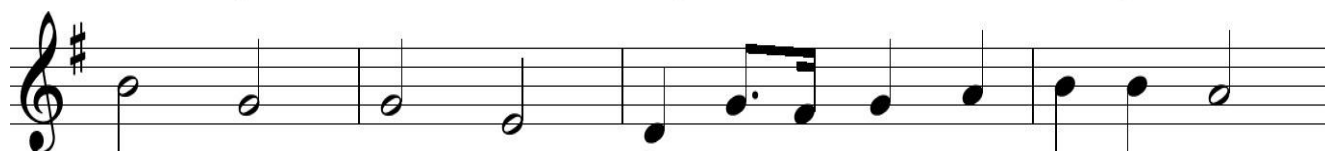
1. What a fel - low - ship, what a joy di - vine,  
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way,  
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear,



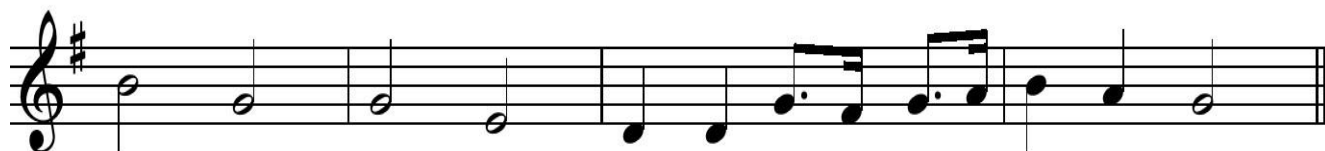
lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms; what a bless - ed - ness,  
lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms; oh, how bright the path  
lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms I have bless - ed peace



what a peace is mine, lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
grows from day to day, lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
with my Lord so near, lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.



Lean - ing lean - ing, safe and se - cure from all a - larms;



lean - ing lean - ing, lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

<sup>3</sup> This hymn, authored in 1887 by E. A. Hoffman, was inspired by Deuteronomy 33:27. It is meant to help contemplate what it means to find refuge in our heavenly Father's arms in times of fear and trial, and to allow God's joy and peace to replace our loneliness and anxiety.

## Closing Hymn

## Lift every voice and sing<sup>4</sup>

James Weldon Johnson

J. Rosamond Johnson: African-American

1. Lift ev - ery voice and sing till earth and heav - en  
 2. Ston - y the road we trod, bit - ter the chas - tening  
 3. God of the wea - ry years, God of our si - lent

ring, ring with the har - mo - nies of lib - er -  
 rod, felt in the days when hope un - born er -  
 tears, Thou who hast brought us thus far on had the

ty. Let our re - joic - ing rise high as the lis - tening  
 died; yet, with a stead - y beat, have not our wea - ry  
 way; Thou who hast by thy might led us in - to the

skies; let it re - sound loud as the roll - ing sea.  
 feet come to the place for which our par - ents sighed?  
 light: keep us for - ev - er in the path, we pray.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us;  
 We have come o - ver a way that with tears has been wa - tered;  
 Lest our feet stray from the plac - es, our God, where we met thee;

<sup>4</sup> This is an African American Jubilee Spiritual which was written by James Weldon Johnson (1900). It is often referred to as the Black national anthem in the United States. The song is a prayer of thanksgiving for faithfulness and freedom for the enslaved voicing a cry for liberation and affirmation for African American people.