

O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

Oh, The Glory Of Your Presence

Verse

Jesus all-glorious
Create in us a temple
Called as living stones
Where You're enthroned
As You rose from death in pow'r
So rise within our worship
Rise upon our praise
And let the hand that saw You raised
Clothe us in Your glory
Draw us by Your grace

Chorus

Oh the glory of Your presence
We Your temple give You rev'ence
Come and rise from Your rest
And be blessed by our praise
As we glory in Your embrace
As Your presence now fills this place

Repeat Verse and Chorus

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

1 O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, for am-ber waves of grain,
2 O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved in lib-er-at-ing strife,
3 O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream that sees be-yond the years

for pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties a-bove the fruit-ed plain:
who more than self their coun-try loved, and mer-cy more than life:
thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, un-dimmed by hu-man tears:

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,

and crown thy good with broth-er-hood from sea to shin-ing sea.
till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, and ev-'ry gain di-vine.
con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, thy lib-er-ty in law.

Good Shepherd of My Soul

Good Shepherd of my soul
Come dwell within me.
Take all I am and mold
Your likeness in me.
Before the cross of Christ
This is my sacrifice:
A life laid down
And ready to follow.

The troubled find their peace
In true surrender.
The prisoners their release
From chains of anger.
In springs of living grace
I find a resting place
To rise refreshed,
Determined to follow.

I'll walk this narrow road
With Christ before me
Where thorns and thistles grow
And cords ensnare me.
Though doubted and denied
He never leaves my side
But lifts my head
And calls me to follow.

And when my days are gone
My strength is failing
He'll carry me along
Through death's unveiling
Earth's struggles overcome
Heav'n's journey just begun
To search Christ's depths
And ever to follow.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

I Berlin/K Cross

While the storm clouds ga-ther, far a-cross the sea, Let us swear al-
le-giance to a land that's free. Let us all be grate-ful
for a land so fair, as we raise our voi-ces in a so-lemn prayer.
God Bless A-mer-i-ca land that I love,
stand be-side her and guide her thru the night with a light from a-
bove. From the moun-tains to the prair-ies to the o-ceans
white with foam. God Bless A-mer-i-ca my
home sweet home. God Bless A-mer-i-ca
my home sweet home. sweet home!