

# Siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos'

(We Are Marching in the Light of God)

Ps. 89:15

South African freedom song; transl. Freedom Is Coming, 1984

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

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

nyen' kwen - khos', Si - ya - ham - ba, ham - ba, si - ya -  
 kha - nyen' kwen - khos', light of God. We are march - ing, march - ing, we are  
 light of God. the light of God.

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

*Last time, end*

## Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

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*Based on Psalm 90*  
*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

ST. ANNE C.M.  
*Attr. to William Croft, 1678-1727*

1 Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
2 Un - der the shad - ow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;  
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,  
4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home,  
Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.  
From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun. A - men.

- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,      6 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Bears all its sons away;                      Our hope for years to come,  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream        Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
Dies at the opening day.                      And our eternal home.

## Blessed Be the Tie That Binds

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*John Fawcett, 1782; alt.*

*Gal. 3:28; 6:2; Col. 3:13-15*

1 Blessed be the tie that binds our hearts in Chris - tian love;  
2 Be - fore our God we come and pour our ar - dent prayers;  
3 We share each oth - er's woes, each oth - er's bur - dens bear,  
4 When we are called to part it gives us in - ward pain,

The shar - ing of a com - mon life is like to that a - bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our com - forts and our cares.  
And of - ten for each oth - er flows a sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
But we shall still be joined in heart, and hope to meet a - gain.