

# For Everyone Born



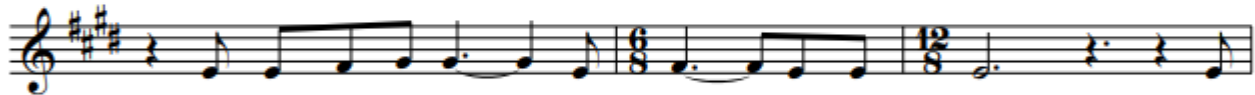
1. For ev - ery - one born, a place at the ta - ble,  
 2. For wo - man and man, a place at the ta - ble,  
 3. For young and for old, a place at the ta - ble,  
 4. For gay and for straight, a place at the ta - ble,  
 5. For ev - ery - one born, a place at the ta - ble,



for ev - ery - one born, clean wa - ter and bread,  
 re - vis - ing the roles, de - ci - ding the share,  
 a voice to be heard, a part in the song,  
 a cov - e - nant shared, a wel - com - ing space,  
 to live with - out fear, and sim - ply to be,



a shel - ter a space, a safe place for grow - ing,  
 with wis - dom and grace di - vi - ding the pow - er  
 the hands of a child in hands that are wrin - kled,  
 a rain - bow of race and gen - der and col - or,  
 to work, to speak out, to wit - ness and wor - ship,



for ev - ery - one born, a star o - ver - head. And  
 for wo - man and man, a sys - tem that's fair.  
 for young and for old, the right to be - long,  
 for gay and for straight, the cha - lice of free.  
 for ev - ery - one born, the right to be For



God will de - light when we are cre - a - tors of jus - tice and



joy com - pas - sion and peace: yes



God will de - light when we are cre - a - tors of jus - tice,



jus - tice and joy.

# All God's Critters

All God's critters got a place in the choir  
Some sing low, some sing higher  
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire  
And some just clap their hands, or paws or anything they got now

Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom  
Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus  
Moans and groans with a big to do  
And old cow just goes 'moo'

Well the dogs and the cats they take up the middle  
The honeybee hums and the crickets fiddle  
The donkey brays and the pony neighs  
The old coyote howls

All God's critters got a place in the choir  
Some sing low, some sing higher  
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire  
And some just clap their hands, or paws or anything they got now  
(x2)

Listen to the top where the little bird sings  
The melody with the high voice ringing  
The hoot owl hollers over everything  
And the jaybird disagrees

Singing in the nighttime, singing in the day  
The little duck quacks and he's on his way  
The 'possum don't have much to say  
And the porcupine talks to herself

All God's critters got a place in the choir  
Some sing low, some sing higher  
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire  
And some just clap their hands, or paws or anything they got now  
(x2)

Everybody here is a part of the plan  
We all get to play in the great critter band  
From the eagle in the sky to the whale in the sea  
It's one great symphony

All God's critters got a place in the choir  
Some sing low, some sing higher  
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire  
And some just clap their hands, or paws or anything they got now

# All Things Bright and Beautiful

31

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848; alt.

*Unison  
Refrain*

All things bright and beau-ti - ful, all crea-tures great and small,

All things wise and won - der - ful, our dear God made them all.

1 Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, each lit - tle bird that sings,  
2 The pur - ple-head - ed moun-tain, the riv - er run - ning by,  
3 The cold wind in the win - ter, the pleas-ant sum-mer sun,

God made their glow-ing col - ors, and made their ti - ny wings.  
The sun - set, and the morn - ing that bright-ens up the sky.  
The ripe fruits in the gar - den, God made them ev - ery one.

*to Refrain*