

ONE BREAD, ONE BODY

JOEHARRISMUSIC

LEADSHEET ARRANGEMENT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
JOHN FOLEY

WITH GENTLE PRAISE (♩ = 72)

G C/G G C/G G D7

ONE BREAD, ONE BOD - Y, ONE LORD OF

4 Em B7 Em D7 G Em

ALL, ONE CUP OF BLESS - ING WHICH WE

7 A7 D7 G C/G G C/G

BLESS. AND WE, THOUGH MAN - Y,

11 G D7 Em B7 Em D7 G Em

THROUGH-OUT THE EARTH, WE ARE ONE BOD - Y IN THIS

15 A7 D7 G FINE Em D Em D

ONE LORD.

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| { | 1. GEN-TILE OR JEW, | SER - VANT OR FREE, |
| | 2. MAN - Y THE GIFTS, | MAN - Y THE WORKS, |
| | 3. GRAIN FOR THE FIELDS, | SCAT-TERED AND GROWN, |

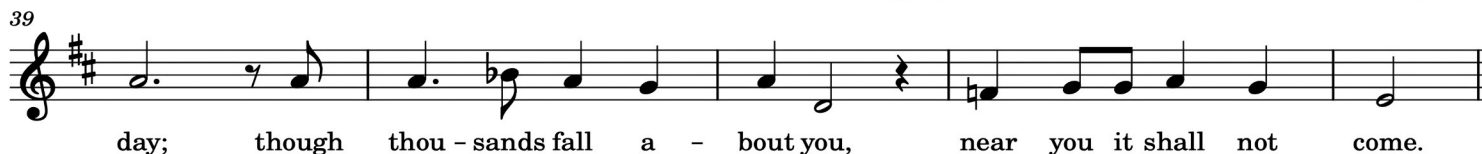
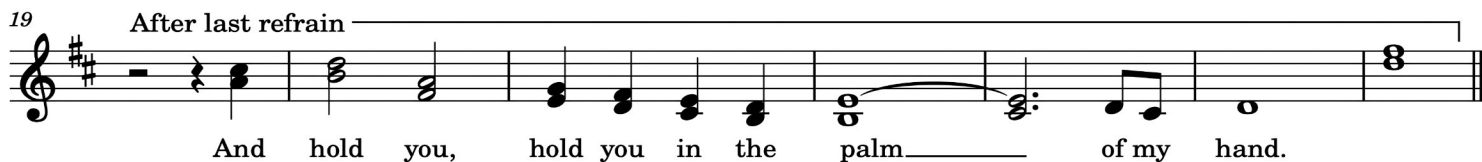
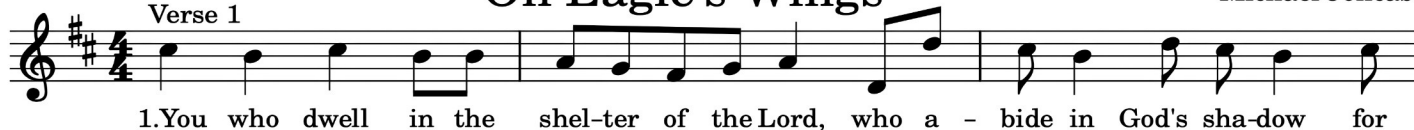
21 Em F Am D7 D.C. AL FINE

WOM - AN OR MAN, NO MORE.
ONE IN THE LORD OF ALL.
GATH-ERED TO ONE, FOR ALL.

On Eagle's Wings

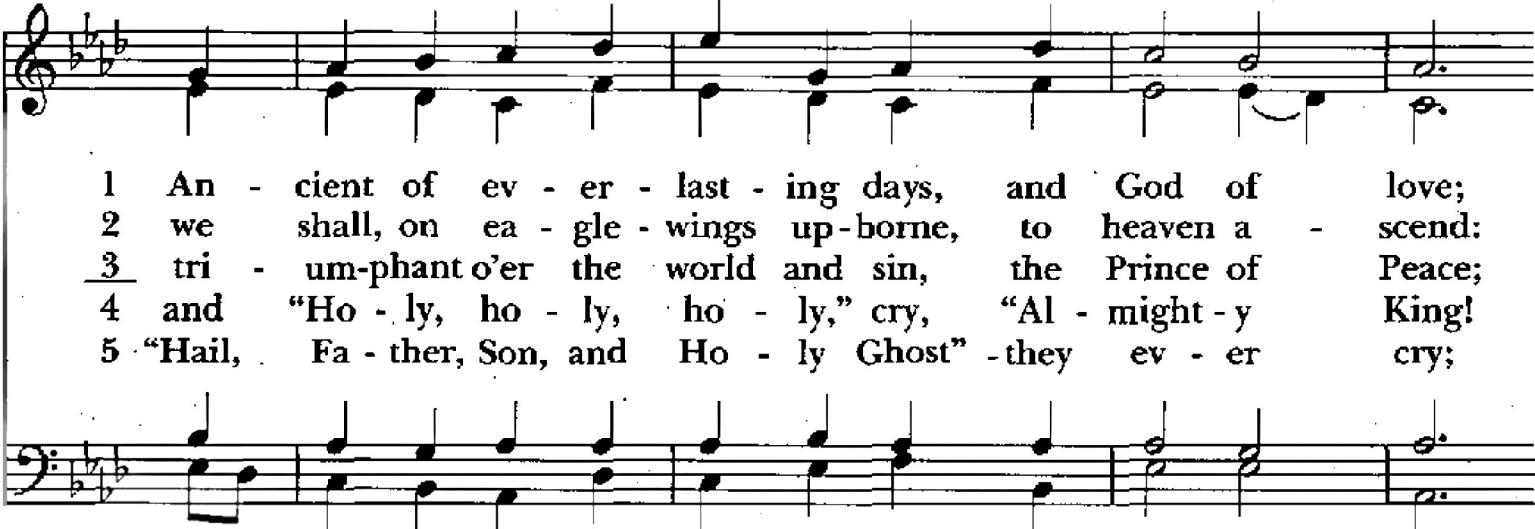
Michael Joncas

Verse 1





1 The God of A - braham praise, who reigns en - throned a - bove;
 2 He by him - self hath sworn: we on his oath de - pend;
 3 There dwells the Lord, our King, the Lord, our Right - eous - ness,
 4 The God who reigns on high the great arch - an - gels sing,
 5 The whole tri - um - phant host give thanks to God on high;



1 An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, and God of love;
 2 we shall, on ea - gle - wings up - borne, to heaven a - scend:
 3 tri - um - phant o'er the world and sin, the Prince of Peace;
 4 and "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," cry, "Al - might - y King!
 5 "Hail, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost" - they ev - er cry;



1 the Lord, the great I AM, by earth and heaven con - fessed:
 2 we shall be - hold his face, we shall his power a - dore,
 3 on Zi - on's sa - cred height his king - dom he main - tains,
 4 Who was, and is, the same, and ev - er - more shall be:
 5 hail, A - braham's Lord di - vine! With heaven our songs we raise;



1 How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds in a be - liev - er's ear!
2 It makes the wound-ed spi - rit whole, and calms the trou - bled breast;
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build, my shield and hid - ing - place,
4 O Je - sus! Shep - herd, Guard - ian, Friend, O Pro - phet, Priest, and King,
*5 Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, and cold my warm - est thought;



1 It soothes our sor - rows, heals our wounds, and drives a - way our fear.
2 'tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, and to the wear - y, rest.
3 my nev - er - fail - ing trea - sury, filled with bound - less stores of grace!
4 my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, ac - cept the praise I bring.
5 but when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.



Words: John Newton (1725-1807), alt.

Music: *St. Peter*, Alexander Robert Reinagle (1799-1877)

CM