

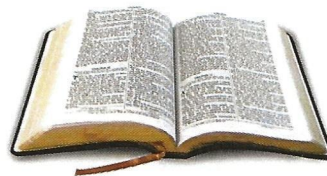
# Second Baptist Church & Prairie Unitarian Universalist Society

*Behold how good and pleasant it is for brothers and sisters to  
dwell together in unity.*

*Sunday, May 26, 2024*



*Remembering those loved ones who have  
gone on before us.*



*Reverend Anthony Wade, Pastor  
4303 Britta Parkway  
Madison, WI 53711  
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# Order of Service

<b>Presiding Officer</b>	Sister Jo`Ethel Fullilove
<b>Welcome</b>	First Lady Sullivan Wade Prairie Unitarian Universalist Society
<b>Musical Selection</b>	When the Saints Go Marching In
<b>Scripture and Prayer</b>	Deacons
<b>Musical Selection</b>	I Am Going To Lay Down My Sword and Shield
<b>1<sup>st</sup> Corinthians 13</b>	Sister JoEthel Fullilove
<b>Story For All Ages</b>	Sister Karen Deaton
<b>Musical Selection</b>	This Little Light of Mine
<b>Two Voices</b>	Congregation
<b>Worship in Giving</b>	Deacons and Prairie Unitarian Universalist Society
<b>Introduction of Speaker</b> Pastor Anthony Wade, Second Baptist Church	
<b>Musical Selection</b>	Amazing Grace
<b>Spoken Word</b> Rev. Ralph A Tyksinski, Prairie Unitarian Universalist Society	
<b>Invitation to Discipleship</b>	Pastor Anthony Wade, Second Baptist Church
<b>Moment to Share Names</b>	Congregation
<b>Moment to Share Joy and Concern</b>	Congregation
<b>Benediction</b> Rev. Ralph A Tyksinski, Prairie Unitarian Universalist Society	
<b>Lift Every Voice to Sing</b>	Congregation

Music selections for  
 Second Baptist Church &  
 Prairie UU Society Joint  
 Service - May 26, 2024

When the Saints Go  
 Marching In (African  
 American spiritual c. 1750-  
 1875)

Oh, when the saints, go  
 marching in  
 Yes when the saints go  
 marching in  
 Oh Lord I want to be in  
 that ever lovin' number  
 When the saints go  
 marching in

Oh, when the saints, go  
 marching in  
 Yes when the saints go  
 marching in  
 Oh Lord I want to be in  
 that number  
 When the saints go  
 marching in

Oh yes, I had a dear old  
 mother  
 And if you should see her  
 before I do  
 Won't you tell her that you  
 saw me coming  
 I was struttin' straight on  
 through  
 Oh, when the saints, go  
 marching in  
 Yes when the saints go  
 marching in  
 Oh Lord I want to be in  
 that number  
 When the saints go  
 marching in

Every Time I Feel the  
 Spirit (African American  
 spiritual c. 1750-1875)

Every time I feel the spirit  
 Moving in my heart, I will  
 pray

Yes, every time I feel the  
 spirit  
 Moving in my heart, I will  
 pray

Upon the mountain, my  
 God spoke, o'er the mount  
 came fire and smoke,  
 All around me looks so  
 shine, ask my God if all  
 was mine.

The River Jordan runs  
 right cold, chills the body,  
 not the soul.

Ain't but one train on this  
 track, runs to heaven and  
 right back.

Gonna Lay Down My  
 Sword and Shield  
 (African American  
 spiritual c. 1750-1875)

Gonna lay down my  
 sword and shield  
 Down by the riverside,  
 Down by the riverside,  
 Down by the riverside.

Gonna lay down my sword  
 and shield  
 Down by the riverside,  
 Gonna study, study, war  
 no more.

I ain't gonna study war no  
 more,

I ain't gonna study war no  
 more,  
 ain't gonna study war no  
 more.

I ain't gonna study war no  
 more,  
 I ain't gonna study war no  
 more,  
 ain't gonna study war no  
 more.

Gonna lay down my  
 burden,  
 Down by the riverside  
 Down by the riverside  
 Down by the riverside

Gonna lay down my  
 burden,  
 Down by the riverside  
 Gonna study war no more

I ain't gonna study war no  
 more  
 I ain't gonna study war no  
 more  
 ain't gonna study war no  
 more

I ain't gonna study war no  
 more,  
 I ain't gonna study war no  
 more,  
 ain't gonna study war no  
 more.

Gonna shake hands around  
the world,  
Ev'ry-where I roam,  
Ev'ry-where I roam,  
Ev'ry-where I roam,

Gonna shake hands around  
the world,  
Ev'rywhere I roam,  
Gonna study war no more

I ain't gonna study war no  
more  
I ain't gonna study war no  
more  
ain't gonna study war no  
more

I ain't gonna study war no  
more,  
I ain't gonna study war no  
more,  
ain't gonna study war no  
more.

This Little Light of Mine  
(African American  
spiritual c. 1750-1875)  
This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine.  
This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine.  
This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine  
Let it shine, let it shine, let  
it shine.

Everywhere I go I'm gonna  
let it shine  
Everywhere I go I'm gonna  
let it shine  
Everywhere I go I'm gonna  
let it shine  
Let it shine, let it shine, let  
it shine.

Building up a world, I'm  
gonna let it shine.  
Building up a world, I'm  
gonna let it shine.  
Building up a world, I'm  
gonna let it shine.  
Let it shine, let it shine, let  
it shine.

Lift Every Voice and Sing  
(Words: James Weldon  
Johnson, Music:  
J. Rosamond Johnson)  
Lift every voice and sing  
Till earth and heaven ring  
Ring with the harmonies of  
liberty  
Let our rejoicing rise  
High as the list'ning skies  
Let it resound loud as the  
rolling sea  
Sing a song  
Full of the faith that the  
dark past has taught us  
Sing a song  
Full of the hope that the  
present has brought us  
Facing the rising sun  
Of our new day begun  
Let us march on till victory  
is won

Stony the road we trod  
Bitter the chast'ning rod  
Felt in the days when hope  
unborn had died  
Yet with a steady beat  
Have not our weary feet  
Come to the place for  
which our parents sighed?  
We have come  
Over a way that with tears  
has been watered  
We have come

Treading our path through  
the blood of the  
slaughtered  
Out from the gloomy past  
Till now we stand at last  
Where the white gleam of  
our bright star is cast

God of our weary years  
God of our silent tears  
Thou who hast brought us  
thus far on the way  
Thou who hast by thy  
might  
Led us into the light  
Keep us forever in the  
path, we pray  
Lest our feet  
Stray from the places, our  
God, where we met thee  
Lest our hearts  
Drunk with the wine of the  
world, we forget thee  
Shadowed beneath thy  
hand  
May we forever stand  
True to our God, true to  
our native land

Amazing Grace (Words:  
John Newton, 1725-1807)  
Amazing grace  
How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch (or  
"soul") like me,  
I once was lost  
But now I'm found  
Was blind but now I see.