

When in Our Music God Is Glorified

2 Chron. 5:11-14

Fred Pratt Green, 1972

1 When in our mu - sic God is glo - ri - fied, and ad - o -
 2 How of - ten, mak - ing mu - sic, we have found a new di -
 3 So has the church, in lit - ur - gy and song, in faith and
 4 Let ev - ery in - stru - ment be tuned for praise! Let all re -

ra - tion leaves no room for pride, It is as though the whole cre -
 men - sion in the world of sound, As wor - ship moved us to a
 love, through cen - tu - ries of wrong, Borne wit - ness to the truth in
 joice who have a voice to raise! And may God give us faith to

a - tion cried: Al - le - lu - ia!
 more pro - found Al - le - lu - ia!
 ev - ery tongue: Al - le - lu - ia!
 sing al - ways: Al - le - lu - ia!

Fred Pratt Green wrote this text at the request of British editor and composer John Wilson, who asked for a "festival" hymn to be set with Engelberg. Charles Villiers Stanford originally composed the tune for the text "For All the Saints" in Hymns Ancient and Modern of 1904.

Tune: ENGELBERG 10.10.10.4.
 Charles V. Stanford, 1904

My Life Flows on in Endless Song

(How Can I Keep from Singing)

Ps. 46:1-7; 1 Cor. 3:21-23; 2 Cor. 5:17

Anon. in Bright Jewels for the Sunday School,
ed. Robert Lowry, 1869; alt.
St. 3, Doris Plenn, c. 1957

1 My life flows on in end - less song; a - bove earth's lam - en -
2 What though my joys and com - forts die? My Sav - ior still is
3 When ty - rants trem - ble, sick with fear, and hear their death knells
4 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a -

ta - tion, I hear the sweet, though far - off hymn that
liv - ing. What though the shad - ows gath - er 'round? A
ring - ing; When friends re - joice both far and near, how
bove it; And day by day this path - way smooths, since

hails a new cre - a - tion. Through all the tu - mult
new song Christ is giv - ing. No storm can shake my
can I keep from sing - ing? In pris - on cell and
first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes

and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ring - ing; It
in - most calm, while to that Rock I'm cling - ing; Since
dun - geon vile our thoughts to them are wing - ing; When
fresh my heart, a foun - tain ev - er spring - ing; All

finds an ech - o in my soul— how can I keep from sing - ing?
Love com - mands both heaven and earth, how can I keep from sing - ing?
friends by shame are un - de - filed, how can I keep from sing - ing?
things are mine since I am Christ's— how can I keep from sing - ing?

WITNESS

531

God, Speak to Me, That I May Speak

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872; alt.

1 God, speak to me, that I may speak in
2 O lead me, God, that I may lead some
3 O fill me with your full - ness, God, your
4 O use me, God, use ev - en me just

liv - ing ech - oes of your tone; as you have sought, so
wan - der - ers a - long life's way; O feed me so that
ov - er - flow - ing love to know; In glow - ing word and
as you will, and when, and where, un - til your bless - ed

let me seek your err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
I may feed your hun - gry ones with - out de - lay.
kin - dling thought, your love to tell, your praise to show.
face I see, your rest, your joy, your glo - ry share.

Daughter of the English hymnwriter William H. Havergal, Frances Ridley Havergal was a gifted poet and student of several languages, including Hebrew and Greek. She also composed several hymn tunes. Canonbury was adapted from one of Robert Schumann's piano pieces.

Tune: CANONBURY L.M.
Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1872