

O How Glorious, Full of Wonder

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Curtis Beach, 1958, rev. 1980; alt.

Ps. 8

1 O how glo-rious, full of won-der is your name o'er all the earth,
 2 When we see your lights of heav-en, moon and stars, your power dis-played,
 3 You have set us in com-mu-nion with the won-ders of your hand,
 4 O how won-drous, O how glo-rious is your name in ev-ery land,

God, who wrought cre-a-tion's splen-dor, bring-ing suns and stars to birth!
 Who are we that you should love us, crea-tures that your hand has made?
 Made us fly with ea-gle pin-ion, pil-grims o-ver sea and land.
 God, whose pur-pose shines be-fore us toward the goal that you have planned!

Rapt in rev-erence we a-dore you, mar-veling at your mys-tic ways.
 Born of earth, yet full of yearn-ing, mix-ture strange of good and ill,
 Soar-ing spire and ru-ined cit-y, these our hopes and fail-ures show.
 Yours the will our hearts are seek-ing, con-scious of our hu-man need.

Hum-bly now we bow be-fore you, lift-ing up our hearts in praise.
 From your ways so of-ten turn-ing, yet your love does seek us still.
 Teach us more of hu-man pit-y, that we in your im-age grow.
 Spir-it in our spir-it speak-ing, make us yours, O God, in-deed.

United Church of Christ minister Curtis Beach submitted this hymn to the editorial committee of the Pilgrim Hymnal (1958). It was one of two psalm paraphrases by Beach to be accepted. The hymn was also included in The Hymnal of the United Church of Christ (1974).

Tune: IN BABILONE 8.7.8.7.D.
 Traditional Dutch melody
 Arr. Julius Röntgen, c. 1906
 Alternate tune: HYMN TO JOY

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

Ps. 37:7; Ps. 46:10; 1 Tim. 4:10

Katharina von Schlegel, 1752
Transl. Jane Laurie Borthwick, 1855; alt.

1 Be still, my soul: for God is on your side; bear pa-tient-
2 Be still, my soul: for God will un-der-take to guide in
3 Be still, my soul: the hour will soon be here when we shall

ly the cross of grief or pain; Leave to your God to
fu-ture days as in the past. Your hope, your con-fi-
be with God whom we a-dore, with dis-ap-point-ment

or-der and pro-vide; in ev-ery change God
dence let noth-ing shake; all now mys-te-rious
gone, no grief nor fear, sor-row re-placed with

faith-ful will re-main. Be still, my soul: your best e-ter-nal
shall be clear at last. Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still
joy for-ev-er-more. Be still, my soul: when change and tears are

friend through thorn-y ways leads to a joy-ful end.
know how Je-sus' pow-er ruled them long a-go.
past, all safe and bless-ed we shall meet at last.