

772

Live into Hope

1 Live in - to hope of cap - tives freed, of sight re -
 2 Live in - to hope! The blind shall see with in - sight
 3 Live in - to hope of lib - er - ty, the right to
 4 Live in - to hope of cap - tives freed from chains of

gained, the end of greed. The op-pressed shall be the
 and with clar - i - ty, re - mov - ing shades of
 speak, the right to be, the right to have one's
 fear or want or greed. God now pro - claims our

first to see the year of God's own ju - bi - lee!
 pride and fear, a vi - sion of our God brought near.
 dai - ly bread, to hear God's word and thus be fed.
 full re - lease to faith and hope and joy and peace.

This text on Luke 4:16–20, the author's first, was written for the United Presbyterian Women's National Meeting in July 1976 because the team planning worship could not find a suitable hymn on that passage. She wrote the words with this vigorous 18th-century tune in mind.

SERVICE MUSIC

582

Glory to God,
Whose Goodness Shines on Me

Capo 3: (G) (D) (G) (D) (G) (D) (Em) (D)
B^b F B^b F B^b F Gm F

1 Glo - ry to God, whose good - ness shines on me,
2 World with - out end, with - out end. A - men.

(D) (G) (C) (G) (Em7) (A7)
F B^b E^b B^b Gm7 C7

and to the Son, whose grace has par - doned me,
World with - out end, with - out end. A - men.

(A7) (D) (F#) (Bm)
C7 F A Dm

and to the Spir - it, whose love has set me free.
World with - out end, with - out end. A - men.

(Bm7) (D) (Bdim7) (Em7) (Dm)(A7) (D)
Dm7 F Ddim7 Gm7 Fm C7 F

As it was in the be - gin-ning, is now and ev - er shall be. A - men.

468

In My Life

Lord, Be Glorified

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in a four-part setting. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a clear cadence at the end. The lyrics are: '1 In my life, Lord, be glo-ri - fied; 2 In our song, Lord, be glo-ri - fied; 3 In your church, Lord, be glo-ri - fied; 4 In your world, Lord, be glo-ri - fied.' The score includes a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4.

This praise song can be understood as a sung version of the first part of the answer to the first question of the Westminster Catechism: that a human being's "chief end is to glorify God." Numerous related Scriptures can be cited, including 1 Corinthians 6:20 and 10:31.

TEXT and MUSIC: Bob Kilpatrick, 1978
Text and Music © 1978, 1986 Prism Tree Music, assigned 1998 to The Lorenz Corp.

LORD, BE GLORIFIED
4.4.4.6

PRAAYER

In my life, Lord, be glo-ri - fied to - day.
In our song, Lord, be glo-ri - fied to - day.
In your church, Lord, be glo-ri - fied to - day.
In your world, Lord, be glo-ri - fied to - day.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written between the staves, with the vocal line above and the bass line below. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a focus on the words 'glo-ri-fied to-day'.

Breathe on Me, Breath of God 286

1 Breathe on me, Breath of God; fill me with life a - new,
 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God, un - til my heart is pure,
 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God, till I am whol - ly thine,
 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God, so shall I nev - er die,

that I may love what thou dost love, and do what thou wouldst do.
 un - til with thee I will one will, to do and to en - dure.
 un - til this earth - ly part of me glows with thy fire di - vine.
 but live with thee the per - fect life of thine e - ter - ni - ty.

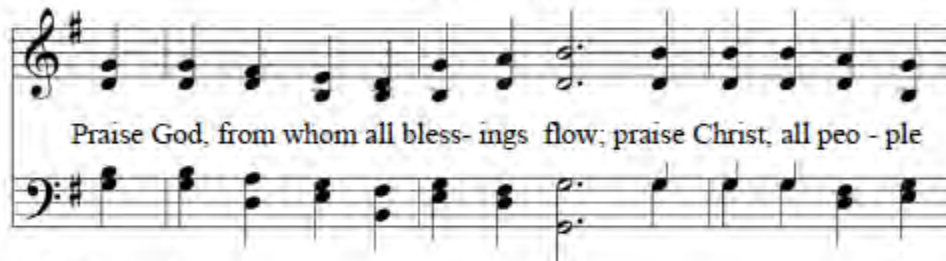
In both Hebrew and Greek, the words for "spirit" can equally well be translated as "breath" or "wind," so it is very appropriate to address the Holy Spirit as the "Breath of God." This tune by an English organist has become the customary one in North American hymnals.

SERVICE MUSIC

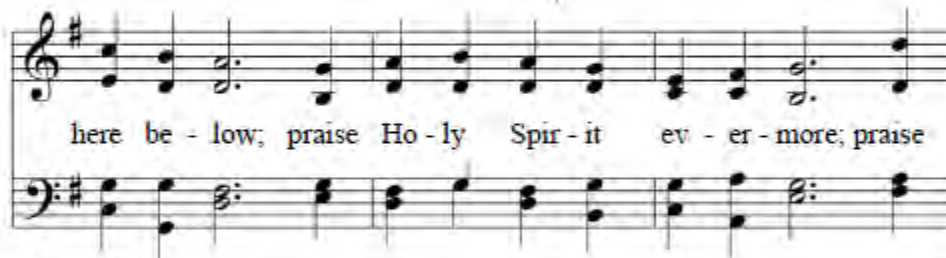
606 Praise God, from Whom

607 All Blessings Flow

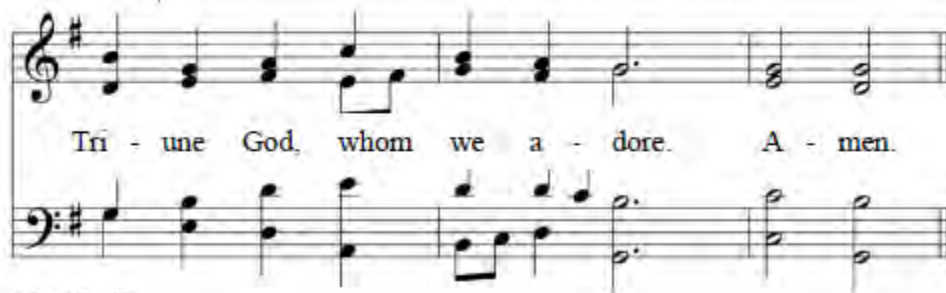
Doxology



Praise God, from whom all bless- ings flow, praise Christ, all peo - ple



here be - low; praise Ho - ly Spir - it ev - er - more; praise



Tri - une God, whom we a - dore. A - men.

*Or "God"

TEXT: Thomas Kert, 1695, 1/109
MUSIC: Genevan Psalter, [153]

OLD HUNDREDTH
LM

JESUS CHRIST: ADVENT

100 My Soul Cries Out with a Joyful Shout

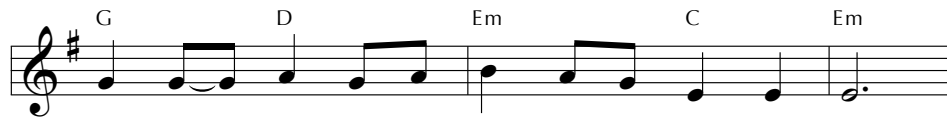
Canticle of the Turning



1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
2 Though I am small, my God, my all, you
3 From the halls of power to the for - tress tower, not a
4 Though the na - tions rage from age to age, we re -



God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the
work great things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the
stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
jus - tice tears ev - ery ty - rant from his throne.
liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
The hun - gry poor shall weep no more, for the
This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread; ev - ery
prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be

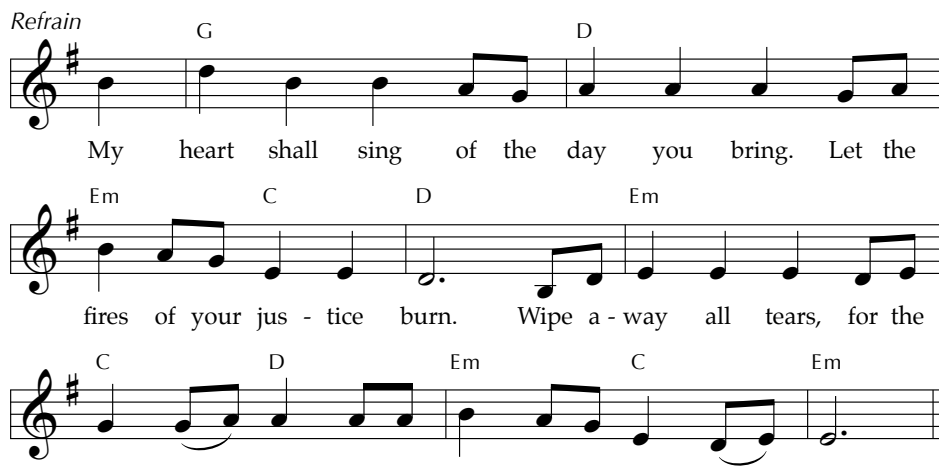
By employing an energetic Irish folk song for its melody, this ballad-like paraphrase of the *Magnificat*, Mary's song at her meeting with her relative Elizabeth (Luke 1:46-55), recaptures both the wonder and the faith of the young woman who first recognized what God was doing.

JESUS CHRIST: ADVENT



name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.

Refrain



My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the
fires of your jus - tice burn. Wipe a - way all tears, for the
dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn.