

Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing 886

1 Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing my great Re - deem - er's praise,
2 My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, as - sist me to pro - claim,
3 The name of Je - sus charms our fears and bids our sor - rows cease,
4 He speaks, and lis - t'ning to his voice, new life the dead re - ceive;

the glo - ries of my God and king, the tri - umphs of his grace!
to spread through all the earth a - broad the hon - ors of your name.
sings mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, brings life and health and peace.
the mourn - ful, bro - ken hearts re - joice, the hum - ble poor be - lieve.

5 Look unto him, your Savior own,
O fallen human race!
Look and be saved through faith alone,
be justified by grace!

6 To God all glory, praise, and love
be now and ever giv'n
by saints below and saints above,
the church in earth and heav'n.

Open Your Ears, O Faithful People

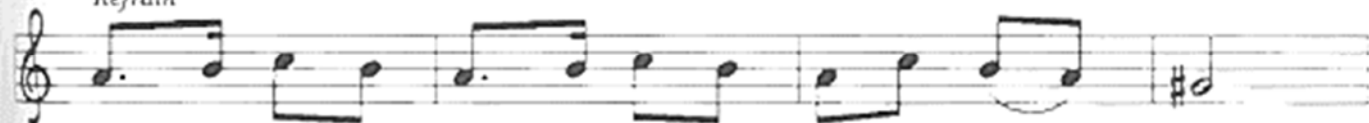
519



1 O - pen your ears, O faith-ful peo-ple, o - pen your ears and hear God's word.
 2 They who have ears to hear the mes-sage, they who have ears, now let them hear;



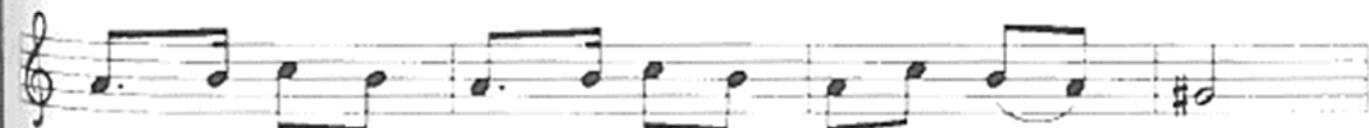
O - pen your hearts, O roy - al priest-hood, God has come to you.
 they who would learn the way of wis - dom, let them hear God's word.

Refrain

To - rah o - ra, To - rah o - ra, hal - le - lu - jah!
 God has spo - ken to the peo - ple, hal - le - lu - jah!



To - rah o - ra, To - rah o - ra, hal - le - lu - jah!
 God has spo - ken words of wis - dom, hal - le - lu - jah!



To - rah o - ra, To - rah o - ra, hal - le - lu - jah!
 God has spo - ken to the peo - ple, hal - le - lu - jah!



To - rah o - ra, To - rah o - ra, hal - le - lu - jah!
 God has spo - ken words of wis - dom, hal - le - lu - jah!

Take, Oh, Take Me As I Am

814



Take, oh, take me as I am; sum - mon out what I shall be;



set your seal up - on my heart and live in me.

Text: John L. Bell, b. 1949

Music: TAKE ME AS I AM, John L. Bell

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Like the Murmur of the Dove's Song

403



1 Like the mur - mur of the dove's song, like the chal - lenge of her
 2 To the mem - bers of Christ's bod - y, to the branch - es of the
 3 With the heal - ing of di - vi - sion, with the cease - less voice of



flight, like the vig - or of the wind's rush, like the
 vine, to the church in faith as - sem - bled, to our
 prayer, with the pow'r to love and wit - ness, with the



new flame's ea - ger might: come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
 midst as gift and sign: come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
 peace be - yond com - pare: come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.

Text: Carl P. Daw jr., b. 1944

Music: Peter Cutts, b. 1937

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1 Let streams of liv - ing jus - tice flow down up - on the earth;
 2 For heal - ing of the na - tions, for peace that will not end,
 3 Your ci - ty's built to mu - sic; we are the stones you seek;



give free - dom's light to cap - tives, let all the poor have worth.
 for love that makes us lov - ers, God grant us grace to mend.
 your har - mo - ny is lan - guage; we are the words you speak.



The hun - gry's hands are plead - ing, the work - ers claim their rights,
 Weave our var - ied gifts to - geth - er; knit our lives as they are spun;
 Our faith we find in ser - vice, our hope in oth - ers' dreams,



the mourn - ers long for laugh - ter, the blind - ed seek for sight.
 on your loom of time en - roll us till our thread of life is run.
 our love in hand of neigh - bor; our home - land bright - ly gleams.



Make lib - er - ty a bea - con, strike down the i - ron pow'r;
 O great weav - er of our fab - ric, bind church and world in one;
 In - scribe our hearts with jus - tice; your way—the path un - tried;



a - bol - ish an - cient ven - geance: pro - claim your peo - ple's hour.
 dye our tex - ture with your ra - diance, light our col - ors with your sun.
 your truth—the heart of strang - er; your life—the Cru - ci - fied.