

How Can I Keep From Singing

GCD

Robert Lowry 1826-1899

1 I IV
My life flows on in endless song
I V
Above earth's lamentation.
I IV
I hear the real, though far off hymn
I V I
That hails the new creation
I
Above the tumult and the strife,
I V
I hear the music ringing;
I IV
It sounds an echo in my soul
I V I
How can I keep from singing?

2 What through the tempest loudly roars,
I hear the truth, it liveth.
What though the darkness round me close,
Songs in the night it giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love is lord of Heaven and earth
How can I keep from singing?

3 When tyrants tremble, sick with fear,
And hear their death-knell ringing,
When friends rejoice both far and near,
How can I keep from singing?
In prison cell and dungeon vile
Our thoughts to them are winging.
When friends by shame are undefiled,
How can I keep from singing?

Hymn 658 - As longs the deer for cooling streams

New Version of the Psalms of David, 1696;
paraphrase of Psalm 42:1-7

Martyrdom;
Melody & bass Hugh Wilson (1764-1824);
adapt. & harm. Robert Smith (1780-1829)


1 As longs the deer for cool - ing streams in parched and bar - ren ways,
2 For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, my thirst - y soul doth pine:
3 Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing

so longs my soul, O God, for thee and thy — re - fresh - ing grace.
O when shall I be - hold thy face, thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine?
the praise of him who is thy God, thy health's e - ter - nal spring.

One bread, one body

1 Corinthians 10:16, 17; 12:4; Galatians 3:28; *Didache* 9

John B. Foley, SJ (b. 1939)

Refrain 



One bread, one bod-y, one Lord of all, one cup of bless-ing which we bless. *Fine*

And we, though man-y, through-out the earth, we are one bod-y in this one Lord. *D.S. al Fine*

Verses



1 Gen-tile or Jew, ser-vant or free, wo-man or man, no more. One
2 Man-y the gifts, man-y the works, one in the Lord of all. One
3 Grain for the fields, scat-tered and grown, gath-ered to one for all.

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Hymn 204 - Now the green blade riseth

John Macleod Campbell Crum (1872-1958), alt.

Noel nouvelet;
medieval French carol



1 Now the green blade ris - eth from the__ bur - ied grain, wheat that in dark earth
2 In the grave they laid him, Love whom hate had slain, think - ing that nev - er
3 Forth he came at Eas - ter, like the__ ris - en grain, he__ that for three days
4 When our hearts are win - try, griev - ing,__ or in pain, thy__ touch can call us



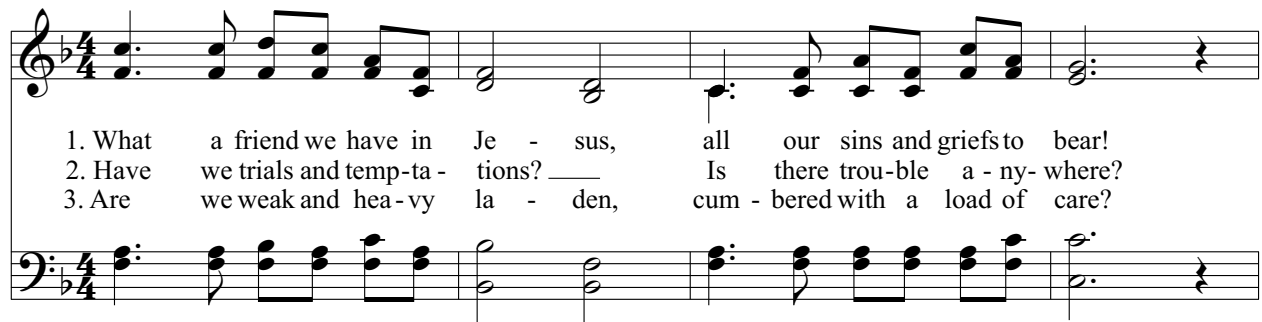
man - y__ days has lain; love lives a - gain, that with the dead has been:
he would wake a - gain, laid in the earth like grain that sleeps un - seen:
in the__ grave had lain, quick from the dead my ris - en Lord is seen:
back to__ life a - gain, fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:



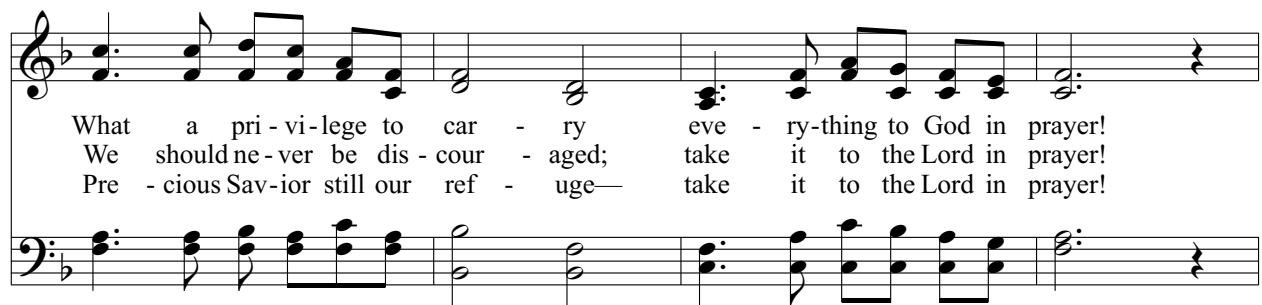
Love is come a - gain like wheat that__ spring - eth green.

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What a Friend We Have in Jesus



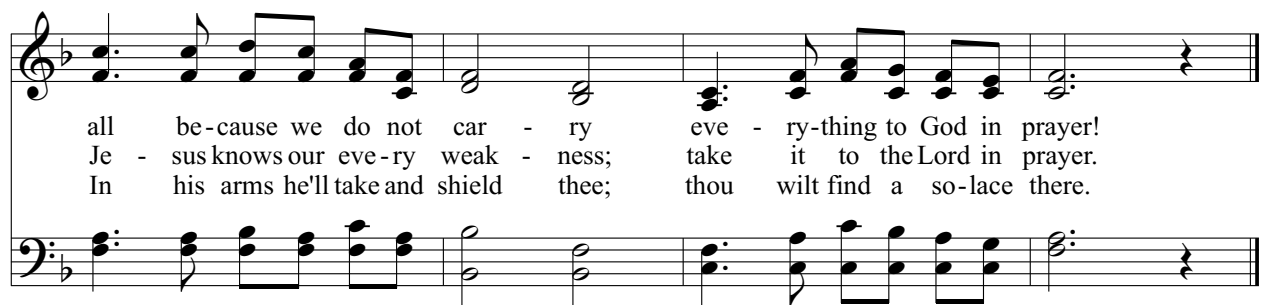
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we trials and temp-ta - tions? — Is there trou-ble a - ny-where?
 3. Are we weak and hea - vy la - den, cum - bered with a load of care?



What a pri - vi-lege to car - ry eve - ry-thing to God in prayer!
 We should ne - ver be dis - cour - aged; take it to the Lord in prayer!
 Pre - cious Sav-ior still our ref - uge— take it to the Lord in prayer!



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, oh, what need-less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful who will all our sor-rows share?
 Do thy friends des-pise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!



all be-cause we do not car - ry eve - ry-thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our eve - ry weak - ness; take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee; thou wilt find a so-lace there.

Text: Phil 4:6; Joseph M. Scriven, c1855.
 Tune: Charles C. Converse, 1868



87 87D
 CONVERSE

www.hymnary.org/text/what_a_friend_we_have_in_jesus_all_our_s

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Hymn 488 - Be thou my vision

Irish, ca. 700; versified Mary Elizabeth Byrne (1880-1931);
tr. Eleanor H. Hull (1860-1935), alt.

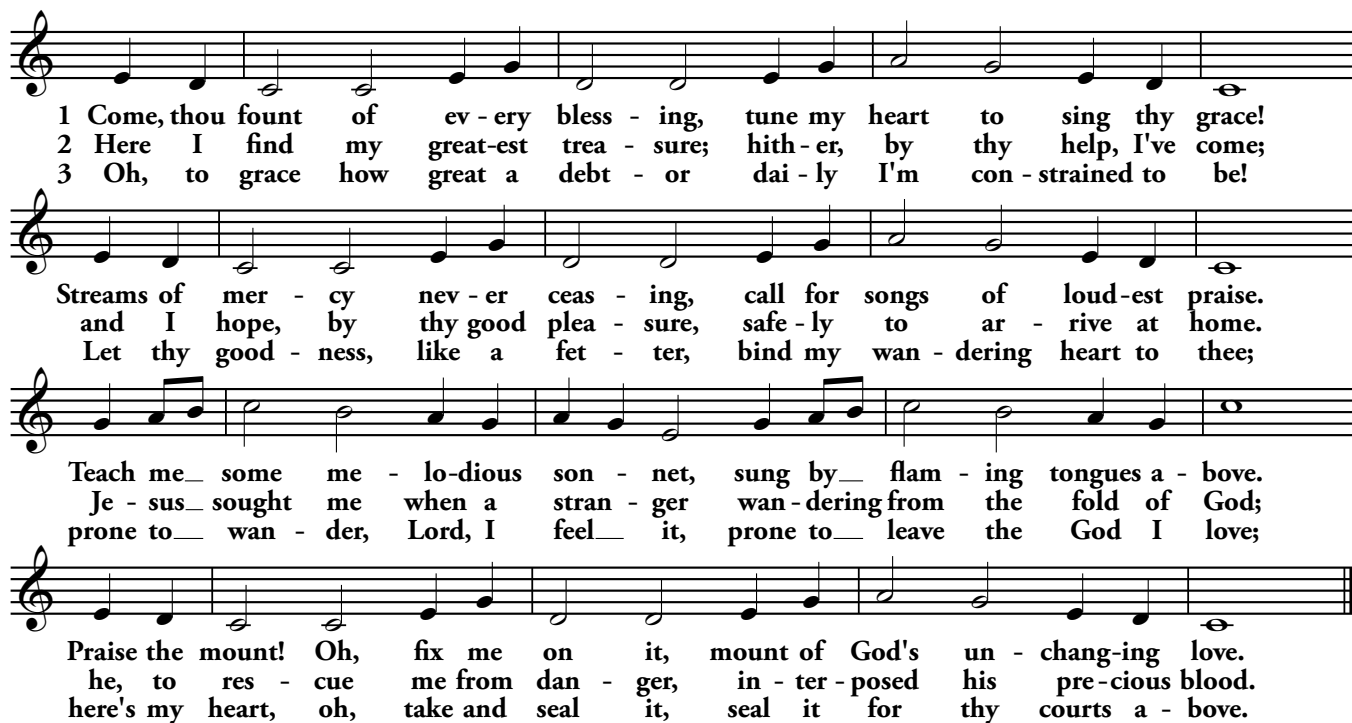
Slane, Irish ballad melody

1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;
3 High King of hea - ven, when vic - tory is won,
all else be nought to me, save that thou art—
I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
may I reach hea - ven's joys, bright hea - ven's Sun!
thou my best thought, by day or by night,
thou my great Fa - ther; thine own may I be;
Heart of my heart, what - ev - er be - fall,
wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
thou in me dwell - ing, and I one with thee.
still be my vi - sion, O Ru - ler of all.

Hymn 686 - Come, thou fount of every blessing

Robert Robinson (1735-1790), alt.

Nettleton,
from *A Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813



1 Come, thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace!
2 Here I find my great - est trea - sure; hith - er, by thy help, I've come;
3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!

Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to thee;

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger wan - dering from the fold of God;
prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount! Oh, fix me on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.