

When Long before Time

The Singer and the Song

861

1 When long be - fore time and the worlds were be - gun,
 2 The si - lence was bro - ken when God sang the Song,
 3 The sounds of the crea - tures were one with their Lord's,
 4 Though down through the a - ges the Song dis - ap - peared,

when there was no earth and no sky and no sun,
 and light pierced the dark - ness and rhy - thm be - gan,
 their har - mo - nies sweet and be - fit - ting the Word;
 its har - mo - nies bro - ken and al - most un - heard,

and all was deep si - lence and night reigned su - preme,
 and with its first birth - cries cre - a - tion was born,
 the Sing - er was pleased as the earth sang the Song,
 the Sing - er comes to us to sing it a - gain,

and e - ven our Mak - er had on - ly a dream—
 and crea - ture - ly voic - es sang praise to the morn.
 the choir of the crea - tures re - ech - oed it long.
 our God - is - with - us in the world now as then.

Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia with - out end!

The musical score is for a two-part setting of 'Al-le - lu - ia!'. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both parts are in a key with three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The melody features several triplet markings over eighth notes. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass line.

5 Give us lips to sing thy glory,
tongues thy mercy to proclaim,
throats that shout the hope that fills us,
mouths to speak thy holy name.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
May the light which thou dost send
fill our songs with alleluias,
alleluias without end!

6 God the Father, light-creator,
to thee laud and honor be.
To thee, Light of Light begotten,
praise be sung eternally.
Holy Spirit, light-revealer,
glory, glory be to thee.
Mortals, angels, now and ever
praise the holy Trinity!

Lord, Let My Heart Be Good Soil

512

Lord, let my heart be good soil, o-pen to the seed of your word.

Lord, let my heart be good soil, where love can grow and peace is un-der-stood.

When my heart is hard, break the stone a - way. When my heart is cold,

warm it with the day. When my heart is lost, lead me on your way.

Lord, let my heart, Lord, let my heart, Lord, let my heart be good soil.

The musical score is for a single-melody setting of 'Lord, Let My Heart Be Good Soil'. It is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F# major or C# minor). The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece ends with a final chord.

Text: Handt Hanson, b. 1950

Music: Handt Hanson

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GOOD SOIL
PM

Beautiful Savior

838

1 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, King of cre - a - tion,
 2 Fair are the mead - ows, fair are the wood - lands,
 3 Fair is the sun - shine, fair is the moon - light,
 4 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, Lord of the na - tions,

Son of God and Son of Man!
 robed in the flow'rs of spring;
 bright the spar - kling stars on high;
 Son of God and Son of Man!

Tru - ly I'd love thee, tru - ly I'd serve thee,
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er,
 Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er
 Glo - ry and hon - or, praise, ad - o - ra - tion,

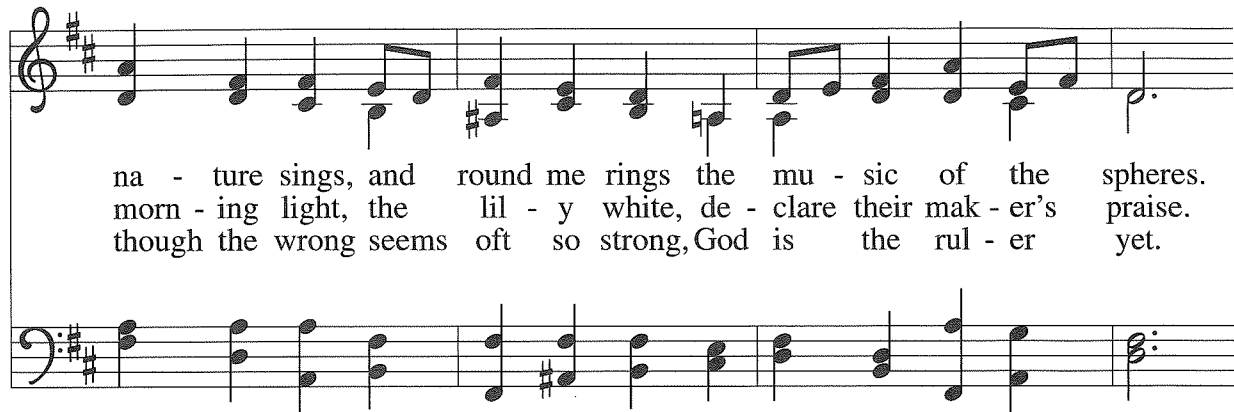
light of my soul, my joy, my crown.
 he makes our sor - rowing spir - it sing.
 than all the an - gels in the sky.
 now and for - ev - er - more be thine!

This Is My Father's World

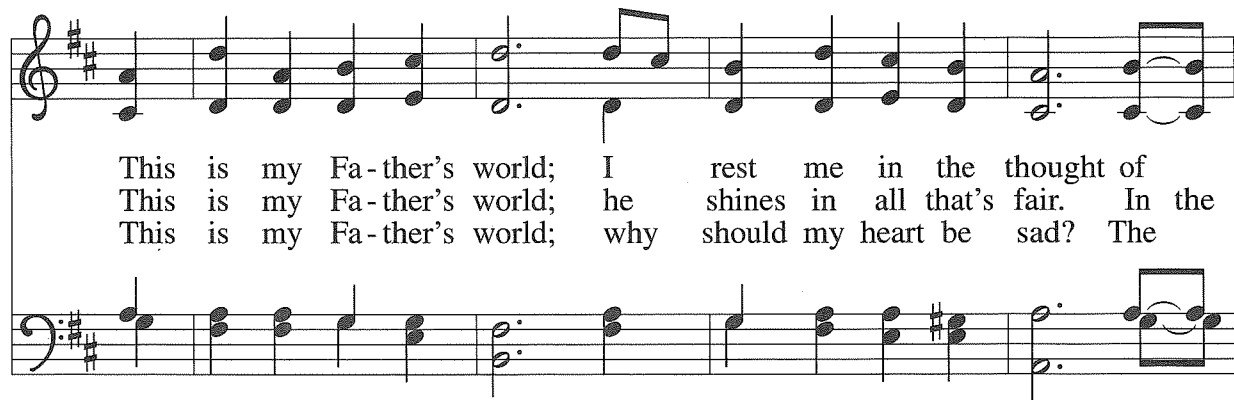
824



1 This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis-t'ning ears all
 2 This is my Fa-ther's world; the birds their car-ols raise; the
 3 This is my Fa-ther's world; oh, let me not for-get that,



na-ture sings, and round me rings the mu-sic of the spheres.
 morn-ing light, the lil-y white, de-clare their mak-er's praise.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the rul-er yet.



This is my Fa-ther's world; I rest me in the thought of
 This is my Fa-ther's world; he shines in all that's fair. In the
 This is my Fa-ther's world; why should my heart be sad? The



rocks and trees, of skies and seas; his hand the won-ders wrought.
 rus-tling grass I hear him pass; he speaks to me ev-'ry-where.
 Lord is king, let heav-en ring; God reigns, let earth be glad!

Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee

836

1 Joy - ful, joy - ful we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love!
 2 All thy works with joy sur - round thee, earth and heav'n re - flect thy rays,
 3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,

Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore thee, prais - ing thee, their sun a - bove.
 stars and an - gels sing a - round thee, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
 well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean - depth of hap - py rest!

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, drive the gloom of doubt a - way.
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, flow - ry mead - ow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our broth - er, all who live in love are thine;

Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day.
 chant - ing bird, and flow - ing foun - tain call us to re - joice in thee.
 teach us how to love each oth - er, lift us to the joy di - vine!