

## 667 When Morning Gilds the Skies

1 When morn - ing gilds the skies, my heart a - wak - ing  
 2 Does sad - ness fill my mind? A so - lace here I  
 3 Let earth's wide cir - cle round in joy - ful notes re -  
 4 Be this, while life is mine, my can - ti - cle di -

cries: may Je - sus Christ be praised! A -  
 find: may Je - sus Christ be praised! Or  
 sound: may Je - sus Christ be praised! Let  
 vine: may Je - sus Christ be praised! Be

like at work and prayer to Je - sus I re -  
 fades my earth - ly bliss? My com - fort still is  
 air and sea and sky from depth to height re -  
 this the e - ter - nal song through all the a - ges

pair: may Je - sus Christ be praised!  
 this: may Je - sus Christ be praised!  
 ply: may Je - sus Christ be praised!  
 long: may Je - sus Christ be praised!

This is not just a morning hymn, though this excerpt from an English translation of an early 19th-century German text may not convey how thoroughly the original deals with different kinds of time throughout the day. The tune was composed as a setting for this English text.

# When We Are Living 822

*Pues si vivimos*



1 When we are liv - ing, it is in Christ Je - sus,  
 2 Through all our liv - ing, we our fruits must give.  
 3 'Mid times of sor - row and in times of pain,  
 4 A - cross this wide world, we shall al - ways find

1 *Pues si vi - vi - mos, pa - ra Él vi - vi - mos,*  
 2 *En es - ta vi - da fru - tos hay que dar*  
 3 *En la tris - te - za y en el do - lor,*  
 4 *En es - te mun - do por do - quier ha - brá*



and when we're dy - ing, it is in the Lord.  
 Good works of ser - vice are for of - fer - ing.  
 when sens - ing beau - ty or in love's em-brace,  
 those who are cry - ing with no peace of mind,

*y si mo - ri - mos pa - ra Él mo - ri - mos.*  
*y bue - nas o - bras he - mos de o - fren - dar.*  
*en la be - lle - za y en el a - mor,*  
*gen - te que llo - ra y sin con - so - lar.*



Both in our liv - ing and in our dy - ing,  
 When we are giv - ing, or when re - ceiv - ing,  
 wheth - er we suf - fer, or sing re - joic - ing,  
 but when we help them, or when we feed them,

*Sea que vi - va - mos o que mu - ra - mos,*  
*Sea ya que de - mos o que re - ci - ba - mos,*  
*sea que su - fra - mos o que go - ce - mos,*  
*Sea que a - yu - de - mos o que a - li - men - te - mos,*



we be - long to God; we be - long to God.  
*so - mos del Se - ñor, so - mos del Se - ñor.*

This hymn began as an orally transmitted stanza reflecting on Romans 14:7–8 and was expanded by a Spanish-language hymnal committee to offer additional examples of the many dimensions of life, thereby strengthening the recurring affirmation that we belong to God through them all.

TEXT: Stanza 1, anon.; English trans. Elise S. Eslinger, 1983;  
 stanzas 2–4, Roberto Escamilla, 1983; English trans. George Lockwood, 1987  
 MUSIC: Spanish melody; arr. Barbara C. Mink, 1988

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 Spanish Text Sts. 2–4 © 1983 Abingdon Press (admin. The Copyright Company)  
 Music Arr. © 1988 Barbara C. Mink (admin. Community of Christ)

SOMOS DEL SEÑOR  
 10.10.10.10

# Take My Life 697



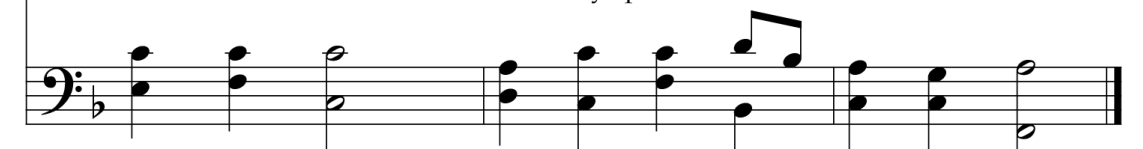
1 Take my life and let it be con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;  
 2 Take my hands and let them move at the im - pulse of thy love;  
 3 Take my voice and let me sing al - ways, on - ly, for my King;  
 4 Take my sil - ver and my gold; not a mite would I with - hold;



take my mo - ments and my days; let them flow in  
 take my feet and let them be swift and beau - ti -  
 take my lips and let them be filled with mes - sa -  
 take my in - tel - lect and use ev - ery power as



cease - less praise; let them flow in cease - less praise.  
 ful for thee, swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.  
 ges from thee, filled with mes - sa - ges from thee.  
 thou shalt choose, ev - ery power as thou shalt choose.



5 Take my will and make it thine;  
 it shall be no longer mine.  
 Take my heart, it is thine own;  
 it shall be thy royal throne,  
 it shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
 at thy feet its treasure store;  
 take myself and I will be  
 ever, only, all for thee,  
 ever, only, all for thee.

This hymn of consecration radiates from the repeated word “take,” resulting in a remarkably full survey of a person’s attributes and possessions and giving weight to the “all” at the end. The composer of the tune was influential in the renewal of Reformed hymnody in French.

TEXT: Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874  
 MUSIC: H. A. César Malan, 1827

HENDON  
 7.7.7.7