

429 As a Chalice Cast of Gold



- 1 As a chal - ice cast of gold, bur - nished, bright and
- 2 Save me from the sooth - ing sin of the emp - ty
- 3 When I bend up - on my knees, clasp my hands, or
- 4 When I dance or chant your praise, when I sing a

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

This prayerful text is based on Mark 7:1–8, 14–15, 21–23, where Jesus teaches that external religious observances are much less important than purity of heart. The tune was composed at the same time as part of a collaborative effort to create new hymns for a seminary community.

CONFESSION

Em F# Bm D G E

brimmed with wine, make me, Lord, as fit to hold grace and
 cul - tic deed and the pi - ous, bab - bling din of the
 bow my head, let my spo - ken, pub - lic pleas be di -
 psalm or hymn, when I preach your lov - ing ways, let my

F#m A E7 A A7 Bm D

truth and love di - vine. Let my praise and
 claimed but un - lived creed. Let my ac - tions,
 rect - ly, sim - ply said, free of tan - gled
 heart add its A - men. Let each cher - ished

G A D A7 D

wor - ship start with the cleans - ing of my heart.
 Lord, ex - press what my tongue and lips pro - fess.
 words that mask what my soul would plain - ly ask.
 out - ward rite thus re - flect your in - ward light.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee 829

1 My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2 May thy rich grace im - part strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3 While life's dark maze I tread and griefs a - round me spread,
 4 When ends life's tran - sient dream, when death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; take all my
 my zeal in - spire; as thou hast died for me, O may my
 be thou my guide; bid dark - ness turn to day; wipe sor - row's
 shall o'er me roll; blest Sav - ior, then, in love, fear and dis -

guilt a - way; O let me from this day be whol - ly thine!
 love to thee pure, warm, and change - less be, a liv - ing fire!
 tears a - way; nor let me ev - er stray from thee a - side.
 trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, a ran - somed soul!

Originally a poem of private reflection, this text was offered to the composer when he asked the author if he had written anything that could be set to music for a new hymn and tune collection. This was the first tune written for these words and has proved the most enduring.