

# We Praise You, O God 612

1 We praise you, O God, our Re - deem - er, Cre - a - tor;  
 2 We wor - ship you, God of our fa - thers and moth - ers;  
 3 With voic - es u - nit - ed our prais - es we of - fer

in grate - ful de - vo - tion our trib - ute we bring.  
 through tri - al and tem - pest our guide you have been.  
 and glad - ly our songs of thanks - giv - ing we raise.


We lay it be - fore you; we kneel and a - dore you;  
 When per - ils o'er - take us, you will not for - sake us,  
 With you, Lord, be - side us, your strong arm will guide us.

we bless your ho - ly name; glad prais - es we sing.  
 and with your help, O Lord, our strug - gles we win.  
 To you, our great Re - deem - er, for - ev - er be praise!

The author wrote this text when only nineteen years old in response to a request from the organist of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City, who wanted another Thanksgiving text to sing to this Dutch tune. He regarded the usual text (see no. 336) as too full of conflict.


## Be Thou My Vision

Capo 1: (D) E<sup>b</sup> (G) A<sup>b</sup> (D/F#) E<sup>b</sup>/G (A7) B<sup>b</sup>7 (D) E<sup>b</sup>




1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;  
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true Word;  
 3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise;  
 4 High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

(A) B<sup>b</sup> (D) E<sup>b</sup> (G) A<sup>b</sup> (A) B<sup>b</sup>




naught be all else to me, save that thou art;  
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;  
 thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;  
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

(G) A<sup>b</sup> (D) E<sup>b</sup> (F#m7) Gm7 (G) A<sup>b</sup> (A) B<sup>b</sup>



thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
 thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tower;  
 thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,  
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

(Bm) Cm (D/F#) E<sup>b</sup>/G (G) A<sup>b</sup> (D) E<sup>b</sup>

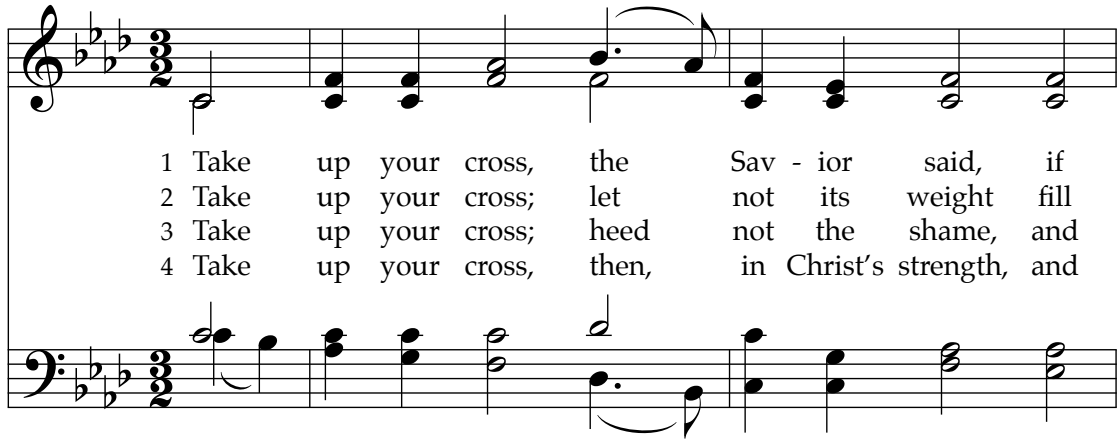


wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.  
 raise thou me heaven - ward, O Power of my power.  
 High King of Heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.  
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

*Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.*

These stanzas are selected from a 20th-century English poetic version of an Irish monastic prayer dating to the 10th century or before. They are set to an Irish folk melody that has proved popular and easily sung despite its lack of repetition and its wide range.

# Take Up Your Cross, the Savior Said 718



1 Take up your cross, the Sav - ior said, if  
 2 Take up your cross; let not its weight fill  
 3 Take up your cross; heed not the shame, and  
 4 Take up your cross, then, in Christ's strength, and



you would my dis - ci - ple be; take up your cross with  
 your weak spir - it with a - larm; Christ's strength shall bear your  
 let your fool - ish pride be still; the Lord for you ac -  
 calm - ly ev - ery dan - ger brave: it guides you to a -



will - ing heart, and hum - bly fol - low af - ter me.  
 spir - it up and brace your heart and nerve your arm.  
 cept - ed death up - on a cross, on Cal - vary's hill.  
 bun - dant life and leads to vic - tory o'er the grave.

Written by a nineteen-year-old in Connecticut, this challenging text has been widely printed on both sides of the Atlantic. It is strengthened by its resolute repetition of the same four words at the beginning of each stanza and by the appropriately stark shape note tune.