

# Consecration

Tr. <sup>5</sup> <sup>10</sup>

1. Change me, O God; my flesh shall be An in - stru - ment of praise to thee, And thou the song inspire: My  
 2. It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore, That I have lived to Thee no more, And wasted half my days; My

T. <sup>8</sup>

3. What are my eyes, but aids to see The glo - ries of the De - i - ty Inscribed with beams of light On  
 4. Mine ears are raised when Virgil sings Si - ci - lian swains or Tro - jan kings, And drink the mu - sic in: Why

B.

Tr. <sup>15</sup> <sup>20</sup>

1. tongue shall keep the heav'n-ly chime, My cheerful pulse shall beat the time, And sweet va - ri - e - ty, va -  
 2. inward powers shall burn and flame With zeal and passion for Thy name: I would not speak but for, not

T. <sup>8</sup>

3. flowers and stars? Lord, I be - hold The shining a - zure, green, and gold; But when I try to read, I  
 4. should the trumpet's bra - zen voice, Or oa - ten reed, a - wake my joys, Yet my heart so stupid, heart

B.

1. And sweet \_\_\_\_\_ va -  
 2. I would \_\_\_\_\_ not  
 3. But when \_\_\_\_\_ I  
 4. Yet when \_\_\_\_\_ my

Tr. <sup>25</sup> 1. 2.

1. - ri - e - ty of sound Shall in thy praise conspire. My  
 2. speak but for my God, Nor move but to his praise. My

T. <sup>8</sup>

3. try to read Thy name, A dimness veils my sight. On  
 4. so stupid does lie When sacred hymns begin? Why

B.

1. - ri - e - ty of sound Shall in thy praise conspire. My  
 2. speak but for my God, Nor move but to his praise. My  
 3. try to read Thy name, A dimness veils my sight. On  
 4. heart so stu - pid lie When sacred hymns begin? Why