

# Consecration

Tr. 5 10 15  
1. Change me, O God; my flesh shall be An in - stru - ment of praise to thee, And thou the song inspire: My tongue shall keep the heav'n-ly  
2. It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore, That I have lived to Thee no more, And wasted half my days; My in ward powers shall burn and

T.  
3. What are my eyes, but aids to see The glo - ries of the De - i - ty Inscribed with beams of light On flowers and stars? Lord, I be -  
4. Mine ears are raised when Virgil sings Si - ci - lian swains or Tro- jan kings, And drink the mu - sic in: Why should the trumpet's bra - zen

B.

Tr. 20 25 1. 2.  
chime, My cheerful pulse shall beat the time, And sweet va - ri - e - ty, va - ri - e - ty of sound Shall in thy praise conspire. My  
flame With zeal and passion for Thy name: I would not speak but for, not speak but for my God, Nor move but to his praise. My

T.  
8 -hold The shining azure, green, and gold; But when I try to read, I try to read Thy name, A dimness veils my sight. On  
voice, Or oaten reed, a - wake my joys, Yet my heart so stupid, heart so stupid does lie When sacred hymns begin? Why

B.

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|--------------------|--|
| 1. And sweet _____ | va - ri - e - ty of sound Shall in thy praise conspire. My |
| 2. I would _____   | not speak but for my God, Nor move but to his praise. My   |
| 3. But when _____  | I try to read Thy name, A dimness veils my sight. On       |
| 4. Yet when _____  | my heart so stu - pid lie When sacred hymns begin? Why     |