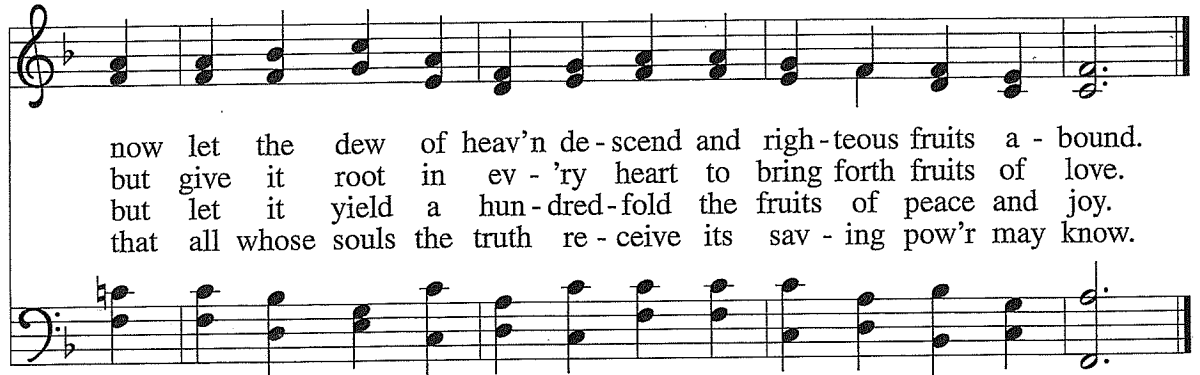


1 Al - might - y God, your word is cast like seed in - to the ground;
 2 Let not the sly sa - tan - ic foe this ho - ly seed re - move,
 3 Let not the world's de - ceit - ful cares the ris - ing plant de - stroy,
 4 So when the pre - cious seed is sown, life - giv - ing grace be - stow,



now let the dew of heav'n de - scend and righ - teous fruits a - bound.
 but give it root in ev - 'ry heart to bring forth fruits of love.
 but let it yield a hun - dred - fold the fruits of peace and joy.
 that all whose souls the truth re - ceive its sav - ing pow'r may know.

Text: John Cawood, 1775-1852, alt.
 Music: J. Day, *Psalter*, 1562

ST. FLAVIAN
 CM

400

God of Tempest, God of Whirlwind

1 God of tem - pest, God of whirl-wind, as on Pen - te -
 2 God of blaz - ing, God of burn - ing, all that blocks your
 3 God of earth - quake, God of thun - der, shake us loose from
 4 God of pas - sion, God un - sleep - ing, stir in us love's

cost de - scend! Drive us out from shel - tered com - fort;
 pur - pose, purge! Through your church, Christ's liv - ing Bod - y,
 leth - ar - gy! Break the chains of sin a - sun - der,
 rest - less - ness! Where the peo - ple cry in an - guish,

past these walls your peo - ple send! Sweep us in - to cost - ly ser - vice,
 let your flam - ing Spir - it surge! Where de - ceit con - ceals in - jus - tice,
 for earth's heal - ing set us free! Crum - ble walls that still di - vide us;
 may we share your heart's dis - tress. Rouse us from con - tent with e - vil;

there with Christ to bear the cross, there with Christ to bear the cross!
 kin - dle us to speak your truth, kin - dle us to speak your truth!
 make us one in Christ our Lord, make us one in Christ our Lord!
 claim us for your king - dom's work, claim us for your king - dom's work!

My Life Flows On in Endless Song

763

1 My life flows on in end - less song; a - bove earth's lam - en - ta - tion,
 2 Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear that mu - sic ring - ing.
 3 What though my joys and com - forts die? The Lord my Sav - ior liv - eth.
 4 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a foun - tain ev - er spring - ing!

I catch the sweet, though far - off hymn that hails a new cre - a - tion.
 It finds an ech - o in my soul. How can I keep from sing - ing?
 What though the dark - ness gath - er round? Songs in the night he giv - eth.
 All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from sing - ing?

Refrain

No storm can shake my in - most calm while to that Rock I'm cling - ing.

Since Christ is Lord of heav - en and earth, how can I keep from sing - ing?