

I'll Sing Your Praise

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Uplifting Original Music from Michael Krigline and Friends

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Earthen Vessels (written May '91 to Aug '92, Columbia, SC)

From earthen pit He took me;
My grime He washed away;
The Potter lumped me on His shelf
To watch & hope & pray.
What an honor just to sit there,
Midst treasures by the score:
But soon He placed me on His wheel
To sit unused no more.

At first I spun in terror.
"Don't change me, Sir," I cried.
But as He worked with skill & grace
My fear gave way to pride.
A spout—a handle; "Now I see!"
"I'll be the toast of men!"
But hopes were dashed
And faith was born
As He started over again.

Someday I'll be more useful,
Once fire and glaze make strong:
The Potter's seal will give me worth;
His praise will be my song.
Until then I need not worry,
Though He change me every day,
For I've come to know
The Potter's touch
And I trust Him with the clay.

He seeks out those abandoned,
Filling downcast hearts with zeal.
Broken vessels are His pride—
They show His power to heal.
When days at last are endless,
And the Potter's wheel is still,
His glory shall abide in me
and all who did His will.

(chorus)

God puts His treasure in earthen vessels; Christ pours His power through jars made clean each day.
May I be sanctified, that Jesus be glorified, Through this chosen vessel made of clay.

Where is Your Jerusalem (Oct '98 for the Chinese Christian Church of Columbia, SC)

"But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be witnesses to Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the earth." Jesus (Acts 1:8) "And behold, I am coming quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give to every one according to his work." Jesus (Rev 22:12)

Oh where is your Jerusalem?
It's so close, it can't be ignored.
Who lives in your Jerusalem?
Do they know the Lord?
The place where you work, your classroom at school, your
neighborhood, or even your own home . . .
Lift your eyes to your Jerusalem—
For it's there you'll find your reward.

Do you pray for your Jerusalem?
Have you brought this place to the Lord?
May His kingdom come, His will be done; May His reign be
restored!
The people at work, your classmates at school,
your family and friends need His love . . .
Lift your prayers for your Jerusalem—
For it's there you'll find your reward.

So go to your Jerusalem!
Do not fear; His Word is your sword! His atoning blood can
set them free; Tell them of your Lord!
Show mercy and love to the people you know;
your life may be the only light they see . . .
Shine your light in your Jerusalem—
For it's there you'll find your reward.

God's Chosen Instruments (April '89, Columbia, SC)

The choir of Heaven had gathered
in glory to sing for the King;
A legion of angels, with practiced precision,
in unison started to sing.
And the song of praise brought joy to His heart
through these voices, so pure, He had made;
But where was the harmony—the variety?

So treasures of silver and gold were collected
and brought to His seat.
The angels said, "Take these and fashion
an orchestra worthy to play at Your feet."
"No, take My love," God said,
"to the wood and the clay and fashion an orchestra there."
"Yes I know the cost to redeem what seems lost..."

So often I feel out of tune,
unworthy to join in His song.
In public I often sing flat,
and in practice my mind just wanders along.
At times I screech when He tightens my strings
and complain when He changes my part
But oh what a joy to see what He does through me

(chorus)

God's chosen instruments are made out of wood and clay; with reeds that are fragile and thin, and strings that are hard to play.
But oh what a sweet harmony they bring when the Son starts to play and sing
The music of Heaven, through God's chosen instruments.

Return to Me (Song for a Wayward Son) (Aug to Sept '86, Xiamen, China)

"Return to Me" is based on one of Jesus' stories—Luke 15:11—that reminds us of God's great love, even for the "children" who have forgotten about His love.

How long has it been my son? It seems a thousand years;
As the sunset turns to darkness once again.
Though my arms still long to hold you—
My tears still fall like rain,
The sadness and the distance still remain.
All around entreat me to give up on you my son,
"He never will return," I hear them say.
But I won't cease to love you, though all others turn away.
And I pray that you'll come home again someday.

My son can't you remember the love in which you grew;
So much was yours, why did you turn from me?
Oh I've sent a thousand letters, I've prayed as many prayers
As there are grains of sand beside the sea.
My servants went to find you, to ask you to return;
It grieved my heart to hear what they had found.
But though your sins be red as scarlet I'd take you back today
Without question if you'd only turn around.

Don't you know I love you? If you'd only turn around
You'd see that I've been waiting all along
To forgive the sins that plague you,
to dry your tears away,
To fill you with my love and make you strong.
And can't you hear me calling? You need not be afraid;
Son, I'd give my very life to make you free.
And even if it takes a lifetime, I'll watch expectantly
With my eyes on the horizon, for you to return to me.

This Moment

(Yom Kippur, Oct '95, Columbia, SC)
Looking back on yesterday brings joy and tears;
Days when faith was strong;
Days when things went wrong, all woven into years.
As memories come and go,
I know the spotlight does not last;
Yesterday is gone; each day I must press on;
I can't live in the past.

Song of the Nations (July '97, Columbia, SC) Text from Malachi 1:11 & Revelation 7:9,10

My Name will be great among the nations, From the rising to the setting of the sun;
In every place, pure offerings will be brought to My Name, For My Name will be great among the nations.
I saw a great multitude, no one could count, From every nation, tribe and tongue,
Wearing robes, pure white, and waving branches of palm, singing: "Salvation belongs to the Lamb!"

*I have this moment, sent fresh from Heaven
To enter Your presence and drink of your grace
So I lift my heart to You, here in this moment
My heart finds peace anew, just to be with You,
Here in this place.*

Misty days I've yet to see hold hopes and fears.
Will I win the race; what trials will I face,
As days turn into years?
But I choose not to fret, content to know you walk with me.
A child of Abraham, I serve the Great "I AM",
Not "I WAS" or "WILL BE"

What Do You See (July '99, Tianjin, China)

What do you see when you look at me?
Does our presence bring questions to mind?
Why'd we come here where so much is "strange"
And leave our nice lifestyle behind?
Well, if you'll take a moment to listen
The answers you seek may be found;
For I'll tell you the story of someone
Whose life has turned our lives around.

He once lived in glorious splendor
With servants and riches and lands,
But word reached his ear, in that home on the hill,
That my ancestors needed a hand.
So he left all he had just to serve them.
He came humbly, to teach and to guide.
He ate what they ate, and wore what they wore,
And his words touched them deeply inside.

He told them that heaven was watching
For ways to show love every day.
He said that forgiveness is life's greatest prize
And it's only a short prayer away.
Not everyone cared for his teaching
So some nailed his hands to a tree;
He died for our sin, but soon rose again
To offer us eternity.

Now this brings me back to the present—
To the purpose and peace we have found
In following Jesus' example
Since he's turned our own lives around.
We hope you've been blessed by our labor—
We've loved making friends with you here—
But we're just passing on the example we've found
In the life of this friend we hold dear.

They Found Christmas (Dec '01, Shanghai, China)

Something in heaven... a new star shining bright
Drew the wise men, who journeyed many nights
After asking kings and prophets,
and going where they told
With bended knee and joyful hearts,
they offered gifts of gold

They found Christmas,
when they looked with all their heart
A Word from Heaven told them where to start
And from that moment nothing on earth
could outshine or erase
The Christmas peace and love they found
when they looked on Jesus' face

Simeon waited... praying night and day
To see God's Promise, before he passed away.
When Mary came, the Spirit called this man
to turn his face
And see God's revelation—a Light for every Race

He found Christmas...
He'd heard the whispers... King Herod was afraid
Maybe this Baby would take his place one day
He thought that swords could stop the God
who'd made both Earth and Space
And many died, as did a king who chose
to turn from Grace.

One Church (May '01 for anniversary of Heng Shan International Community Church, Shanghai, China)

From many lands and many races
With different flags and different faces
We're here to lift the One who makes us one
No one denomination can hold us
No single race or nation, enfold us
We come not to embrace a cause
We're here to love our Father and our King...

ONE LORD Jesus Christ—God's only Son
ONE FAITH God's gift of grace and hope
ONE CUP Forgiveness by the blood of Jesus Christ
ONE GOD Father, Son and Holy Ghost
ONE CREED Jesus Christ is Lord
ONE CHURCH, COMMISSIONED TO EMBRACE THE LOST
AND CALLED TO GLORIFY OUR GOD

I Want to Thank You

(June '90, Columbia, SC) (Meditation from Colossians, created during Michael Card's class—Christ and the Creative Process—at Columbia Int'l University)

Father, I thank You, as your Word stirs my heart,
To remember before You all the good You impart;
From the wonders of Nature, to the Gift of Your Son,
Lord, I thank You for all You have done!

From the kingdom of darkness, You rescued my soul;
Your grace made me holy, Your love made me whole!
You chose and empow'ered me with comfort to share,
As a mirror the image I bear.

I thank You for Jesus, who created all things,
From the air that I breathe to the song I now sing.
In His cross, You have vanquished the powers of sin!
I have hope for I'm hidden in Him!

I know that my song would sound hollow above
If my life here below doesn't ring with Your love.
Only grace by faith saved me, by the same help me live,
In the wisdom and power You give.

My Life, My Love, My Lord

(Thanksgiving Day, Nov '86, Xiamen, China)

More than just a part of me
Source of all I hope to be
You're the very heart in me
My life, my love, my Lord

Oh what grace and love divine
Filled me when You made me Thine
Such a treasure words can't define
My life, my love my Lord

So I come to sing a song
In your presence where I belong
I'll be Yours my whole life long
My life, my love, my Lord

He missed Christmas, for he looked without his heart
Ignoring Heaven, who'd told him where to start
And from that moment nothing on earth
could cancel his disgrace
Or bring the Peace he could have found,
if he'd looked on Jesus face.
**Christmas offers all of us a chance to win or lose
and who we are forever depends on what we choose...**

My Friend was reading... Matthew Chapter two
His heart caught fire... like mine, when these words were new
Wise men sought Him, and found great joy;
now we've done the same
'Cause we've found Jesus' greatest gift: salvation in His Name

We found Christmas...

Jing Ye Si 静夜思 李白 (poem by Li Bai, 701-762AD; music by Michael Krigline, 1985, Xiamen, China)

When our teacher told us to memorize this famous Tang Dynasty poem (about homesickness), I had to set it to music in order to succeed! Our Chinese friends asked me to include it on this CD. Doesn't this Chinese erhu sound beautiful!

床前明月光，疑是地上霜。举头望明月，低头思故乡。

Reminiscence in a Quiet Night (translation by Jin Lei)

Silver moonlight spread alongside my couch. That confused me as frozen dew.
Raising my head I saw the bright moon hanging in the sky.
Bowing my head I reminisced about my home far away.

You (Sept '86, from HK to Xiamen--on a very rocky ship in the tail of a typhoon)

You, who rebuked the wind, and the waves were gone
You who walked upon the raging sea
You who spoke to thousands from a boat in Galilee
Bring Your calm and teach Your words to me.

You who healed the lame so he could rise and walk
You who touched the blind so he could see
You who made the deaf man to hear Your loving voice
I want to hear and see and follow Thee.

You who put Your priceless truth in pots of clay
You who died to take away my shame
You who rose from death that I might evermore be free
I thank you and I praise Your Holy Name.

(chorus)

I'll follow if You rebuke the waves, I'll follow through the storm; I only ask that You be at the helm.
Take the wheel, I give it Lord, I'll go where e're You lead. Just make my life acceptable to Thee.

I'll Sing Your Praise (1985 Xiamen, China; Chinese translation by Jin Lei)

The sunshine brings Your warmth to me;
The clouds speak of Your majesty;
I feel Your joy in the rain.
Your peace comes with the evening hush;
The wind is just Your loving touch.
From ocean waves to mountain peaks
Creation speaks of Your love and care for me.

So I'll sing Your praise, Both now and through eternal days!
O wondrous God of Love and Might, my soul's delight,
I'm filled with love for Thee!
So I'll sing Your praise; Before all heaven Your anthem raise!
Source of life and Prince of Peace, I'll never cease
to sing the glories of Your name.

阳光带来你的温暖
云层诉说着你的威严
在雨中我找到你的欢乐。
你的和平在夜晚降临
你博爱的轻风吹拂我
从深海到山峰万物在述说
你给我的爱和关怀。

用歌声赞美你 这歌声永远不停息
慈爱的万能的神我心灵的欢乐
我怎能不深爱你
用歌声赞美你 让天上造物都能听见
生命的源泉和平的君主
我永不放弃用歌声赞美你的名。

Michael Krigline is an American who teaches English in China. **SPECIAL THANKS** goes to Vivian & Andrew Krigline for their support throughout the LONG process of recording this music. I love you! We also thank the People of China for providing such a nice studio and giving us the chance to live/work here!