

AMERICAN CATHOLIC MISSAL

EDITION 2.6.2015

ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT



# HYMNS

## 1

1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed, that man to  
 2. Who was the guil - ty? Whobrought this up - on thee? A - las, my  
 3. Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered; Theslavehath  
 4. For me, kind Je - sus, was thy in - car - na - tion, thy mor - tal  
 5. Therefore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee, I do a -

judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,  
 trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,  
 sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; For our a - tone - ment,  
 sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of an - guish  
 dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy pit - y

by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flic - ted.  
 I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.  
 while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.  
 and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.  
 and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

HERZLIEBSTER JESU, 11 11 11, 5. : JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640  
 TEXT: JOHANN HEERMANN (1585-1647)  
 TR. ROBERT SEYMOUR BRIDGES (1844-1930)

1 On - ly - Be - got - ten, Word of God e - ter - nal,  
 2 This is thy tem - ple; here thy pres - ence - cham - ber;  
 3 Here in our sick - ness heal - ing grace a - boun - deth,  
 4 Hal - lowed this dwel - ling where the Lord a - bi - deth,  
 5 God in three Per - sons, Fath - er ev - er - last - ing,

Lord of Cre - a - tion, mer - ci - ful and  
 Here may thy ser - vants, at the mys - tic  
 Light in our blind - ness, in our toil re -  
 This is none oth - er than the gate of  
 Son co - e - ter - nal, ev - er bles - sèd

migh - ty, List to thy ser - vants, when their tune - ful  
 ban - quiet, Hum - bly a - dor - ing, take thy Bo - dy  
 fresh - ment; Sin is for - gi - ven, hope o'er fear pre -  
 Hea - ven; Stran - gers and pil - grims, mak - ing homes e -  
 Spi - rit, Thine be the glo - ry, praise and a - do -

voi - ces Rise to thy pres - - - ence.  
 bro - ken, Drink of thy chal - - - ice.  
 vail - eth, Joy o - ver sor - - - row.  
 ter - nal, Pass through its por - - - tals.  
 ra - tion, Now and for - ev - - - er.

ROUEN  
 9TH CENTURY, LATIN  
 UNISON, WITH DIGNITY

# ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

TUNE: IRBY, 87. 87. 77.; HENRY J. GAUNTLETT (1805-1876), 1858

TEXT: CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1818-1895) IN *HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN*, 1848

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y  
2. He came down to earth from heav - en,  
3. And through all His won - drous child - hood  
4. For he is our child - hood's pat - tern;

Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed, Where a moth - er  
Who is God and Lord of all, And His shel - ter  
He would hon - or and o - bey, Love and watch the  
Day by day, like us He grew; He was lit - tle,

laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:  
was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall;  
low - ly mai - den, In whose gen - tle arms He lay:  
weak and help - less, Tears and smiles like us He knew;

Ma - ry was that moth - er mild,  
 With the poor, and mean, and low - ly,  
 Chris - tian chil - dren all must be  
 And He feel - eth for our sad - ness,

Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.  
 Lived on earth our Sa - vior ho - ly.  
 Mild, o - be - dient, good as He.  
 And He shar - eth in our glad - ness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
 Through His own re-deem-ing love;  
 For that Child so dear and gen-tle  
 Is our Lord in heaven a-bove,  
 And He leads His chil-dren on  
 To the place where He is gone.

6. Not in that poor lowly stable,  
 With the oxen standing by,  
 We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
 Set at God's right hand on high;  
 Where like stars His children crowned<sup>2</sup>  
 All in white shall wait around.

# ON THIS DAY, O BEAUTIFUL MOTHER

ROHR'S CATHOLIC MELODIES  
LOUIS LAMBILLOTTE, SJ.

On this day, O beau - ti - ful Mo - ther, On this day we give thee our

love. Near thee, Ma - don - na, fond - ly we ho - ver, Trust - ing thy gen - tle

*Fine*

care to prove. 1 On this day we ask to share, Dear - est  
2 Queen of an - gels, deign to hear Lisp - ing  
3 Rose of Sha - ron, Lov - ely flow'r, Beau - teous  
4 In\_vain the flow'rs of love we bring, In\_vain sweet  
5 Fast our days of life we run, Soon the

Mo - ther, thy sweet care; Aid us ere our feet a -  
child - ren's hum - ble prayer; Young hearts gain, O vir - gin  
bud of e - den's bow'r. Cher - ished li - ly of the  
mus - ic's note we sing, If con - trite heart and low - ly  
night of death will come; Tower of strength in that dread

*D.S. al Fine*

stray Wan - der from thy guid - ing way.  
pure, Sweet - ly to thy - self al - lure.  
vale, Vir - gin Moth - er' Queen we hail.  
pray'r, - Guide\_not our gifts to thy bright sphere  
hour, Come with all thy gen - tle power.

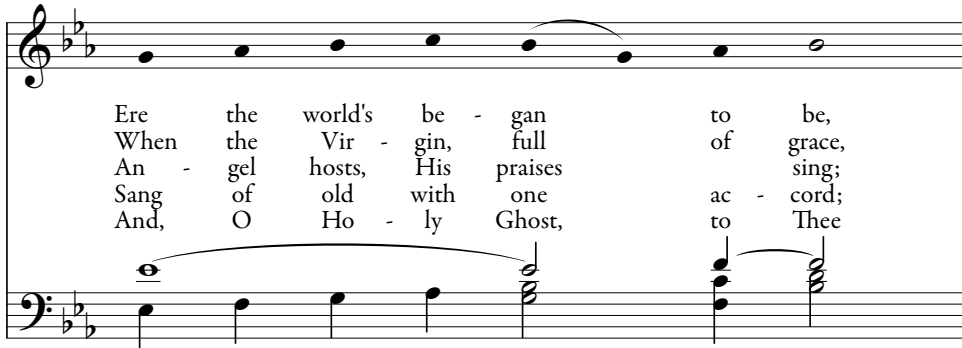


# OF THE FATHER'S LOVE BEGOTTEN

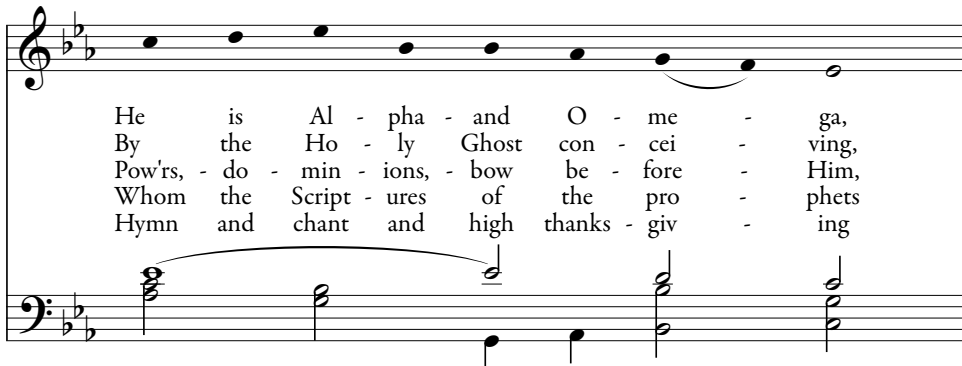
DIVINUM MYSTERIUM  
AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS



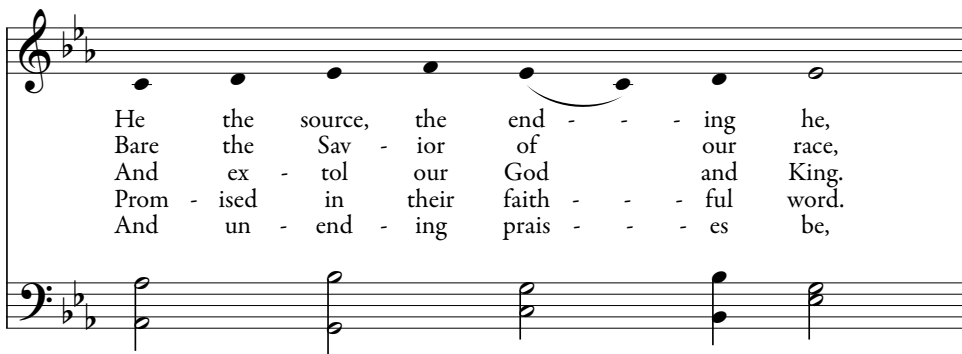
1 Of the Fath - er's love be - got - ten,  
2 Oh, that birth for - ev - er bles - sed  
3 O ye heights of heav'n, a - dore Him;  
4 This is He whom Heav'n - taught - sin - gers  
5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Fath - er,



Ere the world's be - gan to be,  
When the Vir - gin, full of grace,  
An - gel hosts, His praises sing;  
Sang of old with one ac - cord;  
And, O Ho - ly Ghost, to Thee



He is Al - pha - and O - me - ga,  
By the Ho - ly Ghost con - cei - ving,  
Pow'rs, - do - min - ions, - bow be - fore - Him,  
Whom the Script - ures of the pro - phets  
Hymn and chant and high thanks - giv - ing



He the source, the end - - - ing he,  
Bare the Sav - ior of our race,  
And ex - tol - our God and King.  
Prom - ised in their faith - - - ful word.  
And un - end - ing prais - - - es be,

Of the things that are, that have - - - been,  
 And the Babe, the world's Re - deem - - - er,  
 Let no tongue on earth be si - - - lent,  
 Now He shines, the Long - ex - spect - - - ed;  
 Hon - or, glo - ry, and do - mi - - - nion,

and that fu - ture years shall see,  
 First re - vealed His sac - red face  
 Ev - ery voice in con - cert ring  
 Let cre - a - tion praise its Lord  
 And e - ter - nal vic - to - ry

Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.  
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.

# O SAVING VICTIM

O SALUTAIRS HOSTIA A. WERNE  
ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

1 O sav - ing Vict - im, o - pen wide  
2 To your great Name be end - less praise;  
1 O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a  
2 U - ni - tri - no - que Do - mi - no

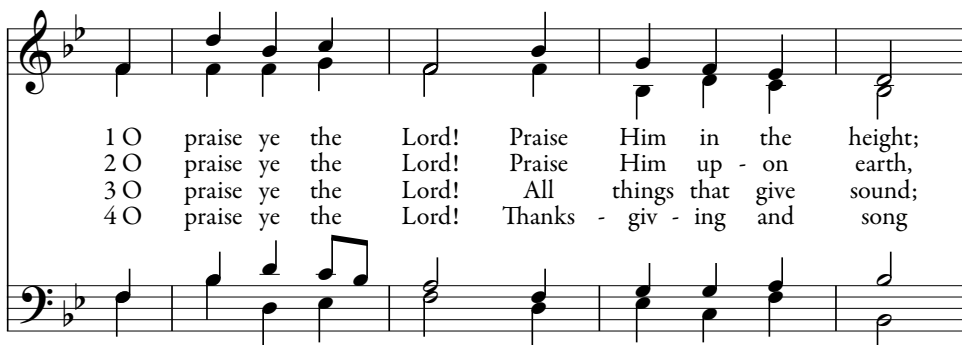
The gate of Heav'n to man be - low;  
Im - mor - tal God - head, One in Three;  
Quae cae - li pan - dis os - ti - um.  
Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a.

Our foes press on from ev - ery side;  
Grant us, for end - less length of days,  
Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a,  
Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no

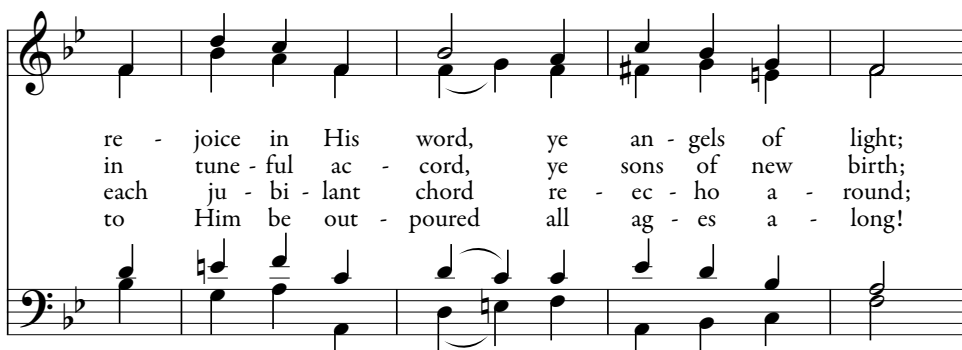
Your aid sup - ply; Your strength be - stow.  
In our true na - tive land to be.  
Da ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um.  
No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a. A - men.

# O PRAISE YE THE LORD

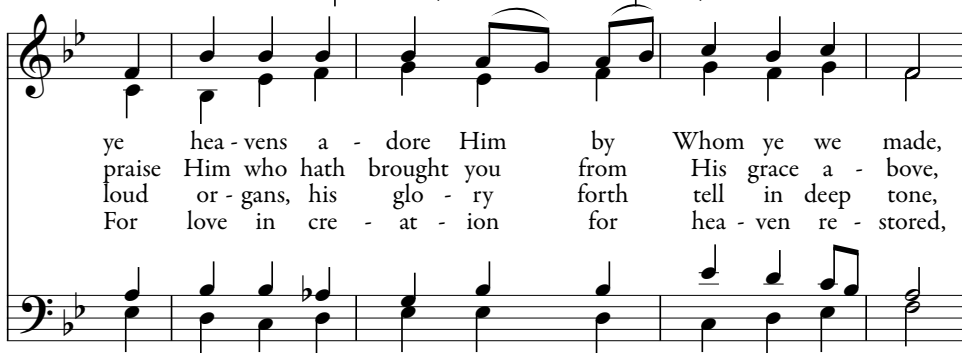
LAUDATE DOMINUM  
HENRY WILLIAMS BLAKE



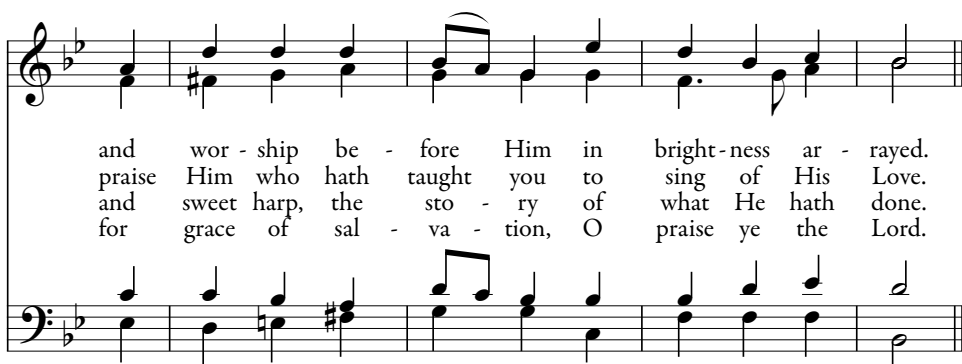
1 O praise ye the Lord! Praise Him in the height;  
2 O praise ye the Lord! Praise Him up - on earth,  
3 O praise ye the Lord! All things that give sound;  
4 O praise ye the Lord! Thanks - giv - ing and song



re - joice in His word, ye an - gels of light;  
in tune - ful ac - cord, ye sons of new birth;  
each ju - bi - lant chord re - ec - ho a - round;  
to Him be out - poured all ag - es a - long!



ye hea - vens a - dore Him by Whom ye we made,  
praise Him who hath brought you from His grace a - bove,  
loud or - gans, his glo - ry forth tell in deep tone,  
For love in cre - at - ion for hea - ven re - stored,



and wor - ship be - fore Him in bright - ness ar - rayed.  
praise Him who hath taught you to sing of His Love.  
and sweet harp, the sto - ry of what He hath done.  
for grace of sal - va - tion, O praise ye the Lord.

# O FATHER, ALL-CREATING

AURELIA  
JOHN ELLERTON

1 O Fa-ther, all - cre - at - ing, Whose wis - dom, love, and pow'r  
2 O sav - ior, guest in Ca - na Of old in Gal - i - lee,  
3 O Spi - rit of the Fa - ther, Breathe on them from a - bove,  
4 Un - less you build it, Fa - ther, The house is built in vain;

First bound two lives to - geth - er In E - den's pri - mal hour,  
May these who ask your bless - ing Your lov - ing pres - ence see.  
So might - y in your pure - ness So ten - der in your love;  
Un - less you bless it, Sav - ior, The joy will turn to pain;

To these who come be - fore you, Your ear - liest gifts re - new;  
Their store of earth - ly glad - ness, Trans - form to earth - ly wine,  
That, guard - ed by your pres - ence, From sin and strife kept free,  
But none can break the un - ion Of hearts in you made one;

A home by you made hap - py, A love by you kept true.  
And teach them, in the tast - ing, To know your gift di - vine.  
Their hearts may seek your guid - ance, And love you faith - ful - ly.  
The love your Spi - rit bless - es Is end - less love be - gun.

# LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES EXCELLING

HYFRODOL  
CHARLES WESLEY

1 Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of  
2 Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spi - rit, In - to  
3 Come, Al - migh - ty to de - li - ver, Let us  
4 Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and

heaven to earth come down; Fix in us thy  
ev - ery troub - led breast! Let us all in  
all Thy life re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re -  
spot - less let us be. Let us see Thy

hum - ble dwel - ling; All thy faith - ful mer - cies  
Thee in - he - rit; Let us find that se - cond  
turn and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy temp - les  
great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly res - tored in

crown! Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion,  
rest. Take a - way bent to sin - ning;  
leave. Thee we would be al - ways bles - sing,  
Thee; Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,

Pure un - boun - ded love Thou art;  
 Al - pha and O - me ga - be;  
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,  
 Till in heaven we take our place,

Vi - sit us with Thy sal - va - tion;  
 End of faith, as its Be - gin - ning,  
 Pray and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing,  
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee,

En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.  
 Set our hearts at li - bert - y.  
 Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.  
 Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

## LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE MIGHTY GATES

TRURO, LM: THOMAS JOHN WILLIAMS (1869-1944)  
 TEXT: GEORG WEISSEL, 1642;  
 TR. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855

1. Lift up your heads, ye might - ty gates; Be - hold the  
 2. O blest the land, the ci - ty blest, Where Christ the  
 3. Fling wide the por - tals of your heart; Make it a  
 4. Re - deem - er, come, with us a - bide; Our hearts to  
 5. Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit lead us on Un - til our

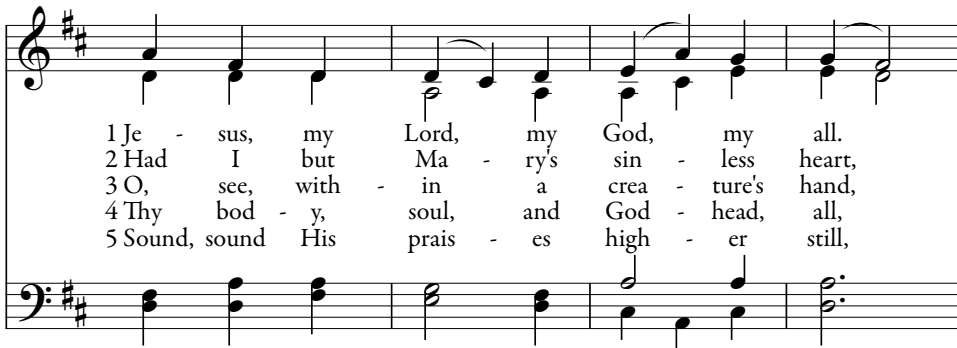
King of glo - ry waits! The King of kings is  
 rul - er is con - fest! O hap - py hearts and  
 tem - ple, set a - part From earth - ly use for  
 thee we o - pen wide; Let us thy in - ner  
 glor - ious goal is won; E - ter - nal praise, e -

draw - ing near; The Sa - viour of the world is here.  
 hap - py homes To whom this King of tri - umph comes!  
 heav'n's em - ploy, A - dorned with prayer and love and joy.  
 pres - ence feel; Thy grace and love in us re - veal.  
 ter - nal fame Be of - fered, Sav - ior, to thy Name!

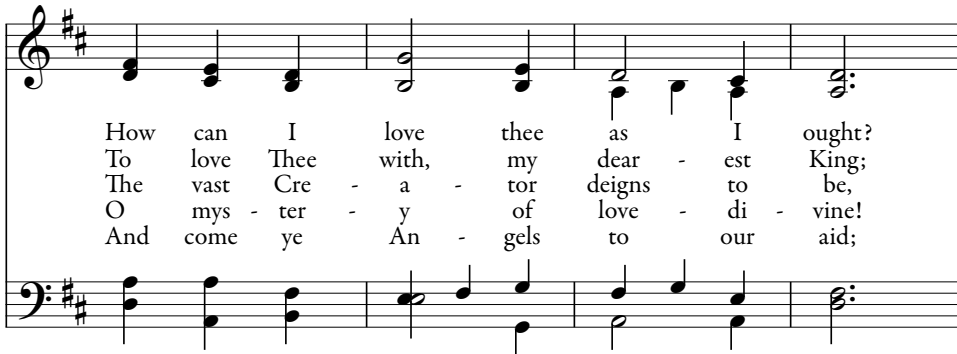


# JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL

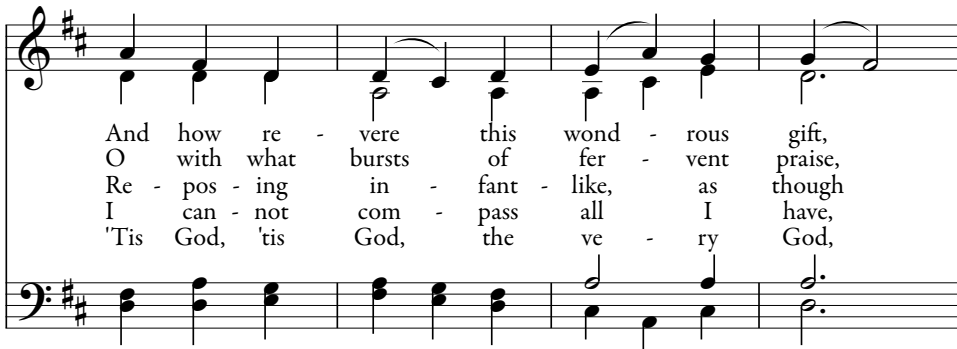
SWEET SACRAMENT LM WITH REFRAIN  
FR. FREDERICK FABER



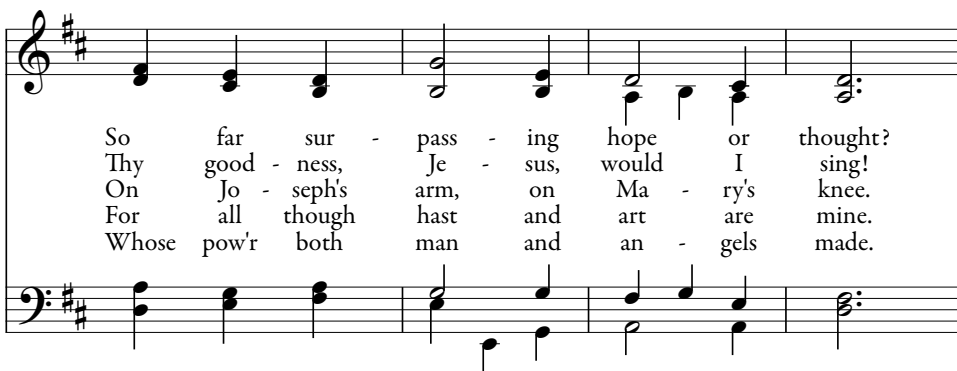
1 Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all.  
2 Had I but Ma - ry's sin - less heart,  
3 O, see, with - in a crea - ture's hand,  
4 Thy bod - y, soul, and God - head, all,  
5 Sound, sound His prais - es high - er still,



How can I love thee as I ought?  
To love Thee with, my dear - est King;  
The vast Cre - a - tor deigns to be,  
O mys - ter - y of love - di - vine!  
And come ye An - gels to our aid;



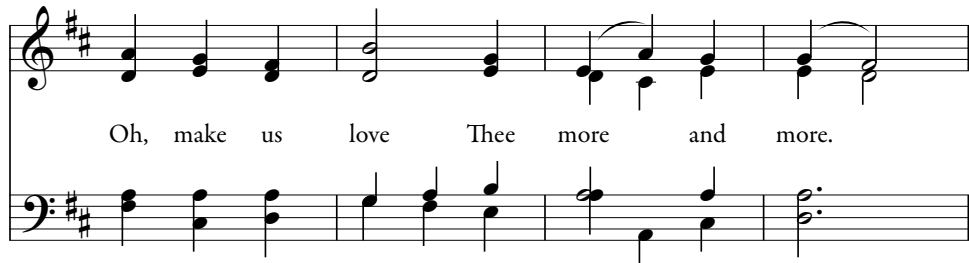
And how re - vere this wond - rous gift,  
O with what bursts of fer - vent praise,  
Re - pos - ing in - fant - like, as though  
I can - not com - pass all I have,  
'Tis God, 'tis God, the ve - ry God,



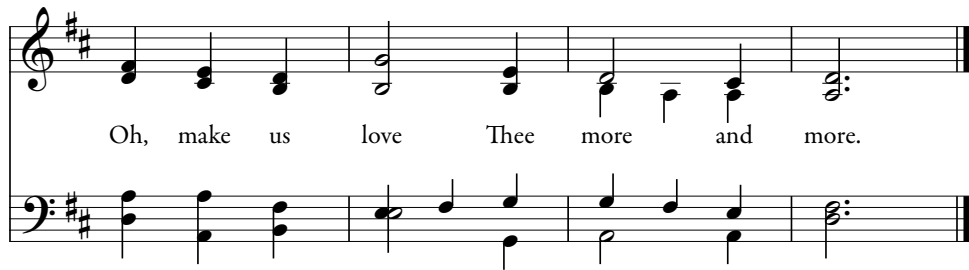
So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought?  
Thy good - ness, Je - sus, would I sing!  
On Jo - seph's arm, on Ma - ry's knee.  
For all though hast and art are mine.  
Whose pow'r both man and an - gels made.



Sweet Sa - cra - ment, we Thee a - dore!



Oh, make us love Thee more and more.




Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

# IN THE LORD'S ATONING GRIEF

TUNE: AUS DER TIEFE RUF E ICH. 77. 77.; MARTIN HERBST (ATTR.)

TEXT: JOHN FIDANZA BONAVENTURA. 13TH C.; TR. FREDERICK OAKELEY (1802-1880)

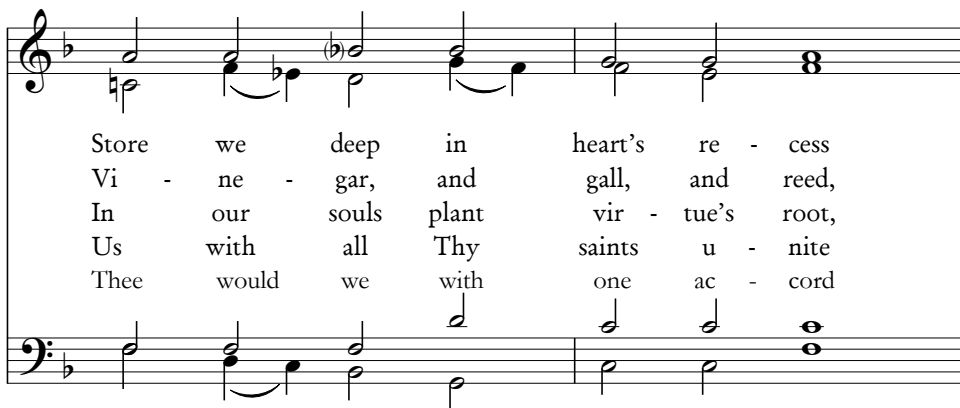
TUNE FIRST PUBLISHED IN *NÜRNBERGISCHES GESANGBUCH*, 1676



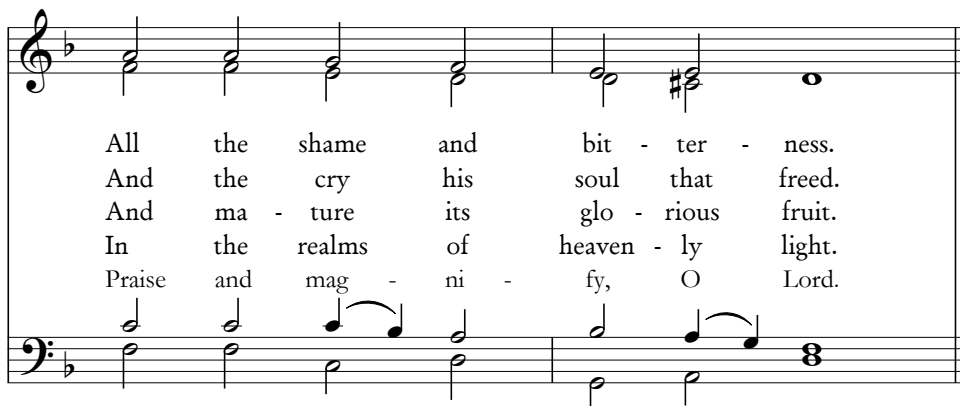
1. In the Lord's a - ton - ing grief  
2. Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,  
3. May these all our spi - rits fill,  
4. Cru - ci - fied! we Thee a - dore,  
5. Glo - ry be to Fath - er, Son,



Be our rest and sweet re - lief,  
Wounds, our rich in - he - ri - tance,  
And with love's de - vo - tion thrill;  
Thee with all our hearts im - plore;  
and to Spir - it Three in One,



Store we deep in heart's re - cess  
Vi - ne - gar, and gall, and reed,  
In our souls plant vir - tue's root,  
Us with all Thy saints u - nite  
Thee would we with one ac - cord



All the shame and bit - ter - ness.  
And the cry his soul that freed.  
And ma - ture its glo - rious fruit.  
In the realms of heaven - ly light.  
Praise and mag - ni - fy, O Lord.

# IMMACULATE MARY

LOURDES PILGRIM'S TUNE

1 Im - ma - cu - late Ma - ry! Our hearts are on fire;  
2 We pray for God's glo - ry, May His king - dom come;  
3 We pray for our Moth - er, The Church up - on earth,

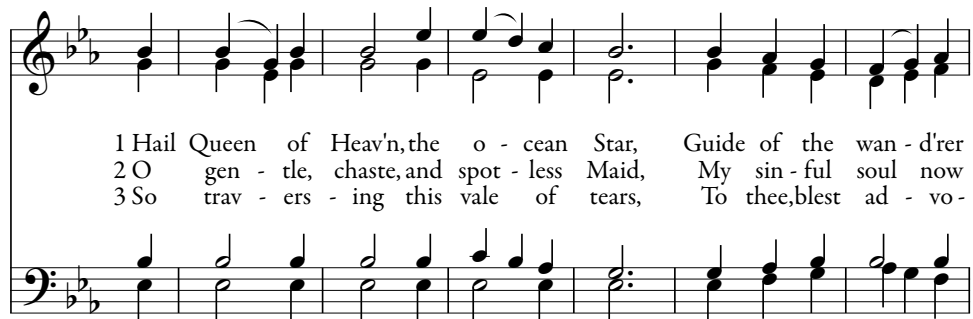
That ti - tle so won - drous Fills all our de - sire!  
We pray for His Vi - car, Our Fa - ther in Rome.  
And bless, sweet - est La - dy, The land of our birth.

A - ve, A - ve, A - ve, Ma - ri - a!

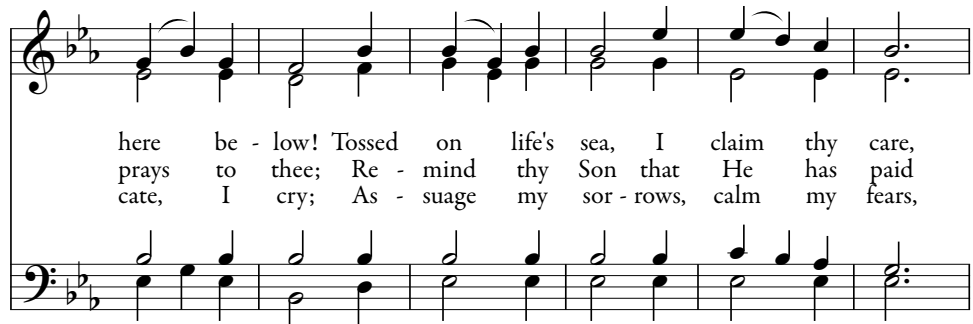
A - ve, A - ve, Ma - ri - a!

# HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN

ENGLISH AIR



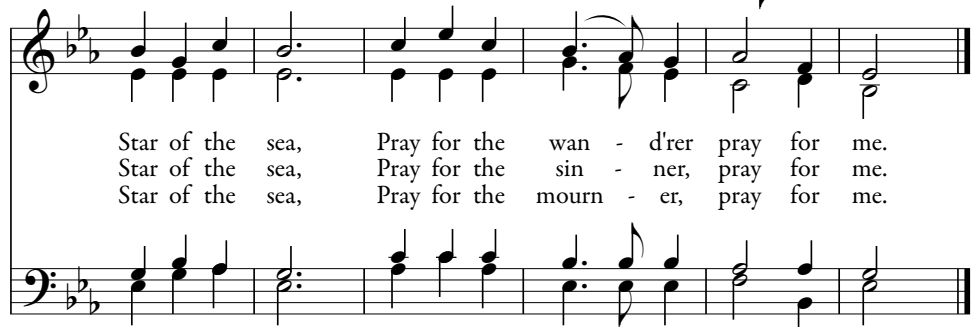
1 Hail Queen of Heav'n, the o - cean Star, Guide of the wan - d'rer  
2 O gen - tle, chaste, and spot - less Maid, My sin - ful soul now  
3 So trav - ers - ing this vale of tears, To thee, blest ad - vo -



here be - low! Tossed on life's sea, I claim thy care,  
prays to thee; Re - mind thy Son that He has paid  
cate, I cry; As - suage my sor - rows, calm my fears,



Save me from per - il and from woe. Moth - er of Christ,  
My ran - som from in - i - qui - ty. Vir - gin most pure,  
And soothe with hope my mis - e - ry, Re - fuge in grief,



Star of the sea, Pray for the wan - d'rer pray for me.  
Star of the sea, Pray for the sin - ner, pray for me.  
Star of the sea, Pray for the mourn - er, pray for me.

# HAIL, HOLY QUEEN, ENTHRONED ABOVE

ENGLISH AIR

1 Hail ho - ly Queen en - throned a - bove, O Ma - ri - a,  
2 The cause of joy to all be - low, O Ma - ri - a,  
3 O gen - tle, lov - ing, ho - ly one, O Ma - ri - a.

Hail Queen of mer - cy and of love, O Ma -  
The spring through which all grac - es flow, O Ma -  
The God of light be - came your Son, O Ma -

ri - a. Tri - umph, all ye Cher - u - bim, Sing with us, ye  
ri - a. An - gels, all your prais - es bring, earth and heav - en,  
ri - a. Tri - umph, all ye Cher - u - bim, Sing with us, ye

Ser - a - phim, Heav'n and earth re - sound the hymn:  
with us sing, All cre - a - tion ech - o - ing:  
Ser - a - phim, Heav'n and earth re - sound the hymn:

Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Re - gi - na.  
Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Re - gi - na.  
Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Re - gi - na.

# FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

TUNE: AUS DER TIEFE RUFTE ICH, 77. 77.; MARTIN HERBST (ATTR.)  
 TEXT: GEORGE HUNT SMYTTAN (1822-1870), 1856  
 TUNE FIRST PUBLISHED IN *NÜRNBERGISCHES GESANGBUCH*, 1676

1. For - ty days and for - ty nights  
 2. Shall not we thy sor - row share,  
 3. And if Sa - tan, vex - ing sore,  
 4. So shall we have peace di - vine:  
 5. Keep, O keep us, Sav - ior dear,

Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;  
 And from earth - ly joys ab - stain,  
 Flesh or spi - rit should as - sail,  
 Ho - lier glad - ness ours shall be;  
 Ev - er con - stant by thy side;

For - ty days and for - ty nights  
 Fast - ing with un - ceas - ing prayer,  
 Thou, his Van - quish - er be - fore,  
 Round us, too, shall an - gels shine,  
 That with thee we may ap - pear

Tempt - ed, and yet un - de - filed.  
 Glad with thee to suf - fer pain?  
 Grant we may not faint nor fail.  
 Such as mi - ni - stered to thee.  
 At the e - ter - nal East - er - tide.

# FIRMLY I BELIEVE AND TRULY

DRAKES BOUGHTON 87. 87. EDWARD ELGAR  
CARDINAL J. H. NEWMAN

1 Firm - ly I be - lieve and tru - ly God is Three, and  
2 And I trust and hope most ful - ly In that Man - hood  
3 Simp - ly to His grace and wholl - y Light and life and

God is One; And I next ack - now - ledge dul - y  
cru - ci - fied; And each thought and deed un - ru - ly  
strength be - long, And I love sup - rem - ly sole - ly,

Man - hood ta - ken by the Son.  
Do to death, as He has died.  
Him the ho - ly, Him the strong.

4 And I hold in veneration,  
For the love of Him alone,  
Holy Church as His creation,  
And her teachings are His own.

5 And I take with joy whatever  
Now besets me, pain or fear,  
And with a strong will I sever  
All the ties which bind me here.



# DOWN IN ADORATION FALLING

ST. THOMAS  
TANTUM ERGO

1 Down in a - do - ra - tion fall - ing This great Sac - ra - ment we hail  
2 To the ev - er - last - ing Fath - er And the Son who made us free  
1 Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu - i:  
2 Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o, -

Ov - er an - cient forms of wors - hip New - er rites of  
And the Spir - it God pro - ceed - ing From them each e -  
Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat  
Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne -

grace pre - vail Faith will tell us Christ is pres - ent  
ter - nal - ly Be sal - va - tion hon - or bless - ing  
ri - tu - i: Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum  
dic - ti - o. Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que

When our hum - an sen - ses fail.  
Might and end - less ma - jes - ty  
Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i. A - - - men.  
com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

# CROSS OF JESUS

CROSS OF JESUS  
WILLIAM J. SPARROW-SIMPSON

1 Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row,  
2 Here the King of all the ag - es,  
3 O mys - ter - ious con - des - cen - ding!  
4 Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row,

Where the blood of Christ was shed,  
Throned in light ere worlds could be,  
O a - ban - don - ment sub - lime!  
Where the blood of Christ was shed,

Per - fect Man on thee did suf - fer,  
Robed in mor - tal flesh is dy - ing,  
Ve - ry God Him - self is bear - ing  
Per - fect Man on thee did suf - fer,

Per - fect God on thee has bled!  
Cru - ci - fied by sin for me.  
All the suf - fer - ings of time!  
Per - fect God on thee has bled!

# COME, THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS

STUTTGART, 87. 87.; Adapted from a melody by Christian Friedrich Witt  
Published in Ludwig and Witt's Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715  
Text: Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

1. Come, thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus,  
2. Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion,  
3. Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er,  
4. By thine own e - tern - al Spi - rit

Born to set thy peop - le free; From our fears and  
hope of all the earth thou art: Dear de - sire of  
Born a child, and yet a king, Born to reign in  
Rule in all our hearts a - lone; By thine all - suf -

sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee.  
ev' - ry na - tion, joy of ev' - ry long - ing heart.  
us for ev - er, Now thy gra - cious king - dom bring.  
fi - cient mer - it Raise us to thy glo - rious throne.

# COME, HOLY GHOST

LAMBILLOTTE  
RABANUS MAURUS

1 Come Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor Blest, And in our  
2 O Com - fort Blest to Thee we cry, Thou heav'n - ly  
3 Praise be to Thee Fath - er and Son, And Ho - ly

hearts take up Thy rest; Come with Thy grace  
Gift of God most high; Thou fount of life  
Spi - rit Three in one; And may the Son

and heav'n - ly aid To fill the hearts which Thou hast  
and fire of love, And sweet a - noint - ing from a -  
on us bes - tow The gifts that from the Spi - rit

made, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.  
bove, And sweet a - noint - ing from a - bove.  
flow, The gifts that from the Spi - rit flow.

# CHRIST IS MADE OUR SURE FOUNDATION

BELLVILLE  
URBS BEATA JERUSALEM

1 Christ is made our sure foun - da - tion, Christ is Head and  
2 To this tem - ple, we im - plore you, Come, great Lord of  
3 Grant we pray, to all your peo - ple, All the grace they  
4 Praise and ho - nour to the Fa - ther, Praise and ho - nour

Cor - ner - stone; Cho - sen of the Lord and pre - cious,  
Hosts, to - day; Come with all your lov - ing kind - ness,  
ask to gain; What they gain from You for - ev - er  
to the Son, Praise and ho - nour to the Spi - rit,

Bind - ing all the Church in one, Ho - ly Si - on's  
hear your ser - vants as they pray. And your ful - lest  
With the bless - ed to re - tain, And here - af - ter  
Ev - er Three and e - ver One; Con - sub - stan - tial,

help for - e - ver, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.  
be - ne - dic - tion Shed in all its bright - est ray.  
in your glo - ry E - ver - more with you to reign.  
co - e - ter - nal, While un - end - ing ag - es run.

# BE JOYFUL, MARY, HEAVENLY QUEEN

REGINA CAELI 88 with refrains  
*Regina, caeli, jubilata* Anon 1695

1 Be joy - ful, Mar - y, heav'n - ly Queen, be joy - ful,  
2 The Son you bore by hea - ven's grace, be joy - ful,  
3 The Lord has ris - en from the dead, be joy - ful,  
4 Then pray to God, O Vir - gin fair, be joy - ful,

Mar - y! Your grief is changed to joy se - rene,  
Mar - y! Did by His death our guilt e - rase,  
Ma - ry! He rose in glo - ry as He said,  
Mar - y! That He our souls to heav - en bear,

Al - le - lu - ia! Re - joice, re - joice, O Mar - y!  
Al - le - lu - ia! Re - joice, re - joice, O Mar - y!  
Al - le - lu - ia! Re - joice, re - joice, O Mar - y!  
Al - le - lu - ia! Re - joice, re - joice, O Mar - y!

# AWAY IN A MANGER

CRADLE SONG William James Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)  
Traditional Carol

1 A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed,  
2 The cat - tle are low - ing, the Ba - by a - wakes,  
3 Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay

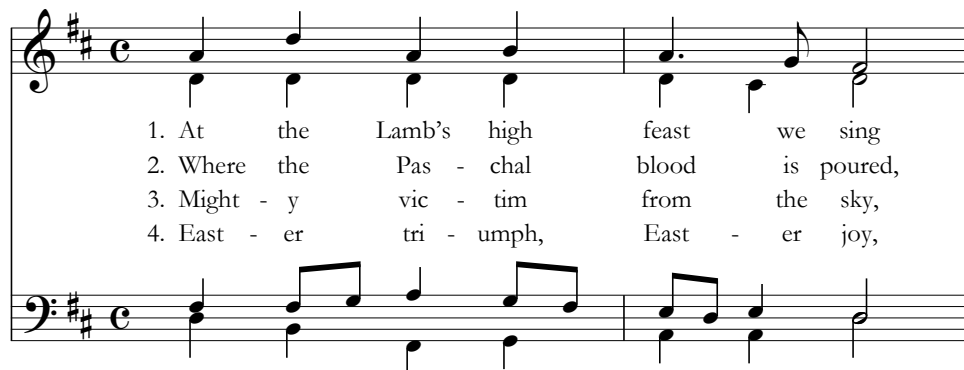
The lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down His sweet head.  
But lit - tle Lord Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes;  
Close by me for - ev - er, and love me, I pray;

The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay,  
I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, look down from the sky  
Bless all the dear chil - dren in Thy ten - der care,

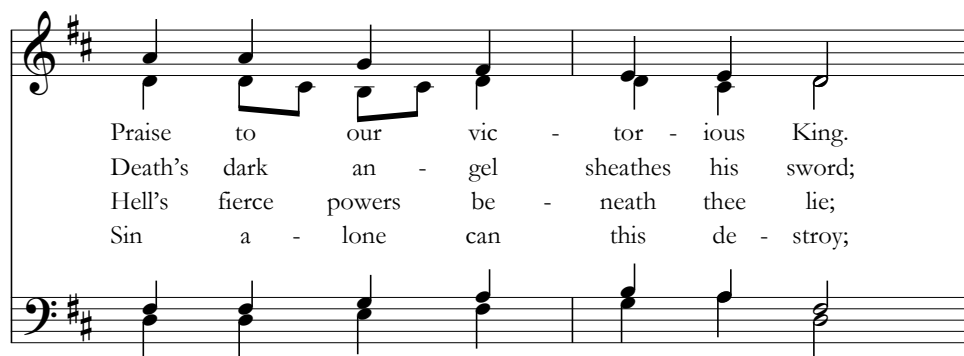
The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.  
And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.  
And fit us for Heav - en to live with Thee there.

## AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING

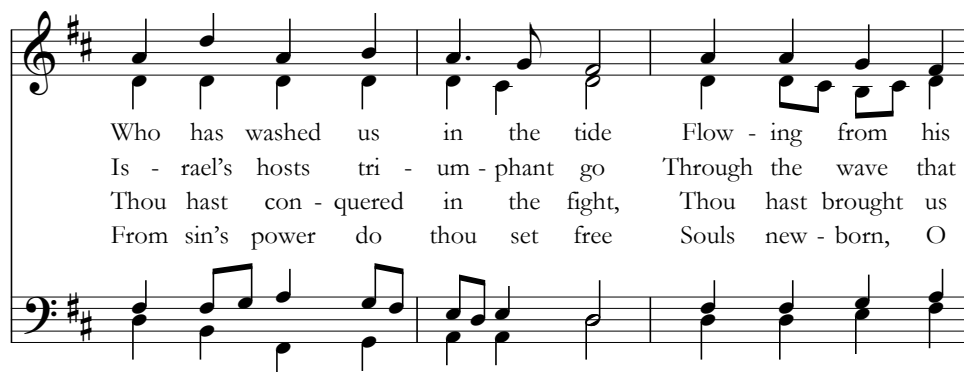
SALZBURG (HINTZE), 7.7.7.7.D; JAKOB HINTZE, 1678; HARM. J. S. BACH (1685-1750)  
TEXT: AD REGIAS AGNI DAPES, 1632; TR. ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1849



1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing  
2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured,  
3. Might - y vic - tim from the sky,  
4. East - er tri - umph, East - er joy,



Praise to our vic - tor - ious King.  
Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;  
Hell's fierce powers be - neath thee lie;  
Sin a - lone can this de - stroy;



Who has washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his  
Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go Through the wave that  
Thou hast con - quered in the fight, Thou hast brought us  
From sin's power do thou set free Souls new - born, O



pier - ced side. Praise we him, whose love di - vine  
 drowns the foe. Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,  
 life and light: Now no more can death ap - pall,  
 Lord, in thee. Hymns of glo - ry and of praise,

Gives his sac - red blood for wine, Gives his Bod - y  
 Pas - chal vic - tim, Pas - chal bread; With sin - cer - i -  
 now no more the grave en - thrall; Thou hast o - pened  
 Ris - en Lord, to thee we raise; Ho - ly Fa - ther,

for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.  
 ty and love Eat we man - na from a - bove.  
 par - a - dise, And in thee thy saints shall rise.  
 praise to thee, With the Spi - rit, ev - er be.

# ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.  
LOUIS BOURGEOIS; GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551; THOMAS KEN, 1692

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell,  
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in - deed;  
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise;

Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice.  
With - out our aid He did us make;  
Ap - proach with joy His courts un - to;

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;  
We are His folk, He doth us feed,  
Praise, laud, and bless His Name al - way,

Come ye be - fore Him and re - jice.  
And for His sheep He doth us take.  
For it is seem - ly so to do.

4. For why? the Lord our God is good;  
His mer-cy is for ev-er sure;  
His truth at all times firm-ly stood,  
And shall from age to age en-dure.
5. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel host  
Be praise and glory evermore.

# WORD OF GOD TO EARTH DESCENDING

DRAKES BOUGHTON 87. 87. EDWARD ELGAR  
CAMPBELL

1 Word of God to earth de - scend - ing, with the Fa - ther  
2 Well the trait - or's kiss fore - know - ing, Mir - a - cle of  
3 Might - y Vic - tim, earth's sal - va - tion, Heav'n - ly gates un -  
4 Ho - ly bo - dy, blood all pre - cious, Giv'n by him to

pres - ent still, Near His earth - ly jour - ney's end - ing  
love di - vine, See His hands him - self be - stow - ing  
fold - ing wide, Help thy peo - ple in temp - ta - tion,  
be our food, With them both he doth re - fresh us,

Hastes His mis - sion to ful - fill.  
In the hal - lowed Bread and Wine.  
Feed them from Thy bleed - ing side.  
Formed like him of flesh and blood.

5 Mighty Victim, earth's salvation,  
Heaven's own gate unfolding wide,  
Help thy people in temptation,  
Feed them from thy bleeding side.

6 Unto thee, the hidden manna,  
Father, Spirit, unto thee,  
Let us raise the loud hosanna,  
And adoring bend the knee.

# WAKE, AWAKE, FOR NIGHT IS FLYING

SLEEPERS WAKE  
PHILIP NICOLAI

1 Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The  
2 Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - ing, And  
3 Now let all the heavens a - dore Thee, And

watch - men on the heights are cry - ing; A -  
all her heart with joy is spring - ing, She  
men and an - gels sing be - fore Thee, With

wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last! Mid - night hears the wel - come  
wakes, she ris - es from her gloom; For her Lord comes down all -  
harp and cym - bal's clear - est tone; Of one pearl each shin - ing

voic - es, And at the thril - ling cry re - joic -  
glor - ious, The strong in grace, in truth vic - to - ri -  
por - tal, Where we are with the choir im - mor -

es: Come forth, ye vir - gins, night is past! The  
ous, Her Star is risen, her Light is come! Ah  
tal Of an - gels round Thy daz - ling throne; Nor

Bride - groom comes, a - wake, Your lamps with glad - ness take;  
come, Thou bles - Sed Lord, O Jes - us, Son of God,  
eye hath seen, nor ear Hath yet at - tain'd to hear

Hal - le - lu - jah! And for His mar - riage -  
Hal - le - lu - jah! We fol - low till the  
What there is ours, But we re - joice, and

feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.  
halls we see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee!  
sing to Thee Our hymn of joy e - ter - nal - ly.

# THE KING OF LOVE

ST. COLUMBA 87. 87. TRADITIONAL IRISH MELODY  
HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER

1 The King of love my shep - herd is, whose  
2 Where streams of liv - ing wat - er flow My  
3 Though of - ten fool - ish - ly I strayed, still

good - ness keeps me ev - er. I want for noth - ing!  
hap - py soul God leads now, And where the green - est  
in true love God sought me; and told me to be

I am God's and God is mine for - ev - er.  
past - ures grow with food cel - est - ial feeds now.  
un - a - fraid, and home a - gain God brought me.

4 In time of death I'll have no fear  
with You, dear Lord, beside me;  
your rod and staff my comfort still,  
your cross before to guide me.

5 You spread a table in my sight;  
The bread of life bestowing;  
With promise of eternal light  
My cup is overflowing!

6 Through all of my remaining days  
Then guide me, leave me never,  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Your praise  
Within Your house forever.

# THE ETERNAL GIFTS OF CHRIST THE KING

DEO GRACIAS  
AETERNA CHRISTI MUNERA

1 The - ter - nal gifts of Christ the King,  
2 The Church in these her prin - ces boasts,  
3 'Twas thus the yearn - ing faith of saints,  
4 In these the Fath - er's glo - ry shone;  
5 Re - deem - er, hear us of Thy love,

The A - pos - tles glo - rious deeds, we sing;  
These vic - tor chiefs of war - riors hosts;  
Un - con - quered - hope that nev - er faints,  
In these the will of God the Son;  
That, with this glo - rious band a - bove,

And while due hymns of praise we pay,  
The sol - diers of the heav'n - ly hall,  
The love of Christ that knows not shame,  
In these e - xults the Ho - ly Ghost;  
Here - af - ter, of Thine end - less grace,

Our thank - ful hearts cast grief a - way.  
The lights that rose on earth for all.  
The prince of this world o - ver - came.  
Through these re - joice the heav'n - ly host.  
Thy ser - vants al - so may have place.

# TAKE UP THY CROSS, THE SAVIOR SAID

TUNE: BRESLAU, LM; : *AS HYMNODES SACER*, LEIPZIG, 1625  
 TEXT: CHARLES WILLIAM EVEREST (1814-1877), 1833

1. Take up thy cross, the Sav - ior said,  
 2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
 3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,  
 4. Take up thy cross then in his strength,  
 5. Take up thy cross and fol - low Christ,  
 6. To thee, great Lord, the One in Three,

If thou wouldst my di - sci - ple be;  
 fill thy weak spi - rit with a - larm;  
 Nor let thy fool - ish pride re - bel;  
 and calm - ly sin's wild de - luge brave.  
 nor think 'til death to lay it down;  
 all praise for - ev - er - more a - scend:

de - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum - bly  
 His strength shall bear thy spi - rit up, And brace thy  
 Thy Lord for thee the cross en - dured, To save thy  
 'Twill guide you to a bet - ter home: it points to  
 for on - ly those who bear the cross may hope to  
 O grant us in our home to see the heaven - ly

fol - - - low af - ter me.  
 heart and nerve thine  
 soul from death and hell.  
 glo - - - ry o'er the grave.  
 wear the glor - ious crown.  
 life that knows no end.



# SOUL OF MY SAVIOR

DOBICI  
ANIMA CHRISTI

1 Soul of my Sav - ior Sanc - ti - fy my breast,  
2 Strength and pro - tec - tion may thy pas - sion be;  
3 Guard and de - fend me from the foe ma - lign;

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the treble staff.

Bod - y of Christ, be Thou my sav - ing guest;  
O bless - ed Je - sus, hear and an - swer me;  
In death's drear mo - ments make me on - ly thine;

The second system continues the musical piece. The treble staff shows a melodic line with some rests and a final half note. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the treble staff.

Blood of my Sav - ior, bathe me in thy tide,  
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel - ter me,  
Call me and bid me come to thee on high,

The third system of music features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the treble staff.

Wash me with wa - ter flow - ing from Thy side.  
So shall I nev - er, nev - er part from Thee.  
Where I may praise Thee with Thy Saints for aye.

The fourth and final system of music concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a double bar line and a final chord. The bass staff also concludes with a double bar line and a final chord. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the treble staff.

# SOUL OF MY SAVIOR

AUSTRIAN SONG 10. 10. 10.. WM. J. MAHER, S.J.  
ANIMA CHRISTI

1 Soul of my Sav - ior Sanc - ti - fy my breast,  
2 Strength and pro - tec - tion may thy pas - sion be;  
3 Guard and de - fend me from the foe ma - lign;

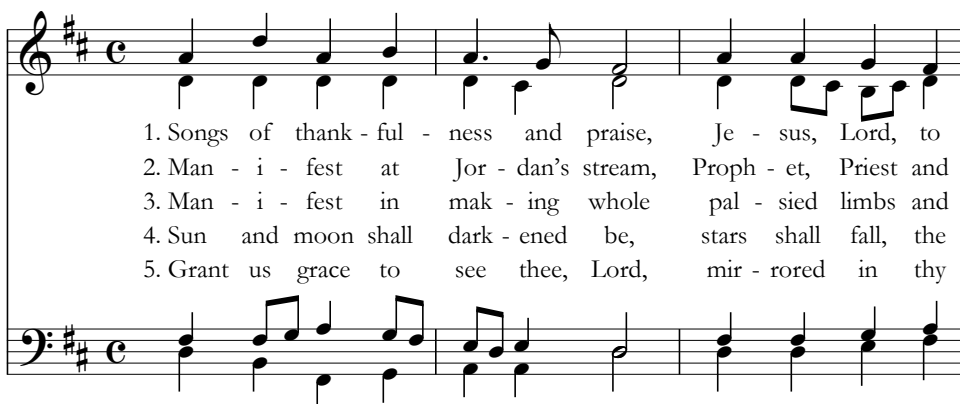
Bod - y of Christ, be Thou my sav - ing guest;  
O bless - ed Je - sus, hear and an - swer me;  
In death's drear mo - ments make me on - ly thine;

Blood of my Sav - ior, bathe me in thy tide,  
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel - ter me,  
Call me and bid me come to thee on high,

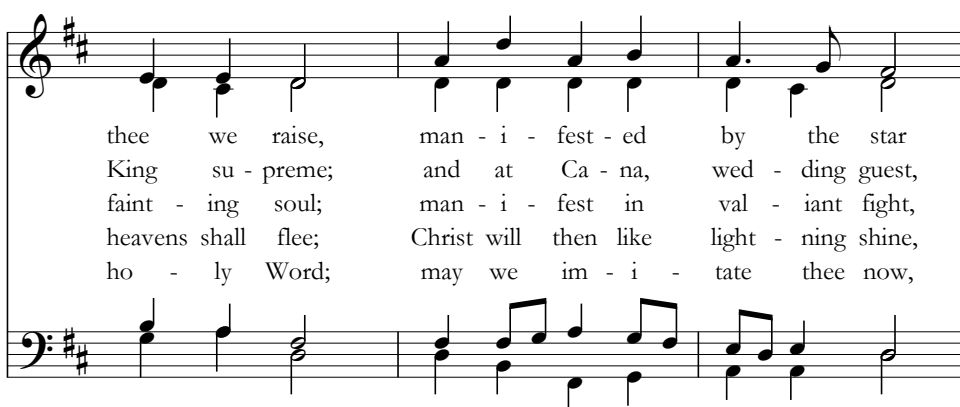
Wash me with wa - ter flow - ing from Thy side.  
So shall I nev - er, nev - er part from Thee.  
Where I may praise Thee with Thy Saints for aye.

# SONGS OF THANKFULNESS AND PRAISE

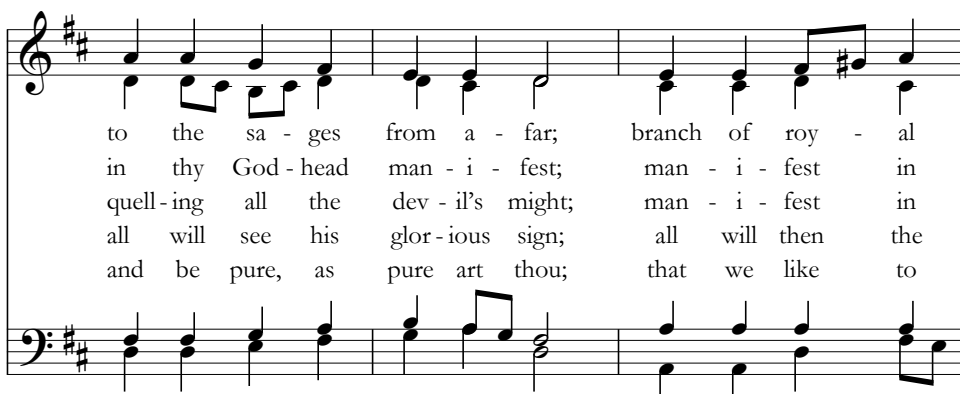
SALZBURG (HINTZE), 7.7.7.D: JAKOB HINTZE, 1678; HARM. J. S. BACH (1685-1750)  
TEXT: CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862



1. Songs of thank - ful - ness and praise, Je - sus, Lord, to  
2. Man - i - fest at Jor - dan's stream, Proph - et, Priest and  
3. Man - i - fest in mak - ing whole pal - sied limbs and  
4. Sun and moon shall dark - ened be, stars shall fall, the  
5. Grant us grace to see thee, Lord, mir - rored in thy



thee we raise, man - i - fest - ed by the star  
King su - preme; and at Ca - na, wed - ding guest,  
faint - ing soul; man - i - fest in val - iant fight,  
heavens shall flee; Christ will then like light - ning shine,  
ho - ly Word; may we im - i - tate thee now,



to the sa - ges from a - far; branch of roy - al  
in thy God - head man - i - fest; man - i - fest in  
quell - ing all the dev - il's might; man - i - fest in  
all will see his glor - ious sign; all will then the  
and be pure, as pure art thou; that we like to

Da - vid's stem in thy birth at Beth - le - hem;  
 power di - vine, chang - ing wa - ter in - to wine;  
 gra - cious will, ever bring - ing good from ill; an -  
 trum - pet hear, all will see the Judge ap - pear;  
 thee may be at thy great E - piph - a - ny;

an - thems be to thee ad - dressed,  
 an - thems be to thee ad - dressed,  
 thems be to thee ad - dressed, God  
 thou by all wilt be con - fessed,  
 and may praise thee, ev - er blest,

God in man made man - i - fest.  
 God in man made man - i - fest.  
 in man made man - i - fest.  
 God in man made man - i - fest.  
 God in man made man - i - fest.

# SING WE TRIUMPHANT HYMNS OF PRAISE

DEO GRACIAS  
HYMNUS CANAMUS GLORIAE, THE VENERABLE BEDE

1 Sing we tri - um - phant hymns of praise,  
2 O Ri - sen Christ, as - cend - ed Lord,

To heav - en all your voic - es raise;  
All praise to you let earth ac - cord,

Christ by a road be - fore un - trod  
Who are, while end - less a - ges run,

As - cend - ed to the throne of God.  
With Fa - ther and with Spi - rit One.

# SING PRAISE TO GOD WHO REIGNS ABOVE

MIT FREUDEN ZART  
SEILOB UND EHR - CHRISTLICHES GEDANKENBUCHLEIN

1 Sing Praise to God who reigns a - bove, The  
2 What God's al - migh - ty pow'r hath made His  
3 The Lord is nev - er far a - way, But  
4 Thus all my toil - some way a - long I

God of all cre - a - tion, The God of pow'r, the  
gra - cious mer - cy keep - eth, By morn - ing glow or  
thro' all grief dis - tres - sing, An ev - er pres - ent  
sing a - loud His prais - es, That all may hear the

God of love, The God of our sal - va - tion; With  
eve - ning shade His watch - ful eye ne'er sleep - eth; With -  
help and stay, Our peace and joy and bles - sing; As  
grate - ful song My voice un - wea - ried rais - es; Be

heal - ing balm my soul He fills, And ev'ry faith - less  
in the king - dom of His might, Lo! all is just and  
with a moth - er's ten - der Hand He leads His own, His  
joy - ful in the Lord my heart! Both soul and bo - dy

mur - mur stills: To God all praise and glo - ry!  
all is right: To God all praise and glo - ry!  
chos - en band: To God all praise and glor - y!  
bear your part: To God all praise and glo - ry!

# ROUND ME FALLS THE NIGHT

SEELENBRÄUTIGAM 55.88.55  
WILLIAM ROMANIS

1 Round me falls the night, Sav - ior, be my Light:  
2 Earth - ly work is done. earth - ly sounds are none;  
3 Dark - ened now each Light, o'er the trav - eler's way;  
4 Bles - sed heaven - ly Light, shin - ing through earth's night;

Through the hours in dark - ness shrou - ded  
Rest in sleep and si - lence seek - ing,  
Let me know that Thou hast found me,  
Voice, that oft of love hast told me;

Let me see Thy face un - cloud - ed;  
Let my hear Thee soft - ly speak - ing;  
Let me feel Thine arms a - round me,  
Arms, so strong to clasp and hold me;

Let Thy glo - ry shine in this heart of mine.  
In my spi - rit's ear whisp - er "I am near."  
Sure from ev - ery ill Thou wilt guard me still.  
Thou Thy watch wilt keep, Sav - ior, o'er my sleep.

# We Gather Together

Words: Anonymous circa 1597. Translated Theodore Baker, 1894.  
 Music: 'Kremser' Traditional Dutch circa 1597. Setting: Eduard Kremser, 1877.  
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♩ = 100

1. We ga - - ther to - - ge - - ther to ask the Lord's bless - ing;  
 2. Be - - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing,  
 3. We all do ex - - tol Thee, Thou Lea - - der tri - - um - phant,

He cha - - stens and ha - - stens His will to make known.  
 Or - - dain - - ing, main - - tain - - ing His king - - dom di - - vine;  
 And pray that Thou still our De - - fen - - der will be.

The wi - - cked op - - pres - sing now cease from dis - - tres - sing.  
 So from the be - - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning;  
 Let Thy con - gre - - ga - - tion es - - cape trib - u - - la - - tion;

Sing prai - - ses to His Name; He for - - gets not His own.  
 Thou, Lord, were at our side, all glo - - ry be Thine!  
 Thy Name be ev - er praised! O Lord, make us free!



# Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing

CLOSING SONGS

Words: John Fawcett, 1773; verse 3 alt. by Godfrey Thring, 1880.  
Music: 'Regent Square' Henry Smart, 1867. Setting: "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship", 1867.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Lord, dis - - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
2. Thanks we give and a - dor - - a - tion For Thy Gos - pel's joy - ful sound;  
3. So that when Thy love shall call us, Sa - vior, from the world a - - way,

Let us each Thy love pos - ses - sing, Tri - umph in re - - deem - ing grace.  
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - - bound.  
Fear of death shall not ap - pall us, Glad Thy sum - mons to o - - bey.

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav' - ling through this wil - der - - ness.  
Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, To the truth may we be found.  
May we ev - er, may we ev - er, Reign with Thee in end - less day.

## Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

Words: Johann Olearius (Oelschlaeger), 1671. Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1862.  
 Music: 'Freu dich sehr, o meine Seele' from Trente Quatre Pseaumes de David, Geneva, 1551.  
 Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 160

1. Com - fort, com - fort ye My peo - ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
 2. For the her - ald's voice is cry - ing In the des - ert far and near,  
 3. Yea, her sins our God will par - don, Blot - ting out each dark mis - deed;  
 4. Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, Make the rough - er pla - ces plain:

Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness, Mourn - ing 'neath their sor - row's load;  
 Bid - ding all men to re - pent - ance, Since the king - dom now is here.  
 All that well de - served His an - ger He will no more see nor heed.  
 Let your hearts be true and hum - ble, As be - fits His ho - ly reign,

Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem Of the peace that waits for them;  
 O that warn - ing cry o - bey! Now pre - pare for God a way!  
 She has suff - ered many a day, Now her griefs have passed a - way,  
 For the glo - ry of the Lord O'er the earth is shed a - broad,

Tell her that her sins I co - ver, And her war - fare now is o - ver.  
 Let the val - leys rise to meet Him, And the hills bow down to greet Him.  
 God will change her pi - ning sad - ness In - to ev - er spring - ing glad - ness.  
 And all flesh shall see the to - ken That His Word is ne - ver bro - ken.

# Gabriel's Message

ADVENT

(also known as The Angel Gabriel From Heaven Came)

Words: Traditional Basque Carol; Paraphrased by Sabine Baring Gould, (1834-1924).  
 Music: 'Gabriel's Message' Traditional Basque Carol. Setting: Edgar Pettman, 1922.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 200

1. The an - - gel Ga - - bri - - el from hea - - ven came,  
 2. "For know a bless - ed Mo - - ther thou shalt be,  
 3. Then gen - - tle Ma - - ry meek - ly bowed her head,  
 4. Of her, Em - - man - - u - - el, the Christ was born

his wings as drift - - ed snow, his eyes as flame;  
 all gen - - er - - a - - tions laud and ho - - - nor thee,  
 "To me be as it pleas - eth God," she said,  
 in Beth - - le - - hem, all on a Christ - - - mas morn,

"All hail," said he, "thou low - ly mai - den, Ma - - - ry,  
 thy Son shall be Em - - ma - nu - - el, by seers fore - - told,  
 "my soul shall laud and mag - ni - - fy His ho - - ly Name."  
 and Christ - ian folk through - out the world will ev - - er say

most high - ly fa - vored la - - dy," Glo - - - ri - a!

# Lo! He Comes With Clouds Descending

ADVENT

Words: John Cennick, 1752. Altered by Charles Wesley, 1758, alt.  
 Music: 'Helmsley' attr. Thomas Olivers, 1765. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906, alt.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2010 Revision.

$\text{♩} = 150$

1. Lo! He comes with clouds de - - scend - ing, Once for ev - 'ry  
 2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - - hold Him Robed in dread - ful  
 3. Ev - 'ry is - - land, sea, and moun - tain, Heav'n and earth, shall  
 4. Now re - - demp - tion, long ex - - pect - - ed, See in sol - emn  
 5. An - swer Thine own bride and Spi - - rit, Has - - ten, Lord, the

sin - ner slain; Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - - tend - ing, Swell  
 ma - jest - - y; Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced  
 flee a - - way; All who hate Him must, con - found - ed, Hear  
 pomp ap - - pear; All His saints, by man re - - ject - - ed, Now  
 gen - 'ral doom! The new Heav'n and earth in - - her - - it, Take

the tri - umph of His train: Hal - - le - - lu - - jah! Hal - - le -  
 and nailed Him to the tree, Deep - - ly wail - ing, deep - - ly  
 the trump pro - - claim the day: Come to judg - ment! Come to  
 shall meet Him in the air: Hal - - le - - lu - - jah! Hal - - le -  
 Thy pin - ing ex - - iles home: All cre - a - - tion, all cre -

lu - - jah! Hal - - le - lu - - jah! God ap - - pears on earth to reign.  
 wail - - ing, deep - - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.  
 judg - - ment! Come to judg - ment! Come to judg - ment! Come a - - way!  
 lu - - jah! Hal - - le - lu - - jah! See the day of God ap - - pear!  
 a - - tion, all cre - a - - tion, Tra - vails! groans! and bids Thee come!

6. The dear tokens of His passion Still His dazzling body bears;  
 Cause of endless exultation To His ransomed worshippers;  
 With what rapture, with what rapture, with what rapture  
 Gaze we on those glorious scars!

7. Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee, High on Thine eternal throne;  
 Savior, take the power and glory, Claim the kingdom for Thine own;  
 O come quickly! O come quickly! O come quickly!  
 Everlasting God, come down!

# O Come O Come Emmanuel

ADVENT

Words: various, combined by unknown author approx 12th Century, Translated by John Mason Neale, 1851.  
Music: 'Veni Emmanuel' 15th Century French processional. Setting: "Common Service Book" (ULCA), 1917.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - - ra - - el,  
2. O come, Thou Wis - dom from on high, Who or - derest all things might - i - - ly;  
3. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's ty - - ran - ny;  
4. O come, Thou Day - spring, come and cheer Our spi - rits by Thine ad - vent here;  
5. O come, Thou Key of Da - - vid, come, And o - pen wide our hea - v'nly home;

That mourns in lone - ly e - - xile here Un - - til the Son of God ap - pear.  
To us the path of know - - ledge show, And teach us in her ways to go.  
From depths of hell Thy peo - - ple save, And give them vic - t'ry ov'r the grave.  
Dis - - perse the gloom - y clouds of night, And death's dark sha - dows put to flight.  
Make safe the way that leads on high, And close the path to mi - - ser - y.

Re - joice! Re - joice! Em - man - - u - el shall come to thee, O I - - sra - el.

# Savior Of The Nations Come

ADVENT

Words: Ambrose of Milan, c. 397. Translated to German by Martin Luther, 1524.  
 Translated from German to English by William M. Reynolds, 1851.  
 Music: 'Nun Komm, Der Heiden Heiland' from Walter's Geistliche Gesangbüchlein, 1524.  
 Setting: "Mehrstimmiges ChoralBuch", 1906.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Sa - vior of the na - tions, come; Vir - gin's Son, here make Thy home!  
 2. Not by hu - man flesh and blood; By the Spi - rit of our God  
 3. Won - drous birth! O won - drous Child Of the vir - gin un - de - filed!  
 4. From the Fa - ther forth He came And re - turn - eth to the same,  
 5. Thou, the Fa - ther's on - - ly Son, Hast o'er sin the vic - t'ry won.

Mar - vel now, O heav'n and earth, That the Lord chose such a birth.  
 Was the Word of God made flesh, Wo - man's off - spring, pure and fresh.  
 Though by all the world dis - owned, Still to be in hea - ven en - throned.  
 Cap - tive lead - ing death and hell High the song of tri - - umph swell!  
 Bound - less shall Thy king - dom be; When shall we its glo - - ries see?

6. Brightly doth Thy manger shine,  
 Glorious is its light divine.  
 Let not sin o'ercloud this light;  
 Ever be our faith thus bright.

7. Praise to God the Father sing,  
 Praise to God the Son, our King,  
 Praise to God the Spirit be  
 Ever and eternally.

# The Advent of Our God

Words: Charles Coffin, 1736. translated by John Chandler, 1837, alt.

Music: 'St. Thomas' Aaron Williams, 1770.

Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1905.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 140

1. The ad - vent of our God Shall be our theme for prayer  
 2. The ev - er - last - ing Son In - - car - nate stoops to be,  
 3. Come, Zi - on's daugh - ter, rise To meet your low - - ly King,  
 4. As judge, on clouds of light, He soon will come a - - gain;  
 5. Be - - fore the dawn - ing day Let sin be put to flight;

Come, let us meet him on the road And place for Him pre - - pare.  
 Him - - self the ser - vant's form puts on To set His peo - ple free.  
 Nor let your faith - less heart des - - pise The peace He comes to bring.  
 And all His scat - tered saints u - - nite With Him on high to reign.  
 No long - er let the law hold sway, But walk in free - dom's light.

6. All glory to the Son  
 Who comes to set us free,  
 With Father, Spirit, ever One,  
 Through all eternity.

# The King Shall Come

ADVENT

Words: Unknown author. Translated by John Brownlie, 1907.  
Music and Setting: 'Consolation' or 'Morning Song' John Wyeth, 1813.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. The King shall come when morn - ing dawns, And light tri - um - phant breaks;  
2. Not as of old a lit - tle child To bear, and fight, and die,  
3. O bright - er than the ris - ing morn When He, vic - tor - ious, rose,  
4. O bright - er than that glor - ious morn Shall this fair morn - ing be,  
5. The King shall come when morn - ing dawns, And earth's dark night is past;

When beau - ty gilds the east - ern hills, And life to joy a - - wakes.  
But crowned with glo - ry like the sun That lights the morn - ing sky.  
And left the lone - some place of death, De - - spite the rage of foes.  
When Christ, our King, in beau - ty comes, And we His face shall see.  
O haste the ris - ing of that morn, The day that aye shall last.

6. And let the endless bliss begin,  
By weary saints foretold,  
When right shall triumph over wrong,  
And truth shall be extolled.

7. The King shall come when morning dawns,  
And light and beauty brings:  
Hail, Christ the Lord! Thy people pray,  
Come quickly, King of kings.



# Angels From the Realms of Glory

CHRISTMAS

Words: James Montgomery, 1816.

Music: 'Regent Square' Henry Smart, 1867. Setting: "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship", 1867.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. An - - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
2. Shep - herds, in the field a - - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night,  
3. Sa - - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vi - sions beam a - - far;  
4. Saints, be - - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in hope and fear;  
5. Sin - ners, wrung with true re - pen - tance, Doomed for guilt to end - less pains,

Ye who sang cre - - a - tion's stor - y Now pro - - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.  
God with us is now re - - sid - ing; Yon - der shines the in - fant light:  
Seek the great De - sire of na - tions; Ye have seen His na - tal star.  
Sud - den - - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - - pear.  
Jus - tice now re - vokes the sen - tence, Mer - cy calls you; break your chains.

Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

6. Though an Infant now we view Him,  
He shall fill His Father's throne,  
Gather all the nations to Him;  
Every knee shall then bow down:

7. All creation, join in praising  
God, the Father, Spirit, Son,  
Evermore your voices raising  
To th' eternal Three in One.

# Angels We Have Heard On High

Words: French Carol; Translated by James Chadwick, 1862.

Music: 'Gloria' French carol melody. Setting: Edward (or Edwin) S. Barnes, before 1916.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. An - gels we have heard on high Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,  
 2. Shep - herds, why this ju - - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?  
 3. Come to Beth - le - - hem and see Christ Whose birth the an - - gels sing;  
 4. See Him in a man - - ger laid, Whom the choirs of an - - gels praise;

And the moun - tains in re - ply E - cho - ing their joy - - ous strains.  
 What the glad - some ti - - dings be Which in - spire your heav'n - - ly song?  
 Come, a - dore on bend - - ed knee, Christ the Lord, the new - - born King.  
 Ma - ry, Jo - seph, lend your aid, While our hearts in love we raise.

Glo - - - - - ri - a, in ex - cel - sis De - o!

Glo - - - - - ri - a, in ex - cel - sis De - - - o!

# Away In A Manger

CHRISTMAS

Words: stanzas 1,2 anonymous published Philadelphia, 1885. stanza 3 John T. MacFarland (1851-1913).

Music: 'Mueller' James R. Murray, 1887. Setting: "Hymnal for American Youth", 1919.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. A - - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord  
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the Ba - by a - - wakes, But lit - tle Lord  
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for -

Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the sky looked  
 Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - - sus, look  
 ev - er, and love me, I pray; Bless all the dear child - ren in

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - - sleep on the hay.  
 down from the sky And stay by my cra - dle til morn - ing is nigh.  
 Thy ten - der care, And fit us for Hea - ven to live with Thee there.

# God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Words: Traditional English.

Music: 'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen' Traditional English. Setting: "Carols Old And Carols New", 1918.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 160

1. God rest ye mer - ry, gen - tle - men, let no - thing you dis - - may,  
2. In Beth - le - hem, in Is - ra - el, this bless - èd Babe was born,  
3. From God our heav'n - ly Fa - - ther a bless - èd an - gel came;  
4. "Fear not, then," said the an - - gel, "Let no - thing you a - - fright  
5. The shep - herds at those ti - - dings re - - jo - iced much in mind,

Re - - mem - ber Christ our Sa - - vior was born on Christ - mas Day;  
And laid with - in a man - - ger up - - on this bless - èd morn;  
And un - to cer - tain shep - - herds brought ti - dings of the same;  
This day is born a Sa - - vior of a pure Vir - gin bright,  
And left their flocks a - - feed - - ing in tem - pest, storm and wind,

To save us all from Sa - tan's pow'r when we were gone a - - stray.  
The which His mo - ther Ma - - ry did no - thing take in scorn.  
How that in Beth - le - - hem was born the Son of God by name.  
To free all those who trust in Him from Sa - tan's pow'r and might."  
And went to Beth - l'em straight - aw - ay this bless - èd Babe to find.

O ti - dings of com - fort and joy, com - fort and joy; O ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

6. But when to Bethlehem they came where our dear Savior lay,  
They found Him in a manger where oxen feed on hay;  
His mother Mary kneeling unto the Lord did pray.

7. Now to the Lord sing praises all you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace;  
This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface.

8. God bless the ruler of this house, and send him long to reign,  
And many a merry Christmas may live to see again;  
Among your friends and kindred that live both far and near  
That God send you a happy new year, happy new year,  
And God send you a happy new year.

# Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

CHRISTMAS

Words: Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.

Music: 'Mendelssohn' from 'Festgesang' Felix Mendelssohn, 1840. Setting: William H. Cummings, 1857.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Hark! The her - - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;  
2. Christ, by high - - est Heav'n a - dored; Christ the ev - - er - - last - ing Lord;  
3. Hail the heav'n - - ly Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right - eous - ness!  
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come, Fix in us Thy hum - ble home;  
5. Ad - am's like - - ness, Lord, ef - face, Stamp Thine im - - age in its place:

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - - ners re - con - ciled!"  
Late in time, be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.  
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - - ing in His wings.  
Rise, the wo - - man's con - qu'ring Seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head.  
Se - cond Ad - - am from a - - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;  
Veiled in flesh the God - head see; Hail th'in - car - nate De - i - - ty,  
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die.  
Now dis - play Thy sav - ing po - wer, Ruin - ed na - ture now re - store;  
Let us Thee, though lost, re - gain, Thee, the Life, the in - ner man:

With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"  
Pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Je - sus our Em - man - u - - el.  
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them se - cond birth.  
Now in my - stic un - ion join Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.  
O, to all Thy - - self im - part, Formed in each be - - liev - ing heart.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"

# In The Bleak MidWinter

CHRISTMAS

Words: Christina Georgina Rossetti, 1872, alt.  
 Music and Setting: 'Cranham' Gustav Theodore Holst, 1906, alt.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. In the bleak mid - - win - - ter, frost - - y wind made moan,  
 2. Our God, Heav'n can - not hold Him, nor \_\_\_\_\_ earth sus - - tain;  
 3. E - - nough for Him, whom cher - u - bim, wor - - ship night and day,  
 4. An - gels and arch - - an - - gels may have ga - thered there,  
 5. What \_\_\_\_\_ can I give Him, poor \_\_\_\_\_ as I am?

Earth stood hard as i - - - ron, wa - ter like a stone;  
 Heav'n and earth shall flee a - way when He comes to reign.  
 Breast - - ful of milk, and a man - ger - ful of hay; En -  
 Cher - u - bim and ser - - a - phim thronged \_\_\_\_\_ the air;  
 If I were a shep - - herd, I would bring a lamb;

Snow had fall - en, snow on snow, snow on snow on snow,  
 In the bleak mid - - win - - - ter a sta - ble place suf - - ficed  
 ough for Him, whom an - - - gels fall \_\_\_\_\_ down be - - fore,  
 But His mo - ther on - - - ly, in her mai - den bliss,  
 If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;

In the bleak mid - - win - - ter, long a - - go.  
 The Lord God Al - - migh - - ty, Je - - - sus Christ.  
 Ox and ass and ca - - mel which a - - dore.  
 Wor - shipped the be - - lov - - ed with a kiss.  
 Yet what can I give Him: give my heart.

These lyrics are rather obscure, though quite beautiful. The earth (which represents all of God's promises to His People, Gen 13:14-15, Rom 4:13-17, Mt 5:5) and the water (which represents Baptism and forgiveness, Jn 3:5, Eph 5:25-27, 1Pt 3:21) are frozen and lifeless as the Law reigns alone (2Cor 3:6b), with no grace flowing before Christ. The Spirit (the wind) works in the world through the condemnation of the Law and the hope for redemption to come (frosty wind made moan, Micah 4:10, Ez 21:6-7). Then Christ humbly comes to melt the icy world in grace. This then inspires those saved, who recognize that they have nothing to give to Him, to finally, through His grace, fulfill the greatest commandment (Mt 22:37).

## It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Words: Edmund H. Sears, 1849. Music: 'Carol' Richard S. Willis, 1861.  
 Setting: "Order of worship for the Reformed Church in the United States", 1866.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 60

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glor - ious song of old,  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furled,  
 3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf - fered long;  
 4. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,  
 5. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By pro - phet - bards fore - told,

From an - gels bend - - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;  
 And still their hea - ven - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - - ry world;  
 Be - neath the an - - gel strain have rolled Two thou - sand years of wrong;  
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,  
 When with the ev - - er circ - ling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From Heav - en's all gra - cious King."  
 A - - bove its sad and low - ly plains, They bend on hov - 'ring wing,  
 And man, at war with man, hears not The love - song which they bring;  
 Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - - ly on the wing.  
 When peace shall ov - - er all the earth Its an - - cient splen - dors fling,

The world in so - - lemn still - ness lay, To hear the an - - gels sing.  
 And ev - er ov - er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - èd an - - gels sing.  
 O hush the noise, ye men of strife And hear the an - - gels sing.  
 O rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - - gels sing!  
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - - gels sing.

# Joy to the World

CHRISTMAS

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: 'Antioch' pieced together from "Messiah" George F. Handel, 1741. Setting: Lowell Mason, 1836.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 80

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King;  
2. Joy to the earth, the Sa - vior reigns! Let men their songs em - - ploy;  
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in - - fest the ground;  
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And Heav'n and na - ture sing,  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy,  
He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found,  
The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love,

And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n, and na - ture sing.  
Re - - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - - peat, re - - peat, the sound - ing joy.  
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as, the curse is found.  
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders, of His love.



# Lo, How A Rose E'er Blooming

CHRISTMAS

Words: verses 1-2, 15th Century German. Translated by Theodore Baker, 1894.  
 verses 3,4 Fridrich Layriz (1808-1859). Translated by Harriet Reynolds Krauth, 1875.  
 verse 5, 15th Century German. Translated by John C. Mattes, 1914.

Music: 'Es Ist Ein Ros Entsprungen (Rhythmic)' German from Köln, 1599. Setting: Michael Praetorius, 1609.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2010 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing from ten - der stem hath sprung!  
 2. Is - - ai - - ah 'twas fore - - told it, the Rose I have in mind;  
 3. The shep - herds heard the sto - ry pro - - claimed by an - - gels bright,  
 4. This Flow'r, whose fra - grance ten - der with sweet - ness fills the air,  
 5. O Sa - vior, Child of Ma - ry, who felt our hu - - man woe,

Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing, as men of old have sung.  
 With Mar - y we be - - hold it, the vir - gin mo - - ther kind.  
 How Christ, the Lord of glor - - y was born on earth this night.  
 Dis - - pels with glor - ious splen - dor the dark - ness ev - - ery - - where;  
 O Sa - vior, King of glo - - ry, who dost our weak - - ness know;

It came, a flow'r - - et bright, a - - mid the  
 To show God's love a - - right, she bore to  
 To Beth - - le - - hem they sped and in the  
 True Man, yet ve - - ry God, from sin and  
 Bring us at length we pray, to the bright

cold of win - - ter, When half spent was the night.  
 men a Sa - - vior, When half spent was the night.  
 man - ger found Him, As an - gel her - - alds said.  
 death He saves us, And light - ens ev - - 'ry load.  
 courts of Hea - - ven, And to the end - - less day!

# O Come, All Ye Faithful

CHRISTMAS

Words: John F. Wade, circa 1743. v.1-3, 6 Translated by Frederick Oakeley, 1841;  
v. 4, 5 Translated by William T. Brooke (1848-1917).

Music: 'Adeste Fideles' or 'Portuguese Hymn' John F. Wade, 1743. Setting: "A Hymnal" (Episcopal), 1916.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. O come, all ye faith - - ful, joy - ful and tri - - um - - phant, O  
2. True God of true God, Light from Light E - - ter - - nal,  
3. Sing, choirs of an - - gels, sing in ex - ul - - ta - - tion; O  
4. See how the shep - herds, sum - moned to His cra - - dle,  
5. Lo! star led chief - tains, Ma - gi, Christ a - - dor - - ing,

come ye, O come ye, to Beth - - le - - hem. Come and be -  
Lo, He shuns not the Vir - - gin's womb; Son of the  
sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - - bove! Glo - ry to  
Leav - - ing their flocks, draw nigh to gaze; We too will  
Of - - fer Him in - - cense, gold, and myrrh; We to the

hold Him, born the King of an - - gels; O come, let us a -  
Fa - - ther, be - got - ten, not cre - - a - - ted;  
God, glo - ry in the high - - est;  
thi - - ther bend our joy - ful foot - - steps;  
Christ Child bring our hearts' ob - - la - - tions.

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

- 6. Child, for us sinners poor and in the manger,  
We would embrace Thee, with love and awe;  
Who would not love Thee, loving us so dearly?
- 7. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;  
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

- 8. Adeste, fideles, laeti triumphantes;  
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.  
Natum videte Regem angelorum.  
Venite adoremus, venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus, Dominum.

## O Little Town of Bethlehem

Words: Phillips Brooks, 1867. Music: 'St. Louis' Lewis H. Redner, 1868. Setting: "The Chapel Hymnal", 1898.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry, and ga - thered all a - - bove,  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won - drous Gift is giv'n;  
 4. Where child - ren pure and hap - - py pray to the bless - èd Child,  
 5. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, des - - cend to us, we pray;

A - - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by.  
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of His Heav'n.  
 Where mi - ser - y cries out to Thee, Son of the mo - ther mild;  
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, be born in us to - - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - - eth the ev - - er - last - ing Light;  
 O morn - ing stars to - - ge - - ther, pro - - claim the ho - - ly birth,  
 No ear may hear His com - - ing, but in this world of sin,  
 Where char - it - - y stands watch - - ing and faith holds wide the door,  
 We hear the Christ - mas an - - gels the great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.  
 And prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth!  
 Where meek souls will re - - ceive Him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.  
 The dark night wakes, the glo - ry breaks, and Christ - mas comes once more.  
 O come to us, a - - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el!

## See Amid the Winter's Snow

CHRISTMAS

Words: Edward Caswall, 1851. Music: 'Humility' John Goss, 1870.

Setting: "The Children's Hymnal, with Tunes", 1875.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. See a - mid the win - - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low,  
 2. Lo, with - in a man - - ger lies He Who built the star - ry skies;  
 3. Say, you ho - - ly shep - herds, say, Tell your joy - ful news to - day.  
 4. "As we watched at dead of night, Lo, we saw a won - drous light;  
 5. Sac - red In - fant, all di - vine, What a ten - der love was Thine,

See, the gen - tle Lamb ap - pears, Pro - mised from e - - ter - - nal years.  
 He Who, thronèd in height sub - lime, Sits a - mid the cher - - u - bim.  
 Why have you now left your sheep On the lone - ly moun - tain steep?  
 An - - gels sing - ing 'Peace on earth' Told us of the Sa - vior's birth."  
 Thus to come from high - - est bliss Down to such a world as this.

Hail that ev - er bles - sèd morn, Hail re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn,

Sing through all Jer - - u - - sa - lem: Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

6. Teach, O teach us, holy Child,  
 By Thy face so meek and mild,  
 Teach us to resemble Thee,  
 In Thy sweet humility.

# Silent Night

Words: Josef Mohr, 1818. stanzas 1,3 Translated by John Freeman Young, 1863.  
stanzas 2,4 translator anonymous.

Music: 'Stille Nacht' Franz Xaver Gruber, 1818. Setting: "Concordia Kinderchöre", 1908.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 60

1. Si - - lent night, ho - - ly night, All is calm, all is bright  
 2. Si - - lent night, ho - - ly night, Shep - herds quake at the sight;  
 3. Si - - lent night, ho - - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light;  
 4. Si - - lent night, ho - - ly night Won - drous star, lend thy light;

Round yon vir - - gin mo - - ther and Child. Ho - - ly In - fant, so ten - der and  
 Glo - ries stream from hea - ven a - far, Heaven - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu -  
 Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face With the dawn of re - - deem - - ing  
 With the an - - gels let us sing, Al - - le - lu - - ia to our

mild, Sleep in hea - ven - ly peace, Sleep in hea - ven - ly peace.  
 ia! Christ the Sa - vior is born, Christ the Sa - vior is born!  
 grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.  
 King; Christ the Sa - vior is born, Christ the Sa - vior is born!

Words: Traditional English carol, possibly dating from as early as the 13th Century.  
 Music: 'The First Noel' Traditional English carol, possibly dating from as early as the 13th Century.  
 Setting: "The Methodist Sunday School Hymnal", 1911.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. The first No - - el the an - gel did say Was to cer - tain poor shep - herds  
 2. They look - - ed up and saw a star Shin - ing in the east,  
 3. And by the light of that same star Three Wise Men came  
 4. This star drew nigh to the north - west, Ov - er Beth - - le - - hem  
 5. Then did they know as - - sur - - ed - - ly With - - in that house

in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay tend - ing their sheep,  
 be - - yond them far; And to the earth it gave great light,  
 from coun - - try far; To seek for a King was their in - - tent,  
 it took its rest; And there it did both stop and stay,  
 the King did lie; One en - - tered it them for to see,

On a cold win - - ter's night that was so deep.  
 And so it con - - tin - - ued both day and night.  
 And to fol - - low the star wher - - ev - - er it went.  
 Right ov - - er the place where Je - - - sus lay.  
 And found the Babe in pov - - - er - - - ty.

No - - el, No - - el, No - - el, No - - el, Born is the King of Is - - ra - - el.

# What Child Is This?

CHRISTMAS

Words: William Chatterton Dix, 1865.

Music: 'Greensleeves' 16th Century English Traditional.

Setting: traditional from "The Sunday School Hymnal and Service Book", 1871.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 80

1. What Child is this who, laid to rest On Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing?  
 2. Why lies He in such mean e - state, Where ox and ass are feed - ing?  
 3. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh, Come pea - sant, king to own Him;

Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet, While shep - herds watch are keep - ing?  
 Good Christ - ians, fear, for sin - ners here The si - - lent Word is plead - ing.  
 The King of kings sal - va - tion brings, Let lov - ing hearts en - throne Him.

This, this is Christ the King, Whom shep - herds guard and an - gels sing;  
 Nails, spear shall pierce Him through, The cross be borne for me, for you.  
 Raise, raise a song on high, The vir - gin sings her lul - - la - by.

Haste, haste, to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - - ry.  
 Hail, hail the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Ma - - ry.  
 Joy, joy for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Ma - - ry.

# As With Gladness Men of Old

Words: William Chatterton Dix, 1860.

Music: 'Dix' or 'Treuer Heiland, Wir Sind Heir' Conrad Kocher, 1838. Abridged by William Henry Monk, 1861.

Setting: Conrad Kocher, 1838, alt. by William Henry Monk, 1861, alt. for "The English Hymnal", 1906.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. As with glad - ness, men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold  
 2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger bed  
 3. As they off - ered gifts most rare At that man - ger rude and bare;  
 4. Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - 'ry day Keep us in the nar - row way;  
 5. In the heav'n - ly coun - try bright, Need they no cre - - a - ted light;

As with joy they hailed its light Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright  
 There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom Heav'n and earth a - dore;  
 So may we with ho - ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al - loy,  
 And, when earth - ly things are past, Bring our ran - somed souls at last  
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown, Thou its Sun which goes not down;

So, most glor - ious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.  
 So may we with will - - ing feet Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy seat.  
 All our cost - liest treas - - ures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'n - ly King.  
 Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide.  
 There for - - ev - er may we sing Al - le - lu - ias to our King!



## In His Temple Now Behold Him

Words: verses 1-3, Henry J. Pye, 1851. verse 4, William Cooke, 1853.  
 Music: 'Westminster Abbey' Henry Purcell, circa 1692. Setting: Ernest Hawkins, 1843.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2009 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. In His tem - ple now be - hold Him, See the long ex - pect - ed Lord;  
 2. In the arms of her who bore Him, Vir - gin pure, be - hold Him lie,  
 3. Je - - sus, by Thy pres - en - ta - tion, Thou, who didst for us en - - dure,  
 4. Prince and Au - thor of sal - va - tion, Be Thy bound - - less love our theme!

An - cient pro - phets had fore - told Him; God has now ful - filled His word.  
 While his a - gèd saints a - dore Him Ere in faith and hope they die.  
 Make us see our great sal - va - tion, Seal us with Thy pro - mise sure.  
 Je - sus, praise to Thee be gi - ven By the world Thou didst re - deem.

Now to praise Him, His re - deem - èd Shall break forth with one ac - - cord.  
 Ha - lle - lu - jah! Ha - lle - lu - jah! Lo, th'in - car - - nate God most high.  
 And pre - sent us in Thy glo - ry To Thy Fa - - ther, cleansed and pure.  
 With the Fa - ther and the Spir - it, Lord of ma - - jes - - ty su - - preme!

## Author of All Life

Words: Brian J. Dumont, 12 Oct 2009.

Music: 'Beach Spring' Benjamin F. White, 1844. Setting: "The Sacred Harp", 1860, alt.  
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 Christian worship, provided they are not altered, and this notice is on each copy. All other rights reserved.  
 Music and Setting: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2009 Revision.

♩ = 160

1. Au - thor of all Life, our Fa - - ther, breathe in - - to our hearts a - gain.  
 2. Hearts so hard, we hate each o - - ther, those in need we treat with scorn...  
 3. Christ now grants us life e - ter - - nal, to know You the one true God,

Stir our dead - ness, heal our weak - - ness, crush our e - - vil thoughts so vain.  
 Old, un - wise, or not my col - - or, Pal - sied limbs, or not yet born.  
 He the Way to see the Fa - - ther, He the One who felt the rod.

Life Cre - a - tor, life Re - deem - er, life Im - par - ter, Source of Truth,  
 Life Cre - a - tor, life Re - deem - er, life Im - par - ter, Three in One,  
 Life Cre - a - tor, life Re - deem - er, life Im - par - ter, Life con - ferred!

Teach us now to love each o - - ther, Teach us Lord to love like You.  
 Teach us Lord to see Your I - - mage, Teach us now to see the Son.  
 Let us sing of Your a - - tone - ment, Let all peo - - ple hear Your Word!

# Tis Good, Lord, To Be Here

Words: Joseph Armitage Robinson, 1888.

Music: 'Potsdam' adapted from Johann Sebastian Bach, 1750, by John Goss, 1854. Setting: John Goss, 1854.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. 'Tis good, Lord, to be here, Thy glo - ry fills the night;  
 2. 'Tis good, Lord, to be here, Thy beau - ty to be - - hold  
 3. Ful - - fill - er of the past, Pro - mise of things to be,  
 4. Be - - fore we taste of death, We see Thy King - dom come;  
 5. 'Tis good, Lord, to be here. Yet we may not re - - main;

Thy face and gar - ments, like the sun, Shine with un - - bor - rowed light.  
 Where Mo - ses and El - - i - jah stand, Thy mess - en - - gers of old.  
 We hail Thy bo - dy glor - i - - fied And our re - - demp - tion see.  
 We fain would hold the vi - sion bright And make this hill our home.  
 But since Thou bidst us leave the mount, Come with us to the plain.

LENT

# Lord Who Throughout These Forty Days

(also known as O Lord, Throughout These Forty Days)

Words: Claudia F. Hernaman, 1873. Music: 'St. Flavian' Day's Psalter, 1563.  
Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1905.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Lord, who through-out these for-ty days For us didst fast and pray,  
2. As Thou with Sa-tan didst con-tend, And didst the vic-t'ry win,  
3. As Thou didst hun-ger bear, and thirst, So teach us, gra-cious Lord,  
4. And through these days of pen-i-tence, And through Thy pa-ssion-tide,  
5. A - - bide with us, that so, this life Of suf-f'ring o-ver past,

Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins And close by Thee to stay.  
O give us strength in Thee to fight, In Thee to con-quer sin.  
To die to self, and chief-ly live By Thy most ho-ly Word.  
Yea, ev-er-more in life and death, Je-sus, with us a-bide.  
An Eas-ter of un-end-ing joy We may at-tain at last.

## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

LENT

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.

Music: 'Hamburg', Lowell Mason, 1824. Setting: "Northfield Hymnal", 1904.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2014 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. When I sur - - vey the won - - drous cross  
 2. For - - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 4. His dy - - ing crim - - son, like a robe,  
 5. Were the whole realm of na - - ture mine,

On which the Prince of Glo - - ry died,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God!  
 Sor - - row and love flow min - - gled down!  
 Spreads o'er His bo - - dy on the tree;  
 That were a pre - - sent far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss,  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 Did e'er such love and sor - - row meet,  
 Then I am dead to all the globe,  
 Love so a - - ma - - zing, so di - - vine,

And pour con - - tempt on all my pride.  
 I sac - - ri - - fice them to His blood.  
 Or thorns com - - pose so rich a crown?  
 And all the globe is dead to me.  
 De - - mands my soul, my life, my all.

# All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Words: Theodulf of Orleans, circa 820. Translated by John Mason Neale, 1851.

Music: 'Valet Will Ich Dir Geben' or 'St. Theodulph' Melchior Teschner, 1615.

Setting: Presbyterian Hymnal, 1911.

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♩ = 140

Refrain

All glo - - ry, laud and hon - - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

To Whom the lips of child - - ren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

Verse

1. Thou art the King of Is - - rael, Thou Da - vid's ro - - yal Son,  
 2. The com - pa - ny of an - - gels Are prais - ing Thee on High,  
 3. The peo - ple of the He - - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;  
 4. To Thee, be - fore Thy pa - - ssion, They sang their hymns of praise;  
 5. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - - es; Ac - - cept the prayers we bring,

To Refrain

Who in the Lord's Name com - - est, The King and Bless - ed One.  
 And mor - tal men and all things Cre - - at - ed make re - - ply.  
 Our prayer and praise and an - - thems Be - - fore Thee we pre - - sent.  
 To Thee, now high ex - - alt - - ed, Our me - lo - dy we raise.  
 Who in all good de - - light - - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

# Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

PALM SUNDAY

Words: Jeanette Threlfall, 1873, alt.

Music: 'Ellacombe' from *Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Hofkapelle, Wurttemberg, 1784.*

Setting: *Presbyterian Hymnal, 1911.*

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the *Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.*

♩ = 130

1. Ho - - san - na, loud ho - - san - - na, the lit - - tle child - ren sang;  
 2. From O - li - - vet they fol - - lowed mid an ex - ul - tant crowd,  
 3. "Ho - - san - na in the high - - est!" that an - cient song we sing,

Through pil - lared court and tem - - ple the love - ly an - them rang.  
 The vic - tor palm branch wa - - ving, and chant - ing clear and loud.  
 For Christ is our Re - - dee - - mer, the Lord of heav'n our King.

To Je - sus, Who had blessed them close fold - ed to His breast,  
 The Lord of men and an - - gels rode on in low - ly state,  
 O may we ev - er praise Him with heart and life and voice,

The child - ren sang their prais - - es, the simp - lest and the best.  
 Nor scorned that lit - tle child - - ren should on His bid - ding wait.  
 And in His bliss - ful pre - - sence e - - ter - - nal - - ly re - - joice!

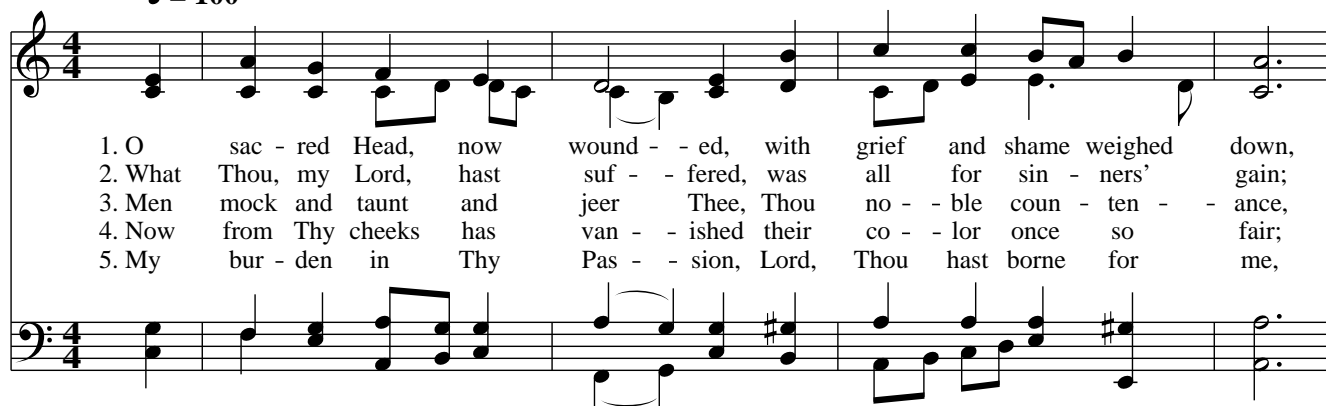
# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

GOOD FRIDAY

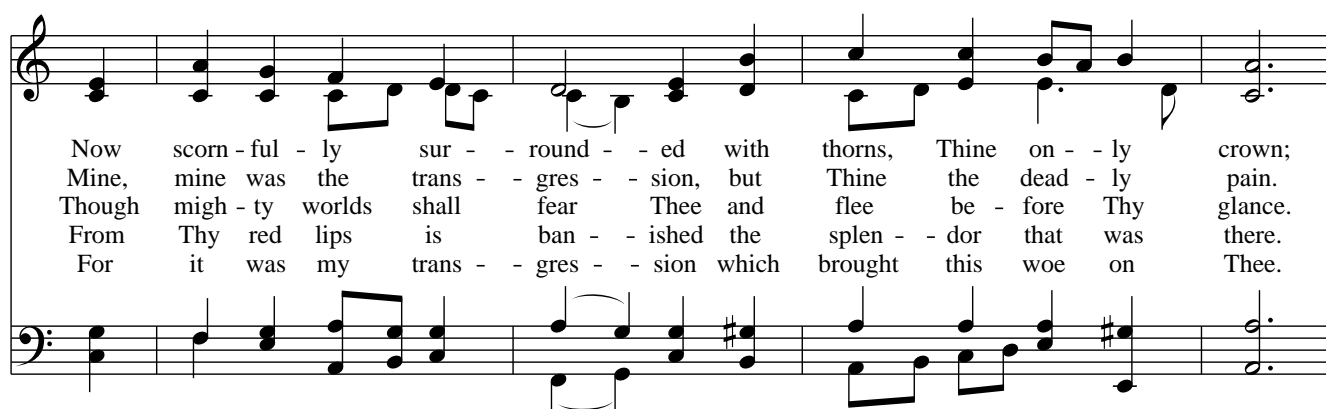
Words: Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153. Translated by James W. Alexander, 1830.  
Music: 'Passion Chorale' or 'Herzlich Tut Mich Verlangen' Hans Leo Hassler, 1601. Adapted by J.S. Bach, 1729.  
Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729.

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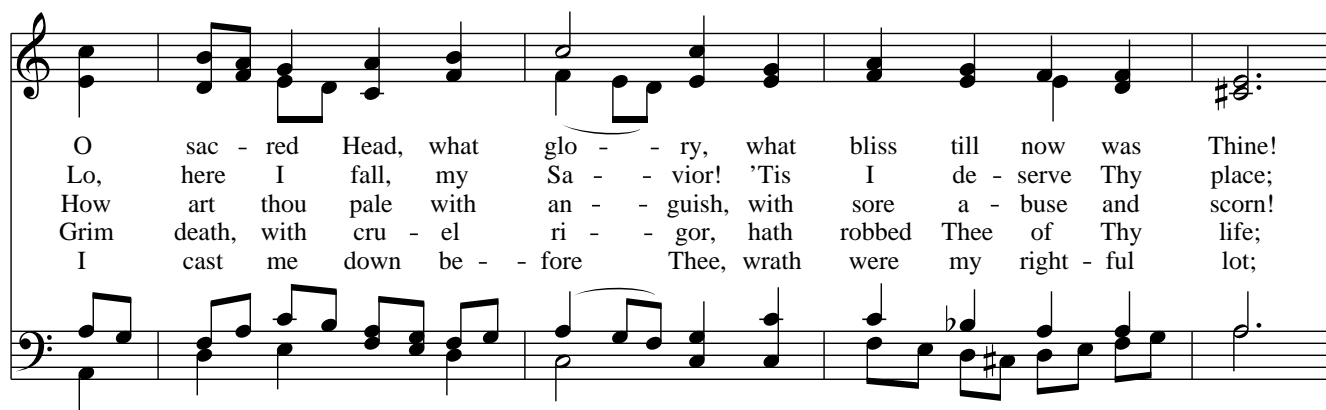
♩ = 100



1. O sac - red Head, now wound - - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,  
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - - fered, was all for sin - ners' gain;  
3. Men mock and taunt and jeer Thee, Thou no - - ble coun - - tance,  
4. Now from Thy cheeks has van - - ished their co - - lor once so fair;  
5. My bur - den in Thy Pas - - sion, Lord, Thou hast borne for me,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - - round - - ed with thorns, Thine on - - ly crown;  
Mine, mine was the trans - - gres - - sion, but Thine the dead - ly pain.  
Though migh - ty worlds shall fear Thee and flee be - fore Thy glance.  
From Thy red lips is ban - - ished the splen - - dor that was there.  
For it was my trans - - gres - - sion which brought this woe on Thee.



O sac - red Head, what glo - - ry, what bliss till now was Thine!  
Lo, here I fall, my Sa - - vior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;  
How art thou pale with an - - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!  
Grim death, with cru - el ri - - gor, hath robbed Thee of Thy life;  
I cast me down be - - fore Thee, wrath were my right - ful lot;



GOOD FRIDAY

Yet, though des - pised and gor - - y, I joy to call Thee mine.  
 Look on me with Thy fa - - vor, vouch - - safe to me Thy grace.  
 How doth Thy vis - - age lan - - guish that once was bright as morn!  
 Thus Thou hast lost Thy vi - - gor, Thy strength in this sad strife.  
 Have mer - cy, I im - - plore Thee; Re - - deem - - er, spurn me not!

6. What language shall I borrow to thank Thee, dearest friend,  
 For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?  
 O make me Thine forever, and should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to Thee.
7. My Shepherd, now receive me; my Guardian, own me Thine.  
 Great blessings Thou didst give me, O source of gifts divine.  
 Thy lips have often fed me with words of truth and love;  
 Thy Spirit oft hath led me to heavenly joys above.
8. Here I will stand beside Thee, from Thee I will not part;  
 O Savior, do not chide me! When breaks Thy loving heart,  
 When soul and body languish in death's cold, cruel grasp,  
 Then, in Thy deepest anguish, Thee in mine arms I'll clasp.
9. The joy can never be spoken, above all joys beside,  
 When in Thy body broken I thus with safety hide.  
 O Lord of Life, desiring Thy glory now to see,  
 Beside Thy cross expiring, I'd breathe my soul to Thee.
10. My Savior, be Thou near me when death is at my door;  
 Then let Thy presence cheer me, forsake me nevermore!  
 When soul and body languish, oh, leave me not alone,  
 But take away mine anguish by virtue of Thine own!
11. Be Thou my consolation, my shield when I must die;  
 Remind me of Thy passion when my last hour draws nigh.  
 Mine eyes shall then behold Thee, upon Thy cross shall dwell,  
 My heart by faith enfolds Thee. Who dieth thus dies well.

# Were You There?

Words: African-American Spiritual, before 1899.

Music: 'Were You There' African-American Spiritual, before 1899. Setting: attr. Charles Winfred Douglas, 1940. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2013 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you  
 2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? Were you  
 3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? Were you  
 4. Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine? Were you  
 5. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you

there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?  
 there when they nailed Him to the tree?  
 there when they pierced Him in the side? Oh!  
 there when the sun re - fused to shine?  
 there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble.

Were you there when they cru - - ci - - fied my Lord?  
 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?  
 Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?  
 Were you there when the sun re - - fused to shine?  
 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

6. Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?
- Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?
- Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
- Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?

# Christ The Lord Is Risen Today (Lyra)

Words: Stanzas 1-7, Charles Wesley, 1739. Stanzas 8-10, 14th Century; translated in Lyra Davidica.  
 Music: 'Llanfair' Robert Williams, 1817. Setting: John Roberts, 1837.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - - day, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 4. Lives a - gain our glor - ious King, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 5. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Fought the fight, the ba - ttle won, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Follow - ing our ex - - al - - ted Head, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - - umphs high, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Lo! the Sun's ec - - lipse is o'er, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Death in vain for - - bids His rise, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Once He died our souls to save, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Sing, ye heavens, and earth, re - - ply, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Lo! He sets in blood no more, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Christ hath o - - pened par - a - - dise, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Where thy vic - - to - - ry, O grave? Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| 6. Hail, the Lord of earth and Heaven, Alleluia!<br>Praise to Thee by both be given, Alleluia!<br>Thee we greet triumphant now, Alleluia!<br>Hail, the resurrection, thou, Alleluia! | 8. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!<br>Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!<br>Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!<br>Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia! | 10. Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!<br>Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!<br>Who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!<br>Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia! |
| 7. King of glory, Soul of bliss, Alleluia!<br>Everlasting life is this, Alleluia!<br>Thee to know, Thy power to prove, Alleluia!<br>Thus to sing and thus to love, Alleluia!         | 9. But the pains that He endured, Alleluia!<br>Our salvation have procured, Alleluia!<br>Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!<br>Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!           |  |

# I Know That My Redeemer Lives

Words: Samuel Medley, 1775. Music: 'Duke Street' John Hatton, 1793.  
 Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1905.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 140

1. I know that my Re - - deem - er lives; What com - fort this sweet sen - tence gives!  
 2. He lives to bless me with His love, He lives to plead for me a - - bove.  
 3. He lives tri - um - phant from the grave, He lives e - - ter - nal - - ly to save,  
 4. He lives to grant me rich sup - - ply, He lives to guide me with His eye,  
 5. He lives to si - lence all my fears, He lives to wipe a - - way my tears

He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - - er liv - ing Head.  
 He lives my hun - gry soul to feed, He lives to help in time of need.  
 He lives all glo - rious in the sky, He lives ex - alt - - ed there on high.  
 He lives to com - fort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's com - plaint.  
 He lives to calm my trou - bled heart, He lives all bless - - ings to im - - part.

6. He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,  
 He lives and loves me to the end;  
 He lives, and while He lives, Ill sing;  
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

7. He lives and grants me daily breath;  
 He lives, and I shall conquer death:  
 He lives my mansion to prepare;  
 He lives to bring me safely there.

8. He lives, all glory to His Name!  
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same.  
 Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
 I know that my Redeemer lives!

# Jesus Christ Is Risen Today

EASTER

Words: 14th Century Bohemian Latin carol. Stanzas 1-3 translated in John Arnold's *Compleat Psalmist*, 1749.

Stanza 4 Charles Wesley, 1740, alt.

Music: 'Easter Hymn' from *Lyra Davidica*, 1708. Setting: composite found in "Church Praise: with tunes", 1885.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Je - - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 3. But the pain which He en - dured, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 4. Sing we to our God a - bove, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Our tri - um - phant ho - - ly day, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Un - to Christ, our heav'n - - ly King, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Our sal - va - tion hath pro - cured, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Praise e - ter - nal as His love, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Who did once, up - - on the cross, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Who en - - dured the cross and grave, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Now a - - bove the sky He's king, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Praise Him, all you heav'n - ly host, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!

Suf - - fer to re - - deem our loss, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Sin - - ners to re - - deem and save, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Where the an - gels ev - er sing, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!  
 Fa - - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!

# The Strife Is O'er, The Battle Done

EASTER

Words: from *Symphonia Sirenum Selectarum*, Köln, 1695; translated by Francis Pott, 1861.

Music: 'Victory' or 'Palestrina' Giovanni P. da Palestrina, 1591.

Setting: William Henry Monk, 1861.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 140

Al - le - - lu - - ia, Al - le - - lu - - ia, Al - le - - lu - - ia.

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - - tle done; The tri - umph of the  
 2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst; and Je - sus hath His  
 3. On that third morn He rose a - - gain In glor - ious ma - jes -  
 4. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; The bars from heav'n's high  
 5. Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy

Lord is won; O Let the song of praise be sung: Al - le - lu - - ia!  
 foes dis - persed; Let shouts of praise and joy out - burst: Al - le - lu - - ia!  
 ty to reign; O let us swell the joy - ful strain. Al - le - lu - - ia!  
 por - tals fell; Let songs of joy His tri - umphs tell. Al - le - lu - - ia!  
 ser - vants free, That we may live, and sing to Thee. Al - le - lu - - ia!

♩ = 140

Al - le - - lu - - ia, Al - le - - lu - - ia, Al - le - - lu - - ia.

# Come Down, O Love Divine

PENTECOST

Words: *Bianco of Siena d. 1434. Translated by Richard F. Littledale, 1867.*  
 Music: *'Down Ampney' Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906. Setting: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906.*  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the *Open Hymnal Project, 2009 Revision.*

♩ = 120

1. Come down, O love di - - vine, seek Thou this soul of  
 2. O let it free - - ly burn, til earth - ly pas - - sions  
 3. Let ho - ly char - - it - - y mine out - ward ves - - ture  
 4. And so the year - - ing strong, with which the soul will

mine, And vis - it it with Thine own ar - dor glow - - ing.  
 turn To dust and ash - es in its heat con - - su - - ming;  
 be, And low - li - ness be - - come mine in - ner cloth - - ing;  
 long, Shall far out - pass the pow'r of hu - man tell - - ing;

O Com - fort - - er, draw near, with - - in my heart ap - - pear,  
 And let Thy glor - - ious light shine ev - er on my sight,  
 True low - li - - ness of heart, which takes the hum - - bler part,  
 For none can guess its grace, till he be - come the place

And kin - dle it, Thy ho - ly flame be - - stow - - ing.  
 And clothe me round, the while my path il - - lum - - ing.  
 And o'er its own short - - com - ings weeps with loath - - ing.  
 Where - - in the Ho - ly Spir - it makes His dwell - - ing.

# Holy God, We Praise Thy Name

TRINITY

Words: attr. Ignaz Franz, 1774. Translated by Clarence A. Walworth, 1858.  
 Music: 'Te Deum' or 'Hursley' or 'Grosser Gott, wir Loben Dich' from *Katholisches Gesangbuch, Maria Theresa, 1774*. Setting: "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1869, alt.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Ho - - ly God, we praise Thy Name; Lord of all, we  
 2. Hark! the loud ce - - les - - tial hymn An - - gel cho - irs a -  
 3. Lo! the a - - post - - o - - lic train Join the sa - - cred  
 4. Ho - - ly Fa - - ther, Ho - - ly Son, Ho - - ly Spi - - rit,

bow be - - fore Thee! All on earth Thy scep - - ter claim,  
 above are rai - sing, Cher - - u - - bim and ser - - a - - phim,  
 Name to hal - low; Pro - phets swell the loud re - - frain,  
 Three we name Thee; While in es - - sence on - - ly One,

All in Hea - ven a - - bove a - - dore Thee; In - - fin - - ite Thy  
 In un - - ceas - - ing cho - - rus prais - ing; Fill the hea - vens with  
 And the white robed mar - - tyrs fol - low; And from morn to  
 Un - div - - id - - ed God we claim Thee; And a - - dor - - ing

vast do - - main, Ev - - er - - last - - ing is Thy reign.  
 sweet ac - - cord: Ho - - ly, ho - - ly, ho - - ly, Lord.  
 set of sun, Through the Church the song goes on.  
 bend the knee, While we own the my - - ster - - y.



# Holy Holy, Holy

Words: Reginald Heber, 1826.

Music: 'Nicaea' John Bacchus Dykes, 1861. Setting: "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1869.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 110

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! Ear - - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - - dore Thee, Cast - - ing down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee, Though the eye of  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - t - y! All Thy works shall

morn - - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - - ly,  
 gold - en crowns a - - round the glass - y sea; Che - ru - bim and ser - a - phim  
 sin - ful man Thy glor - y may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - - ly;  
 praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - - ly;

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Tri - ni - ty!  
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Who was, and is, and ev - er - more shall be.  
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - it - y.  
 mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Tri - ni - ty!

# I Bind Unto Myself Today

BAPTISMAL LIFE

Words: attributed to St. Patrick of Ireland (circa 387-466). Paraphrased by Cecil F. Alexander, 1889.  
 Music: 'St. Patricks Breastplate' Charles V. Stanford, 1902. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. I bind un - - to my - self to - - day The strong Name of the  
 2. I bind this day to me for - - ev - er By pow - er of faith, Christ's  
 3. I bind un - - to my - self the pow - er Of the great love of  
 4. I bind un - - to my - self to - - day The vir - - tues of the  
 5. I bind un - - to my - self to - - day The pow - er of God to

Tri - - ni - - ty, By in - - - vo - - ca - - tion of the  
 in - - car - - na - tion; His bap - - - tism in the Jor - - dan  
 cher - - u - - bim; The sweet "Well done" in judg - - ment  
 star lit heav - en, The glor - - ious sun's life giv - - ing  
 hold and lead, His eye to watch, His might to

1 2-9  
 same The Three in One and One in Three.  
 riv - er, His death on Cross for my sal - - va - tion;  
 ho - ur, The ser - - vice of the ser - - a - - - phim,  
 ray, The white - ness of the moon at ev - en,  
 stay, His ear to hear - - ken to my need.

BAPTISMAL LIFE

2. His burst - - ing from the spic - - èd tomb, His rid - - ing  
 3. Con - - fes - - sors' faith, A - - pos - - tles' word, The Pa - triarchs'  
 4. The flash - - ing of the light - - ning free, The whirl - ing  
 5. The wis - - dom of my God to teach, His hand to

up the heav'n - ly way, His com - - ing at the day of  
 pray - ers, the pro - phets' scrolls, All good deeds done un - - to the  
 wind's tem - - pest - uous shocks, The sta - - ble earth, the deep salt  
 guide, His shield to ward; The word of God to give me

doom I bind un - - to my - - self to - - day.  
 Lord And pu - - ri - - ty of vir - - gin souls.  
 sea A - - round the old e - - ter - - nal rocks.  
 speech, His heav'n - - ly host to be my guard.

6. Against the demon snares of sin,  
 The vice that gives temptation force,  
 The natural lusts that war within,  
 The hostile men that mar my course;  
 Or few or many, far or nigh,  
 In every place and in all hours,  
 Against their fierce hostility  
 I bind to me these holy powers.

7. Against all Satan's spells and wiles,  
 Against false words of heresy,  
 Against the knowledge that defiles,  
 Against the heart's idolatry,  
 Against the wizard's evil craft,  
 Against the death wound and the burning,  
 The choking wave, the poisoned shaft,  
 Protect me, Christ, till Thy returning.

8. Christ be with me, Christ within me,  
 Christ behind me, Christ before me,  
 Christ beside me, Christ to win me,  
 Christ to comfort and restore me.  
 Christ beneath me, Christ above me,  
 Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,  
 Christ in hearts of all that love me,  
 Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

9. I bind unto myself the Name,  
 The strong Name of the Trinity,  
 By invocation of the same,  
 The Three in One and One in Three.  
 By Whom all nature hath creation,  
 Eternal Father, Spirit, Word:  
 Praise to the Lord of my salvation,  
 Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

# Lord Jesus Think On Me

CONFESSION/ABSOLUTION

Words: Synesius of Cyrene, circa 430. Translated by Allen W. Chatfield, 1876.  
 Music: 'Southwell' William Daman's Psalter, 1579. Setting: "Common Service Book" (ULCA), 1917.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 110

1. Lord Je - sus, think on me And purge a - way my sin;  
 2. Lord Je - sus, think on me, With ma - ny'a care op - - pressed;  
 3. Lord Je - sus, think on me A - - mid the bat - tle's strife;  
 4. Lord Je - sus, think on me Nor let me go a - - stray;  
 5. Lord Je - sus, think on me When floods the tem - pest high;

From earth - born pas - sions set me free And make me pure with - - in.  
 Let me Thy lo - ving ser - vant be And taste Thy pro - mised rest.  
 In all my pain and mi - se - ry Be Thou my Health and Life.  
 Through dark - ness and per - - plex - it - y Point Thou the heav'n - ly way.  
 When on doth rush the e - ne - my, O Sa - vior, be Thou nigh!

6. Lord Jesus, think on me  
 That, when the flood is past,  
 I may th'eternal brightness see  
 And share Thy joy at last.

7. Lord Jesus, think on me  
 That I may sing above  
 To Father, Spirit, and to Thee  
 The strains of praise and love.

# Out of the Deep I Cry to Thee CONFESSION/ABSOLUTION

(also known as From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee)

*Words: Martin Luther, 1524. Translated by Arthur Tozer Russell (1806-1874).  
 Music: 'Aus Tiefer Not (Luther)' or 'Af Dybsens Nød' Martin Luther from Erfurt Enchiridion, 1524.  
 Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1725.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2009 Revision.*

♩ = 110

1. Out of the deep I cry to Thee; O Lord God, hear my cry - - ing;  
 2. But love and grace with Thee pre - vail, O God, our sins for - - giv - - ing;  
 3. For this, my hope in God shall rest, Naught build - ing on my mer - - it;  
 4. And though I wait the live - long night And till the morn re - - turn - - eth,  
 5. What though our sins are man - i - - fold? Su - - preme His mer - cy reign - - eth;

In - cline Thy gra - cious ear to me, With prayer to Thee ap - - ply - - ing.  
 The ho - liest deeds can naught a - - vail Of all be - fore Thee liv - - ing.  
 My heart con - fides, of Him pos - - sest, His good - ness stays my spi - - rit.  
 My heart un - doubt - ing trusts His might Nor in im - pa - tience mourn - - eth.  
 No lim - it can His hand with - hold, Where ev - il most ob - - tain - - eth.

For if Thou fix Thy search - - ing eye On all sin and  
 Be - - fore Thee none can boast him clear; There - - fore must each  
 His prec - ious word as - - sur - - eth me; My sol - ace, my  
 Born of His Spi - rit, Is - - ra - - el In the right Way  
 He the good Shep - herd is a - - lone, Who Is - - rael will

in - - iq - - ui - - ty, Who, Lord, can stand be - fore Thee?  
 Thy judg - ment fear, And live on Thy com - pas - - - sion.  
 sure Rock is he, Where - on my soul a - bid - - - eth.  
 thus far - - eth well, And on his God re - pos - - - eth  
 re - - deem and own, For - - giv - ing all trans - gres - - - sion.

# Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

Words: from Liturgy of St. James, 4th Century. Translated by Gerard Moultrie, 1864.  
 Music: 'Picardy' traditional French. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906, alt.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Let all mor - tal flesh keep si - lence, And with fear and trem - bling stand;  
 2. King of kings, yet born of Ma - ry, As of old on earth He stood,  
 3. Rank on rank the host of hea - ven Spreads its van-guard on the way,  
 4. At His feet the six wingèd ser - aph, Che - ru - bim with sleep - less eye,

Pon - der no - thing earth - ly mind - ed, For with bles - sing in His hand,  
 Lord of lords, in hu - man ves - ture, In the bo - dy and the blood;  
 As the Light of light de - - scend - eth From the realms of end - less day,  
 Veil their fa - ces to the pre - sence, As with cease - less voice they cry:

Christ our God to earth de - scend - - eth, Our full hom-age to de - - mand.  
 He will give to all the fai - - - thful His own self for heav'n - ly food.  
 That the pow'rs of hell may va - - - nish As the dark-ness clears a - - way.  
 Al - le - lu - - ia, Al - - le - lu - - ia Al - le - lu - ia, Lord Most High!

# O Lord, I Am Not Worthy

EUCCHARIST

Words: from *Landshuter Gesangbuch*, 1777. Translation unknown, before 1913.

Music: 'Non Dignus' traditional air, before 1871.

Setting: "American Catholic Hymnal", 1913.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the *Open Hymnal Project*, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. O Lord, I am not wor - thy That Thou should'st come to me,  
2. O Lord, Thou art all ho - ly, The an - gels Thee a - - dore;  
3. But when Thou soon wilt en - ter My heart, my sin - ful heart,  
4. O Lord, how can I thank Thee For such a gift as this?  
5. I praise Thee, I ex - - tol Thee, I love Thee O my Sire,

But speak the words of com - fort, My spir - it healed shall be.  
How, then, ought I sin - - cere - ly My wrongs and sins de - - plore!  
Then heal me, be my shel - ter, For Thou my Sa - vior art.  
A gift which tru - ly fill - eth My soul with heav'n - ly bliss!  
Till once in joy and glo - ry, In heav'n I Thee ad - - mire.

# Lord, Who at Thy First Eucharist

Words: William H. Turton, 1881.

Music: 'Unde Et Memores' William Henry Monk, 1875.

Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1896.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Lord, who at Thy first Eu - cha - rist didst pray That all Thy Church might  
 2. For all Thy Church, O Lord, we in - ter - cede; Make Thou our sad di -  
 3. We pray Thee too for wan - d'ers from Thy fold; O bring them back, good  
 4. So, Lord, at length when sac - ra - ments shall cease, May we be one with

be for - ev - er one, Grant us at ev - 'ry Eu - cha - rist to say  
 vi - sions soon to cease; Draw us the near - er each to each, we plead,  
 Shep - herd of the sheep, Back to the faith which saints be - lieved of old,  
 all Thy Church a - - bove, One with Thy saints in one un - bro - ken peace,

With long - ing heart and soul, "Thy will be done." O may we all one  
 By draw - ing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace; Thus may we all one  
 Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep; Soon may we all one  
 One with Thy saints in one un - bound - ed love; More bless - ed still, in

bread, one bo - dy be, Through this blest sac - ra - - ment of un - i - - ty.  
 bread, one bo - dy be, Through this blest sac - ra - - ment of un - i - - ty.  
 bread, one bo - dy be, Through this blest sac - ra - - ment of un - i - - ty.  
 peace and love to be One with the Trin - i - - ty in un - i - - ty.



## Almighty God Your Word Is Cast

Words: John Cawood, 1816. Music: 'St. Anne' William Croft, 1708.

Setting: composite found in "The Lutheran Hymnary", 1913.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Al - - might - y God, Your Word is cast Like seed in - - to the ground;  
 2. Let not the foe of Christ and man This ho - ly seed re - - move,  
 3. Let not the world's de - - ceit - ful cares The ris - ing plant de - - stroy.  
 4. Nor let Your Word so kind - ly sent To raise us to Your throne  
 5. Oft as the prec - ious seed is sown, Your quick - 'ning grace be - - stow,

Now let the dew of Heav'n de - - scend, And right - eous 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.  
 Re - - turn to You, and sad - ly tell That we re - - ject Your Son.  
 That all whose souls the truth re - - ceive, Its sa - ving power may know.

6. Great God, come down and on Your Word  
 Your mighty power bestow,  
 That all who hear the joyful sound,  
 Your saving grace may know.

# All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name

REDEEMER

Words: Edward Perronet, 1780. Music: 'Coronation' Oliver Holden, 1793.  
 Setting: "The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged" (Episcopal), 1896, alt.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Let high - born ser - aphs tune the lyre, and as they tune it, fall  
 3. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, who fixed this float - ing ball;  
 4. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of your God, who from His al - tar call;  
 5. Ye seed of Is - rael's cho - sen race, ye ran - somed from the fall,

Bring forth the ro - - yal di - - a - - dem, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Be - - fore His face Who tunes their choir, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Ex - - tol the Stem of Je - sse's Rod, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, and crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the ro - - yal di - - a - - dem, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Be - - fore His face Who tunes their choir, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Ex - - tol the Stem of Je - sse's Rod, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, and crown Him Lord of all.

6. Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line, whom David Lord did call,  
 The God incarnate, Man divine, and crown Him Lord of all,  
 The God incarnate, Man divine, and crown Him Lord of all.

7. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget the wormwood and the gall,  
 Go spread your trophies at His feet, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Go spread your trophies at His feet, and crown Him Lord of all.

8. Let every tribe and every tongue before Him prostrate fall  
 And shout in universal song the crownèd Lord of all.  
 And shout in universal song the crownèd Lord of all.

## Alleluia, Sing To Jesus!

Words: William Chatterton Dix, 1867.

Music: 'HyFrydol' Rowland H. Prichard, 1830. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. Al - le - lu - - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His the throne.  
2. Al - le - lu - - ia! not as or - phans are we left in sor - row now;  
3. Al - le - lu - - ia! bread of an - gels, Thou on earth our food, our stay;  
4. Al - le - lu - - ia! King e - ter - nal, Thee the Lord of lords we own;

Al - le - lu - - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - - ry a - - lone.  
Al - le - lu - - ia! He is near us, faith be - - lieves, nor ques - - tions how;  
Al - le - lu - - ia! here the sin - ful flee to Thee from day to day:  
Al - le - lu - - ia! born of Mar - y, Earth Thy foot - stool, Hea - ven Thy throne:

Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - - on thun - der like a might - y flood.  
Though the cloud from sight re - ceived Him when the for - ty days were o'er  
Int - er - - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners, Earth's Re - deem - er, plead for me,  
Thou with - in the veil hast en - tered, robed in flesh our great High Priest;

Je - sus out of ev - ery na - - tion has re - deemed us by His blood.  
Shall our hearts for - get His pro - - mise, "I am with you ev - er - more"?  
Where the songs of all the sin - - less sweep ac - ross the crys - tal sea.  
Thou on earth both priest and vic - - tim in the Eu - char - ist - ic feast.

# Beautiful Savior

(also known as Fairest Lord Jesus)

REDEEMER

*Words: German Jesuits, published 1677. Translated by Joseph A. Seiss, 1873.  
 Music: 'Crusader's Hymn' Silesian folk song, 1842. Setting: Richard S. Willis, 1850.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.*

♩ = 120

1. Beau - ti - ful Sa - - vior, King of Cre - - a - - tion Son of  
 2. Fair are the mea - - dows, Fair are the wood - lands, Robed in the  
 3. Fair is the sun - - shine, Fair is the moon - light, Bright the  
 4. Beau - ti - ful Sa - - vior, Lord of the na - - tions, Son of

God and Son of Man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee,  
 flow'rs of bloom - - ing spring; Je - sus is fair - - er,  
 spark - ling stars on high; Je - sus shines bright - - er,  
 God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and ho - - nor,

tru - ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my joy, my crown.  
 Je - sus is pur - - er, He makes our sor - - r'wing spi - - rit sing.  
 Je - sus shines pur - - er Than all the an - - gels in the sky.  
 Praise, a - dor - - a - - tion Now and for - ev - - er - - more be Thine!

# Crown Him With Many Crowns

Words: Verses 1, 4, 5, 6 & 9: Matthew Bridges, *The Passion of Jesus*, 1852.  
 verses 2 & 3: Godfrey Thring, *Hymns and Sacred Lyrics*, 1874.

Music: 'Diademata' George J. Elvey, 1868. Setting: "Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1869.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 110

1. Crown Him with man - - y crowns, the Lamb up - - on His throne.  
 2. Crown Him the vir - gin's Son, the God in - - car - nate born,  
 3. Crown Him the Son of God, be - - fore the worlds be - - gan,  
 4. Crown Him the Lord of life, who tri - umphed o'er the grave,  
 5. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - ter sways

Hark! How the heav'n - ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own.  
 Whose arm those crim - son tro - phies won which now His brow a - - dorn;  
 And ye who tread where He hath trod, crown Him the Son of Man;  
 And rose vic - tor - ious in the strife for those He came to save.  
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease, and all be prayer and praise.

A - - wake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee,  
 Fruit of the mys - tic rose, as of that rose the stem;  
 Who ev - - ery grief hath known that wrings the hu - man breast,  
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died, and rose on high,  
 His reign shall know no end, and round His pierc - ed feet

And hail Him as thy match-less King through all e - - ter - ni - - ty.  
 The root whence mer - cy ev - er flows, the Babe of Beth - le - - hem.  
 And takes and bears them for His own, that all in Him may rest.  
 Who died e - - ter - nal life to bring, and lives that death may die.  
 Fair flow'rs of pa - ra - - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.

6. Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His hands and side,  
 Those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.  
 No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,  
 But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.

8. Crown Him the Lord of lords, who over all doth reign,  
 Who once on earth, the incarnate Word, for ransomed sinners slain,  
 Now lives in realms of light, where saints with angels sing  
 Their songs before Him day and night, their God, Redeemer, King.

7. Crown Him the Lord of Heaven, enthroned in worlds above,  
 Crown Him the King to Whom is given the wondrous name of Love.  
 Crown Him with many crowns, as thrones before Him fall;  
 Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns, for He is King of all.

9. Crown Him the Lord of years, the Potentate of time,  
 Creator of the rolling spheres, ineffably sublime.  
 All hail, Redeemer, hail! For Thou has died for me;  
 Thy praise and glory shall not fail throughout eternity.

# Jesus Shall Reign

REDEEMER

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: 'Duke Street' John Hatton, 1793. Setting: "Christian Hymns", 1908.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

$\text{♩} = 60$

1. Je - - sus shall reign wher - - e'er the sun Does his suc -  
2. For Him shall end - less prayer be made, And prais - es  
3. Peo - - ple and realms of ev - - ery tongue Dwell on His  
4. Bless - ings a - - bound wher - - e'er He reigns; The pri - soner  
5. Where He dis - - plays His hea - ling power Death and the

ces - - sive jour - - neys run; His king - dom stretch from  
throng to crown His head; His Name, like sweet per - -  
love with sweet - - est song; And in - fant voic - - es  
leaps to lose his chains, The wear - y find e - -  
curse are known no more; In Him the tribes of

shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
fume shall rise With ev - - ery morn - - ing sac - ri - - fice.  
shall pro - - claim Their ear - ly bless - - ings on His Name.  
ter - - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.  
A - - dam boast More bless - ings than their fa - ther lost.

6. Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King,  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

## O For A Thousand Tongues

REDEEMER

Words: Charles Wesley, 1740. Music: 'Azmon' Carl G. Gläser, 1828. Setting: Lowell Mason, 1839.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 200

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,  
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, A - - ssist me to pro - - claim,  
3. Je - - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;  
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, He sets the pri - soner free;  
5. He speaks, and, lis - tening to His voice, New life the dead re - - ceive,

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!  
To spread through all the earth a - broad The ho - nors of Thy name.  
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
His blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me.  
The mourn - ful, bro - ken hearts re - joice, The hum - ble poor be - - lieve.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,<br>Your loosened tongues employ;<br>Ye blind, behold your Savior come,<br>And leap, ye lame, for joy. | 13. I found and owned His promise true,<br>Ascertained of my part,<br>My pardon passed in heaven I knew<br>When written on my heart.            |
| 7. In Christ your Head, you then shall know,<br>Shall feel your sins forgiven;<br>Anticipate your heaven below,<br>And own that love is heaven.  | 14. Look unto Him, ye nations, own<br>Your God, ye fallen race;<br>Look, and be saved through faith alone,<br>Be justified by grace.            |
| 8. Glory to God, and praise and love<br>Be ever, ever given,<br>By saints below and saints above,<br>The church in earth and heaven.             | 15. See all your sins on Jesus laid:<br>The Lamb of God was slain,<br>His soul was once an offering made<br>For every soul of man.              |
| 9. On this glad day the glorious Sun<br>Of Righteousness arose;<br>On my benighted soul He shone<br>And filled it with repose.                   | 16. Awake from guilty nature's sleep,<br>And Christ shall give you light,<br>Cast all your sins into the deep,<br>And wash the Æthiop white.    |
| 10. Sudden expired the legal strife,<br>'Twas then I ceased to grieve;<br>My second, real, living life<br>I then began to live.                  | 17. Harlots and publicans and thieves<br>In holy triumph join!<br>Saved is the sinner that believes<br>From crimes as great as mine.            |
| 11. Then with my heart I first believed,<br>Believed with faith divine,<br>Power with the Holy Ghost received<br>To call the Savior mine.        | 18. Murderers and all ye hellish crew,<br>Ye sons of lust and pride,<br>Believe the Savior died for you;<br>For me the Savior died.             |
| 12. I felt my Lord's atoning blood<br>Close to my soul applied;<br>Me, me He loved, the Son of God,<br>For me, for me He died!                   | 19. With me, your chief, ye then shall know,<br>Shall feel your sins forgiven;<br>Anticipate your heaven below,<br>And own that love is heaven. |

# Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven

REDEEMER

Words: Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

Music: 'Praise My Soul' or 'Lauda Anima' or 'St. Paul' John Goss, 1869. Setting: "The Choral Hymnal", 1888.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tri - bute bring.  
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress.  
3. Fa - - ther like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows.  
4. Frail as sum - mer's flower we flour - - ish, Blows the wind and it is gone;  
5. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;

Ran - somed, healed, re - - stored, for - - giv - en, Ev - er - - more His pra - ises sing:  
Praise Him still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.  
But while mor - tals rise and per - ish Our God lives un - chang - ing on,  
Sun and moon, bow down be - - fore Him, Dwell - ers all in time and space.

A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - - last - ing King.  
A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - - lu - ia! Glor - ious in His faith - ful - - ness.  
A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.  
Praise Him, Praise Him, Ha - lle - - lu - jah Praise the High E - - ter - nal One!  
A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.



# O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High

Words: Unknown, 15th Century; Translated by Benjamin Webb, 1852, alt.

Music: 'Deo Gracias' or 'Agincourt' traditional English, circa 1415. Setting: Charles Winfred Douglas, 1918, alt. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 140

1. O love, how deep, how broad, how high, How pass - - ing  
 2. He sent no an - - gel to our race Of high - - er  
 3. Nor willed He on - - ly to ap - - pear; His plea - - sure  
 4. For us bap - - tized, for us He bore His ho - - ly  
 5. For us He prayed; for us He taught; For us His

thought and fan - - ta - - sy, That God, the Son of  
 or of low - - er place, But wore the robe of  
 was to tar - - ry here; And God and Man with  
 fast and hun - gered sore, For us temp - - ta - - tions  
 dai - - ly works He wrought; By words and signs and

God, should take Our mor - - tal form for mor - - tals' sake!  
 hu - man frame And He Him - self, to this world came.  
 man would be The space of thir - - ty years and three.  
 sharp He knew; For us the temp - - ter o - - ver - - threw.  
 ac - tions thus Still seek - - ing not Him - self, but us.

6. For us to wicked men betrayed,  
 Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed,  
 For us He bore the cross's death,  
 For us at length gave up His breath.

7. For us He rose from death again;  
 For us He went on high to reign;  
 For us He sent His Spirit here,  
 To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

8. All honor, laud, and glory be,  
 O Jesus, virgin-born to Thee!  
 All glory, as is ever meet  
 To Father and to Paraclete.

## Be Still My Soul

Words: Katharina A. von Schlegel, 1752. Translated by Jane L. Borthwick, 1855.

Music: 'Finlandia' Jean Sibelius, 1899. Setting: from Jean Sibelius, 1900.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side. Bear pa - tient - - ly  
 2. Be still, my soul: thy God doth un - der - take To guide the fu -  
 3. Be still, my soul: when dear - est friends de - part, And all is dark -  
 4. Be still, my soul: the hour is hast'n - ing on When we shall be  
 5. Be still, my soul: be - - gin the song of praise On earth, be - - liev -

the cross of grief or pain. Leave to thy God to or - der and pro - vide;  
 ture, as He has the past. Thy hope, thy con - fi - - dence let no - thing shake;  
 ened in the vale of tears, Then shalt thou bet - ter know His love, His heart,  
 for - - ev - er with the Lord. When dis - a - - ppoint - ment, grief and fear are gone,  
 ing, to Thy Lord on high; Ac - know - ledge Him in all thy words and ways,

In ev - ery change, He faith - ful will re - - main. Be still, my soul: thy best,  
 All now my - - ster - ious shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul: the waves  
 Who comes to soothe thy sor - row and thy fears. Be still, my soul: thy Je -  
 Sor - row for - - got, love's pur - est joys re - - stored. Be still, my soul: when change  
 So shall He view thee with a well pleased eye. Be still, my soul: the Sun

thy heav'n - ly Friend Through thorn - y ways leads to a joy - ful end.  
 and winds still know His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt be - low.  
 sus can re - - pay From His own full - ness all He takes a - - way.  
 and tears are past All safe and bless - - ed we shall meet at last.  
 of life di - - vine Through pass - ing clouds shall but more bright - ly shine.

# Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

Words: Phillip Nicolai, 1599. Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1858.  
 Music: 'Wachet Auf' Phillip Nicolai, 1599. Setting: "Common Service Book" (ULCA), 1917.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 160

1. Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - - ing;      The watch-men on the heights are cry - - ing;  
 2. Zi - - on hears the watch - men sing - - ing,      And all her heart with joy is spring - - ing;  
 3. Now let all the heav'ns a - dore      Thee,      And saints and an - gels sing be - fore      Thee,

A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last!      Mid - night hears the wel - come voi - - - ces  
 She wakes, she ri - ses from her gloom;      For her Lord comes down all glo - - - rious,  
 With harp and cym-bal's clear-est tone;      Of one pearl each shin - ing por - - - tal,

And at the thril - ling cry re - joi - - ces;      Come forth, ye vir - gins, night is past;  
 The strong in grace, in truth vic - tor - - ious.      Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come.  
 Where we are with the choir im - mor - - tal      Of an - gels round Thy dazz - ling throne;

The Bride - groom comes, a - wake;      Your lamps with glad - ness take;      A - lle - lu - - ia!  
 Ah come, Thou bless - ed One,      God's own be - lo - ved Son:      A - lle - lu - - ia!  
 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear      hath yet a - ttained to hear      What there is ours,

And for His mar - - riage feast pre - pare      For ye must go and meet Him there.  
 We fol - low till the halls we see      Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee  
 but we re - joi - ce and sing to Thee      Our hymn of joy e - ter - nal - ly.

# Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken

HEAVEN

Words: John Newton, 1779, alt.

Music: 'Austria (Haydn)' or 'Austrian Hymn' Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797.

Setting: "The Evangelical Hymnal with Tunes", 1880.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2014 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - - on ci - ty of our God;  
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from E - - ter - nal Love,  
 3. Round each hab - i - - ta - tion ho - v'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,  
 4. Sav - ior, if of Zi - on's ci - - ty I, through grace, a mem - ber am,

He, Whose Word can - - not be bro - ken Formed thee for His Own a - bode:  
 Well supp - ly thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move:  
 For a glo - ry and a co - v'ring: Show - ing that the Lord is near.  
 Let the world de - - ride or pi - - ty, I will glo - - ry in Thy Name:

On the Rock of A - - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er will their thirst as - suage?  
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night, and shade by day,  
 Fa - ding is the world - ling's pleas - ure, All his boast - ed pomp and show:

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.  
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 Safe they feed up - - on the man - na, Which He gives them on their way.  
 Sol - id joys and last - ing trea - sure None but Zi - - on's child - ren know.

## Hark, Hark, My Soul!

Words: Frederick W. Faber, 1854. Arranged and alt. by Mike Hosken, 2014.  
 Music: 'Finlandia' Jean Sibelius, 1899. Setting: from Jean Sibelius, 1900.  
 copyright: public domain. All alterations to the lyrics are placed into the public domain by  
 the author on 20 Jan 2014. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2014 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields  
 2. And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of  
 3. Faith's jour - neys end in wel - come to the wear - y, And Heav'n, the heart's

and o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing  
 the Gos - pel leads us home. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev'n - ing peal - ing,  
 true home will come at last. An - gels, sing on, your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! On - ward we go, for still  
 The voice of Je - - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thou -  
 Sing us sweet frag - ments of the songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall end

we hear them sing, "Come, wear - y souls, for Je - sus bids you come";  
 sands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd, turn their wear - y steps to Thee.  
 the night of weep - ing, And life's long sha - dows break in cloud - less love.

# For All The Saints

## COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Words: William W. How, 1864.

Music: 'Sine Nomine' Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest,  
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress and their Might;  
 3. For the A - - post - - les' glo - rious com - pa - - ny,  
 9. The gol - den eve - - ning bright - ens in the west;  
 10. But lo! there breaks a yet more glor - ious day; The

Who Thee by faith be - - fore the world con - - fessed, Thy  
 Thou, Lord, their Cap - - tain in the well fought fight;  
 Who bear - ing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,  
 Soon, soon to faith - - ful war - riors comes their rest;  
 saints tri - - um - - phant rise in bright ar - - ray; The

Name, O Je - - - sus, be for - ev - - er blessed.  
 Thou, in the dark - - ness dread, their one true Light.  
 Shook all the migh - - ty world, we sing to Thee:  
 Sweet is the calm of par - a - - dise the blessed.  
 King of glo - - ry pass - es on His way.

Al - - - le - - lu - - - ia, Al - - - le - - lu - - - ia!

COMMUNION OF SAINTS

4. For the Ev - - an - - - gel - - ists, by whose blest  
 5. For Mar - - tyr's, who with rap - - ture kin - - dled  
 6. O blest com - - mu - - - nion, fel - - low - - ship di - -  
 7. O may Thy sol - - - diers, faith - - ful, true and  
 8. And when the strife is fierce, the war - - fare

word, Like four - fold streams, the gar - - den of the  
 eye, Saw the bright crown de - - scen - - ding from the  
 vine! We fee - - bly strug - - gle, they in glo - - ry  
 bold, Fight as the saints who no - - bly fought of  
 long, Steals on the ear the dis - - tant tri - - umph

Lord, Is fair and fruit - - ful, be Thy Name a - - dored.  
 sky, And see - - ing, grasped it, Thee we glo - - ri - - fy.  
 shine; All are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
 old, And win with them the vic - tor's crown of gold.  
 song, And hearts are brave, a - - gain, and arms are strong.

Al - - - le - - lu - - - ia, Al - - - le - - lu - - - ia!

11. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
 And singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:

# Faith of Our Fathers

COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Words: Frederick W. Faber, 1849. Refrain by James G. Walton, 1874.  
 Music: 'St. Catherine' Henri F. Hemy (1818-1888). Setting: James G. Walton, 1874.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Faith of our fa - - thers, liv - - ing still, In spite of dun - geon,  
 2. Faith of our fa - - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions  
 3. Faith of our fa - - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in

fi - re and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy  
 un - - to Thee; And through the truth that comes from God,  
 all our strife; And preach Thee, too, as love knows how

When - e'er we hear that glo - - rious Word! Faith of our  
 We all shall then be tru - - ly free.  
 By kind - ly words and vir - - tuous life.

fa - - thers, ho - - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.



# The Church's One Foundation

Words: Samuel John Stone, 1866. Music: 'Aurelia' Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1864.

Setting: "Order of worship for the Reformed Church in the United States", 1866.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. The Church - 's one foun - - da - - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord,  
 2. She is from ev - ery na - - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;  
 3. The Church shall ne - ver per - - ish! Her dear Lord to de - - fend,  
 4. Though with a scorn - ful won - - der Men see her sore op - - pressed,  
 5. 'Mid toil and trib - u - - la - - tion, And tu - mult of her war,

She is His new cre - - a - - tion By wa - - ter and the Word.  
 Her char - ter of sal - - va - - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 To guide, sus - tain, and cher - - ish, Is with her to the end:  
 By schi - sms rent a - - sun - - der, By her - - e - - sies dis - - tressed:  
 She waits the con - sum - - ma - - tion Of peace for - - ev - - er - - more;

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;  
 One ho - ly Name she bless - - es, Par - - takes one ho - ly food,  
 Though there be those who hate her, And false sons in her pale,  
 Yet saints their watch are keep - - ing, Their cry goes up, 'How long?'  
 Till, with the vi - - sion glo - - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bought her And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press - - es, With ev - ery grace en - - dued.  
 A - - gainst or foe or trai - - tor She ev - - er shall pre - - vail.  
 And soon the night of weep - - ing Shall be the morn of song!  
 And the great Church vic - - tor - - ious Shall be the Church at rest.

6. Yet she on earth hath union  
 With God the Three in One,  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won,  
 With all her sons and daughters  
 Who, by the Master's hand  
 Led through the deathly waters,  
 Repose in Eden land.

7. O happy ones and holy!  
 Lord, give us grace that we  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee;  
 There, past the border mountains,  
 Where in sweet vales the Bride  
 With Thee by living fountains  
 Forever shall abide!

# Be Thou My Vision

CONSECRATION

Words: Attr. Dallan Forgaill, 8th Century. Translated by Mary Byrne, 1905 and Eleanor Hull, 1912.

Music: 'Slane' Traditional Irish. Setting: Mark Hamilton Dewey, 2007.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

All portions of the setting that were not already public domain were released to the public domain by the arranger on 27 July 2007. He already had released the parts and the versification (except for a few changes in the third verse, which he released to the public domain in 2007) to the public domain in 2006.

♩ = 100

1. Be Thou my Vi - - sion, O Lord of my heart;  
 2. Be Thou my Wis - dom, and Thou my true Word;  
 3. Be Thou my ba - - ttle Shield, Sword for the fight;  
 4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's em - - pty praise,  
 5. High King of Hea - ven, my vic - - tor - - y won,

Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art.  
 I ev - - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;  
 Be Thou my Dig - ni - - ty, Thou my De - - light;  
 Thou mine In - - her - - i - - tance, now and al - - ways:  
 May I reach Heav'n's joys, O bright Hea - ven's Sun!

Thou my great best Thought, by day or by night,  
 Thou my soul's Fa - - ther, and I Thy true son;  
 Thou and Thou on - - ly, be first in my heart,  
 Heart of my own heart, what - - ev - - er be - - fall,

Wa - - king or sleep - - ing, Thy pre - - sence my light.  
 Thou in me dwell - - ing, and I with Thee one.  
 Raise Thou me heav'n - - ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.  
 High King of Hea - - ven, my Trea - - sure Thou art.  
 Still be my Vi - - sion, O Rul - - er of all.

# Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758. Music: 'Nettleton' Asahel Nettleton, 1812.

Setting: "The Evangelical Hymnal", 1921.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2010 Revision.

♩ = 90

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Sorr'w - ing I shall be in spi - rit, Till re - leased from flesh and sin,  
 3. Je - - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'r - ing from the fold of God;  
 4. O to grace how great a debt - or Dail - y I'm con - strained to be!  
 5. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face;

Streams of mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.  
 Yet from what I do in - - her - it, Here Thy prais - es I'll be - - gin;  
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood;  
 Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'r - ing heart to Thee.  
 Cloth - èd then in blood washed lin - en How I'll sing Thy sov - er - eign grace;

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by fla - ming tongues a - - bove.  
 Here I raise my Eb - en - - e - - zer; Here by Thy great help I've come;  
 How His kind - ness yet pur - sues me Mor - tal tongue can ne - ver tell,  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - - way;

Praise the mount! I'm fixed u - - pon it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.  
 And I hope, by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
 Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me I can - - not pro - claim it well.  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - - bove.  
 Send thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.

# All Creatures of Our God and King

PRAISE

Words: Francis of Assisi circa 1225. Translated by William H. Draper, 1919.  
 Music: 'Lasst Uns Erfreuen' from Geistliche Kirchengesäng, Köln, 1623. Setting: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 160

1. All crea - tures of our God and King Lift up your voice and with us sing,  
 2. Thou rush - ing wind that art so strong Ye clouds that sail in Heaven a - long,  
 3. Thou flow - ing wa - ter, pure and clear, Make mu - sic for thy Lord to hear,  
 4. Dear mo - ther earth, who day by day Un - - fold - est bless - ings on our way,  
 5. And all ye men of ten - der heart, For - - giv - ing o - thers, take your part,

A - lle - - lu - - ia! A - lle - lu - - ia! Thou burn - ing sun with gol - den beam,  
 O praise Him! A - lle - lu - - ia! Thou ris - ing moon, in praise re - - joice,  
 O praise Him! A - lle - lu - - ia! Thou fire so mas - ter - ful and bright,  
 O praise Him! A - lle - lu - - ia! The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,  
 O sing ye! A - lle - lu - - ia! Ye who long pain and sor - row bear,

Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam! O praise Him!  
 Ye lights of eve - ning, find a voice!  
 That giv - est man both warmth and light.  
 Let them His glo - ry al - - so show.  
 Praise God and on Him cast your care!

O praise Him! A - lle - lu - - ia! A - lle - lu - - ia! A - lle - lu - - - ia!

6. And thou most kind and gentle Death,  
 Waiting to hush our latest breath,  
 O praise Him! Alleluia!  
 Thou ledest home the child of God,  
 And Christ our Lord the way hath trod.

7. Let all things their Creator bless,  
 And worship Him in humbleness,  
 O praise Him! Alleluia!  
 Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,  
 And praise the Spirit, Three in One!

## Alleluia, Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven and Voices Raise

Words: Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

Music: 'Ode to Joy' Ludwig van Beethoven; Adapted by Edward Hodges, 1824.

Setting: "The Methodist Hymnal", 1905.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 115

1. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to Heav'n and voi - ces raise:  
 2. Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born,  
 3. Christ is ri - sen, Christ, the first fruits of the ho - ly har - vest field,  
 4. Christ is ri - sen, we are ri - sen! Shed up - on us heav'n - ly grace,  
 5. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high;

Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, sing to God a hymn of praise.  
 Glor - ious life, and life im - mor - tal, on the ho - ly Ea - ster morn.  
 Which will all its full a - bun - dance at His se - cond com - ing yield:  
 Rain and dew and gleams of glo - ry from the bright - ness of Thy face;  
 Al - le - lu - ia! to the Sa - vior who has gained the vic - to - ry;

He, who on the cross a Vic - tim, for the world's sal - va - tion bled,  
 Christ has tri - umphed, and we con - quer by His might - y en - ter - prise:  
 Then the gol - den ears of har - vest will their heads be - fore Him wave,  
 That we, with our hearts in Hea - ven, here on earth may fruit - ful be,  
 Al - le - lu - ia! to the Spir - it, fount of love and sanc - ti - ty:

Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, now is ri - sen from the dead.  
 We with Him to life e - ter - nal by His res - ur - rec - tion rise.  
 Rip - ened by His glor - ious sun - shine from the fur - rows of the grave.  
 And by an - gel hands be ga - thered, and be ev - er, Lord, with Thee.  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! to the Tri - une Ma - jes - ty.

# I Sing the Mighty Power of God

Words: Isaac Watts, 1709.

Music: 'Ellacombe' from *Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Hofkapelle, Wurttemberg, 1784*. Setting: "Amore Dei", 1897.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the *Open Hymnal Project, 2014 Revision*.

♩ = 130

1. I sing the mighty pow'r of God, That made the mountains rise;  
 2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food:  
 3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But makes Thy glo - ries known;

That spread the flow - ing seas a - - broad, And built the lof - - ty skies.  
 He formed the crea - tures with His word, And then pro - nounced them good.  
 And clouds a - - rise and tem - pests blow, By or - der from Thy throne.

I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun to rule the day:  
 Lord, how Thy won - ders are dis - played, Wher - - e'er I turn my eye;  
 Crea - - tures that bor - row life from Thee Are sub - ject to Thy care:

The moon shines full at His com - mand, And all the stars o - - bey.  
 If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up - - on the sky.  
 There's not a place where we can flee, But God is pre - sent there.

# Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

PRAISE

Words: Walter Chalmers Smith, 1876.

Music: 'St. Denio' or 'Joanna' or 'Palestrina'  
traditional Welsh found in "Caniadau y Cyssegr" by John Roberts, 1839.

Setting: "Caniadau y Cyssegr a'r Teulu", 1878, alt.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Im - - mor - tal, in - - vis - - i - - ble, God on - - ly wise,  
 2. Un - - rest - ing, un - - hast - ing, and si - - lent as light,  
 3. To all, life Thou giv - - est, to both great and small;  
 4. Great Fath - er of glo - - ry, pure Fath - er of light,  
 5. All laud we would ren - der; O help us to see

In light in - - ac - - ces - - si - - ble hid from our eyes,  
 Nor want - ing, nor wast - ing, Thou rul - - est in might;  
 In all life Thou liv - - est, the true life of all;  
 Thine an - - gels a - - dore Thee, all veil - - ing their sight;  
 'Tis on - - ly the splen - dor of light hid - - eth Thee,

Most bless - èd, most glor - ious, the An - cient of Days,  
 Thy just - ice, like moun - tains, high soar - ing a - - bove  
 We blos - som and flour - ish as leaves on the tree,  
 But of Thy rich gra - - ces this grace, Lord, im - - part,  
 And so let Thy glo - - ry, al - - might - y, im - - part,

Al - - might - y, vic - - tor - ious, Thy great Name we praise.  
 Thy clouds, which are foun - tains of good - ness and love.  
 And with - er and per - ish but naught chang - eth Thee.  
 Take the veil from our face, the vile from our heart.  
 Through Christ in His stor - y, Thy Christ to the heart.

# Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

Words: Henry J. van Dyke, 1907.

Music: 'Ode to Joy' Ludwig van Beethoven; Adapted by Edward Hodges, 1824.

Setting: "The Methodist Hymnal", 1905.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 115

1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - - dore Thee, God of glor - y, Lord of love;  
 2. All Thy works with joy sur - round Thee, earth and heaven re - - flect Thy rays,  
 3. Thou art giv - ing and for - - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blessed,  
 4. Mor - tals, join the ha - ppy chor - us, which the morn - ing stars be - gan;

Hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore Thee, o - pening to the sun a - bove.  
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, cen - ter of un - - bro - ken praise.  
 Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean depth of hap - py rest!  
 Fa - ther love is reign - ing o'er us, bro - ther love binds man to man.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; drive the dark of doubt a - way;  
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, flow - ery mea - dow, flash - - ing sea,  
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Bro - ther, all who live in love are Thine;  
 E - ver sing - ing, march we on - ward, vic - tors in the midst of strife,

Giv - er of im - - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day!  
 Sing - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain call us to re - - joice in Thee.  
 Teach us how to love each o - ther, lift us to the joy div - ine.  
 Joy - ful mu - sic leads us Sun - ward in the tri - umph song of life.



# Lord of Life, All Praise Excelling

PRAISE

Words: Clement C. Moore, 1808.

Music: 'HyFrydol' Rowland H. Prichard, 1830. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2013 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. Lord of life, all praise ex - cel - ling, Thou, in glo - ry un - con - fined,  
2. Thus Thy care, for all pro - vi - ding, Warm'd Thy faith - ful pro - phet's tongue;  
3. Still we read Thy Word de - clar - ing Mer - - cy, Lord, Thine own de - - cree;

Deignst to make Thy hum - ble dwell - ing With the poor of hum - ble mind.  
Who, the lot of all de - - ci - ding, To Thy cho - sen Is - rael sung.  
Mer - cy ev - - 'ry sor - row shar - ing, Warms the heart res - - emb - ling Thee.

As Thy love, through all cre - - a - tion, Beams like Thy dif - - fu - sive light;  
When Thy har - vest yields Thee plea - sure, Thou the gol - den sheaf shalt bind;  
Still the or - phan and the stran - ger, Still the wi - dow owns Thy care;

So the high and hum - ble sta - - tion Both are e - qual in Thy sight.  
To the poor be - longs the trea - - sure Of the scat - tered ears be - hind.  
Screened by Thee in ev - 'ry dan - - ger, Heard by Thee in ev - 'ry prayer.

# Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow

(Doxology; see also 'Awake, My Soul, And With The Sun')

Words: Thomas Ken, 1674. Music: 'Old 100th' Genevan Psalter, attr. Louis Bourgeois, c. 1551.  
Setting: Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalter, 1561.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Praise God, from Whom all bles - sings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;  
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - - ly Ghost.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The lyrics are: '1. Praise God, from Whom all bles - sings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - - ly Ghost.' The score ends with a double bar line.

# Praise The Lord, Ye Heavens Adore Him

PRAISE

Words: verses 1-2, unknown, 1796. verse 3 Edward Osler, 1836.  
 Music: 'Austria (Haydn)' or 'Austrian Hymn' Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797.

Setting: "The Evangelical Hymnal with Tunes", 1880.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2014 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the height.  
 2. Praise the Lord, for He is glor - ious; Ne - ver shall His pro - mise fail.  
 3. Wor - ship, ho - nor, glo - ry, bless - ing, Lord, we of - fer un - to Thee.

Sun and moon, re - - jice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.  
 God hath made His saints vic - tor - ious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.  
 Young and old, Thy praise ex - press - ing, In glad ho - - mage bend the knee.

Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed.  
 Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His pow'r pro - claim.  
 All the saints in Heav'n a - dore Thee; We would bow be - fore Thy throne.

Laws which ne - ver shall be bro - ken For their gui - dance He hath made.  
 Heav'n and earth and all cre - a - - tion, Laud and mag - - ni - - fy His name.  
 As Thine an - gels serve be - fore Thee, So on earth Thy will be done.

# Praise To The Lord, The Almighty

Words: Joachim Neander, 1680. Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1863.  
 Music: 'Lobe den Herren' from *Ander Theil des Erneueren Gesangbuch*, 1665.  
 Setting: William Sterndale Bennett, 1863, alt.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - - a - - - tion!  
 2. Praise to the Lord, Who o'er all things so won - drous - ly reign - - - eth,  
 3. Praise to the Lord, Who hath fear - ful - ly, won - drous - ly, made thee;  
 4. Praise to the Lord, Who doth pros - per thy work and de - fend thee;  
 5. Praise to the Lord, Who, when tem - pests their war - fare are wa - - - ging,

O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal - - va - - - tion!  
 Shel - ters thee un - der His wings, yea, so gent - ly sus - - tain - - - eth!  
 Health hath vouch - safed and, when heed - less - ly fall - ing, hath stayed thee.  
 Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at - - tend - - - thee.  
 Who, when the e - - le - ments mad - ly a - - round thee are ra - - - - ging,

All ye who hear, now to His tem - - ple draw near;  
 Hast thou not seen how thy de - - si - - res have been  
 What need or grief ev - - er hath failed of re - - lief?  
 Pon - der a - - new what the Al - - might - - y can do,  
 Bid - deth them cease, turn - - eth their fu - - ry to peace,

Praise Him in glad a - - dor - - a - - - - - tion.  
 Grant - ed in what He or - - dain - - - - - eth  
 Wings of His mer - - cy did shade thee.  
 If with His love He be - - friend thee.  
 Whirl - winds and wa - - ters as - - suag - - - - - ing.

6. Praise to the Lord, Who, when darkness of sin is abounding,  
 Who, when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,  
 Sheddeth His light, chaseth the horrors of night,  
 Saints with His mercy surrounding.

7. Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me adore Him!  
 All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him.  
 Let the Amen sound from His people again,  
 Gladly for aye we adore Him.

# For The Beauty Of The Earth

Words: Folliot S. Pierpoint, 1864. Music: 'Dix' Conrad Kocher, 1838. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. For the beau - ty of the earth For the glo - ry of the skies,  
2. For the beau - ty of each hour, Of the day and of the night,  
3. For the joy of ear and eye, For the heart and mind's de - light,  
4. For the joy of hu - man love, Bro - ther, sis - ter, pa - rent, child,  
5. For Thy Church, that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - - round us lies.  
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light.  
For the mys - tic har - mo - ny Link - ing sense to sound and sight.  
Friends on earth and friends a - bove, For all gen - tle thoughts and mild.  
Off'r - ing up on ev - ery shore Her pure sac - ri - - fice of love.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise, This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

6. For the martyrs' crown of light,  
For Thy prophets' eagle eye,  
For Thy bold confessors' might,  
For the lips of infancy.

7. For Thy virgins' robes of snow,  
For Thy maiden mother mild,  
For Thyself, with hearts aglow,  
Jesu, Victim undefiled.

8. For each perfect gift of Thine,  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and divine,  
Flowers of earth and buds of Heaven.

# How Firm A Foundation

TRUST

Words: John Rippon, 1787.

Music: 'Foundation (Funk)' or 'Protection' Joseph Funk, 1832. Setting: "Union Harmony", 1837.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.

♩ = 125

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
2. In every condition, in sickness, in health; In poverty's  
3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy  
4. When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of  
5. When through fiery trials thy pathways shall lie, My grace, all su-

faith in His excellent Word! What more can He say than to  
vale, or abounding in wealth; At home and abroad, on the  
God and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen and help thee, and  
woe shall not thee overflow; For I will be with thee, thy  
efficient, shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I

you He hath said, You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?  
land, on the sea, As thy days demand, shall thy strength ever be.  
cause thee to stand Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.  
troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.  
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6. Even down to old age all My people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

7. The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

## Our God, Our Help In Ages Past

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719. Music: 'St. Anne' William Croft, 1708.  
 Setting: composite found in "The Lutheran Hymnary", 1913.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
 2. Un - - der the sha - dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - - cure;  
 3. Be - - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,  
 4. Thy Word com - mands our flesh to dust, 'Re - - turn, ye sons of men:'  
 5. A thou - sand a - - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - - ter - nal home.  
 Suf - - fic - ient is Thine arm a - - lone, And our de - fense is sure.  
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
 All na - tions rose from earth at first, And turn to earth a - - gain.  
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - - fore the ris - ing sun.

6. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
 With all their lives and cares,  
 Are carried downwards by the flood,  
 And lost in following years.

7. Time, like an ever rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

8. Like flowery fields the nations stand  
 Pleased with the morning light;  
 The flowers beneath the mower's hand  
 Lie withering ere 'tis night.

9. Our God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

# Souls of Men! Why Will Ye Scatter

(also known as There's a Wideness in God's Mercy)

TRUST

Words: Frederick William Faber, 1862, alt.

Music: 'In Babilone' traditional Dutch found in "Oude en Nieuwe Hollandse Boerenlities en Contradansen", 1710.

Setting: Julius Röntgen, 1906.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2011 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of fright - ened sheep?  
 2. It is God: His love looks might - y, But is might - i'r than it seems;  
 3. There is no place where earth's sor - rows Are more felt than up in Heav'n;  
 4. There is grace e - - nough for thou - sands Of new worlds as great as this;  
 5. There is plen - ti - - ful re - demp - tion In Christ's blood that has been shed;

Fool - ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?  
 'Tis our Fa - ther: and His fond - ness Goes far out be - - yond our dreams.  
 There is no place where earth's fail - ings Have such won - drous judg - ment giv'n.  
 There is room for fresh cre - - a - tions In that up - per home of bliss.  
 There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.

Was there ev - er kind - er shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,  
 There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;  
 There is wel - come for the sin - ner, Grace poured out as in a flood  
 For the love of God is broad - er Than the mea - sure of man's mind;  
 Not just all we owe to Je - sus; It is some - thing more than all;

As the Sa - vior who would have us Come and ga - ther round His feet?  
 There's a kind - ness in His just - ice, Which is more than lib - - er - ty.  
 There is mer - cy with the Sa - vior; There is heal - ing in His blood.  
 And the heart of the E - - ter - nal Is most won - der - - ful - - ly kind.  
 Great - er good be - - cause of e - vil, Lar - ger mer - cy through the fall.



# Thine Arm, O Lord, in Days of Old

(also known as Your Hand, O Lord, in Days of Old)

*Text: Edward H. Plumptre, 1864. Music: 'Kingsfold' traditional English. Setting: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2007 Revision.*

♩ = 100

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old, was strong to heal and save;  
 2. And lo! Thy touch brought life and health, gave speech, and strength and sight;  
 3. Be Thou our great De - - li - verer still, Thou Lord of life and death;

It tri - umphed o'er di - - sease and death, o'er dark - ness and the grave.  
 And youth re - newed and fear re - lieved owned Thee, the Lord of light;  
 Re - - store and quick - en, soothe and bless, with Thine al - might - y breath.

To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, the pal - sied and the lame,  
 And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Al - - might - y as of yore,  
 To hands that work and eyes that see, give wis - dom's heaven - ly lore,

The le - per with his taint - ed life, the sick with fe - vered frame.  
 In crowd - ed street, by rest - less couch, as by Gen - nes - aret's shore.  
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong, may praise Thee ev - er - - more.

# God, Whose Almighty Word

MISSIONS

Words: John Marriott, 1813.

Music: 'Italian Hymn' Felice de Gardini, 1769. Setting: "The Methodist Sunday School Hymnal", 1911.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. God, whose al - - might - - y word Cha - os and dark - - ness heard  
 2. Lord, who once came to bring, On your re - - deem - - ing wing,  
 3. Spir - it of truth and love, Life giv - ing, ho - - ly dove,  
 4. Ho - - ly and bless - - ed three, Glo - ri - ous Tri - - ni - - ty,

And took their flight: Hear us, we hum - ble pray, And where the  
 Heal - ing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the  
 Speed forth your flight; Move on the wa - ter's face, Bear - ing the  
 Wis - dom, love, might! Bound - less as o - cean's tide, Rol - ling in

Gos - pel day Sheds not its glor - ious ray, Let there be light!  
 in - - ly blind: Oh, now to hu - - man - kind Let there be light!  
 lamp of grace, And in earth's dark - est place Let there be light!  
 full - - est pride, Through the earth, far and wide, Let there be light!

# Lift High The Cross

Words: George W. Kitchin (1827-1912). Modified by Michael R. Newbolt, 1916.  
 Music: 'Crucifier' Sydney H. Nicholson, 1916. Setting: "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1922.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 120

Refrain



Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - - claim,  
 Till all the world a - dore His sac - - red Name.

Verse



1. Come, breth - ren, fol - - - low where our Cap - tain trod,  
 2. Led on their way by this tri - um - phant sign,  
 3. Each new - - born ser - - - vant of the Cru - - ci - - fied  
 4. This is the sign which Sa - - tan's le - - gions fear  
 5. Saved by this Cross where - - - on their Lord was slain,

To Refrain



our King vic - - - tor - - ious, Christ the Son of God.  
 The hosts of God in con - quering ranks com - - bine.  
 Bears on the brow the seal of Him Who died.  
 and an - - gels veil their fa - - ces to re - - vere.  
 the sons of A - - dam their lost home re - - gain.

6. From north and south, from east and west they raise  
 in growing unison their songs of praise. Refrain

9. Let every race and every language tell  
 of him who saves our souls from death and hell. Refrain

7. O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,  
 as thou hast promised, draw the world to thee. Refrain

10. From farthest regions let their homage bring,  
 and on his Cross adore their Savior King. Refrain

8. So shall our song of triumph ever be:  
 Praise to the Crucified for victory. Refrain

11. Set up thy throne, that earth's despair may cease  
 beneath the shadow of its healing peace. Refrain

12. For thy blest Cross which doth for all atone  
 creation's praises rise before thy throne. Refrain

# Lord of Glory, Who Hast Bought Us

STEWARDSHIP

Words: Eliza S. Alderson, 1864. Music: 'HyFrydol' Rowland H. Prichard, 1830. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. Lord of Glo - - ry, who hast bought us with Thy life - blood as the price,  
 2. Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee glad - ly, free - ly, of Thine own.  
 3. Wond-rous hon - - or hast Thou giv - en to our humb - lest cha - ri - - ty.  
 4. Lord of Glo - - ry, who hast bought us with Thy life - blood as the price,

Nev - er grud - - ging for the lost ones that tre - - men - dous sac - ri - fice;  
 With the sun - - shine of Thy good - ness melt our thank - less hearts of stone.  
 In Thine own mys - ter - ious sen - tence, "Ye have done it un - to Me."  
 Nev - er grud - - ging for the lost ones that tre - - men - dous sac - ri - fice;

And with that hast free - - ly giv - en bless - ings count - less as the sand,  
 Till our cold and self - ish na - tures, warmed by Thee, at length be - lieve  
 Can it be, O grac - ious Mas - ter, Thou dost deign for alms to sue,  
 Give us faith, to trust Thee bold - ly; hope, to stay our souls on Thee;

To th'un - thank - ful and the ev - - il with Thine own un - spar - ing hand.  
 That more hap - - py and more bless - - ed 'tis to give than to re - ceive.  
 Say - ing by Thy poor and need - - y, "Give as I have giv - en you"  
 But O, best of all Thy gra - - ces, give us Thine own cha - ri - - ty.

# O Father, All Creating

CHRISTIAN HOME

Words: John Ellerton, 1876. Music: 'Aurelia' Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1864.  
 Setting: "Order of worship for the Reformed Church in the United States", 1866.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2012 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. O Fa - ther, all cre - - a - - ting, Whose wis - dom, love, and pow'r  
 2. O Sa - vior, Guest most bount - - eous Of old in Ga - - li - - lee,  
 3. O Spi - rit of the Fa - - ther, Breathe on them from a - - bove,  
 4. Ex - - cept Thou build it, Fa - - ther, The house is built in vain;

First bound two lives to - - ge - - ther In E - den's pri - mal hour,  
 Vouch - - safe to - - day Thy pre - - sence With these who call on Thee;  
 So might - y in Thy pure - - ness, So ten - der in Thy love;  
 Ex - - cept Thou, Sa - vior, bless it, The joy will turn to pain;

To - - day to these Thy child - - ren Thy ear - - liest gifts re - - new:  
 Their store of earth - ly glad - - ness Trans - - form to heav'n - ly wine,  
 That, guard - ed by Thy pre - - sence, From sin and strife kept free,  
 But naught can break the un - - ion Of hearts in Thee made one,

A home by Thee made hap - - py, A love by Thee kept true.  
 And teach them, in the tast - - ing To know the gift is Thine.  
 Their lives may own Thy gui - - dance, Their hearts be rul'd by Thee.  
 And love Thy Spi - rit hal - - low'd Is end - less love be - - gun.

# All Praise To Thee, My God, This Night

EVENING

Words: Thomas Ken, circa 1674.

Music: 'Tallis' Canon' Thomas Tallis, circa 1567. Setting: "A Hymnal" (Episcopal), 1916.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings of the light!  
2. For - - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done,  
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed.  
4. O may my soul on Thee re - pose, And with sweet sleep mine eye - lids close,  
5. When in the night I sleep - less lie, My soul with heav'n - ly thoughts sup - ply;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - - neath Thine own al - - migh - ty wings.  
That with the world, my - - self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.  
Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glo - rious at the judg - ment day.  
Sleep that may me more vig - 'rous make To serve my God when I a - wake.  
Let no ill dreams dis - - turb my rest, No pow'rs of dark - ness me mo - lest.

6. O when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns divine with angels sing,  
All praise to thee, eternal King?

7. Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# God, That Madest Earth and Heaven

Words: verse 1, Reginald Heber, 1827. verse 2, William Mercer, 1864. verse 3, Richard Whately, 1838.  
 Music: 'Ar Hyd Y Nos' traditional Welsh. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906.  
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2009 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. God, that ma - dest earth and Hea - ven, dark - - ness and light;  
 2. And when morn a - - gain shall call us, to run life's way,  
 3. Guard us wa - king, guard us sleep - ing, and when we die,

Who the day for toil hast giv - en, for rest the night;  
 May we still, what - - e'er be - fall us, Thy will o - - bey.  
 May we in Thy might - - y keep - ing all peace - - ful lie;

May Thine an - gel guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us;  
 From the pow'r of e - - vil hide us, In the nar - row path - way guide us,  
 When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, our God, for - sake us,

Ho - - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, all through the night.  
 Nor Thy smile be e'er de - nied us all through the day.  
 But to reign in glo - - ry take us with Thee on high.