



# REFORMING THE CHURCH'S SONG

*OCTOBER 24, 2020 | MINNETONKA, MN | 9 AM – 4:30PM*

## Hymns to be Sung

Selections from the *Cantus Christi 2020*

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# Hear, O Hear Me When I Cry Out

From Psalm 4

7

1. <sup>1</sup>Hear, O hear me when I cry out, God of truth and right-eous - ness.  
2. <sup>3</sup>GOD has set a - part for glo - ry Ev - 'ry - one who does His word.  
3. <sup>6</sup>Man - y speak a - mong us, say-ing, "Who will show us an - y good?"

Hear my pray'r, have mer - cy on me. You re - lieved me in dis - tress.  
When I call a - loud be - fore Him Know that all my cries are heard.  
LORD, lift up Your face up - on us. Cleanse us by Your sav-ing blood.

<sup>17</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>How long will you, sons of A - dam, Turn My glo - ry in - to shame?  
<sup>4</sup>Trem - ble then, and do no e - vil. Still your heart up - on your bed.  
<sup>7</sup>Glad - der than the heart at har - vest, When the grain and wine in - crease,

<sup>25</sup>  
How long will you love what's worth-less And speak lies a - bout My name?  
<sup>5</sup>Off - er right-eous sac - ri - fi - ces. Trust the LORD—lift up your head.  
<sup>8</sup>In You on - ly I dwell safe - ly; I lie down and sleep in peace.

Music: Anonymous Welsh  
Text: Christian Leithart, 2015 ©

DINIWEIDRWYDD  
8 7. 8 7. 8 7. 8 7.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37041>

# Jehovah Hear Thee in Thy Grief

38

From Psalm 20

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the Soprano part. The lyrics are arranged in two systems, with the first system containing verses 1-6 and the second system containing verses 2-6. The lyrics are: 1. Je - ho - vah hear thee in thy grief, Our fa - thers' God de - fend thee still, 2. Thy sac - ri - fice may He re - gard, And all thine of - f'ings bear in mind; 3. In thy sal - va - tion we re - joice, And in God's name our ban - ners raise; 4. Sal - va - tion will the LORD com - mand, And His a - noint - ed will de - fend; 5. How vain their ev - 'ry con - fi - dence Who on mere hu - man help re - ly; 6. Now we a - rise and up - right stand, While they, sub - dued and help - less fall; 2. Send from His ho - ly place re - lief, And strength - en thee from Zi - on's hill. 4. Thy heart's de - sire to thee ac - cord, Ful - fill - ing all thou hast de - signed. Je - ho - vah hear - en to thy voice, Ful - fill thy pray'rs through all thy days. Yea, with the strength of His right hand From Heav'n He will an - an - swer send. But we re - mem - ber for de - fense The name of God, the LORD Most High. 6. Je - ho - vah, save us by Thy hand, The King give an - swer when we call.

Music: John Frederick Lampe, 1746  
Text: *The Psalter*, 1912

KENT (Lampe)  
8 8. 8 8.

# O LORD, My Rock, I Cry

From Psalm 28:1-5

52

1. O LORD, my Rock, I cry, "Do not re - main in si - lence, For  
 2. The day I lift my voice, Please hear my sup - pli - ca - tion. I  
 3. Do not drag me a - way With men who prac - tice e - vil. They  
 4. Re - pay them for their deeds And for their e - vil do - ings. Re -  
 5. LORD, they de - spise Your works And hate Your ho - ly act - ions, But

when You turn Your face a - way Hell swal - lows me in vi - 'lence."  
 raise my hands be - fore Your throne, Up to Your ho - ly sta - tion.  
 speak peace in their neigh - bors' ears But in their hearts is trou - ble.  
 turn to them what they have made, And bring their souls to ru - in.  
 You will tear them stone from stone And give them to de - struc - tion.

Music: Anonymous Welsh; harm. John Henry Roberts (1848-1924)

Text: Christian Leithart, 2015 ©

TREFRIW

6 7. 8 7.

# Blest Be the LORD! For He

From Psalm 28:6-9

53

6. Blest be the LORD! For He Has heard my sup - pli - ca - tion. 7. The  
 7. My help is found in Him. My heart will sing His prais - es. 8. The  
 8. De - liv - er us, O Lord, And bless Your gen - e - ra - tions. Re -  
 LORD God is my strength and shield; His mer - cy, my sal - va - tion.  
 LORD gives strength to all His saints, For Christ a for - tress rais - es.  
 main the Shep - herd of Your sheep Through - out e - ter - nal ag - es.

Music: John Ambrose Lloyd (1815-1874)

Text: Christian Leithart, 2015 ©

GWALCHMAI (Lloyd)

6 7. 8 7.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37056>

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37057>

# You Righteous, Praise the LORD with Joy

63

From Psalm 33

1. <sup>1</sup>You right - eous, praise the LORD with joy; It's seem - ly that you praise.  
 2. <sup>5</sup>Just - ice and right - eous-ness GOD loves; His mer - cy fills the earth.  
 3. <sup>9</sup>For He but spoke the word, and done It was with - out de - lay.  
 4. <sup>12</sup>That na - tion's blest which has as God The God of grace a - lone:  
 5. <sup>16</sup>A might - y ar - my saves no king; Great strength pre-serves no chief.  
 6. <sup>19</sup>He will pre - serve their lives from death; In fam - ine, life He'll yield.

2. Sing praise to GOD with ten-stringed harp; With harp your thanks now raise.  
 6 The LORD's word made the heav - ens high; His breath made all their host.  
 He gave com - mand, and there ap - peared What - ev - er He did say.  
 A peo - ple whom He chose to bless For ev - er - more His own.  
 17 A war-horse is no con - fi - dence: Its strength is no re - lief.  
 20 We wait in hope up - on the LORD; He is our help and shield.

3 O sing a new song un - to Him; Play well with joy - ful sound!  
 7 The seas He lays up in a jar, Puts o - cean depths in store!  
 10 GOD brings to naught the na - tion's plans, Makes hea - then plots to fail.  
 13 From Heav'n GOD looks and sees all men, 14 Views from His house each one.  
 18 Be - hold! on those who fear His name The LORD has set His eye,  
 21 Our hearts in Him re - joice, for in His ho - ly name we trust.

4 For up - right is the LORD's own word; His works in truth a - bound.  
 8 Let all the earth the LORD's name fear, All peo - ple stand in awe.  
 11 The LORD's own coun - sel ev - er stands, His pur - pos - es pre - vail.  
 15 He forms the hearts of all of them; He knows what they have done.  
 On those who on His cov-'nant love With con - fi - dence re - ly.  
 22 LORD, e - ven as we hope in You, Let Your love rest on us.

Music: attr. Nicholson, 1820

Text: Rowland S. Ward, 1991 ©

ZION'S LIGHT

8 6. 8 6. 8 6. 8 6

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=12590>

# O My God, My Cause Espousing

From Psalm 35:1-10

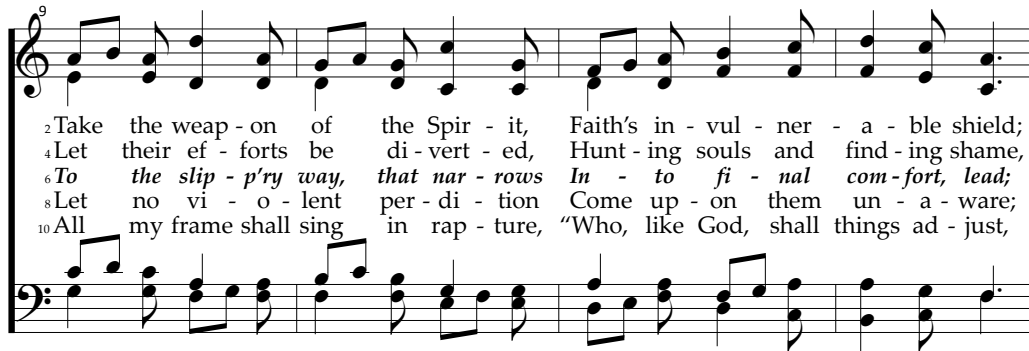
67



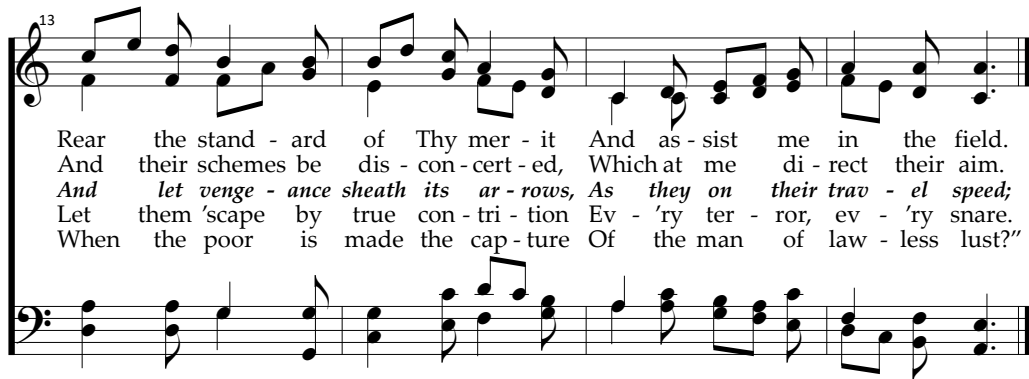
1. O my God, my cause es-pous-ing, From mine en - e - mies pro- tect;  
 2. Couch Thy spear, and stand to par - ry Ev - 'ry lance op - pos - ers send;  
 3. To the wind the dust con - dens - es, Set - tles when the skies are clear;  
 4. That no more, by dark com - bin - ing, They their se - cret nets may lay;  
 5. And my soul with ex - ul - ta - tion, Shall the Lord in truth pro - fess;



On my side Thy might a - rous - ing, Let their in - so - lence be checked.  
 Say, "Thy suit shall not mis - car - ry, I, thy Sav - ior, am thy friend."  
 Thus let them and their of - fenc - es At Thy bid - ding dis - ap - pear.  
 Nor by false - hood un - der - min - ing, Me with - out a cause be - tray.  
 And re - joice in His sal - va - tion, Who de - lights to bear and bless.



2 Take the weap - on of the Spir - it, Faith's in - vul - ner - a - ble shield;  
 4 Let their ef - forts be di - vert - ed, Hunt - ing souls and find - ing shame,  
 6 To the slip - p'ry way, that nar - rows In - to fi - nal com - fort, lead;  
 8 Let no vi - o - lent per - di - tion Come up - on them un - a - ware;  
 10 All my frame shall sing in rap - ture, "Who, like God, shall things ad - just,



Rear the stand - ard of Thy mer - it And as - sist me in the field.  
 And their schemes be dis - con - cert - ed, Which at me di - rect their aim.  
 And let venge - ance sheath its ar - rows, As they on their trav - el speed;  
 Let them 'scape by true con - tri - tion Ev - 'ry ter - ror, ev - 'ry snare.  
 When the poor is made the cap - ture Of the man of law - less lust?"

Music: George F. Brockless (1887-1957)

Text: Christopher Smart (1722-1771)

ÒRAN NA PRASAICH

8 7 . 8 7 . 8 7 . 8 7 .

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37062>

# Great Is the LORD! His Praise Is Great

94

From Psalm 48

1. <sup>1</sup>Great is the LORD! His praise is great. <sup>2</sup>God's love - ly ci - ty,  
<sup>2.</sup> <sup>4</sup>Lo, kings as - sem - bled to sur - vey. <sup>5</sup>Trou - bled, they saw and  
<sup>3.</sup> <sup>8</sup>We heard re - ports of God's great strength. So we have seen in  
<sup>4.</sup> <sup>9</sup>God, we re - called Your ten - der grace, While meet - ing in Your  
<sup>5.</sup> <sup>12</sup>Walk Zi - on's lim - its; count her tow'rs, <sup>13</sup>Note her de - fens - es;

<sup>2</sup>raised in state, Gives joy to all the earth <sup>3</sup>In Zi - on's courts  
ran a - way <sup>6</sup>A - larmed by pain and fear, As wom - en cry  
Zi - on's length He is the LORD of hosts! Be - cause God builds  
ho - ly place. <sup>10</sup>Ac - cord - ing to Your name; Your rul - ing hand  
see their pow'r: Your off - spring needs to know. <sup>14</sup>Our God is God!

<sup>4</sup>the great King dwells: The re - fuge of her ci - ta - dels.  
in birth - ing pains, <sup>7</sup>As ships You break with hur - ri - canes.  
with His strong hand Je - ru - sa - lem will al - ways stand.  
in praise earth sees. <sup>11</sup>Your saints re - joice for Your de - crees.  
In all our path, He guides our way through life and death.

Music: Heinrich Schütz, 1628

GROSS IST DER HERR [BECKER 48]

Text: st. 1 & 5, Michael E. Owens, 2019; st. 2-4, Donald P. Owens II, 2010 ©

8 8 6. 8 8.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=12602>


Words are quite different on the recording.



# Be Merciful to Me, O God

From Psalm 51:1-9

98




1. <sup>1</sup>Be mer - ci - ful to me, O God Ac - cord - ing to Your love.  
 2. <sup>3</sup>For I must dai - ly face my sins. <sup>4</sup>They lie be - fore Your sight,  
 3. <sup>5</sup>In sin my moth - er gave me life, In dark - ness I was made.  
 4. <sup>7</sup>With hys - sop purge me, laun - der me; I will be white as snow.

<sup>2</sup>With wa - ter blot out all my sins And cleanse me from a - bove.  
 So You are blame - less when You judge, Your words are true and right.  
<sup>6</sup>My hid - den parts You will teach truth, With wis - dom them per - suade.  
<sup>8</sup>With joy and glad - ness com - fort me; The bones You break shall grow.

# Be Merciful to Me, O God

Cont'd, Psalm 51:10-19



5. <sup>10</sup>Cre - ate in me a heart re - newed, My spir - it stead - fast make.  
 6. <sup>12</sup>Re - store to me sal - va - tion's joy. Up - hold me, gra - cious Lord.  
 7. <sup>14</sup>*De - liv - er me from guilt, O God, For - get my blood - y days.*  
 8. <sup>16</sup>Will sac - ri - fi - ces give You joy? Burnt of - f'rings bring de - light?  
 9. <sup>18</sup>Do good in Your good plea - sure, Lord. Re - build Your cit - y's wall.

<sup>11</sup>O cast me not a - way from You, Your pres - ence do not take.  
<sup>13</sup>Trans - gres - sors I will teach Your ways Till sin - ners are re - stored.  
*My lips shall sing Your right - eous - ness,* <sup>15</sup>*My mouth show forth Your praise.*  
<sup>17</sup>Your of - f'rings are a brok - en heart, A spir - it made con - trite.  
<sup>19</sup>Then bulls and sac - ri - fi - ces burnt: You will ac - cept them all.

Music: Elizabeth Raymond Barker (1829-1916); alt.

Text: Christian Leithart, 2015 ©

CORONA

8 6. 8 6.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=18224>

Words are a little different on the recording.

# Yet Shall My Soul in Silence Still

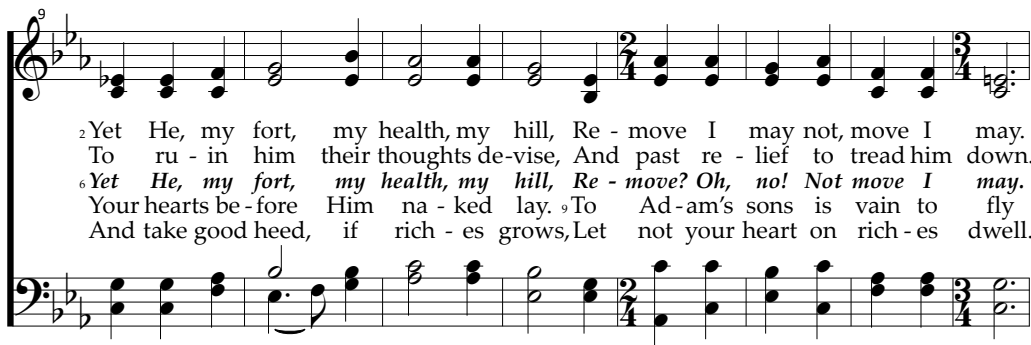
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Melody in soprano and tenor

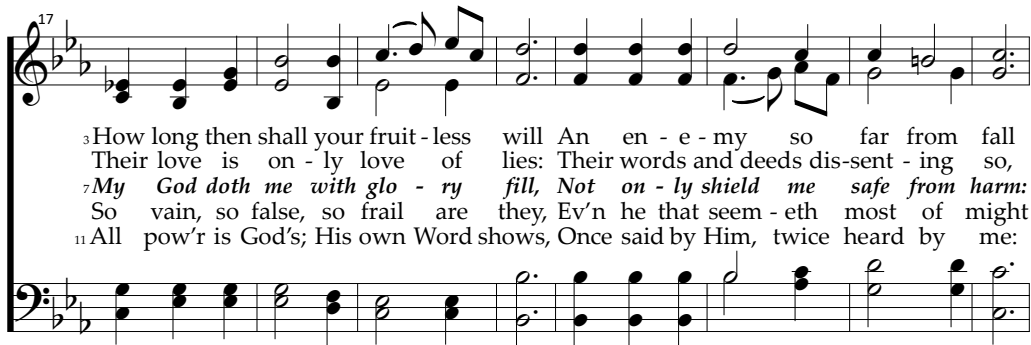
From Psalm 62



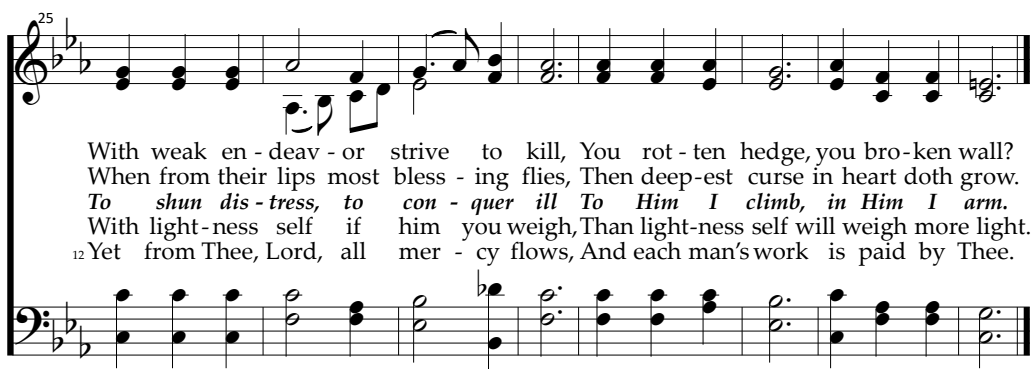
1. <sup>1</sup> Yet shall my soul in si-lence still On God, my help, at - ten - tive stay:  
 2. <sup>4</sup> Forsooth that he no more may rise Ad - vanced a - gain to throne and crown:  
 3. <sup>5</sup> *Yet shall my soul in si-lence still On God, my help, at - ten - tive stay:*  
 4. <sup>8</sup> Oh, then on God our cer-tain stay, All peo-ple in all times re - ly:  
 5. <sup>10</sup> In fraud and force no trust re - pose: Such i - dle hopes from thoughts ex - pel



<sup>2</sup> Yet He, my fort, my health, my hill, Re - move I may not, move I may.  
 To ru - in him their thoughts de-vise, And past re - lief to tread him down.  
<sup>6</sup> Yet He, my fort, my health, my hill, Re - move? Oh, no! Not move I may.  
 Your hearts be - fore Him na - ked lay. <sup>9</sup> To Ad-am's sons is vain to fly  
 And take good heed, if rich - es grows, Let not your heart on rich - es dwell.



<sup>3</sup> How long then shall your fruit - less will An en - e - my so far from fall  
 Their love is on - ly love of lies: Their words and deeds dis-sent - ing so,  
<sup>7</sup> My God doth me with glo - ry fill, Not on - ly shield me safe from harm:  
 So vain, so false, so frail are they, Ev'n he that seem - eth most of might  
<sup>11</sup> All pow'r is God's; His own Word shows, Once said by Him, twice heard by me:



With weak en - deav - or strive to kill, You rot - ten hedge, you bro-ken wall?  
 When from their lips most bless - ing flies, Then deep-est curse in heart doth grow.  
 To shun dis - tress, to con - quer ill To Him I climb, in Him I arm.  
 With light-ness self if him you weigh, Than light-ness self will weigh more light.  
<sup>12</sup> Yet from Thee, Lord, all mer - cy flows, And each man's work is paid by Thee.

Music: Thomas Tallis, 1567

Text: Mary Sidney Herbert (1556–1621); alt.

FOURTH MODE MELODY

8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37414>

# Save Me, O God

From Psalm 69:1-10

131

1. Save me, O God, the swell - ing floods Break in up - on my soul:  
 2. I cry till all my voice is gone, In tears I waste the day:

melody

I sink; and sor - rows  
 My God, be - hold my

I sink; and sor - rows o'er my head Like  
 My God, be - hold my long - ing eyes, And

I sink; and sor - rows o'er my head Like might - y  
 My God, be - hold my long - ing eyes, And short - en

o'er my head Like might - y wa - ters roll,  
 long - ing eyes, And short - en Thy de - lay,

sink; and sor - rows o'er my head  
 God, be - hold my long - ing eyes, Like might - y wa - ters roll.  
 might - y wa - ters roll, And short - en Thy de - lay.  
 short - en Thy de - lay,

wa - ters roll,  
 Thy de - lay,

3. They hate my soul without a cause,  
 And still their number grows  
 More than the hairs upon my head,  
 And mighty are my foes.

4. 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt  
 That men could never pay,  
 And gave those honors to Thy law  
 Which sinners took away.

5. Thus in the great Messiah's name,  
 The royal prophet mourns;  
 Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,  
 And gives us joy by turns.

6. Now shall the saints rejoice and find  
 Salvation in My name,  
 For I have borne their heavy load  
 Of sorrow, pain and shame.

Music: Ezra Goff (1760-1807?)  
 Text: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

SUTTON  
 8 6. 8 6.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37093>

# In You, O LORD, I Put My Trust

From Psalm 71:1-13

134

1. <sup>1</sup>In You, O LORD, I put my trust; Shamed let me nev - er be;  
 2. <sup>4</sup>De - liv - er me from wick - ed hands, Save me from men un - just,  
 3. <sup>7</sup>Though men a - round in won - der gaze, You are my ref - uge strong.  
 4. <sup>10</sup>My foes are strong and con - fi - dent, They talk and make their plans:

<sup>4</sup>Oh, save me in Your right - eous - ness, Give ear and res - cue me.  
<sup>5</sup>For You, Lord GOD, You are my hope; From youth You are my trust.  
<sup>8</sup>Your praise is what I sing a - bout, Your glo - ry all day long.  
<sup>11</sup>"He is for - sak - en by his God, He'll fall in - to our hands."

<sup>8</sup>Oh, be my rock, my dwell - ing place, Where I may al - ways flee;  
<sup>6</sup>You have up - held me in Your grace From child - hood's ear - ly days;  
<sup>9</sup>Don't cast me off when I grow old— When life is al - most gone;  
<sup>12</sup>Do not be far from me, my God; Make haste to hear my call.

<sup>12</sup>For You, my rock and for - tress sure, Save me by Your de - cree.  
 To You from whom I life re - ceived Will I give con - stant praise.  
 Do not for - sake me when I'm weak, When all my strength is drawn.  
<sup>13</sup>A - shamed, con - sumed be all my foes, Dis - hon - ored let them fall.

Music: Kenneth S. Proctor (1895-?)

Text: John Rogers, 2004; alt. ©

HYMN OF PRAISE

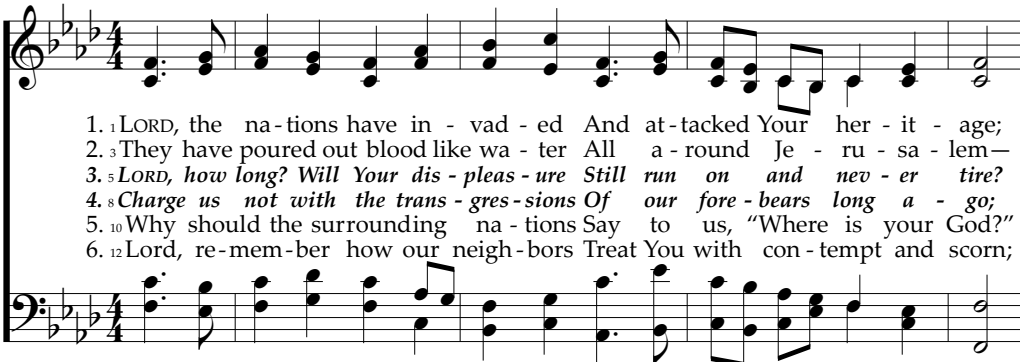
8 6. 8 6. 8 6. 8 6.

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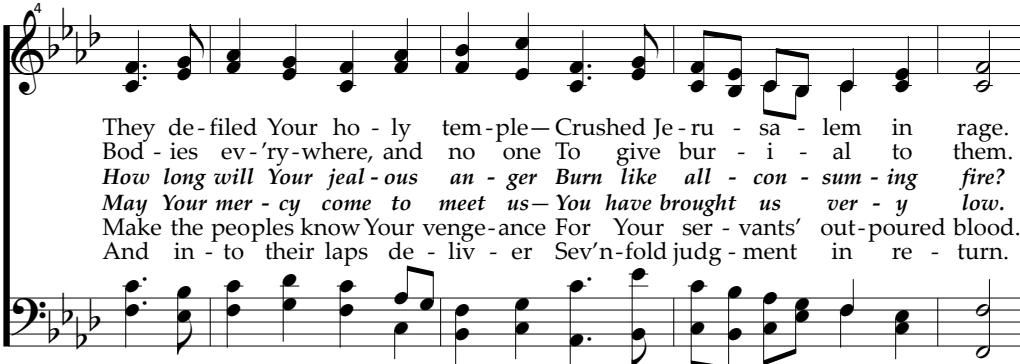
# LORD, the Nations Have Invaded

From Psalm 79

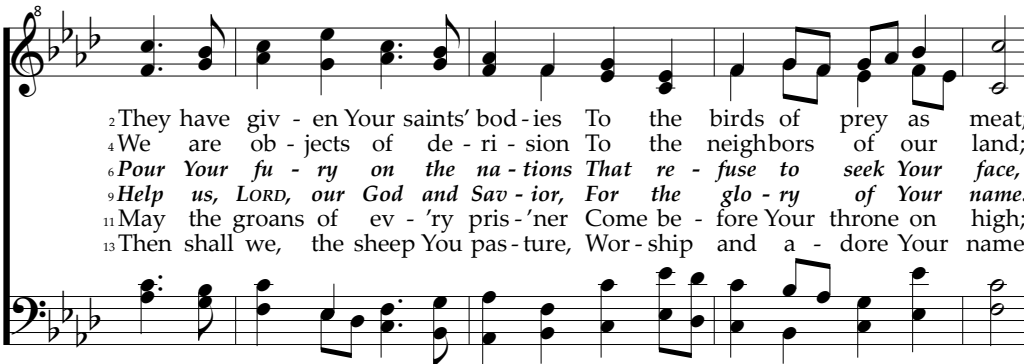
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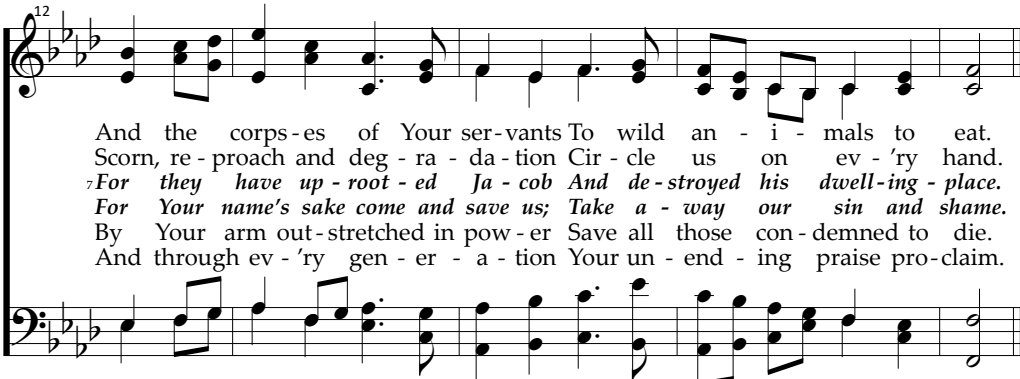
1. <sup>1</sup> LORD, the na - tions have in - vad - ed And at - tacked Your her - it - age;  
 2. <sup>3</sup> They have poured out blood like wa - ter All a - round Je - ru - sa - lem—  
 3. <sup>5</sup> LORD, how long? Will Your dis - pleas - ure Still run on and nev - er tire?  
 4. <sup>8</sup> Charge us not with the trans - gres - sions Of our fore - bears long a - go;  
 5. <sup>10</sup> Why should the surrounding na - tions Say to us, "Where is your God?"  
 6. <sup>12</sup> Lord, re - mem - ber how our neigh - bors Treat You with con - tempt and scorn;



They de - filed Your ho - ly tem - ple— Crushed Je - ru - sa - lem in rage.  
 Bod - ies ev - 'ry - where, and no one To give bur - i - al to them.  
 How long will Your jeal - ous an - ger Burn like all - con - sum - ing fire?  
 May Your mer - cy come to meet us— You have brought us ver - y low.  
 Make the peoples know Your venge - ance For Your ser - vants' out - poured blood.  
 And in - to their laps de - liv - er Sev'n - fold judg - ment in re - turn.



<sup>2</sup> They have giv - en Your saints' bod - ies To the birds of prey as meat;  
<sup>4</sup> We are ob - jects of de - ri - sion To the neighbors of our land;  
<sup>6</sup> Pour Your fu - ry on the na - tions That re - fuse to seek Your face,  
<sup>9</sup> Help us, LORD, our God and Sav - ior, For the glo - ry of Your name.  
<sup>11</sup> May the groans of ev - 'ry pris - ner Come be - fore Your throne on high;  
<sup>13</sup> Then shall we, the sheep You pas - ture, Wor - ship and a - dore Your name;



And the corps - es of Your ser - vants To wild an - i - mals to eat.  
 Scorn, re - proach and deg - ra - da - tion Cir - cle us on ev - 'ry hand.  
<sup>7</sup> For they have up - root - ed Ja - cob And de - stroyed his dwell - ing - place.  
 For Your name's sake come and save us; Take a - way our sin and shame.  
 By Your arm out - stretched in pow - er Save all those con - demned to die.  
 And through ev - 'ry gen - er - a - tion Your un - end - ing praise pro - claim.

Music: Bradshaw  
 Text: Sing Psalms, 2003 ©

PALMYRA (Bradshaw)  
 8 7. 8 7. 8 7. 8 7.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37109>

# The Loving-Kindness of the LORD

Cont'd, Psalm 89:30-36

163h

31. <sup>30</sup>But if the shoots of such a stem My dic - tate should re - fuse;  
 32. <sup>31</sup>If they should break the ho - ly laws Which My com - mand - ments urge,  
 33. <sup>33</sup>*But yet* I will not whol - ly take My kind - ness from his seed;  
 34. <sup>34</sup>I will for My own glo - ry care, Nor charge the Word I passed,  
 35. <sup>36</sup>The line of his de - scent shall run With death - less he - ros crowned;

And in their lives that way con - demn, Which grace to faith fore - shows;  
 32 I will My zeal - ous an - gel cause Their dire of - fense to scourge.  
 Nor void that bless - ed prom - ise make To which My truth a - greed.  
 35 Once in my ho - li - ness I swear That Da - vid's house shall last.  
 Be - fore My pres - ence, as the sun, His throne shall be re - nowned.

# The Loving-Kindness of the LORD

Cont'd, Psalm 89:37-41

36. <sup>37</sup>His daugh - ters shall be sweet and fair, As is the lu - nar light;  
 37. <sup>38</sup>But Thou hast with ab - hor - rence spurned And Thine a - noint - ed left;  
 38. <sup>39</sup>*The cov - e - nant* is of no trust, If thus his days he drag,  
 39. <sup>40</sup>A - round his bor - ders are in - fringed, And all the tow'rs he barred;  
 40. <sup>41</sup>All those that pass a - long the road, Up - on his goods en - croach,

That faith - ful type of heav'n - ly care And bless - ing of the night.  
 Thine own to in - dig - na - tion turned, And of Thy grace be - reft.  
 And o'er his crown, de - filed in dust, His foes blas - pheme and brag.  
 The moats filled up, the gates un - hinged, The strong mu - ni - tions marred.  
 And ev - 'ry neigh - bor comes to goad His con - science with re - proach.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37411>

no words: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IYYZAb\\_4Ocg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IYYZAb_4Ocg)

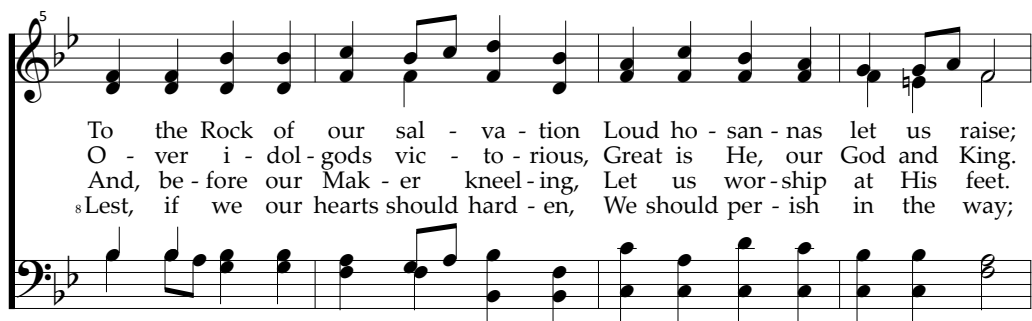
# Now with Joyful Exultation

From Psalm 95:1-8, 11

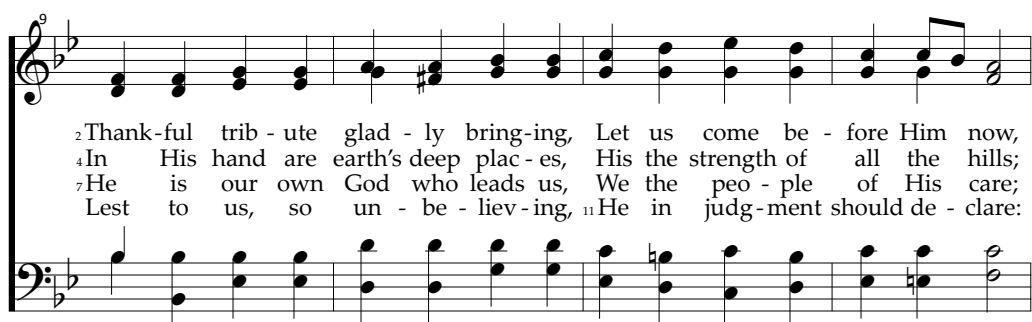
176




1. Now with joy - ful ex - ul - ta - tion Let us to the LORD sing praise;  
 2. For, how great a God, and glo-rious, Is the LORD of whom we sing;  
 3. To the LORD, such might re - veal-ing, Let us come with rev-'rence meet,  
 4. While He prof - fers peace and par - don Let us hear His voice to - day,



To the Rock of our sal - va - tion Loud ho - san - nas let us raise;  
 O - ver i - dol - gods vic - to - rious, Great is He, our God and King.  
 And, be - fore our Mak - er kneel - ing, Let us wor - ship at His feet.  
 Lest, if we our hearts should hard - en, We should per - ish in the way;



2 Thank-ful trib - ute glad - ly bring-ing, Let us come be - fore Him now,  
 4 In His hand are earth's deep plac - es, His the strength of all the hills;  
 7 He is our own God who leads us, We the peo - ple of His care;  
 Lest to us, so un - be - liev-ing, He in judg - ment should de - clare:



And, with psalms His prais - es sing-ing, Joy - ful in His pres-ence bow.  
 5 His the sea whose bounds He trac - es, His the land His boun - ty fills.  
 With a shep-herd's hand He feeds us As His flock in pas-tures fair.  
 "You, so long My Spir - it griev-ing, Nev - er in My rest can share."

Music: Julius Dietrich, 1894  
 Text: *The Psalter*, 1912; alt.

DIETRICH  
 8 7. 8 7. 8 7. 8 7.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37128>

# In Deep Distress I Oft Have Cried

From Psalm 120

230

1. <sup>1</sup>In deep dis - tress I oft have cried To GOD, who nev - er  
 2. <sup>3</sup>What lit - tle prof - it can ac - crue, And yet what heav - y  
 3. <sup>5</sup>But oh! how wretch - ed is my doom, Who am a so - journ -  
 4. <sup>6</sup>My hap - less dwell - ing is with those Who peace and am - i -

yet de - nied To res - cue me op - pressed with wrongs;  
 wrath is due, O thou per - fid - ious tongue, to thee?  
 er be - come In bar - ren Me - sech's des - ert soil!  
 ty op - pose, And pleas - ure take in oth - ers' harms:

<sup>6</sup>Once more, O LORD, de - liv - 'rance send, From ly - ing lips my  
<sup>4</sup>Thy sting up - on thy - self shall turn; Of last - ing flames that  
 With Ke - dar's wick - ed tents en - closed, To law - less sav - ag -  
<sup>7</sup>Sweet peace is all I court and seek; But when to them of

<sup>10</sup>soul de - fend, And from the rage of slan - d'ring tongues.  
 fierce - ly burn, The con - stant fu - el thou shalt be.  
 es ex - posed, Who live on nought but theft and spoil.  
 peace I speak, They straight cry out, "To arms, and to arms!"

Music: Johannes Schmidlin, 1770; alt.  
 Text: Nahum Tate & Nicholas Brady, 1696

DRESDEN  
 8 8 8. 8 8 8.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37158>

Look what words get the climactic word in m.11. In each stanza.



# From My Youth Up, May Israel Say

From Psalm 129

252

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system covers the first four lines of the lyrics, and the second system covers the remaining four lines. The melody is primarily in the soprano and alto parts, with the bass part providing a steady harmonic foundation. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with some words in italics to indicate emphasis or specific phrasing.

1. <sup>1</sup>From my youth up, may Is - rael say, They oft have me as - sailed,  
 2. <sup>3</sup>Oft have they plowed my pa - tient back With fur - rows deep and long;  
 3. <sup>5</sup>*De - feat, con - fu - sion, shame - ful rout, Are still the doom of those,*  
 4. <sup>6</sup>*Like grass up - on the house-top wilts, Un - time - ly let them fade,*  
 5. <sup>7</sup>Which in his arms no reap - er takes, But un - re - gard - ed leaves;  
 6. <sup>8</sup>No trav - el - er that pass - es by, Vouchsafes a min - ute's stop,  
 2. <sup>2</sup>Re - duced me oft to heav - y straits, But nev - er quite pre - vailed.  
 4. <sup>4</sup>My right - eous God has broke the chains, And res - cued me from wrong.  
*Their right - eous doom, who Zi - on hate, And Zi - on's God op - pose.*  
*Which too much heat, and want of root, Has blast - ed in the blade,*  
 Nor bin - der thinks it worth his pains To fold it in - to sheaves.  
 To give it one kind look, or crave God's bless - ing on the crop.

Music: T. Nock, Jr., 1800's

Text: Nahum Tate & Nicholas Brady, 1696

EVANGEL (Nock)

8 6. 8 6.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37163>

# O Hear My Prayer, LORD

From Psalm 143

285

1. <sup>1</sup>O hear my pray - er, LORD; My cry for mer - cy heed. In  
 2. <sup>3</sup>The foe has hound - ed me And crushed me to the ground, In  
 3. <sup>5</sup>*There - fore I call to mind The days and years long gone; I*  
 4. <sup>7</sup>*My spir - it fails, O LORD; Come quick - ly to my side. Hide*  
 5. To You I lift my soul; Show me the way to go. <sup>9</sup>I  
 6. <sup>11</sup>For Your great mer - cy's sake, O LORD, pre - serve my life; And

truth and right - eous - ness Draw near to meet my need. <sup>2</sup>And do not  
 dark - ness made me dwell, Like those in death long bound. <sup>4</sup>And so my  
 pon - der all Your works And what Your hands have done. <sup>6</sup>To You in  
 not Your face from me, Lest to the pit I slide. <sup>8</sup>Let morn - ing  
 hide my - self in You; LORD, save me from my foe. <sup>10</sup>Teach me, my  
 in Your right - eous - ness De - liv - er me from strife. <sup>12</sup>In love, put

judge me in Your sight For in Your pres - ence none is right.  
 spir - it is a - fraid; My heart with - in me is dis - mayed.  
 pray'r I spread my hands; For You I thirst, like ar - id lands.  
 bring Your love a - new, For I have put my trust in You.  
 God, to do Your will; May Your good Spir - it lead me still.  
 all my foes to shame; De - stroy them, for I bear Your name.

Music: Joseph Funk's *Harmonia Sacra*, 1851  
 Text: *Sing Psalms*, 2003 ©

MOURNER (Funk)  
 6 6. 6 6. 8 8.

# In Thee Is Gladness

305

1. In Thee is glad-ness A - mid all sad-ness, Je - sus, Sun - shine of my heart!  
 2. If He is ours — We fear no pow-ers, Nor of earth, nor sin, nor death;

By Thee are giv - en The gifts of Heav-en, Thou the true Re - deem - er art!  
 He sees and bless-es In worst dis - tress-es; He can change them with a breath!

Our souls Thou wak - est, Our bonds Thou break-est, Who trusts Thee sure - ly  
 Where - fore the sto - ry Tell of His glo - ry With heart and voic - es;

Hath built se - cure - ly, He stands for - ev - er. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 All heav'n re - joi - ces In Him for ev - er.

Our hearts are pin - ing To see Thy shin - ing, Dy - ing or liv - ing  
 We shout for glad-ness, Tri - umph o'er sad - ness, Love Thee and praise Thee,

To Thee are cleav - ing, Naught can us sev - er. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 And still shall raise Thee Glad hymns for ev - er.

Music: Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi, 1591; adapt.

Text: Johann Lindemann, c. 1595; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858 & 1863

IN DIR IST FREUDE

5 5 7. 5 5 7. 5 5. 5 5 9. 5 5. 5 5 9.

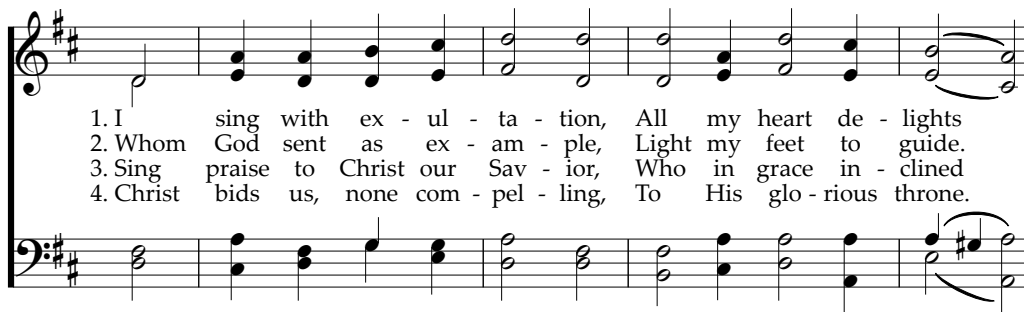
<https://youtu.be/7NJxfJhXRi4?t=60>

different harmony:

<https://youtu.be/wW-bHmiis0M?t=100>

# I Sing with Exultation

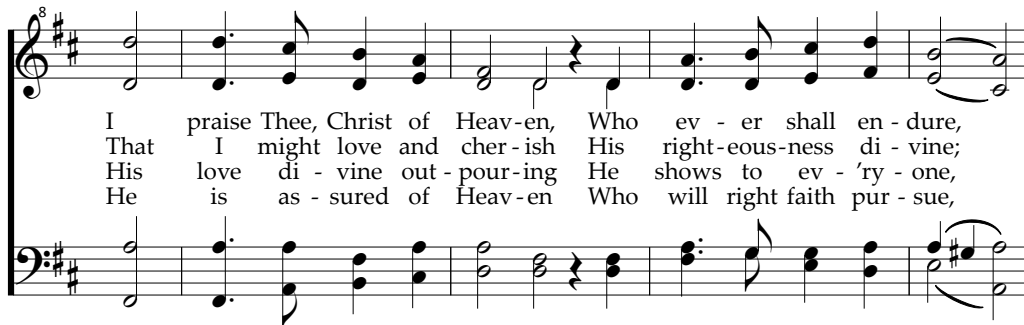
313



1. I sing with ex - ul - ta - tion, All my heart de - lights  
 2. Whom God sent as ex - am - ple, Light my feet to guide.  
 3. Sing praise to Christ our Sav - ior, Who in grace in - clined  
 4. Christ bids us, none com - pel - ling, To His glo - rious throne.



In God, who brings sal - va - tion, Frees from death's dread might.  
 Be - fore my end He bade me In His realm a - bide.  
 To us re - veals His na - ture, Pa - tient, lov - ing, kind.  
 He on - ly who is will - ing Christ as Lord to own,



I praise Thee, Christ of Heav-en, Who ev - er shall en - dure,  
 That I might love and cher-ish His right-eous-ness di - vine;  
 His love di - vine out - pour-ing He shows to ev - 'ry - one,  
 He is as - sured of Heav-en Who will right faith pur - sue,



Who takes a - way my sor - row, Keeps me safe and se - cure.  
 That I with Him for - ev - er Bliss e - ter - nal might find.  
 Un - feigned and like His Fa - ther's, As no oth - er has done.  
 With heart made pure do pen-ance, Sealed with bap - ti - sm true.

Music: Bentzenauer Ton, Nürnberg, 1540  
 Text: Felix Manz, c. 1526; tr. Marion Wenger, 1966

NUN WEND IHR HÖREN SAGEN  
 7 5. 7 5. 7 6. 7 6.

# Lord Jesus Christ, Be Present Now

318

1. Lord Je - sus Christ, be pres - ent now, Our hearts in true de - vo - tion bow,  
 2. Un - seal our lips to sing Thy praise, Our souls to Thee in wor - ship raise,  
 3. Un - til we join the hosts that cry, "Ho - ly art Thou, O Lord, most high!"  
 4. All glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Son, And Ho - ly Spir - it, three in one!

Thy Spir - it send with grace di - vine, And let Thy truth with - in us shine.  
 Make strong our faith, in - crease our light That we may know Thy name a - right,  
 De - light - ing in that bless - ed place, For - ev - er to be - hold Thy face.  
 To Thee, O bless - ed Trin - i - ty, Be praise through - out e - ter - ni - ty!

Music: *Cantionale Germanicum*, Gochsheim, 1628

Text: st. 1-3, *Pensum sacrum*, Altenberg, 1648; st. 4, *Cantionale sacrum*, Gotha, 1651; HERR JESU CHRIST DICH ZU

tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

8 8. 8 8.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7TNlX\\_goG8A](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7TNlX_goG8A)

# From Glory to Glory Advancing

325

1. From glo - ry to glo - ry ad - vanc-ing, we praise Thee, O Lord;  
 2. Thanks - giv - ing, and glo - ry and wor-ship, and bless - ing and love,

Thy name with the Fa - ther and Spir - it be ev - er a - dored.  
 One heart and one song have the saints up - on earth and a - bove.

From strength un - to strength we go for-ward on Zi - on's high - way,  
 Ev - er - more, O Lord, to Thy ser-vants Thy pres-ence be nigh;

To ap - pear be-fore God in the cit - y of in - fi - nite day.  
 Ev - er fit us by ser - vice on earth for Thy ser - vice on high.

Music: Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

Text: Liturgy of St. James; tr. Charles W. Humphreys (1840–1921)

SHEEN

14 14. 14 15.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EaR\\_zqJXDE8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EaR_zqJXDE8)

# Take Thou My Hand, O Father

383

1. Take Thou my hand, O Fa - ther, And lead Thou me, Un - til my  
 2. Oh, cov - er with Thy mer - cy My poor, weak heart! Let ev - 'ry  
 3. Though naught of Thy great pow - er May move my soul, With Thee through

jour - ney end - eth, E - ter - nal - ly. A - lone I will not wan - der  
 thought re - bel - lious From me de - part. Per - mit Thy child to lin - ger  
 night and dark - ness I reach my goal. Take, then, my hands, O Fa - ther,

One sin - gle day; Be Thou my true com - pan - ion And with me stay.  
 Here at Thy feet, And blind - ly trust Thy good - ness With faith com - plete.  
 And lead Thou me Un - til my jour - ney end - eth E - ter - nal - ly.

Music: Fredrich Silcher, 1842

Text: Julie Katharina Hausmann, 1862; tr. Herman H. Brueckner (1866-1942)

SO NIMM DENN MEINE HÄNDE

7 4. 7 4. 7 4. 7 4.

<https://youtu.be/TPenwzha-8I?t=10>

German words:

[https://youtu.be/ZmPTW\\_535R8?t=67](https://youtu.be/ZmPTW_535R8?t=67)

<https://youtu.be/U2ZUF-Yqi1I?t=34>

1. God of our life, through all the cir - cling years, We trust in Thee; In  
 2. God of the past, our times are in Thy hand; With us a - bide. Lead  
 3. God of the com - ing years, through paths un - known We fol - low Thee; When

all the past, through all our hopes and fears, Thy hand we see. With each new day,  
 us by faith to hope's true pro-mised land; Be Thou our guide. With Thee to bless,  
 we are strong, Lord, leave us not a - lone; Our re - fuge be. Be Thou for us

when morn - ing lifts the veil, We own Thy mer - cies, Lord, which nev - er fail.  
 the dark - ness shines as light, And faith's fair vis - ion chang - es in - to sight.  
 in life our dai - ly bread, Our heart's true home when all our years have sped.

Music: H. Ellis Wooldridge, 1890  
 Text: Hugh Thomson Kerr, 1928 ©

YATTENDON 11  
 10 4. 10 4. 10 10.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DdC7LvtiI1U>



# Give to the Winds Thy Fears

396

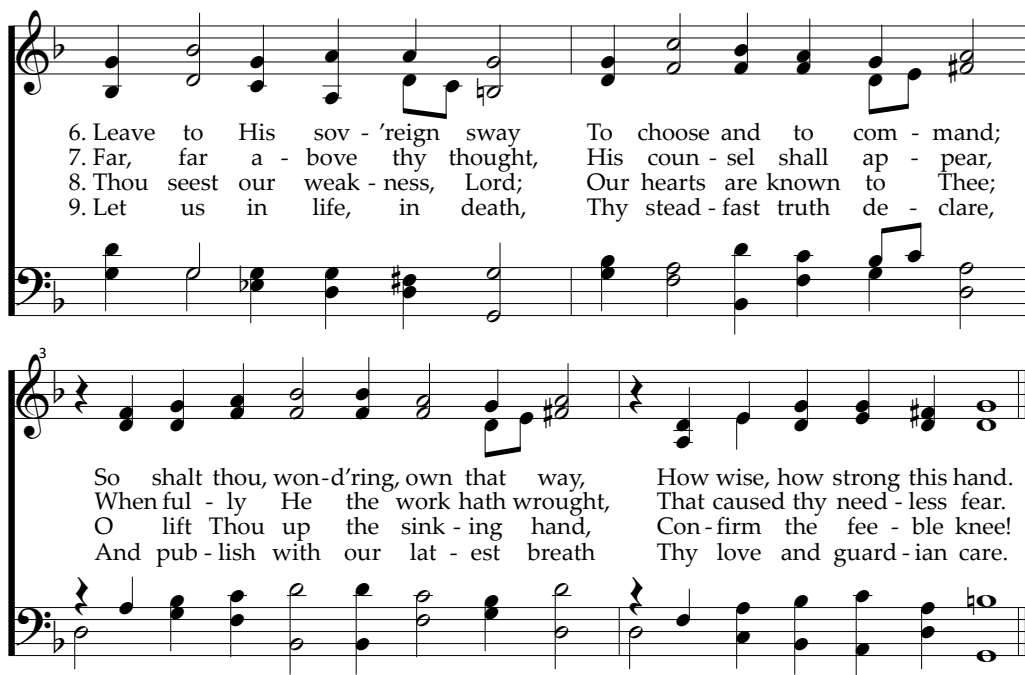


1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope and be un - dis - mayed.  
 2. Through waves and clouds and storms, He gen - tly clears thy way;  
 3. *Still heav - y is thy heart? Still sinks thy spir - it down?*  
 4. What though Thou rul - est not; Yet Heav'n, and earth, and Hell  
 5. And what - so - e'er Thou will'st, Thou dost, O King of kings;

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.  
 Wait thou His time; so shall this night Soon end in joy - ous day.  
*Cast off the world, let fear de - part Bid ev - 'ry care be - gone.*  
 Pro - claim, "God sit - teth on the throne, And rul - eth all things well."  
 What Thine un - err - ing wis - dom chose, Thy pow'r to be - ing brings.

## Give to the Winds Thy Fears

Cont'd



6. Leave to His sov - 'reign sway To choose and to com - mand;  
 7. Far, far a - bove thy thought, His coun - sel shall ap - pear,  
 8. Thou seest our weak - ness, Lord; Our hearts are known to Thee;  
 9. Let us in life, in death, Thy stead - fast truth de - clare,

So shalt thou, won-d'ring, own that way, How wise, how strong this hand.  
 When ful - ly He the work hath wrought, That caused thy need - less fear.  
 O lift Thou up the sink - ing hand, Con - firm the fee - ble knee!  
 And pub - lish with our lat - est breath Thy love and guard - ian care.

Music: Este's *Whole Book of Psalms*, 1593; harm. Thomas Ravenscroft, 1621

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1656; tr. John Wesley (1703-1791)

LONDON OLD

6 6. 8 6.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37420>

# Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us

404

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is indicated in the Soprano part. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Gent-ly, Lord, O gent-ly lead us Through this lone-ly vale of tears,  
2. In the hour of pain and an-guish, In the hour when death draws near:  
3. When this mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,

And, O Lord, in mer-cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.  
Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear.  
Till, by an-gel bands at-tend-ed, We a- wake a-mong the blest.

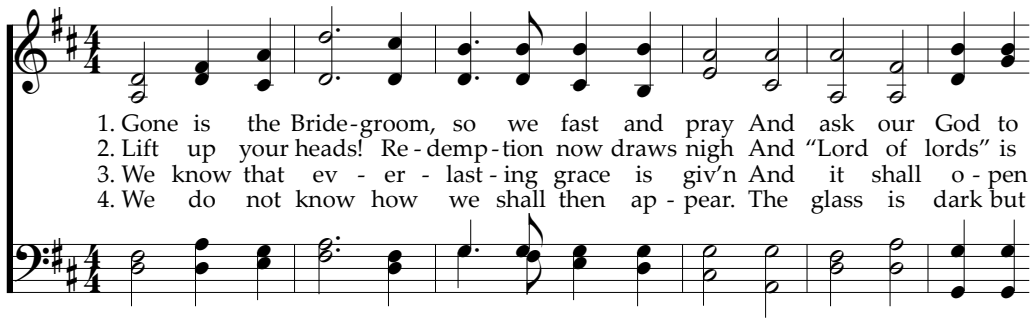
Music: *United States Sacred Harmony*, 1799  
Text: Thomas Hastings, 1831

CHARLESTOWN  
8 7. 8 7.

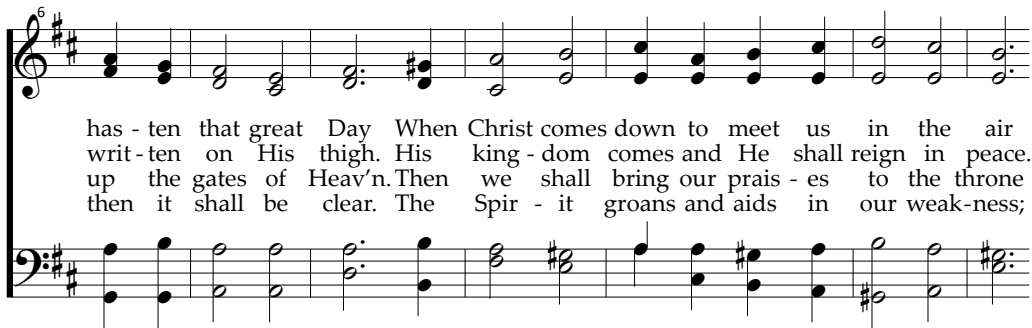
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rm-C8MSV3cA>

# Gone Is the Bridegroom

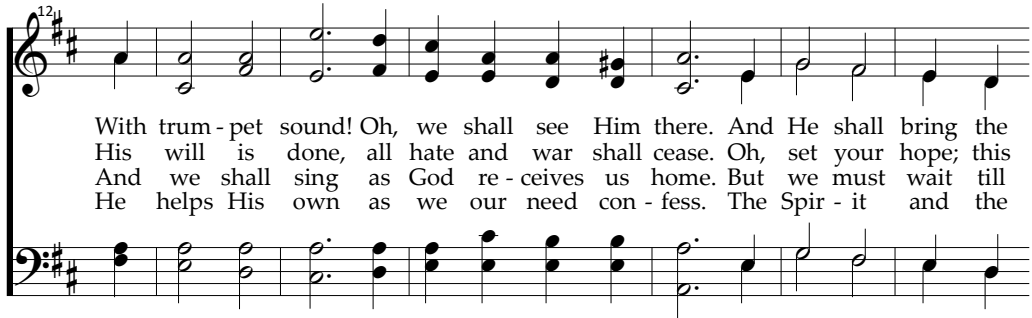
413



1. Gone is the Bride-groom, so we fast and pray And ask our God to  
 2. Lift up your heads! Re-demp-tion now draws nigh And "Lord of lords" is  
 3. We know that ev - er - last - ing grace is giv'n And it shall o - pen  
 4. We do not know how we shall then ap - pear. The glass is dark but



has - ten that great Day When Christ comes down to meet us in the air  
 writ - ten on His thigh. His king - dom comes and He shall reign in peace.  
 up the gates of Heav'n. Then we shall bring our prais - es to the throne  
 then it shall be clear. The Spir - it groans and aids in our weak-ness;



With trum - pet sound! Oh, we shall see Him there. And He shall bring the  
 His will is done, all hate and war shall cease. Oh, set your hope; this  
 And we shall sing as God re - ceives us home. But we must wait till  
 He helps His own as we our need con - fess. The Spir - it and the



saints who've gone be - fore. So then we wait; the Lord is at the door.  
 hope will pu - r'fy you And He shall find you with your minds re - newed.  
 his - to - ry is past And so we live by faith from first to last.  
 bride to - geth - er say, "Lord Je - sus come! Lord Je - sus come, we pray."

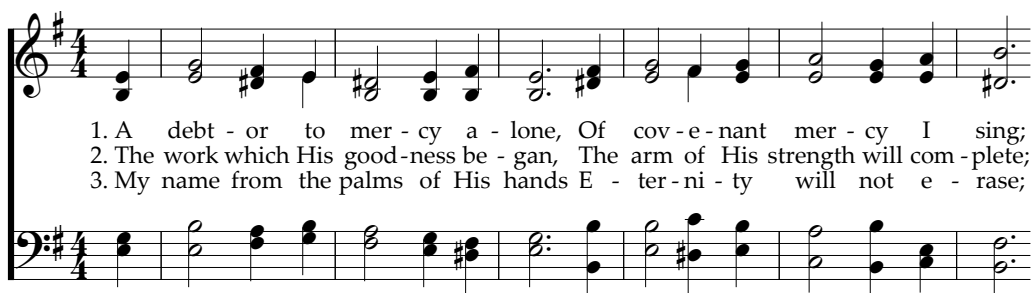
Music: John Goss (1800–1880)  
 Text: Douglas Wilson, 2018 ©

CHELSEA (Goss)  
 10 10. 10 10. 10 10.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37401>

# A Debtor to Mercy Alone

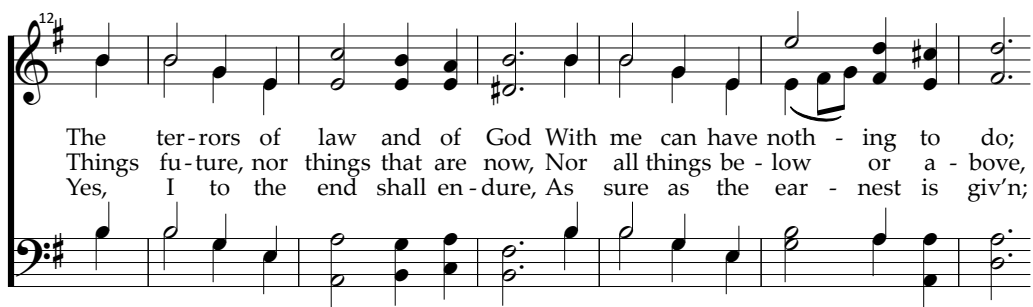
437



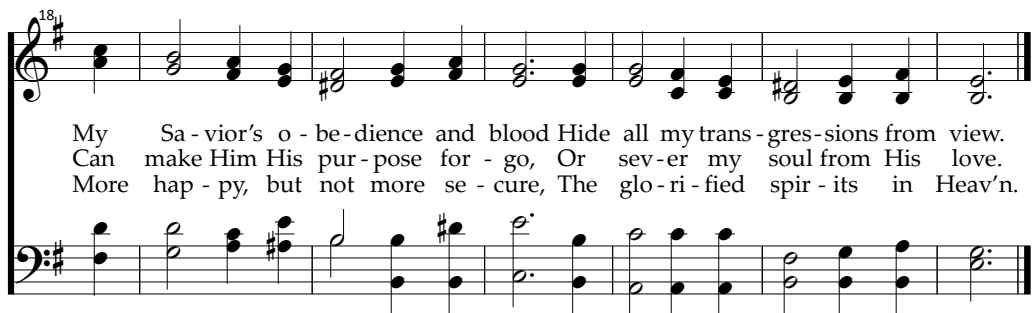
1. A debt - or to mer - cy a - lone, Of cov - e - nant mer - cy I sing;  
 2. The work which His good - ness be - gan, The arm of His strength will com - plete;  
 3. My name from the palms of His hands E - ter - ni - ty will not e - rase;



Nor fear, with Thy right - eous - ness on, My per - son and of - f'ring to bring.  
 His prom - ise is yea and a - men, And nev - er was for - feit - ed yet.  
 Im - pressed on His heart it re - mains, In marks of in - del - i - ble grace.



The ter - rors of law and of God With me can have noth - ing to do;  
 Things fu - ture, nor things that are now, Nor all things be - low or a - bove,  
 Yes, I to the end shall en - dure, As sure as the ear - nest is giv'n;



My Sa - vior's o - be - dience and blood Hide all my trans - gres - sions from view.  
 Can make Him His pur - pose for - go, Or sev - er my soul from His love.  
 More hap - py, but not more se - cure, The glo - ri - fied spir - its in Heav'n.

Music: David Emlyn Evans (1843–1913)  
 Text: Augustus M. Toplady, 1771

TREWEN  
 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. Dactylic

# Now Shall My Inward Joys Arise

443

1. Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And  
 2. God on His thirst - y Zi - on hill Some  
 3. Why do we then in - dulse our fears, Sus -  
 4. Can a kind wom - an e'er for - get The  
 5. "Yet," saith the Lord, "should na - ture change, And  
 6. "Deep on the palms of both My hands I

melody

burst in - to a song; Al - might - y love in -  
 mer - cy drops has thrown, And sol - emn oaths have  
 pi - cions, and com - plaints? Is He a God, and  
 in - fant of her womb? And 'mongst a thou - sand  
 moth - ers mon - sters prove, Zi - on still dwells up -  
 have en - graved her name; My hands shall raise her

10

spires my heart, And pleas - ure tunes my tongue.  
 bound His love To show'r sal - va - tion down.  
 shall His grace Grow wea - ry of His saints?  
 ten - der thoughts Her suck - ling have no room?  
 on the heart Of ev - er - last - ing love.  
 ru - ined walls, And build her bro - ken frame."

Music: William Billings (1746–1800)  
 Text: Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

AFRICA  
 8 6. 8 6.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37425>

# There Is a Land of Pure Delight

466

**Not Fast**

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;  
 2. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;  
 3. Oh, could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom - y doubts that rise,

In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.  
 So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.  
 And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes;

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with - ring flow'rs;  
 But tim - rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea;  
 Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This Heav'n - ly land from ours.  
 And lin - ger, shiv - ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.  
 Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Music: William Billings, 1786; alt.  
 Text: Isaac Watts, 1707

JORDAN  
 8 6. 8 6. 8 6. 8 6.

Not Fast: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5gFHNOKzbB8>

Not Faster: <https://youtu.be/NsOJqgTefWQ?t=76>

Not Fastest: <https://1drv.ms/u/s!ALSe6zUWrU4wi-tPDXe0tsESsu0YSw?e=6yCnEl>

# Oh, Lead My Blindness by the Hand

493

1. Oh, lead my blind - ness by the hand, Lead me to Thy  
 2. We, who with one blest food are fed, In - to one bod -  
 3. In u - ni - ty be - fore Thy throne, Lord, may we know

fa - mil - iar feast, Not here or now to un - der - stand,  
 y may we grow, And one pure life from Thee, the Head,  
 the bond of peace, May we, like - mind - ed, be as one,

Yet e - ven here and now to taste, And see th'e - ter -  
 In - form - ing all the mem - bers flow; One pulse be felt  
 May hum - ble, gra - cious love in - crease, And as we share

nal Word of Heav'n On earth in bro - ken bread is giv'n.  
 in ev - 'ry vein, One law of pleas - ure and of pain.  
 this bread and wine, May we a - bide in Christ the Vine.

Music: *Geistliche Lieder*, Leipzig, 1539; attr. Martin Luther (1483–1546)  
 Text: st. 1 & 2, William Gladstone, 1836; st. 3, Valerie Anne Bost, 2019 ©

VATER UNSER  
 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37423>

# Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life

496

1. Come, my way, my truth, my life: Such a way as gives us breath;  
 2. Come, my light, my feast, my strength: Such a light as shows a feast,  
 3. Come, my joy, my love, my heart: Such a joy as none can move,

Such a truth as ends all strife, Such a life as kill - - - eth death.  
 Such a feast as mends in length, Such a strength as makes His guest.  
 Such a love as none can part, Such a heart as joys in love.

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1911; arr.  
 Text: George Herbert, 1633

THE CALL  
 77.77.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CzJNdXOHLIU>



# O Brother Man, Fold to Your Heart

516

1. O broth - er man, fold to your heart your broth - er; Where pit - y  
 2. For he whom Je - sus loved has tru - ly spo - ken: The ho - lier  
 3. Fol - low with rev - 'rent steps the great ex - am - ple Of Him whose  
 4. Then shall all shack - les fall; the storm - y clan - gor Of wild war

dwells, the peace of God is there; To wor - ship right - ly is to  
 wor - ship which He deigns to bless Re - stores the lost, and binds the  
 ho - ly work was do - ing good; So shall the wide earth seem our  
 mu - sic o'er the earth shall cease; Love shall tread out the bale - ful

love each oth - er, Each smile a hymn, each kind - ly deed a pray'r.  
 spir - it bro - ken, And feeds the wid - ow and the fa - ther - less.  
 Fa - ther's tem - ple, Each lov - ing life a psalm of grat - i - tude.  
 fire of an - ger, And in its ash - es plant the tree of peace.

Music: Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, 1904  
 Text: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892)

INTERCESSOR  
 11 10. 11 10.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5FrDOx-VFNI>

# Trumpet of God, Sound High

524

1. Trum-pet of God, sound high, Till the hearts of the hea-then shake,  
 2. Hosts of the Lord, go forth: Go, strong in the pow'r of His rest,  
 3. Come, as of old, like fire; O force of the Lord, de-scend,

And the souls that in slum-ber lie At the voice of the Lord a-wake.  
 Till the south be at one with the north, And peace up-on east and west;  
 Till with love of the world's de-sire Earth burn to its ut-most end;

Till the fenc-ed cit-ies fall At the blast of the Gos-pel call,  
 Till the far-off lands shall thrill With the glad-ness of God's good-will,  
 Till the ran-somed peo-ple sing To the glo-ry of Christ the king,

Trum - pet of God, sound high!  
 Hosts of the Lord, go forth.  
 Come, as of old, like fire.

Music: Charles Wood (1866–1926)  
 Text: Arnold Brooks (1870–1933)

RANGOON  
 Irregular

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37422>

# Hark! How the Gospel Trumpet Sounds!

535

1. Hark! how the gos - pel trum-pet sounds, Through all the earth the  
 2. Thy blood, dear Je - sus, once was spilt To save our souls from

melody

ech - o bounds; And Je - sus, by re - deem-ing blood, Is bring-ing  
 sin and guilt, And sin-ners now may come to God And find sal -

And Je - sus, by re - deem-ing blood, Is bring-ing sin-ners home to  
 And sin-ners now may come to God And find sal - va - tion through Thy

sin-ners home to God; And guides them safely by His blood To end-less day.  
 va-tion through Thy blood, And sail by faith up - on that flood To end-less day.

God;  
 blood,

3. Hail! all-victorious conqu'ring Lord,  
 Be Thou by all Thy works adored,  
 Who undertook for fallen man,  
 And brought salvation through Thy name,  
 That we with Thee might live and reign  
 In endless day.

4. Fight on, ye conqu'ring saints, fight on,  
 And when the conquest you have won,  
 Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,  
 And in His kingdom have a share,  
 And crowns of glory you shall wear  
 In endless day.

5. Through storms and calms by faith we steer,  
 By feeble hopes and gloomy fears,  
 Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,  
 Where sin and sorrow are no more  
 We shout our trials, there all o'er,  
 To endless day.

6. And when, through grace, our course is run,  
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
 Then crowns unfading we shall wear,  
 The glory of Thy kingdom share,  
 With Thee, our glorious Leader, there  
 In endless day.

7. Then we shall in sweet chorus join,  
 With saints and angels all combine,  
 To sing of His redeeming love,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move,  
 And this shall be our theme above,  
 In endless day.

8. Then, in Thy presence, Heav'nly King,  
 In loftier strains Thy praise we'll sing,  
 When with the blood-bought hosts we meet,  
 Triumphant there, in bliss complete,  
 And cast our crowns before Thy feet  
 In endless day.

Music: American folk hymn, arr. E. J. King, 1844  
 Text: Samuel Medley (1738-1799)

GOSPEL TRUMPET  
 8 8. 8 8 8. 4.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37412>

<https://1drv.ms/u/s!AlSe6zUWrU4wjIMjrMRJcExTOeQC6w?e=YZEeyW>

# The Lord at First Did Adam Make

562

*unison*

1. The Lord at first did A - dam make Out of the dust and clay,  
 2. Now mark the good-ness of the Lord, Which He to man - kind bore;  
 3. Now for the bless-ings we en - joy, Which are from Heav'n a - bove,  
 4. And now the tide is nigh at hand, In which our Sav - ior came;

And in his nos - trils brea - thed life, Ev'n as the Scrip - tures say.  
 His mer - cy soon He did ex - tend, Lost man for to re - store;  
 Let us re - nounce all wick - ed - ness, And live in per - fect love;  
 Let us re - joice and mer - ry be In keep - ing of the same;

And then in E - den's pa - ra - dise He pla - ced him to dwell,  
 And then, for to re - deem our souls From death and Hell - ish thrall,  
 Then shall we do Christ's own com - mand, Ev'n His own writ - ten Word;  
 Let's feed the poor and hun - gry souls, And such as do it crave;

That he with - in it should re - main, To dress and keep it well.  
 He said His own dear Son should be The Sav - ior of us all.  
 And when we die, in Heav - en shall En - joy our liv - ing Lord.  
 Then when we die, in Heav - en we Our sure re - ward shall have.

Now let good Christ - ians all be - gin An ho - ly life to live,

Music & text: Davies Gilbert's *Some Ancient Christmas Carols*, 1822

8 6. 8 6. 8 6. 8 6. w/ refrain

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uznRbrtrqb0>

20

And to re-joyce and mer - ry be, For this is Christ-mas Eve.

# This Little Babe

578

1. This lit - tle Babe so few days old Is come to  
 2. With tears He fights and wins the field, His ti - ny  
 3. His camp is pitch - ed in a stall, His bul - wark  
 4. My soul, with Christ join thou in fight; Stick to His

ri - fle Sa - tan's fold; All Hell doth at His pres - ence  
 breast stands for a shield; His bat - t'ring shot are bab - ish  
 but a bro - ken wall, The crib His trench, hay - stalks His  
 tents that He hath pight. With - in His crib is sur - est

quake, Though He Him - self for cold doth shake; For in this  
 cries, His ar - rows looks of weep - ing eyes, His mar - tial  
 stakes, Of shep - herds He His mus - ter makes; And thus, as  
 ward; This lit - tle Babe will be thy guard. If thou wilt

weak un - arm - ed wise The gates of Hell He will sur - prise.  
 en - signs cold and need, And fee - ble flesh His war - rior's steed.  
 sure His foe to wound, The an - gels' trumps the charge now sound.  
 foil thy foes with joy, Then flit not from this Heav'n - ly Boy!

Music: Melchior Vulpius, 1609  
 Text: Robert Southwell (1561-1596)

DAS NEUGEBORNE KINDELEIN  
 8 8 . 8 8 . 8 8 .

These words but the melody is a little obscure:

[https://1drv.ms/u/s!AlSe6zUWUrU4wi-tTw\\_ak9ULiSwZJgw?e=ZbGbZu](https://1drv.ms/u/s!AlSe6zUWUrU4wi-tTw_ak9ULiSwZJgw?e=ZbGbZu)

Different words, clearer melody:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IQ12P0tD38I>

# Gabriel's Message Does Away

601

1. Ga - briel's mes-sage does a - way Sa - tan's curse and Sa - tan's sway,  
 2. He that comes de - spised shall reign; He that can - not die, be slain;  
 3. *Weak-ness shall the strong con - found; By the hands, in grave-clothes wound,*  
 4. By the sword that was His own, By that sword, and that a - lone,  
 5. Art by art shall be as - sailed; To the cross shall Life be nailed;

Out of dark-ness brings our Day:  
 Death by death its death shall gain:  
*A - dam's chains shall be un - bound:* So, be - hold, all the gates of Heav'n un-fold.  
 Shall Go - li - ath be o'er - thrown:  
 From the grave shall hope be hailed:

Music: *Piae Cantiones*, 1582; harm. Richard Runciman Terry (1865–1938)  
 Text: *Piae Cantiones*, 1582; tr. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

ANGELUS EMITTITUR  
 7 7 7. w/ refrain

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=34363>  
<https://youtu.be/JkphNoZtXg?t=7>

# Unto Us a Boy Is Born

606

1. Un - to us a Boy is born: The King of all cre - a - tion, Came He  
 2. Cra - dled in a stall was He With sleep - y cows and ass - es; But the  
 3. *Her - od then with fear was filled: "A Prince," he said, "In Jew - ry?" All the*  
 4. Now may Ma - ry's Son, who came So long a - go to love us, Lead us  
 5. Al - pha and O - me - ga He! So let our voi - ces thun - der! Let the

to a world for - lorn, The Lord of ev - 'ry na - - - - - tion.  
 ve - ry beasts could see That He all men sur - pass - - - - - es.  
*lit - tle boys he killed At Beth - l'hem in His fu - - - - - ry.*  
 all with hearts a - flame Un - to the joys a - bove us.  
 choir with songs of glee Now rend the air a - sun - - - - - der!

Music: *Piae Cantiones*, 1582; harm. Geoffrey Shaw, 1928  
 Text: *Piae Cantiones*, 1582; tr. Percy A. Dearmer, 1928; alt.

PUER NOBIS  
 7 7 . 7 7 .

Slightly different lyrics:

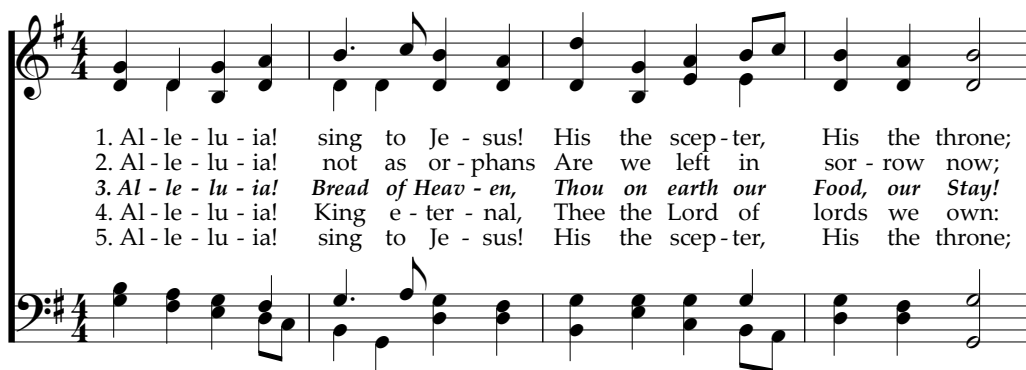
<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=34298>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G7wkgI1OY-o>

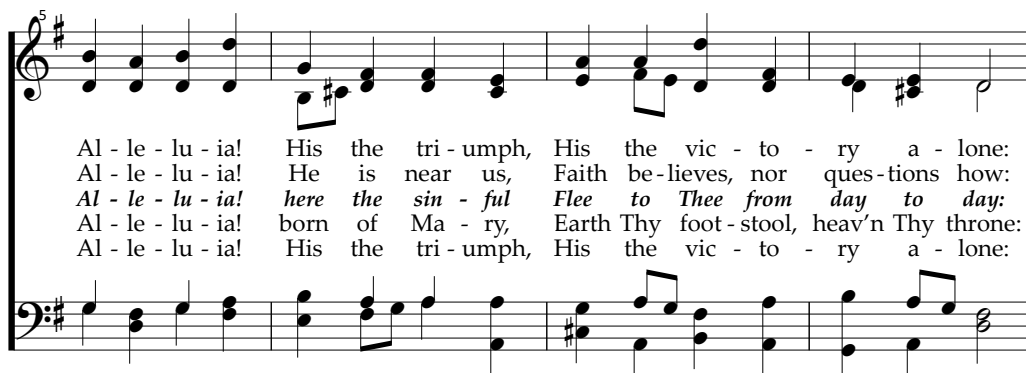


# Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!

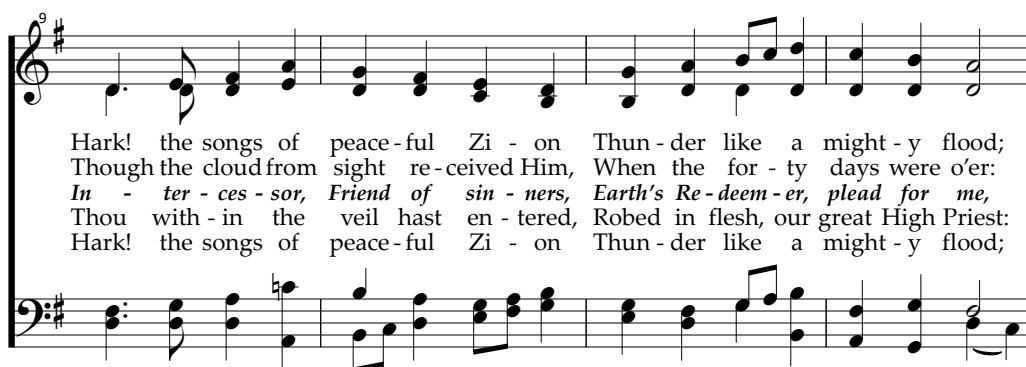
642



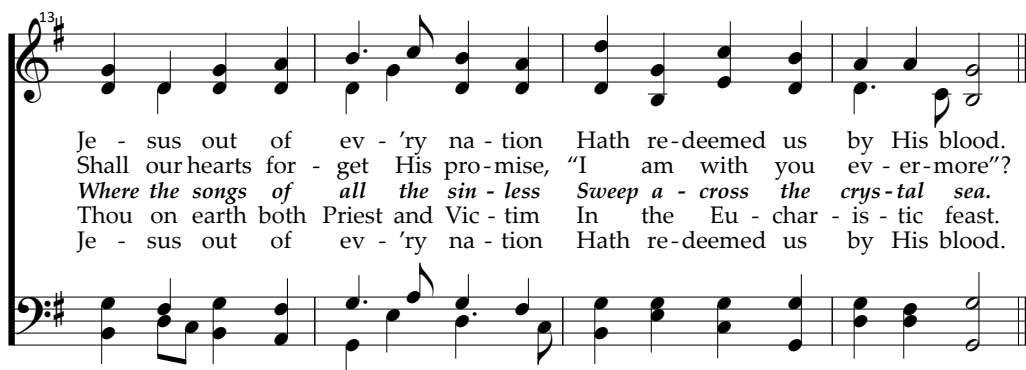
1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His the throne;  
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! not as or - phans Are we left in sor - row now;  
 3. *Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of Heav - en, Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!*  
 4. Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, Thee the Lord of lords we own:  
 5. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His the throne;



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 - lies, 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 Ma - ry, Earth Thy foot - stool, heav'n Thy throne:  
 Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:



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:  
*In - ter - 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:  
 Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood;



Je - sus out of ev - 'ry na - tion Hath 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 a - cross the crys - tal sea.*  
 Thou on earth both Priest and Vic - tim In the Eu - char - is - tic feast.  
 Je - sus out of ev - 'ry na - tion Hath re - deemed us by His blood.

Music: Henry Smart, 1868  
 Text: William Chatterton Dix, 1866

REX GLORIAE  
 8 7. 8 7. 8 7. 8 7.

<https://www.wordmp3.com/details.aspx?id=37421>

# O Thou Who Camest from Above

652

1. O Thou who cam - est from a - bove The fire ce -  
 2. There let it for Thy glo - ry burn With in - ex -  
 3. Je - sus, con - firm my heart's de - sire To work and  
 4. Read - y for all Thy per - fect will, My acts of

les - tial to im - part, Kin - dle a flame of  
 tin - guish - a - ble blaze, And trem - bling to its  
 speak and think for Thee; Still let me guard the  
 faith and love re - peat, Till death Thy end - less

sa - cred love On the mean al - tar of my heart.  
 source re - turn, In hum - ble pray'r and fer - vent praise.  
 ho - ly fire, And still stir up Thy gift in me.  
 mer - cies seal, And make the sac - ri - fice com - plete.

Music: Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–1876)  
 Text: Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

HEREFORD (Wesley)  
 8 8. 8 8.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R3UYybc7Xa0>

different harmony: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yikVWGAYvuI>

## Praise to God, Immortal Praise

682

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;  
 2. For the bless - ing of the field, For the stores the gar - dens yield;  
 3. *Clouds that drop re - fresh - ing dews; Suns that gen - ial warmth dif - fuse;*  
 4. All that spring with boun-teous hand Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land;  
 5. These, great God, to Thee we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow;

Boun-teous Source of ev - ery joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy.  
 For the joy which har - vests bring, Grate - ful prais - es now we sing.  
*Flocks that whit - en all the plain; Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain;*  
 All that lib - ral au - tumn pours From her o - ver - flow - ing stores;  
 And for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.

Music: Asahel Abbott, c. 1852  
 Text: Anna L. Barbauld, 1773

PRAYER  
 77. 77.

## Lord, Should Rising Whirlwinds Tear

683

6. Lord, should ris - ing whirl-winds tear From its stem the rip - 'ning ear;  
 7. Should the vine put forth no more, Nor the ol - ive yield her store;  
 8. Should Thine al - tered hand re - strain Th'ear - ly and the lat - ter rain;  
 9. Yet to Thee my soul should raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise;

Should the fig - tree's blast - ed shoot Drop her green un - time - ly fruit:  
 Though the sick - 'ning flocks should fall, And the herds de - sert the stall:  
 Blast each o - p'ning bud of joy, And the ris - ing year de - stroy:  
 And, when ev - 'ry bless - ing's flown, Love Thee for Thy - self a - lone.

Music: French melody, 1200's; harm. Richard Redhead, 1853  
 Text: Anna L. Barbauld, 1773

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS  
 77. 77.

Both songs: <https://1drv.ms/u/s!AlSe6zUWrU4wi-sZ3aR98SIuQcGU-w?e=nNDoh7>  
 (second song 1:30)

# The Day Thou Gavest, Lord

699

1. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The darkness  
 2. We thank Thee that Thy church un-sleep-ing, While earth rolls  
 3. As o'er each con-ti-nent and is-land The dawn leads  
 4. The sun, that bids us rest, is wak-ing Our breth-ren  
 5. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall nev-er, Like earth's proud

falls at Thy be-hest; To Thee our morn-ing hymns as-  
 on-ward in-to light, Through all the world her watch is  
*on an-oth-er day, The voice of pray'r is nev-er*  
 'neath the west-ern sky, And hour by hour fresh lips are  
 em-pires, pass a-way: But stand, and rule, and grow for

<sup>12</sup>  
 cend-ed, Thy praise shall hal-low now our rest.  
 keep-ing, And rests not now by day or night.  
*si-lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a-way.*  
 mak-ing Thy won-drous do-ings heard on high.  
 ev-er, Till all Thy crea-tures own Thy sway.

Music: Clement A. Schofield, 1874  
 Text: John Ellerton, 1870

ST. CLEMENT  
 98. 98.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pigh8VHr-ZE>