

July 27th, 2021

Choral Prelude: Bruckner – Christus factus est

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens usque ad mortem,
mortem autem crucis.

Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum
et dedit illi nomen quod est super omne nomen.

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself,
and became obedient

unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him,
and given him a name which is above every name.

Words Philippians 2 vv. 8–9

Descant

6 Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, on this ter - res - trial

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate
 2 Crown him ye mar - tyrs of our God, who from his al - tar
 3 Hail him, the Heir of Da - vid's line, whom Da - vid Lord did
 *4 Ye heirs of Is - rael's cho - sen race, ye ran - somed of the
 *5 Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get the worm - wood and the

ball, to him a - scribe, and

1 fall; bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, and
 2 call: praise him whose way of pain ye trod, and
 3 call, the God in - car - nate, Man di - vine, and
 4 fall, hail him who saves you by his grace, and
 5 gall, go, spread your tro - phies at his feet, and

crown him Lord of all! to him a -

1 crown him Lord of all! bring forth the roy - al
 2 crown him Lord of all! praise him whose way of
 3 crown him Lord of all! the God in - car - nate,
 4 crown him Lord of all! hail him who saves you
 5 crown him Lord of all! go, spread your tro - phies

scribe, and crown him Lord of all!

1 di - a - dem, and crown him Lord of all!
 2 pain ye trod, and crown him Lord of all!
 3 Man di - vine, and crown him Lord of all!
 4 by his grace, and crown him Lord of all!
 5 at his feet, and crown him Lord of all!

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 on this terrestrial ball,
 to him all majesty ascribe,
 and crown him Lord of all!

Alternative tune: *Miles Lane*, 451.

Words: Edward Perronet (1726-1792), alt.

Music: *Coronation*, Oliver Holden (1765-1844), alt.; desc. Michael E. Young (b. 1939)

HOLY SPIRIT

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

111

v. 1, 3

1. Come, Thou fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy
2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm
3. O, to grace how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm con-strained to

1. grace; Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est
2. come; And I hope, by thy good pleas-ure, Sure-ly to ar-rive at
3. be; Let that grace, Lord, like a fet-ter, Bind my won-d'ring heart to

1. praise. Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a
2. home. Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of
3. Thee. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel-it, Prone to leave the God I

1. bove. Praise the mount, O fix me on it. Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
2. God. He, to save my soul from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
3. love. Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts a-bove.

Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790)

Music: Nettleton, melody from *A Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813; harm. Carl Haywood (b. 1949), from *Songs of Praise*, Harm. Copyright © 1992.