

**October 25<sup>th</sup>, 2021**

**Choral Prelude: Andre Thomas – Keep your lamps**

Keep your lamps trimmed and burning,

For the time is drawing nigh.

Children, don't get weary,

'til your work is done.

Christian journey soon be over,

The time is drawing nigh.

Keep your lamps trimmed and burning,

The time is drawing nigh.

vv. 1, 3

1 "Sleep-ers, wake!" A voice a - stounds us, the  
 2 Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - ing; her  
 3 Lamb of God, the heavens a - dore you; let

shout of ram - part - guards sur - rounds us: "A -  
 heart with joy - ful hope is spring - ing, she  
 saints and an - gels sing be - fore you, as

wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!" Mid - night's peace their  
 wakes and hur - ries through the night. Forth he comes, her  
 harps and cym - bals swell the sound. Twelve great pearls, the

cry has bro - ken, their ur - gent sum - mons clear - ly spo -  
 Bride-groom glo - rious in strength of grace, in truth vic - to -  
 ci - ty's por - tals: through them we stream to join the im - mor -

ken: "The time has come, O maid - ens wise!  
 rious: her star is risen, her light grows bright.  
 tals as we with joy your throne sur - round.

Rise up, and give us light; the Bride - groom is in  
 Now come, most wor - thy Lord, God's Son, In - car - nate  
 No eye has known the sight, no ear heard such de -

sight. Al - le - lu - ia! Your lamps pre - pare and  
 Word, Al - le - lu - ia! We fol - low all and  
 light: Al - le - lu - ia! There - fore we sing to

has - ten there, that you the wed - ding feast may share."  
 heed your call to come in - to the ban - quet hall.  
 greet our King; for ev - er let our prais - es ring.

Alternative tune: *Wachet auf* (rhythmic), 62.

Words: Philipp Nicolai (1556-1608); tr. Carl P. Daw, Jr. (b. 1944)

Music: *Wachet auf*, melody Hans Sachs (1494-1576); adapt. Philipp Nicolai (1556-1608);  
 arr. and harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

# HOLY SPIRIT

## Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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vv. 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.