

November 18th, 2021

Choral Prelude: Anton Bruckner – *Locus Iste*

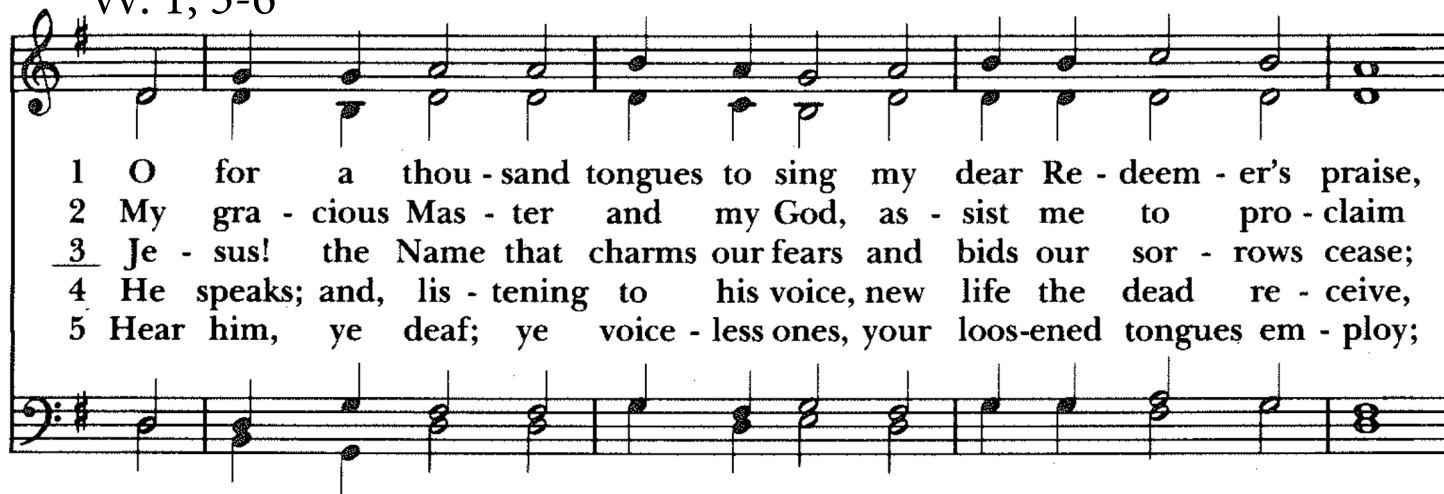
Locus iste a Deo factus est inestimabile sacramentum, irreprehensibilis est.

This place was made by God an inestimable mystery; it is irreproachable.

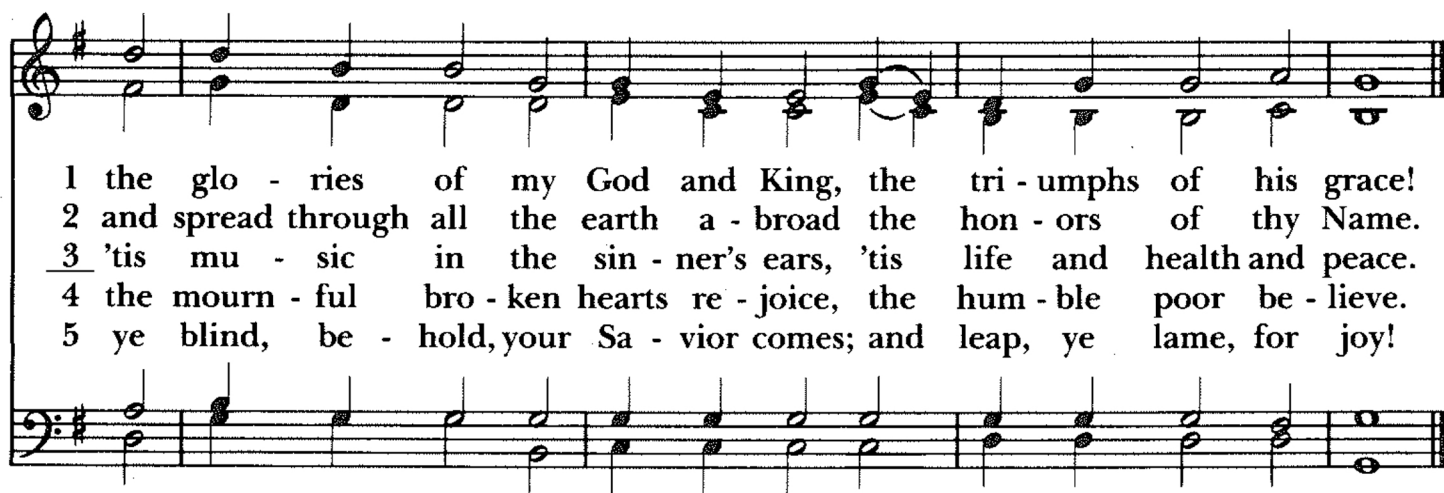
Jesus Christ our Lord

493

v. 1, 5-6



1 O for a thou - sand tongues to sing my dear Re - deem - er's praise,
2 My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, as - sist me to pro - claim
3 Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears and bids our sor - rows cease;
4 He speaks; and, lis - tening to his voice, new life the dead re - ceive,
5 Hear him, ye deaf; ye voice - less ones, your loos-ened tongues em - ploy;



1 the glo - ries of my God and King, the tri - umphs of his grace!
2 and spread through all the earth a - broad the hon - ors of thy Name.
3 'tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'tis life and health and peace.
4 the mourn - ful bro - ken hearts re - joice, the hum - ble poor be - lieve.
5 ye blind, be - hold, your Sa - vior comes; and leap, ye lame, for joy!

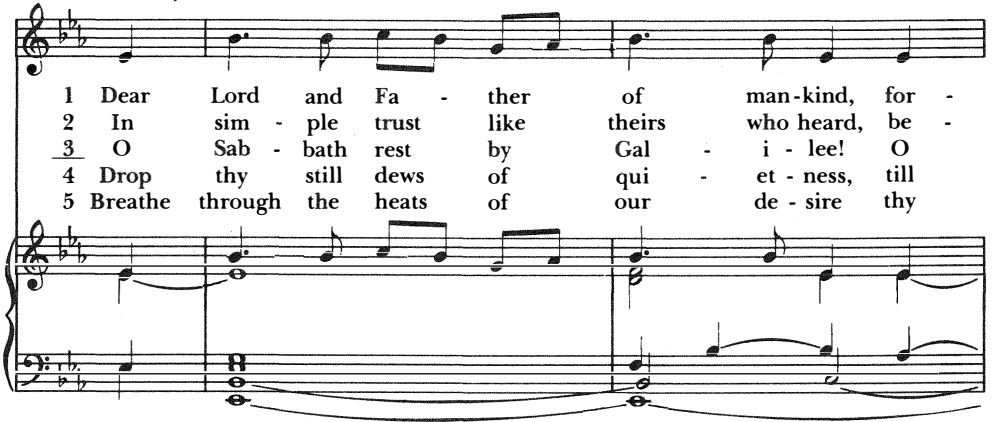
6 Glory to God and praise and love
be now and ever given
by saints below and saints above,
the Church in earth and heaven.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788), alt.

Music: Azmon, Carl Gotthilf Gläser (1784-1829); adapt. and arr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

$\text{♩} = 84$
CM

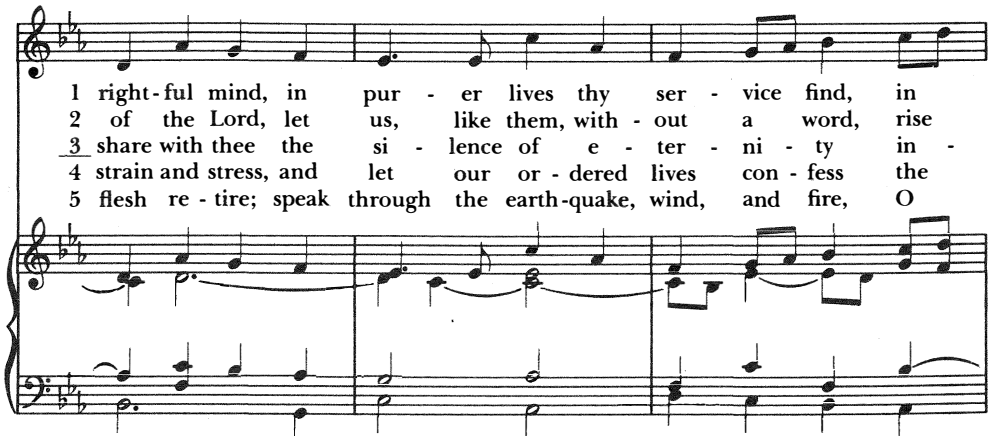
vv. 1, 5



1 Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, for -
 2 In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, be -
 3 O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O
 4 Drop thy still dews of qui - et - ness, till
 5 Breathe through the heats of our de - sire thy



1 give our fool - ish ways! Re - clothe us in our
 2 side the Syr - ian sea, the gra - cious call - ing
 3 calm of hills a - bove, where Je - sus knelt to
 4 all our striv - ings cease; take from our souls the
 5 cool - ness and thy balm; let sense be dumb, let



1 right - ful mind, in pur - er lives thy ser - vice find, in
 2 of the Lord, let us, like them, with - out a word, rise
 3 share with thee the si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty in -
 4 strain and stress, and let our or - dered lives con - fess the
 5 flesh re - tire; speak through the earth-quake, wind, and fire, O

1 deep - er rev - erence, praise, in deep - er rev - erence, praise.
 2 up and fol - low thee, rise up and fol - low thee.
 3 ter - pret - ed by love! in - ter - pret - ed by love!
 4 beau - ty of thy peace, the beau - ty of thy peace.
 5 still, small voice of calm, O still, small voice of calm.

Alternative tune: *Rest*, 652.

Words: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892), alt.

Music: *Repton*, Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918), alt.

$\text{♩} = 48$
 86. 886