

**November 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2021**

**Choral Prelude: William Byrd – *Ne irascaris***

Ne irascaris, Domine, satis  
et ne ultra memineris iniquitatis nostrae.  
Ecce, respice, populus tuus omnes nos.

Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta.  
Sion deserta facta est,  
Jerusalem desolata est.

Be not angry, O Lord,  
nor remember our iniquity forever.  
Behold, look upon us, we are all thy people.

Thy holy cities are deserted.  
Zion has become a wasteland,  
Jerusalem a desolation.

Isaiah 64: 9-10

vv. 1, 3

1 Like the mur-mur of the dove's song, like the chal - lenge of her  
 2 To the mem-bers of Christ's Bo - dy, to the branch - es of the  
 3 With the heal - ing of di - vi - sion, with the cease - less voice of

flight, like the vig - or of the wind's rush, like the  
 Vine, to the Church in faith as - sem - bled, to her  
 prayer, with the power to love and wit - ness, with the

new flame's ea - ger might: come, — Ho - ly Spi - rit, come.  
 midst as gift and sign: come, — Ho - ly Spi - rit, come.  
 peace be - yond com - pare: come, — Ho - ly Spi - rit, come.

*Phrase 1 of each stanza may be sung by one group, with a contrasted group singing phrase 2, and all joining for the final phrase.*

Words: Carl P. Daw, Jr. (b. 1944)

Music: *Bridegroom*, Peter Cutts (b. 1937)

♩ = 90  
87. 87. 6

vv. 1-2

1 Come down, O Love di - vine, seek thou this soul of mine,  
 2 O let it free - ly burn, till earth - ly pas - sions turn  
 3 And so the yearn - ing strong, with which the soul will long,

and vis - it it with thine own ar - dor glow - ing;  
 to dust and ash - es in its heat con - sum - ing;  
 shall far out - pass the power of hu - man tell - ing;

O Com - fort - er, draw near, with - in my heart ap - pear,  
 and let thy glo - rious light shine ev - er on my sight,  
 for none can guess its grace, till Love cre - ate a place

and kin - dle it, thy ho - ly flame be - stow - ing.  
 and clothe me round, the while my path il - lum - ing.  
 where - in the Ho - ly Spi - rit makes a dwell - ing.