

June 2nd, 2021

Choral Prelude: Charles Hubert Hasting Parry - *Never Weather Beaten Sail*

Never weather beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more.
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!
Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise,
cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines;
whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee!

Descant

5 Let ev - ery tongue con-fess with one ac - cord—

1 All praise to thee, for thou, O King di - vine, _____
 2 Thou cam'st to us in low - li - ness of thought; _____
 3 Let this mind be in us which was in thee, _____
 4 Where - fore, by God's e - ter - nal pur - pose, thou _____
 5 Let ev - ery tongue con-fess with one ac - cord _____

Je - sus Christ is Lord;

1 didst yield the glo - ry that of right was thine, _____
 2 by thee the out - cast and the poor were sought; _____
 3 who wast a ser - vant that we might be free, _____
 4 art high ex - alt - ed o'er all crea - tures now, _____
 5 in heaven and earth that Je - sus Christ is Lord; _____

and God the Fa - ther be by all a - dored.

1 that in our dark - ened hearts thy grace might shine. _____
 2 and by thy death was God's sal - va - tion wrought. _____
 3 hum - bling thy - self to death on Cal - va - ry. _____
 4 and given the Name to which all knees shall bow. _____
 5 and God the Fa - ther be by all a - dored. _____

1-4 Final Ending

Al - le -

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

lu - ia! A - men.

lu - ia! A - men.

This music in G, 420. Alternative tune: *Sine nomine*, 287.

Words: F. Bland Tucker (1895-1984)

Music: Engelberg, Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924); desc. Richard Proulx (b. 1937)

♩=48
10 10 10 with Alleluia

v. 1

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my
 2. Though sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should
 3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be

1. way, When sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll;
 2. come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol,
 3. thought— My sin— not in part, but the whole—
 4. sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

Words: Horatio Spafford (1828-1888)

Music: Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

1. What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to
 2. That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es -
 3. Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no
 4. The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -

1. say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
 2. tate, And has shed His own blood for my soul.
 3. more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 4. scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

It is well _____ It is well _____ with my soul, _____
 with my

_____ It is well, it is well with my soul.
 soul,