

June 8th, 2021

Choral Prelude: Michael Tippett - *Steal Away*

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus,
Steal away, steal away home;
I han't got long to stay here.

My Lord, he calls me, he calls me by the thunder,
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul;
I han't got long to stay here.

Green trees a-bending, poor sinner stands a-trembling,
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul;
I han't got long to stay here.

vv. 1-3

1 Praise to the Ho - liest in the height, and in the
 2 O lov - ing wis - dom of our God! When all was
 3 O wis - est love! that flesh and blood, which did in
 4 and that the high - est gift of grace should flesh and
 5 Praise to the Ho - liest in the height, and in the

1 depth be praise; in all his words most
 2 sin and shame, a sec - ond Ad - am
 3 Ad - am fail, should strive a - fresh a -
 4 blood re - fine: God's pres - ence and his
 5 depth be praise; in all his words most

1 won - der - ful, most sure in all his ways!
 2 to the fight and to the res - cue came.
 3 gainst the foe, should strive, and should pre - vail;
 4 ve - ry self, and es - sence all - di - vine.
 5 won - der - ful, most sure in all his ways!

Alternative tunes: *Newman*, 446; *Richmond*, 212.

Words: John Henry Newman (1801-1890), alt.

Music: *Gerontius*, John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)♩=108
CM

vv. 1, 3

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
 2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;

and in your wea - ri - ness lay down your head up - on my breast."
 the liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, stoop down and drink, and live."
 look un - to me, your morn shall rise, and all your day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, so wea - ry, worn, and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found in him my Star, my Sun;

I found in him a rest - ing place, and he has made me glad.
 my thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, and now I live in him.
 and in that light of life I'll walk till pil - grim days are done.

*The bracketed notes are to be treated as triplet groups. This music in d, 170.

Alternative tune: *Kingsfold*, 480.

Words: Horatius Bonar (1808-1889), alt.

Music: *The Third Tune*, Thomas Tallis (1505?-1585); ed. John Wilson (b. 1905)