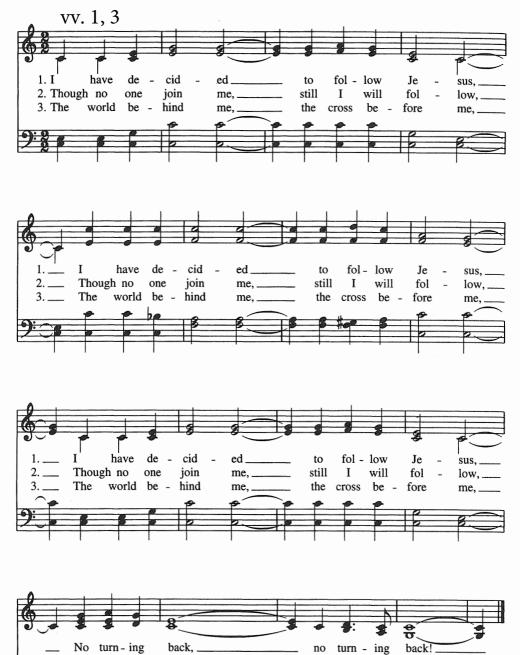
June 28th, 2021 Choral Prelude: Ned Rorem – *Sing my Soul*

Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, who, from yon bright throne above, ever watchful o'er our race, still to us extends his grace.

Heaven and earth by him were made; all is by his scepter swayed; what are we that he should show so much love to us below?

God, the merciful and good, bought us with the Savior's blood, and, to make salvation sure, guides us by his Spirit pure.

Sing, my soul, adore his Name! Let his glory be thy theme: praise him till he calls thee home; trust his love for all to come.



Words: Ascribed to an Indian Prince; as sung in Garo, Assam

Music: Indian Folk Melody; arr. Norman Johnson

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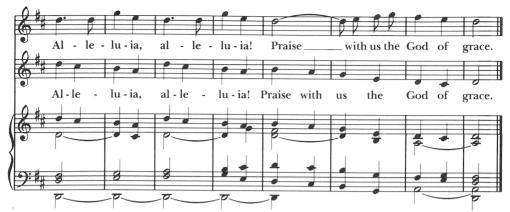
(no turn - ing

back,)









The accompaniment for stanza 2 may be used for all stanzas.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), alt.

Music: Lauda anima, John Goss (1800-1880); desc. Craig Sellar Lang (1891-1971)

0=50

87. 87. 87