

September 16th, 2021

Choral Prelude: Claudio Monteverdi – *Spernit Deus cor durum*

Spernit Deus cor durum
quod nulla pietate moveatur,
quod in duritie sua laetetur.

Visne frui pio eius amore
gloriosasque sedes possidere?
Frangere duritiem pectoris tui
pietatemque cole.

Quod si persistere vis in peccato,
fiet rigida tibi maiestas illa
et condemnabit animam tuam inquinatam,
tuque subibis, miser, ignem aeternum.

God spurns the hard heart
which is moved by no devotion,
which delights in its hardness.

Do you not wish to enjoy
his steadfast love and possess his glorious thrones?
Break the hardness of your breast
and cultivate piety.

For if you wish to persist in sin,
that majesty will be harsh toward you
and will condemn your wicked soul,
and you, sinner, will enter eternal fire.

vv. 1, 3

A7 D A D

1 Come, thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my
 2 Here I find my great - est trea - sure; hith - er,
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly

G D A7 D F#7 Bm D

heart to sing thy grace! Streams of mer - cy nev - er
 by thy help, I've come; and I hope, by thy good
 I'm con - strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a

A D G D A D

ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
 plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to thee:

A7 D G D* G A7* D Em*

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger wan - dering
 prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to

D G Bm A7 Bm D

flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount! Oh, fix me
 from the fold of God; he, to res - cue me from
 leave the God I love; here's my heart, oh, take and

A D G D A7 D

on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
 dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

*Denotes optional chords.

Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790), alt.

Music: Nettleton, melody from *A Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813;
 harm. Gerre Hancock (b. 1934)

vv. 1, 3-4

1 We walk by faith, and not by sight; no
 2 We may not touch his hands and side, nor
 3 Help then, O Lord, our un - be - lief; and
 4 that, when our life of faith is done, in

gra - cious words we hear from him who spoke as
 fol - low where he trod; but in his prom - ise
 may our faith a - bound, to call on you when
 realms of clear - er light we may be - hold you

none e'er spoke; but we be - lieve him near.
 we re - joice; and cry, "My Lord and God!"
 you are near, and seek where you are found:
 as you are, with full and end - less sight.

Words: Henry Alford (1810-1871), alt.
 Music: *St. Botolph*, Gordon Slater (1896-1979)

♩ = 40
 CM