

March 3rd, 2021

Choral Prelude

Plorate filii Israel - Giacomo Carissimi

Plorate filii Israel,
Plorate omnes virgines,
et filiam Jephthe unigenitam in carmine doloris lamentamini.

Weep, children of Israel,
weep, all virgins,
and lament the only-begotten daughter of Jephthah in a song of sorrow.

vv. 1, 4

1. We walk by faith, and not by sight;
 2. We may not touch His hands and side,
 3. Help then, O Lord, our un - be - lief;
 4. That, when our life of faith is done;

1. no gra - cious words — we hear — from Him who
 2. nor fol - low where — He trod; — but in His
 3. and may our faith — a - bound, — to call on
 4. in realms of clear - er light, — we may be -

1. spoke as none e'er spoke; but we be -
 2. prom - ise we re - joice, and cry, "My
 3. you when you are near, and seek where
 4. hold you as you are, with full and

1., 2., 3. 4.
 1. lieve — Him near.
 2. Lord — and God!"
 3. you — are found.
 4. end - less sight.

Words: Henry Alford (1810-1871)

Music: Eugene W. Hancock (b. 1929)

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vv. 1, 4

1 Lord, whose love through hum-ble ser-vice bore the weight of hu-man
 2 Still your chil-dren wan-der home-less; still the hun-gry cry for
 3 As we wor-ship, grant us vi-sion, till your love's re-veal-ing
 4 Called by wor-ship to your ser-vice, forth in your dear name we

need, who up-on the cross, for-sak-en, of-fered mer-cy's
 bread; still the cap-tives long for free-dom; still in grief we
 light, in its height and depth and great-ness, dawns up-on our
 go, to the child, the youth, the a-ged, love in liv-ing

per-fect deed, we, your ser-vants, bring the wor-ship
 mourn our dead. As, O Lord, your deep com-pas-sion
 quick-ened sight, mak-ing known the needs and bur-dens
 deeds to show; hope and health, good will and com-fort,

not of voice a-lone, but heart, con-se-crat-ing
 healed the sick and freed the soul, use the love your
 your com-pas-sion bids us bear, stir-ring us to
 coun-sel, aid, and peace we give, that your ser-vants,

to your pur - pose ev - ery gift that you im - part.
 Spi - rit kin - dles still to save and make us whole.
 tire - less striv - ing, your a - bun - dant life to share.
 Lord, in free - dom may your mer - cy know and live.

Words: Albert F. Bayly (1901-1984), alt.
 Music: *Blaenhafren*, Welsh melody

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