

March 16th, 2021

Choral Prelude

Charles Hubert Hastings 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!
Words by Thomas Campion

vv. 1, 4

Wade ___ in the wa - ter, ___ wade ___ in the wa - ter, chil - dren,

Fine

Wade ___ in the wa - ter, ___ God's a-gon-na trou-ble the wa - ter. ___

1. See ___ that ___ host all dressed in ___ white, ___
 2. See ___ that ___ band all dressed in ___ red, ___
 3. Look ___ o - ver yon - der, what do I see? ___ God's a - gon - na trou - ble the
 4. If you don't be - lieve I've been re - deemed, ___

wa - ter. ___

1. The lead - er ___ looks like the Is - ra - elite, ___
 2. Looks like ___ the ___ band that ___ Mo - ses led, ___
 3. The Ho - ly ___ Ghost a - com - ing on ___ me, ___
 4. Just fol - low me down to ___ Jor - dan's stream, ___

D.C.

God's a - gon - na trou - ble the wa - ter. ___

Words: Traditional

Music: Negro Spiritual; arr. Carl Haywood (b. 1949), from *The Haywood Collection of Negro Spirituals*, Copyright © 1992.

vv. 1, 5

1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed, that man to
 2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on thee? A - las, my
 3 Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered; the slave hath
 4 For me, kind Je - sus, was thy in - car - na - tion, thy mor - tal
 5 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee, I do a -

1 judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
 2 trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,
 3 sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a - tone - ment,
 4 sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of an - guish
 5 dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy pi - ty

1 by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
 2 I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.
 3 while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.
 4 and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
 5 and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

Words: Johann Heermann (1585-1647); tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)
 Music: *Herzliebster Jesu*, Johann Crüger (1598-1662), alt.

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