May 14th, 2021

Choral Prelude: T. Frederick H. Candlyn – Christ, whose glory fills the skies

Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only light, Sun of Righteousness, arise, triumph o’er the shades of night; Dayspring from on high, be near; Daystar, in my heart appear. Dark and cheerless is the morn unaccompanied by thee; joyless is the day’s return, till thy mercy’s beams I see; till they inward light impart, cheer my eyes and warm my heart. Visit then this soul of mine; pierce the gloom of sin and grief; fill me, Radiancy divine, scatter all my unbelief; more and more thyself display, shining to the perfect day.

-Charles Wesley
vv. 1, 3

1 King of glory, King of peace, I will love thee;
2 Wherefore with my utmost art, I will sing thee;
3 Seven whole days, not one in seven, I will praise thee;

Tenor or soprano ad libitum

and that love may never cease, I will move thee.
and the cream of all my heart, I will bring thee.
in my heart, though not in heaven, I can raise thee.

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Thou hast granted my request, thou hast heard me;
Though my sins against me cried, thou didst clear me;
Small it is in this poor sort to enroll thee;

Small it is in this poor sort to enroll thee;

thou didst note my working breast, thou hast spared me.
and alone, when they replied, thou didst hear me.
e'en eternity's too short to exalt thee.

Words: George Herbert (1593-1633)
Music: General Seminary, David Charles Walker (b. 1938)
1 Lord Christ, when first thou cam'st to earth, upon a cross they
2 O awe ful Love, which found no room in life where sin de-
3 New ad vent of the love of Christ, shall we a gain re-
4 O wound ed hands of Je sus, build in us thy new cre-

bound thee, and mocked thy sav ing king ship then
nied thee, and, doomed to death, must bring to doom
fuse thee, till in the night of hate and war
a tion; our pride is dust, our vaunt is still ed,

by thorns with which they crowned thee; and still our wrongs
the powers which cruc i fied thee, till not a stone
we per ish as we lose thee? From old un faith
we wait thy rev e la tion; O love that tri -
may weave thee now new thorns to pierce that was left on stone, and all those nations'
our souls release to seek the kingdom
umphs o-ver loss, we bring our hearts be-

stead-y brow, and robe of sor-row round thee.
pride, o'er-thrown, went down to dust be-side thee!
of thy peace, by which a-lone we choose thee.
fore thy cross, to fi-nish thy sal-va-tion.

This music in D, 408.