

**October 13<sup>th</sup>, 2021**

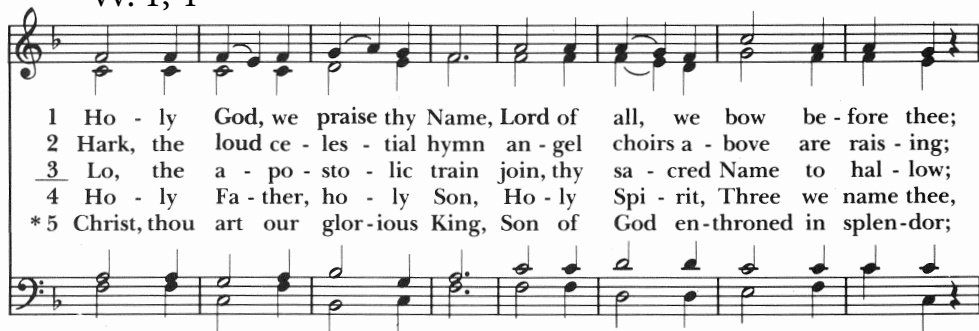
**Choral Prelude: C. H. H. Parry - *My soul, there is a country***

My soul, there is a country far beyond the stars,  
where stands a winged sentry,  
All skilful in the wars:  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles  
And, One, born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious friend,  
And O my soul awake!  
Dis in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.

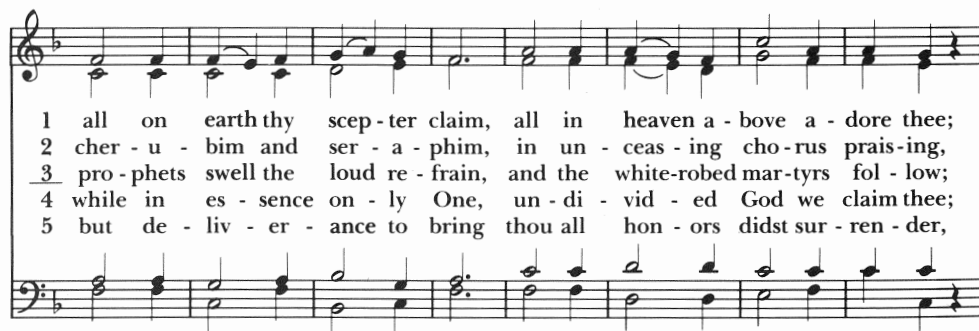
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flow'r of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress and thy casw.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure  
But One who never changes  
Thy God Thy life Thy cure.

Words by Henry Vaughan

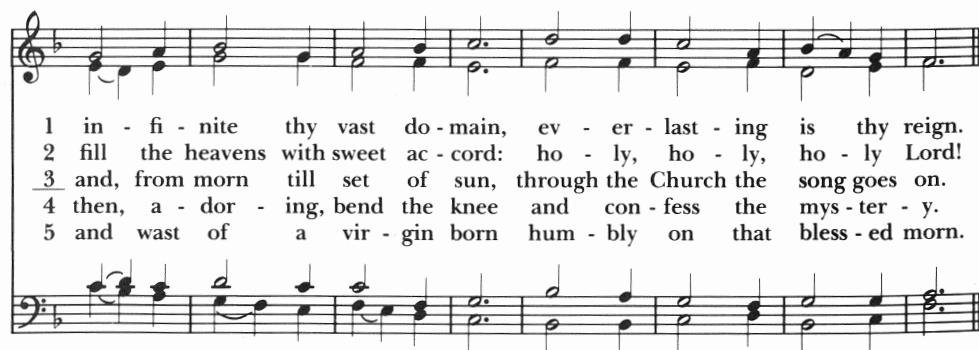
vv. 1, 4



1 Ho - ly God, we praise thy Name, Lord of all, we bow be - fore thee;  
 2 Hark, the loud ce - les - tial hymn an - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;  
 3 Lo, the a - po - sto - lic train join, thy sa - cred Name to hal - low;  
 4 Ho - ly Fa - ther, ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spi - rit, Three we name thee,  
 \*5 Christ, thou art our glor - ious King, Son of God en - throned in splen - dor;



1 all on earth thy scep - ter claim, all in heaven a - bove a - dore thee;  
 2 cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, in un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,  
 3 pro - phets swell the loud re - frain, and the white - robed mar - tyrs fol - low;  
 4 while in es - sence on - ly One, un - di - vid - ed God we claim thee;  
 5 but de - liv - er - ance to bring thou all hon - ors didst sur - ren - der,



1 in - fi - nite thy vast do - main, ev - er - last - ing is thy reign.  
 2 fill the heavens with sweet ac - cord: ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!  
 3 and, from morn till set of sun, through the Church the song goes on.  
 4 then, a - dor - ing, bend the knee and con - fess the mys - ter - y.  
 5 and wast of a vir - gin born hum - bly on that bless - ed morn.

\*6 Thou didst take the sting from death,  
 Son of God, as Savior given;  
 on the cross thy dying breath  
 opened wide the realm of heaven.  
 In the glory of that land  
 thou art set at God's right hand.

\*7 As our judge thou wilt appear.  
 Savior, who hast died to win us.  
 help thy servants, drawing near.  
 Lord, renew our hearts within us.  
 Grant that with thy saints we may  
 dwell in everlasting day.

Words: Para. of *Te Deum*; sts. 1-4, Ignaz Franz (1719-1790); tr. Clarence Walworth (1820-1900).  
 Sts. 5-7, F. Bland Tucker (1895-1984)

Music: *Grosser Gott*, melody from *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, 1686; alt. *Cantate*, 1851;  
 harm. Charles Winfred Douglas (1867-1944), after Conrad Kocher (1786-1872)

vv. 1, 3

1. I have de - cid - ed \_\_\_\_\_ to fol - low Je - sus, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Though no one join me, \_\_\_\_\_ still I will fol - low, \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. The world be - hind me, \_\_\_\_\_ the cross be - fore me, \_\_\_\_\_

1. \_\_\_\_\_ I have de - cid - ed \_\_\_\_\_ to fol - low Je - sus, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. \_\_\_\_\_ Though no one join me, \_\_\_\_\_ still I will fol - low, \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. \_\_\_\_\_ The world be - hind me, \_\_\_\_\_ the cross be - fore me, \_\_\_\_\_

1. \_\_\_\_\_ I have de - cid - ed \_\_\_\_\_ to fol - low Je - sus, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. \_\_\_\_\_ Though no one join me, \_\_\_\_\_ still I will fol - low, \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. \_\_\_\_\_ The world be - hind me, \_\_\_\_\_ the cross be - fore me, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ No turn - ing back, \_\_\_\_\_ no turn - ing back! \_\_\_\_\_  
 (no turn - ing back,)

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

Music: Indian Folk Melody; arr. Norman Johnson

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