

October 14th, 2021

Choral Prelude: Maurice Duruflé - Tantum Ergo

Tantum ergo Sacramentum veneremur cernui
Et antiquum documentum novo cedat rituri,
Præstet fides supplementum sensuum defecturi.

Genitori genitoque laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque sic et benedictio,
Procedenti ab utroque Compar sit laudatio.
Amen

Such a sacrament, therefore, let us venerate with bowed heads,
And let the ancient testimony give way to a new ritual,
Let faith provide a supplement for the inadequacy of the senses.

To Father and Son let there be laud and jubilation,
Salvation, honour and virtue also and blessing,
And to Him who proceeds from both of them let there be equal praise.
Amen.

vv. 1, 3

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?

1. What a priv - i - ledge to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 2. We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 3. Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in Prayer.

1. Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,
 2. Can we find a friend so faith - ful who will all our sor - rows share?
 3. Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.

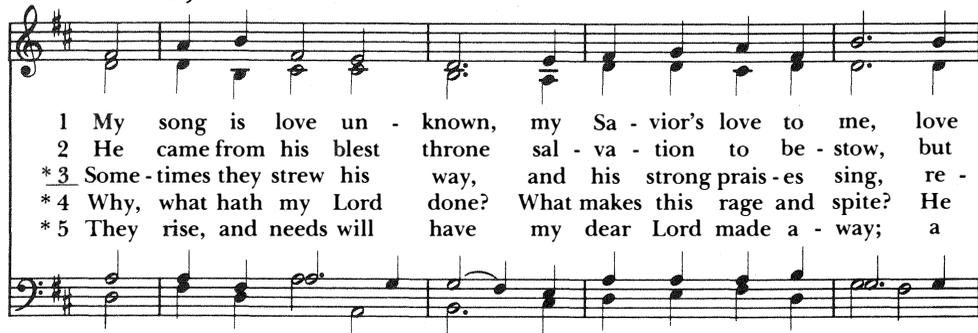
1. All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 2. Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 3. In his arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Jesus Christ our Lord

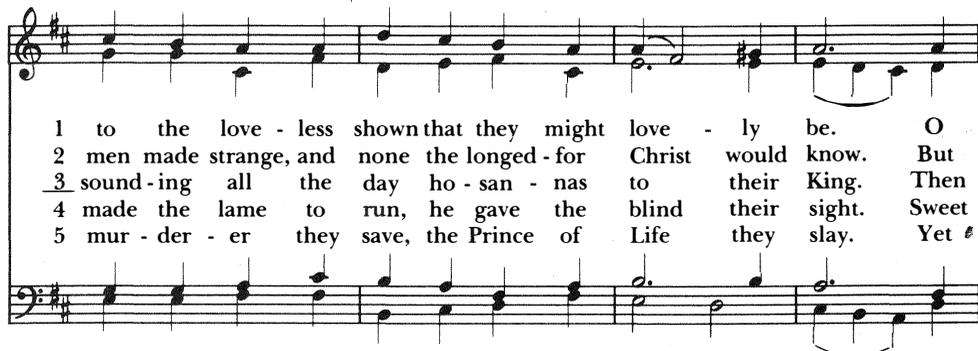
Unison or harmony

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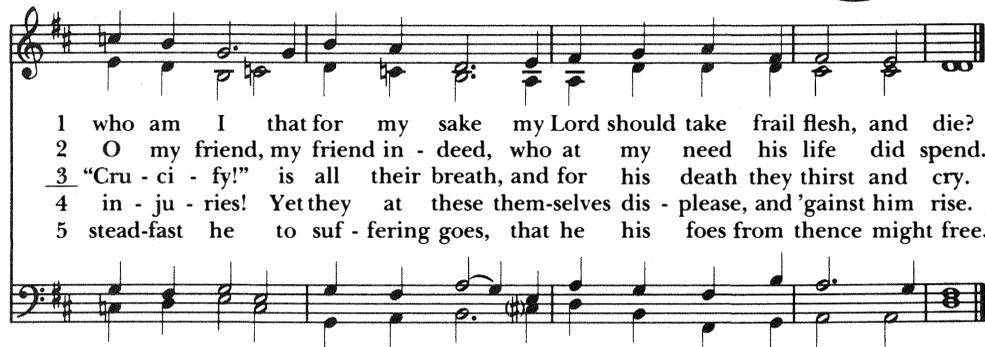
v. 1, 7



1 My song is love un - known, my Sa - vior's love to me, love
2 He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow, but
*3 Some - times they strew his way, and his strong prais - es sing, re -
*4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He
*5 They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way; a



1 to the love - less shown that they might love - ly be. O
2 men made strange, and none the longed - for Christ would know. But
3 sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King. Then
4 made the lame to run, he gave the blind their sight. Sweet
5 mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet



1 who am I that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
2 O my friend, my friend in - deed, who at my need his life did spend.
3 "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for his death they thirst and cry.
4 in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them-selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.
5 stead-fast he to suf - fering goes, that he his foes from thence might free.

*6 In life no house, no home
my Lord on earth might have;
in death no friendly tomb
but what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was his home;
but mine the tomb
wherein he lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
no story so divine:
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like thine.
This is my friend,
in whose sweet praise
I all my days
could gladly spend.

Alternative tune: *Rhosymedre*, 587.

Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-1683), alt.

Music: *Love Unknown*, John Ireland (1879-1962)

d=54

66. 66. 44. 44