

November 16th, 2021

Choral Prelude: Charlies Villiers Stanford – *When Mary through the garden went*

When Mary thro' the garden went,
There was no sound of any bird,
And yet, because the night was spent,
The little grasses lightly stirred,
The flowers awoke, the lilies heard.

When Mary thro' the garden went,
The dew lay still on flower and grass,
The waving palms above her sent
Their fragrance out as she did pass.
No light upon their branches was.

When Mary thro' the garden went,
Her eyes, for weeping long, were dim.
The grass beneath her footsteps bent,
The solemn lilies, white and slim,
These also stood and wept for him.

When Mary thro' the garden went,
She sought within the garden ground,
One for Whom her heart was rent,
One Who for her sake was bound,
One Who sought, and she was found.

HOLY SPIRIT

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

111

vv. 1, 3

1. Come, Thou fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy
2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm
3. O, to grace how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm con-strained to

1. grace; Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est
2. come; And I hope, by thy good pleas-ure, Sure-ly to ar-rive at
3. be; Let that grace, Lord, like a fet-ter, Bind my won-d'ring heart to

1. praise. Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a
2. home. Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of
3. Thee. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel-it, Prone to leave the God I

1. bove. Praise the mount, O fix me on it. Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
2. God. He, to save my soul from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
3. love. Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts a-bove.

Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790)

Music: Nettleton, melody from *A Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813; harm. Carl Haywood (b. 1949), from *Songs of Praise*, Harm. Copyright © 1992.

Amazing Grace

vv. 1, 5

1. A - maz - ing grace! — how sweet the sound, That
 2. 'Twas grace that taught — my heart to fear, And
 3. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His
 4. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I
 5. When we've been there — ten thou - sand years, Bright

1. saved a wretch like me! — I once was lost, but
 2. grace my fears re - lieved; — How pre - cious did that
 3. word my hope se - cures; — He will my shield and
 4. have al - read - y come; — 'Tis grace that brought me
 5. shin - ing as the sun, — We've no less days to

1. now am found, Was blind, but now — I see. —
 2. grace ap - pear The hour I first — be - lieved! —
 3. por - tion be As long as life — en - dures. —
 4. safe thus far, And grace will lead — me home. —
 5. sing God's praise Than when we'd first — be - gun. —

Words: Stanzas 1-4, John Newton, (1725-1807); Stanza 5, Ascr. John Rees, c. 1859

Music: *New Britain*, CM, *Virginia Harmony*, 1831; harm. John Barnard (b. 1948)

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