## June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2021

## Choral Prelude: Charles Hubert Hasting 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!





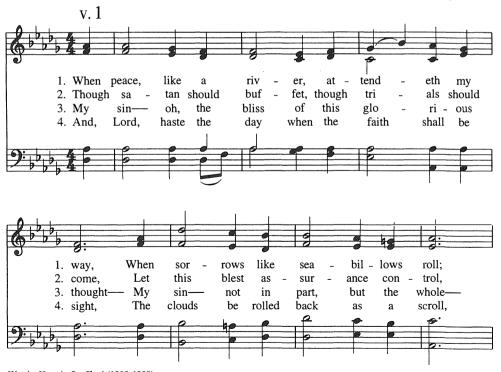


This music in G, 420. Alternative tune: Sine nomine, 287.

Words: F. Bland Tucker (1895-1984) Music: Engelberg, Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924); desc. Richard Proulx (b. 1937)

10 10 10 with Alleluia

## It Is Well with My Soul



Words: Horatio Spafford (1828-1888) Music: Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

