



Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

AUSTRIAN HYMN (8 7. 8 7. D.)
 Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797

John Newton, 1779

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal Love,
 3. *Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear*
 4. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Washed in the Re - deem - er's blood!
 5. Sav - ior, if of Zi - on's cit - y I, through grace, a mem - ber am,


He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for His own a - bode:
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near!
 Je - sus, Whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.
 Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy Name.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to as - suage?
Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night and shade by day,
 'Tis His love His peo - ple rais - es O - ver self to reign as kings,
 Fad - ing is the world - ling's pleas - ure, All his boast - ed pomp and show;



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age!
Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which He gives them when they pray.
 And as priests, His sol - emn prais - es Each for a thank - of - fering brings.
 Sol - id joys and last - ing treas - ure None but Zi - on's chil - dren know.

The Son of God Goes Forth to War


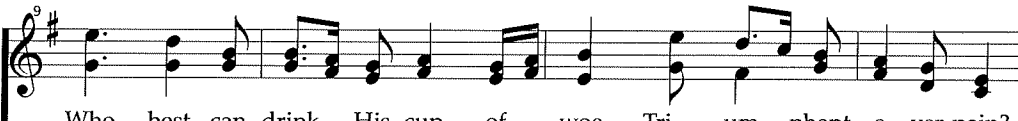
666





1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain.
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;
 3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
 4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,


His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky And called on Him to save.
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew And mocked the cross and flame.
 A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - jice In robes of light ar - rayed.

Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain?
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane;
 They climbed the steep as - cent of Heav'n Through per - il, toil and pain;

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong! Who fol - lows in His train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.



I Bind unto Myself Today

COMMISSION

Saint Patrick's Breastplate

unison

1. I bind un-to my-self to-day The strong name of the Trin-i - ty, By

in - vo - ca - tion of the same, The Three in One, and One in Three.

17

2. I bind this day to me for - ev - er, By pow'r of faith, Christ's
 3. I bind un - to my - self the pow'r Of the great love of
 4. I bind un - to my - self to - day The vir - tues of the
 5. I bind un - to my - self to - day The pow'r of God to
 6. A - gainst the de - mon snares of sin, The vice that gives temp -
 7. A - gainst all Sa - tan's spells and wiles, A - gainst false words of

24

in - car - na - tion, His bap - tism in the Jor - dan Riv - er, His
 cher - u - bim, The sweet "Well done" in judg - ment hour, The
 star - lit heav - en, The glo - rious sun's life - giv - ing ray, The
 hold and lead, His eye to watch, His might to stay, His
 ta - tion force, The na - tural lusts that war with - in, The
 her - e - sy, A - gainst the knowl - edge that de - files, A -

Music 1: ancient Irish hymn melody; arr. Charles Villiers Stanford, 1902

Music 2: ancient Irish melody; adapt.

Text: attr. Patrick of Ireland (372-466); tr. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1889

ST. PATRICK

8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

DEIRDRE

8 8. 8 8. Trochaic

COMMISSION

30

death on the cross for my sal - va - tion, His burst - ing from the spic - ed
serv - ice of the ser - a - phim, Con - fes - sors' faith, a - pos - tles'
white - ness of the moon at e - ven, The flash - ing of the light - ning
ear to hear - en to my need, The wis - dom of my God to
hos - tile men that mar my course— Though few or man - y, far or
gainst the heart's i - dol - a - try, A - gainst the wiz - ard's e - vil

37

tomb, His rid - ing up the Heav'n - ly way, His com - ing
word, The pa - triarchs' pray'rs, the proph - ets' scrolls, All good deeds
free, The whirl - ing wind's tem - pes - tuous shocks, The sta - ble
teach, His hand to guide, His shield to ward, The word of
nigh - In ev - 'ry place, and in all hours, A - gainst their
craft, A - gainst the death - wound and the burn - ing, The chok - ing

43

at the day of doom I bind un - to my - self to - day.
done un - to the Lord, And pu - ri - ty of vir - gin souls.
earth, the deep salt sea A - round the old en - dur - ing rocks.
God to give me speech, His Heav'n - ly host to be my guard.
fierce hos - til - i - ty I bind to me these ho - ly pow'rs.
wave, the poi - soned shaft, Pro - tect me, Christ, till Thy re - turn - ing.

50 *harmony*

8. Christ be with me, Christ with - in me, Christ be - hind me, Christ be - fore me,
Christ be - neath me, Christ a - bove me, Christ in qui - et, Christ in dan - ger,

54

Christ be - side me, Christ to win me, Christ to com - fort and re - store me,
Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stran - ger.

I Bind unto Myself Today

Cont'd

59 *unison*

9. I bind un - to my - self the name, The strong name of the

66

Trin - i - ty, By in - vo - ca - tion of the same, The

72

Three in One, and One in Three Of whom all na - ture

78

hath cre - a - tion: E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Spir - it, Word. Praise to the

85

Lord of my sal - va - tion; Sal - va - tion is of Christ the Lord.

To the Word

Isaiah 8:13-22, setting by Douglas Wilson

Traditional Sea Shanty, arr. Aaron Snell

LEADER ALL LEADER

Alto

Melody Bass

1. Sanc-ti - fy the Lord, he said, To the Word, to the Word we go. Let

5 ALL

Him be your fear, - let Him be your dread, Bend, break, - burn and blow.

9 REFRAIN

To the tes - ti - mo - ny and law, To the Word, to the Word we go. If they

13

don't speak this word, they have no light at all, Bend, break, - burn and blow.

2. A stone of stumbling and rock of offense
To the Word, to the Word we go.
Against this snare there is no defense,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

3. Many among them will stumble and fall,
To the Word, to the Word we go.
Bind up the word behind a great wall,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

REFRAIN

4. So I will wait upon the Lord
To the Word, to the Word we go.
To seek the one who must be adored,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

5. Here I am and the children you gave
To the Word, to the Word we go.
A sign that You have promised to save,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

6. Shall we go to the wizards that chirp?
To the Word, to the Word we go.
The words of the prophets they want to usurp,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

REFRAIN

7. If they do not feed on His Word,
To the Word, to the Word we go.
They shall hunger and thirst, and die unheard,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

8. All they will see is trouble and dark,
To the Word, to the Word we go.
Their anguish great, their troubles are stark,
Bend break, burn and blow.

REFRAIN