

HYMNS

Creator of the Stars of Night

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1 Cre - a - tor of the stars of night,
2 Thou, griev - ing that the an - cient curse
3 Thou cam'st the Bride - groom of the bride,
4 At whose dread name, ma - jes - tic now,



Thy peo - ple's ev - er - last - ing Light:
Should doom to death a u - ni - verse,
As drew the world to e - ven - tide,
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;



O Christ, Re - deem - er, save us all
Hast found the heal - ing, full of grace,
The spot - less Vic - tim all di - vine
All things ce - les - tial Thee shall own,



And hear Thy ser - vants when they call.
To cure and save our ru - ined race.
Pro - ceed - ing from a vir - gin shrine.
And things ter - res - trial, Lord a - lone.

- 5 O Thou, whose coming is with dread △ 6 To God the Father and the Son
To judge the living and the dead, And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Preserve us from the ancient foe Praise, honor, might, and glory be
While still we dwell on earth below. From age to age eternally. Amen.

O Word of God Incarnate

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1 O Word of God in - car-nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
2 The Church from You, dear Mas-ter, Re-ceived the gift di - vine;
3 O make Your Church, dear Sav - ior, A lamp of bur - nished gold



O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky:
And still that light is lift - ed O'er all the earth to shine.
To bear be - fore the na - tions Your true light as of old!



We praise You for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
It is the chart and com - pass That, all life's voy - age through,
O teach Your wan - d'ring pil - grims By this their path to trace



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
Mid mists and rocks and quick - sands Still guides, O Christ, to You.
Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see You face to face!

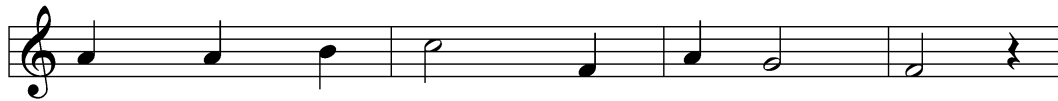
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O Savior, Rend the Heavens Wide

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1 O Sav - ior, rend the heav - ens wide;
 2 O Fa - ther, light from heav - en send;
 3 O earth, in flow'r - ing bud be seen;
 4 O Fount of hope, how long, how long?



Come down, come down with might - y stride;
 As morn - ing dew, O Son, de - scend.
 Clothe hill and dale in garb of green.
 When will You come with com - fort strong?



Un - lock the gates, the doors break down;
 Drop down, you clouds, the life of spring:
 Bring forth, O earth, a blos - som rare,
 O come, O come, Your throne fore - go;



Un - bar the way to heav - en's crown.
 To Ja - cob's line rain down the King.
 Our Sav - ior, sprung from mead - ow fair.
 Con - sole us in our vale of woe.

- 5 O Morning Star, O radiant Sun,
 When will our hearts behold Your dawn?
 O Sun, arise; without Your light
 We grope in gloom and dark of night.
- 6 Sin's dreadful doom upon us lies;
 Grim death looms fierce before our eyes.
 O come, lead us with mighty hand
 From exile to our promised land.
- 7 There shall we all our praises bring
 And sing to You, our Savior King;
 There shall we laud You and adore
 Forever and forevermore.

*Text: Friedrich von Spee, 1591–1635; tr. Martin L. Seltz, 1909–67, alt.
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