

HYMNS

Jesus on the Mountain Peak

415



1 Je - sus on the moun-tain peak      Stands a - lone in  
2 Trem - bling at His feet we saw      Mo - ses and E -  
3 Swift the cloud of glo - ry came:      God pro - claim - ing  
4 This is God's be - lov - ed Son!      Law and proph - ets



glo - ry blaz - ing; Let us, if we dare to speak,  
li - jah speak - ing. All the proph - ets and the law  
in its thun - der Je - sus as the Son by name!  
sing be - fore Him, First and Last and on - ly One.



Join the saints and an - gels prais - ing.  
Shout through them their joy - ful greet - ing:  
Na - tions, cry a - loud in won - der,  
All cre - a - tion shall a - dore Him!

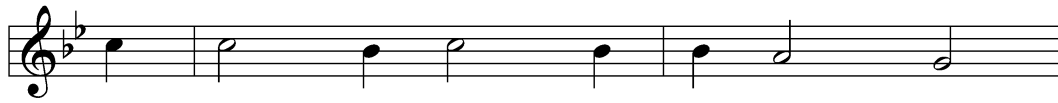


Al - le - lu - ia!  
Al - le - lu - ia!  
Al - le - lu - ia!  
Al - le - lu - ia!

*Text: Brian Wren, b. 1936*  
*Tune: Theodore A. Beck, 1929–2003, alt.*  
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*Tune: © 1998 Theodore A. Beck*  
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# O Wondrous Type! O Vision Fair

413



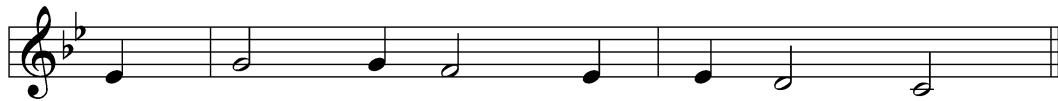
1 O won - drous type! O vi - sion fair  
 2 With Mo - ses and E - li - jah nigh  
 3 With shin - ing face and bright ar - ray  
 4 And faith - ful hearts are raised on high  
 △ 5 O Fa - ther, with the e - ter - nal Son



Of glo - ry that the Church may share,  
 The in - car - nate Lord holds con - verse high;  
 Christ deigns to man - i - fest to - day  
 By this great vi - sion's mys - ter - y,  
 And Ho - ly Spir - it ev - er one,



Which Christ up - on the moun - tain shows,  
 And from the cloud the Ho - ly One  
 What glo - ry shall be theirs a - bove  
 For which in joy - ful strains we raise  
 We pray Thee, bring us by Thy grace



Where bright - er than the sun He glows!  
 Bears rec - ord to the on - ly Son.  
 Who joy in God with per - fect love.  
 The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.  
 To see Thy glo - ry face to face.

*Text: Sarum Breviary, Salisbury, 1495;*

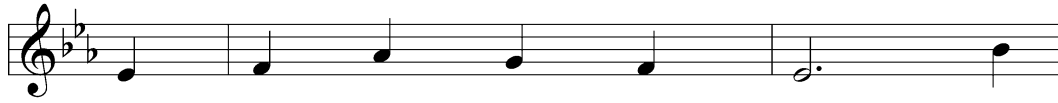
*tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.*

*Tune: English, 15th cent.*

*Text and Tune: Public domain*

# 'Tis Good, Lord, to Be Here

414



1 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Thy  
2 'Tis good, Lord, to be here, Thy  
3 Ful - fill - er of the past And  
4 Be - fore we taste of death, We  
5 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Yet



glo - ry fills the night; Thy face and gar - ments,  
beau - ty to be - hold Where Mo - ses and E -  
hope of things to be, We hail Thy bod - y  
see Thy king - dom come; We long to hold the  
we may not re - main; But since Thou bidst us



like the sun, Shine with un - bor - rowed light.  
li - jah stand, Thy mes - sen - gers of old.  
glo - ri - fied And our re - demp - tion see.  
vi - sion bright And make this hill our home.  
leave the mount, Come with us to the plain.

*Text: Joseph A. Robinson, 1858–1933, alt.  
Tune: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750, adapt.  
Text and Tune: Public domain*

# Beautiful Savior

537



1 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, King of cre - a - tion, Son of  
 2 Fair are the mead - ows, Fair are the wood - lands, Robed in  
 3 Fair is the sun - shine, Fair is the moon - light, Bright the  
 4 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, Lord of the na - tions, Son of



God and Son of Man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee, Tru - ly I'd  
 flow'rs of bloom - ing spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is  
 spar - kling stars on high; Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines  
 God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o -



serve Thee, Light of my soul, my joy, my crown.  
 pur - er, He makes our sor - r'wing spir - it sing.  
 pur - er Than all the an - gels in the sky.  
 ra - tion Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine!

# O Bless the Lord, My Soul

814



1 O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join  
 2 O bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let His mer - cies lie  
 3 'Tis He for - gives thy sins; 'Tis He re - lieves thy pain;  
 4 He crowns thy life with love When ran - somed from the grave;



And aid my tongue to bless His name Whose fa - vors are di - vine.  
 For - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness And with - out prais - es die!  
 'Tis He that heals thy sick - ness - es And makes thee young a - gain.  
 He that re - deemed my soul from hell Hath sov - 'reign pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;  
 He gives the suff'ers rest.  
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud  
 And justice for th'oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways  
 He made by Moses known,  
 But sent the world His truth and grace  
 By His belovèd Son.

# O Jesus, King Most Wonderful

554



1 O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful!  
 2 When once You vis - it dark - ened hearts,  
 3 O Je - sus, light of all be - low,  
 4 May ev - 'ry heart con - fess Your name,  
 5 Oh, may our tongues for - ev - er bless,



O Con - quer - or re - nowned! O Source of peace in -  
 Then truth be - gins to shine, Then earth - ly van - i -  
 The fount of life and fire, Sur - pass - ing all the  
 For - ev - er You a - dore, And, seek - ing You, it -  
 May we love You a - lone And ev - er in our



ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found:  
 ty de - parts, Then kin - dles love di - vine.  
 joys we know, All that we can de - sire:  
 self in - flame To seek You more and more!  
 lives ex - press The im - age of Your own!

*Text: attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153;  
 tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78, alt.  
 Tune: John B. Dykes, 1823–76  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

## Hymn 814

*Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748  
 Tune: Aaron Williams, 1731–76  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

## Hymn 537

*Text: Münsterisch Gesangbuch, Münster, 1677  
 Tune: Silesian, 19th cent.  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

# Alleluia, Song of Gladness

417



1 Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that  
 2 Al - le - lu - ia, thou re - sound - est, True Je - ru - sa -  
 3 Al - le - lu - ia can - not al - ways Be our song while  
 4 There - fore in our hymns we pray Thee, Grant us, bless - ed



can - not die; Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them  
 lem and free; Al - le - lu - ia, joy - ful moth - er,  
 here be - low; Al - le - lu - ia, our trans - gres - sions  
 Trin - i - ty, At the last to keep Thine Eas - ter



Ev - er raised by choirs on high; In the house of  
 All thy chil - dren sing with thee, But by Bab - y -  
 Make us for a while for - go; For the sol - emn  
 With Thy faith - ful saints on high; There to Thee for -



God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.  
 lon's sad wa - ters Mourn - ing ex - iles now are we.  
 time is com - ing When our tears for sin must flow.  
 ev - er sing - ing Al - le - lu - ia joy - ful - ly.

*Text: Latin, c. 11th cent.;  
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.  
 Tune: John Goss, 1800-80  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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