

Creator of the Stars of Night

With the introit for the First Sunday of Advent

1. Cre - a - tor of the stars of night,
2. In sor - row that the an - cient curse
3. When this old world drew on toward night,
4. At your great Name, O Je - sus, now
5. Come in your ho - ly might, we pray,
6. To God the Fa - ther, God the Son,
Introit. To you, O God, I lift my soul.

Your peo - ple's ev - er - last - ing light,
Should doom to death a u - ni - verse,
You came, but not in splend - or bright,
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
Re - deem us for e - ter - nal day;
And God the Spi - rit, Three in One,
In you I trust, your grace ex - tol.

O Christ, Re - deem - er of us all,
You came, O Sa - vior, to set free
Not as a mon - arch, but the child
All things on earth with one ac - cord
De - fend us while we dwell be - low
Praise, hon - or, might, and glo - ry be
Let not my foes ex - ult o'er me,

We pray you hear us when we call.
Your own in glo - rious lib - er - ty.
Of Ma - ry, blame - less Mo - ther mild.
Like those of heav'n shall call you Lord.
From all as - saults of our dread foe.
from age to age e - ter - nal - ly.
Spare all from shame who hope in thee.