



Introit. To you, O God, I lift my soul.
1. Cre - a - tor of the stars of night,
2. Thou, griev - ing that the an - cient curse
3. Thou came, the Bride - groom of the bride,
4. At whose dread name, maj - es - tic now,
5. O Thou, whose com - ing is with dread
6. To God the Fa - ther, God the Son,



In you I trust, your grace ex - tol.
thy peo - ple's ev - er - last - ing light,
should doom to death a un - i - verse,
as drew the world to ev - en - tide;
all knees must bend, all hearts must bow:
to judge the liv - ing and the dead,
and God the Spi - rit, Three in One,



Let not my foes ex - ult o'er me,
Je - sus, Re - deem - er, save us all,
Has brought the med - i - cine of grace,
Pro - ceed - ing from a virg - in shrine,
all things of heav - en Thee shall own,
pre - serve us, while we dwell be - low
laud, hon - or, might, and glo - ry be



Spare all from shame who hope in thee.
and hear thy serv - ants when they call.
to save and heal a fal - len race.
the spot - less Vic - tim all div - ine.
and things of earth, the Lord a - lone.
from ev - ery in - sult of the foe.
from age to age e - ter - nal - ly.