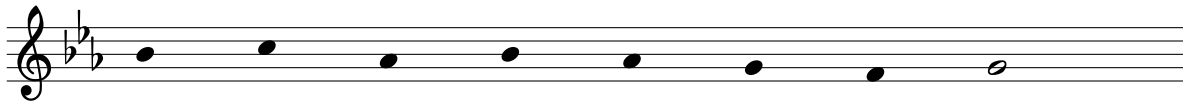
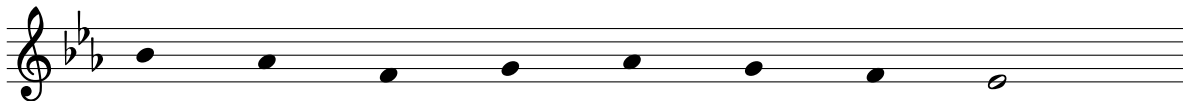


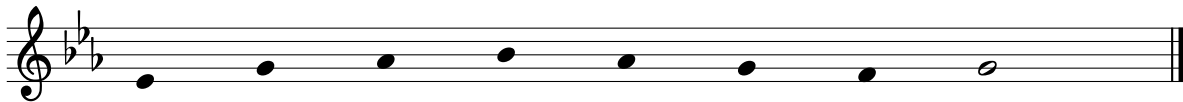
1. Cre - a - tor of the stars of night,
2. In sor - row that the an - cient curse
3. When this old world drew on toward night,
4. At your great Name, O Je - sus, now
Introit. To you, O God, I lift my soul.



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;
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
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.
Spare all from shame who hope in thee.

*Text: Latin, 9th cent. Psalm 25:1-4; Ad te levavi animam meam; Introit, Advent I;
adapted Greg Heislman, © 2015. Tune: CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM*