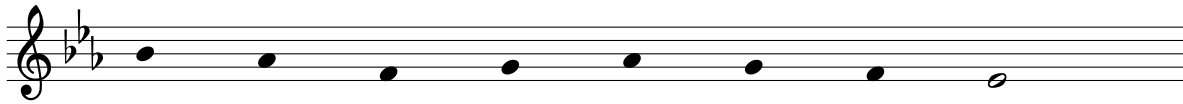


1. Cre - a - tor of the stars of night,
2. In sor - row that the an - cient curse
Introit. To you, O God, I lift my soul.



Your peo - ple's ev - er - last - ing light,
Should doom to death a u - ni - verse,
In you I trust, your grace ex - tol.



O Christ, Re - deem - er of us all,
You came, O Sa - vior, to set free
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.
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 Heishman, © 2015. Tune: CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM*