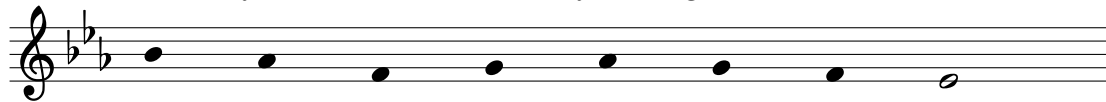


1. Cre - a - tor of the stars of night,  
2. Thou, griev - ing that the an - cient curse  
3. Thou came, the Bride - groom of the bride,  
4. At whose dread name, maj - es - tic now,  
*Introit.* To you, O God, I lift my soul.



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:  
In you I trust, your grace ex - tol.



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,  
Let not my foes ex - ult o'er me,



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.  
Spare all from shame who hope in thee.

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