

November 30th, 2021

Choral Prelude: Cipriano da Rore – *De Pacem*

Da pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris

Quia non est alius

Qui pugnet pro nobis

Nisi tu Deus noster.

Give peace in our time, O Lord

Because there is none other

that fighteth for us

But only thou, O God.

Unison or harmony

1 Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult
 2 as, of old, Saint An - drew heard it
 3 Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship
 4 In our joys and in our sor - rows,
 5 Je - sus calls us! By thy mer - cies,

1 of our life's wild, rest - less sea, day by day his
 2 by the Gal - i - le - an lake, turned from home and
 3 of the vain world's gold - en store; from each i - dol
 4 days of toil and hours of ease, still he calls, in
 5 Sa - vior, may we hear thy call, give our hearts to

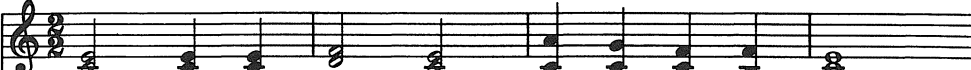
1 clear voice sound - eth, say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me;"
 2 toil and kin - dred, leav - ing all for his dear sake.
 3 that would keep us, say - ing, "Chris - tian, love me more."
 4 cares and plea - sures, "Chris - tian, love me more than these."
 5 thine o - be - dience, serve and love thee best of all.

Alternative tune: *St. Andrew*, 549.

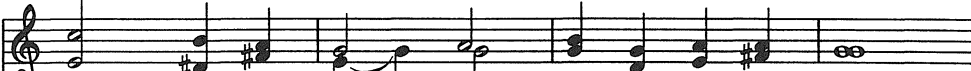
Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895), alt.

Music: *Restoration*, melody from *The Southern Harmony*, 1835; harm. *Hymnal 1982*, after *The Southern Harmony*, 1835

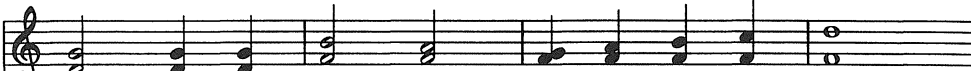
vv. 1, 4




1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart;
 2. I ask no dream, no proph - et ec - sta - sies,
 3. Teach me to feel that thou art al - ways nigh;
 4. Teach me to love thee as thine an - gels love.



1. Draw it from earth; through all its puls - es move;
 2. No sud - den rend - ing of the veil of clay,
 3. Teach me the strug - gles of the soul to bear,
 4. One ho - ly pas - sion fill - ing all my frame;



1. Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y as thou art,
 2. No an - gel vis - i - tant, no o - p'ning skies;
 3. To check the ris - ing doubt, the reb - el sigh;
 4. The kin - dling of the heav'n - de - scend - ed dove,



1. And make me love thee as I ought to love.
 2. But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.
 3. Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered prayer.
 4. My heart an al - tar, and thy love the flame.

Words: George Croly (1780-1860)

Music: Frederick C. Atkinson (1841-1897)