

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 632

O Christ, the Word Incarnate

MUNICH



1 O Christ, the Word In-car-nate, O Wis-dom from on high,
 2 The Church from our dear Mas-ter re-ceived the word di-vine,
 3 O make thy Church, dear Sa-vior, a lamp of pur-est gold,

O Truth, un-changed, un-chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky;
 and still that light is lift-ed o'er all the earth to shine.
 to bear be-fore the na-tions thy true light as of old;

we praise thee for the ra-diance that from the scrip-ture's page,
 It is the chart and com-pass that o'er life's surg-ing sea,
 O teach thy wan-dering pil-grims by this their path to trace,

a lan-tern to our foot-steps, shines on from age to age.
 mid mists and rocks and quick-sands, still guides, O Christ, to thee.
 till, clouds and dark-ness end-ed, they see thee face to face.

Words: William Walsham How (1823-1897), alt. Music: *Munich*, melody from *Neu-vermehrtes und zu Übung Christl. Gottseligkeit eingerichtetes Meinigisches Gesangbuch*, 1693; adapt. and harm. Felix Mendelssohn (1807-1847).



1 Lord of all hope - ful - ness, Lord of all joy,
 2 Lord of all ea - ger - ness, Lord of all faith,
 3 Lord of all kind - li - ness, Lord of all grace,
 4 Lord of all gen - tle - ness, Lord of all calm,



whose trust, ev - er child - like, no cares could de - stroy,
 whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
 your hands swift to wel - come, your arms to em - brace,
 whose voice is con - tent - ment, whose pres - ence is balm,



be there at our wak - ing, and give us, we pray,
 be there at our lab - ors, and give us, we pray,
 be there at our hom - ing, and give us, we pray,
 be there at our sleep - ing, and give us, we pray,



your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.
 your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.
 your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.
 your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Words: Jan Struther (1901-1953). By permission of Oxford University Press. Music: *Slane*, Irish ballad melody; adapt. *The Church Hymnary*, 1927; harm. *Hymnal* 1982.



1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, when
 2 Thy saints are crowned with glo - ry great; they
 3 There Da - vid stands with harp in hand as
 4 Our La - dy sings Mag - ni - fi - cat with
 5 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, God



1 shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows
 2 see God face to face; they tri - umph still, they
 3 mas - ter of the choir: ten thou - sand times would
 4 tune sur - pass - ing sweet, and bless - ed mar - tyr's
 5 grant that I may see thine end - less joy, and



1 have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 2 still re - joice in that most hap - py place.
 3 one be blest who might this mu - sic hear.
 4 har - mo - ny doth ring in ev - ery street.
 5 of the same par - ta - ker ev - er be!

Words: F. B. P. (ca. 16th cent.), alt. Music: *Land of Rest*, American folk hymn, adapt. and harm. Annabel Morris Buchanan (1889-1983). Harmony, Copyright © 1938 by J. Fischer & Bro, a division of Belwin-Mills Publishing Corp. Copyright renewed. Used with permission. All rights reserved.



1 Lord Christ, when first thou cam'st to earth, up - on a cross they
 2 O awe - ful Love, which found no room in life where sin de -
 3 New ad - vent of the love of Christ, shall we a - gain re -
 4 O wound-ed hands of Je - sus, build in us thy new cre -



bound thee, and mocked thy sav - ing king - ship then
 nied thee, and, doomed to death, must bring to doom
 fuse thee, till in the night of hate and war
 a - tion; our pride is dust, our vaunt is stilled,



by thorns with which they crowned thee: and still our wrongs
 the powers which cru - ci - fied thee, till not a stone
 we per - ish as we lose thee? From old un - faith
 we wait thy rev - e - la - tion: O love that tri -



may weave thee now new thorns to pierce that
 was left on stone, and all those na - tions'
 our souls re - lease to seek the king - dom
 umphs o - ver loss, we bring our hearts be -



stead - y brow, and robe of sor - row round thee.
 pride, o'er-thrown, went down to dust be - side thee!
 of thy peace, by which a - lone we choose thee.
 fore thy cross, to fi - nish thy sal - va - tion.

Words: Walter Russell Bowie (1882-1969), alt.

Music: *Mit Freuden zart*, melody from "Une pastourelle gentille," 1529; adapt. *Pseaumes cinquante de David*, 1547, and *Kirchengeseng darinnen die Heubtartikel des Christlichen Glaubens gefasset*, 1566