

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 448

O Love, how deep, how broad, how high

DEUS TUORUM MILITUM



1 O love, how deep, how broad, how high, how pass - ing
 2 For us bap - tized, for us he bore his ho - ly
 3 For us he prayed; for us he taught; for us his
 4 For us to wick - ed hands be - trayed, scourged, mocked, in
 5 For us he rose from death a - gain; for us he
 6 All glo - ry to our Lord and God for love so



1 thought and fan - ta - sy, that God, the Son of
 2 fast and hun - gered sore; for us temp - ta - tions
 3 dai - ly works he wrought: by words and signs and
 4 pur - ple robe ar - rayed, he bore the shame - ful
 5 went on high to reign; for us he sent his
 6 deep, so high, so broad; the Trin - i - ty whom



1 God, should take our mor - tal form for mor - tals' sake.
 2 sharp he knew; for us the tempt - er ov - er - threw.
 3 ac - tions, thus still seek - ing not him - self, but us.
 4 cross and death; for us gave up his dy - ing breath.
 5 Spi - rit here to guide, to strength - en, and to cheer.
 6 we a - dore for ev - er and for ev - er - more.

Words: Latin, 15th cent.; tr. Benjamin Webb (1819-1885), alt. Music: *Deus tuorum militum*, from *Antiphoner*, 1753; adapt. *The English Hymnal*, 1906, alt.; harm. after Basil Harwood (1859-1949).

Unison or harmony

1 My song is love un - known, my Sa - vior's love to me, love
 2 He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow, but
 *3 Some - times they strew his way, and his strong prais - es sing, re -
 *4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He
 *5 They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way; a

1 to the love - less shown that they might love - ly be. O
 2 men made strange, and none the longed - for Christ would know. But
 3 sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King. Then
 4 made the lame to run, he gave the blind their sight. Sweet
 5 mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet

1 who am I that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
 2 O my friend, my friend in - deed, who at my need his life did spend.
 3 "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for his death they thirst and cry.
 4 in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them - selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.
 5 stead - fast he to suf - fering goes, that he his foes from thence might free.

*6 In life no house, no home
 my Lord on earth might have;
 in death no friendly tomb
 but what a stranger gave.
 What may I say?
 Heaven was his home;
 but mine the tomb
 wherein he lay.

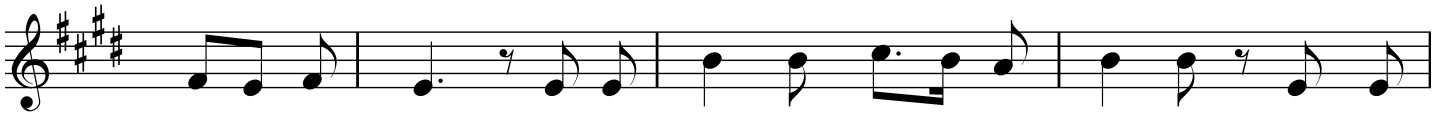
7 Here might I stay and sing,
 no story so divine:
 never was love, dear King,
 never was grief like thine.
 This is my friend,
 in whose sweet praise
 I all my days
 could gladly spend.



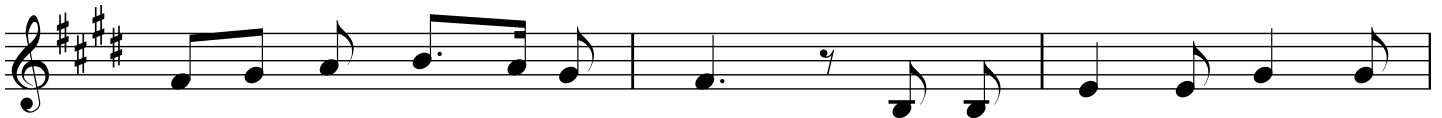
1 Sure - ly it is God — who saves me; trust - ing him, I shall not
 2 Make his deeds — known to the peo - ples; tell out his ex - alt - ed



fear. For the Lord de - fends and shields me and his sav - ing
 Name. Praise the Lord, who has done great things; all his works his



help is near. So re - jice as you draw wa - ter from sal -
 might pro - claim. Zi - on, lift your voice in sing - ing; for with



va - tion's liv - ing spring; in the day of your de -
 you has come to dwell, in your ve - ry midst, the



liv - erance thank the Lord, his mer - cies sing.
 great and Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el.

Words: Carl P. Daw, Jr. (b. 1944); para. of *The First Song of Isaiah*. Copyright © 1982 by Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission. Music: *Thomas Merton*, Ray. W. Urwin (b. 1950). Copyright © 1984 Ray W. Urwin.

1 Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, joy of heaven, to
 2 Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, let us all thy
 3 Fi - nish then thy new cre - a - tion; pure and spot - less

earth come down, fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, all thy
 life re - ceive; sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, nev - er -
 let us be; let us see thy great sal - va - tion per - fect -

faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion,
 more thy tem - ples leave. Thee we would be al - way bless - ing,
 ly re - stored in thee: changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,

pure, un - bound - ed love thou art; vis - it us with
 serve thee as thy hosts a - bove, pray, and praise thee
 till in heaven we take our place, till we cast our

thy sal - va - tion, en - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
 with - out ceas - ing, glo - ry in thy per - fect love.
 crowns be - fore thee, lost in won - der, love, and praise.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788). Music: *Hyfrydol*, Rowland Hugh Prichard (1811-1887).