

Processional

JESUS SHALL REIGN

DUKE STREET



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does its suc -
2. To him shall end - less prayer be made, And prais - es
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on his
4. Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er he reigns, The pris - 'ners
5. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Their joy - ful



1. ces - sive jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from
2. throng to crown his head; His name like sweet per -
3. love with sweet - est song, And chil - dren's voic - es
4. leap to lose their chains; The wea - ry find e -
5. prais - es to our King; An - gels de - scend with



1. shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
3. shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on his name.
4. ter - nal rest, And all who suf - fer want are blest.
5. songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud a - men!

Text: LM; based on Psalm 72; Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, alt. Music: John Hatton, ca. 1710-1793.

offertory

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS

KINGSFOLD



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's



1. rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up -
2. give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and
3. light; Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy



1. on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, So
2. drink, and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of
3. day be bright." I looked to Je - sus, and I found In



1. wea - ry, worn and sad; I found in him a
2. that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my
3. him my star, my sun; And in that light of



1. rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.
2. soul re - vived, And now I live in him.
3. life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done.

Text: CMD; Horatius Bonar, 1808-1889, alt.
Music: trad. English melody, adapt. by Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958.

695

COME TO ME

REFRAIN *Moderately*

[G7] C Am Em

Come to me, all who la - bor and are heav - y bur - dened, and

F G7 C F

I shall give you rest. Take up my yoke and learn — from —

C Am Em F G7

me, for I am meek and hum - ble of heart, and you'll find

Am F C Am Em Am

rest for — your — souls. Yes, my yoke is eas - y —

Text: Based on Matthew 11:28–30; Psalm 23; original text, Weston Priory, Gregory Norbet, OSB, b. 1940.

Music: Weston Priory, Gregory Norbet, OSB; keyboard acc. by Mary David Callahan, OSB.

Text and music © 1971, 1980, 1994 (revised text), The Benedictine Foundation of the State of Vermont, Inc. All rights reserved. Used with permission.

F G7sus4 G C F

— and my bur - den is — light. —

1-5
C to Verses

Final VERSES

C Fine C Am C

1. You, God, are my shep-herd. I shall nev - er be in
 2. Be - side peace-ful wa - ters you re - store — my true
 3. Should I be sur - round-ed by the shad - ows of
 4. Be - fore my deep hun - ger you spread out — your —
 5. Pur - sue me, O God, — with your fath - om - less

Am F G7 D.C.

1. need. Fresh and green are the mead-ows where you give me — rest. —
 2. self; There you lead me to walk — in the path of new life. —
 3. death, I will not fear, for you are stead-fast in your — love. —
 4. feast. My — skin you a - noint — with the rich - est of oil. —
 5. love. In your tent let me dwell — all the days of my life. —

Recessional

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

MATERNA



1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - ci - ous skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



1. For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
2. A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
3. Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
4. Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Un - dimmed by hu - man tears!



1. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,
2. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
3. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
4. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,



1. And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
2. Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.
3. Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine.
4. And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

Text: CMD; Katherine L. Bates, 1859-1929. Music: Samuel A. Ward, 1848-1903.