

1. Lord, as to thy dear Cross we flee, and plead to
 2. Help us, through good re - port and ill, our dai - ly
 3. Let grace our self - ish - ness ex - pel, our earth - li -
 4. If joy and hap - pi - ness should fly, and griefs dark
 5. Should friends mis - judge, or foes de - fame, or breth - ren
 6. Kept peace - ful in the midst of strife, for - giv - ing

be for - giv'n, so let thy life our pat - tern
 cross to bear; like thee, to do our Fa - ther's
 ness re - fine; and kind - ness in our bos - oms
 day come on, we, in our turn, would hum - bly
 faith - less prove, then, like thine own, be all
 and for - given, O may we lead the pil - grim's

be, and form our souls for heav'n.
 will, our breth - ren's grief to share.
 dwell as free and true thine.
 cry, "Fa - ther, thy will be done."
 aim to con - quer them by love.
 life, and fol - low thee to heaven! A - men.

Text: John Hampden Gurney, 1838, alt.
 Tune: Burford, Chetham's Psalmody, 1718
 CM

1. The love of Christ has brought us close; let us de - light
 2. Thus as we come to - geth - er here, a - gainst di - vi -
 3. O gra - cious Lord, bring us to see thy face in shin -

with ho - ly joy to love the liv - ing God with awe
 sions we must guard! Dis - putes and strife must quick - ly cease
 ing ra - diance bright! That with the saints we too may share

and love each man with heart sin - cere. Where char - i - ty
 if Christ our God be in our midst. Where char - i - ty
 the end - less joy of heav - en's life. Where char - i - ty

and love a - bound, there God Him - self is ev - er found.

Text: Ubi caritas, 9th century, paraphrase by James Russo, 2001
 Tune: Christus pro nobis passus est, Lucas Lossius' Psalmody, 1561, 88.88.88

Be Thou My Vision

General

1. Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my
 2. Be thou my wis - dom, be thou my true
 3. Be thou my breast - plate, my sword for the
 4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty
 5. High King of heav - en, thou heav - en's bright

heart, be all else but naught to me,
 word, be thou ev - er with me, and
 fight, be thou my whole ar - mor, be
 praise, be thou my in - her - i - tance
 Sun, O grant me its joys af - ter

save that thou art, be thou my best
 I with thee, Lord, be thou my great
 thou my true might, be thou my soul's
 now and al - ways, be thou and thou
 vict - 'ry is won, great Heart of my

thought in the day and thy the
 Fa - ther, and be I thou my strong
 shel - ter, the what - ev - er in my
 on - ly heart, the first in my
 own heart, what - ev - er be -

night, both wak - ing and
 son, be thou in me
 tower, O raise thou me
 heart, O Sov - 'reign of
 fall, still be thou my

sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 dwell - ing, and I with thee one.
 heav'n - ward, great Power of my power.
 hea - ven, my trea - sure thou art.
 vi - sion, O Ru - ler of all.

*Text: Irish, circa 8th c.
 tr. Mary Byrne (1880-1931)
 versified Eleanor Hull (1860-1935)
 Tune: Slane, traditional Irish melody
 10.11.11.11.*