

CLOSING HYMN

Jerusalem, my happy home

#620

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)  
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1 Ho - ly God, we praise thy Name, Lord of all, we bow be - fore thee;  
 2 Hark, the loud ce - les - tial hymn an - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;  
 3 Lo, the a - po - sto - lic train join, thy sa - cred Name to hal - low;  
 4 Ho - ly Fa - ther, ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spi - rit, Three we name thee,  
 \*5 Christ, thou art our glo - rious King, Son of God en - throned in splen - dor;

1 all on earth thy scep - ter claim, all in heaven a - bove a - dore thee;  
 2 cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, in un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,  
 3 pro - phets swell the loud re - frain, and the white - robed mar - tyr's fol - low;  
 4 while in es - sence on - ly One, un - di - vi - ded God we claim thee;  
 5 but de - liv - er - ance to bring thou all hon - or's didst sur - ren - der,

1 in - fi - nite thy vast do - main, ev - er - last - ing is thy reign.  
 2 fill the heavens with sweet ac - cord: ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!  
 3 and, from morn till set of sun, through the Church the song goes on.  
 4 then, a - dor - ing, bend the knee and con - fess the mys - ter - y.  
 5 and wast of a vir - gin born hum - bly on that bless - ed morn.

6 Thou didst take the sting from death,  
 Son of God, as Savior given;  
 on the cross thy dying breath  
 opened wide the realm of heaven.  
 In the glory of that land  
 thou art set at God's right hand.

7 As our judge thou wilt appear.  
 Savior, who hast died to win us,  
 help thy servants, drawing near.  
 Lord, renew our hearts within us.  
 Grant that with thy saints we may  
 dwell in everlasting day.

Words: Para. *Te Deum*; sts. 1-4, Ignaz Franz (1719-1790); tr. Clarence Walworth (1820-1900). Sts. 5-7, F. Bland Tucker (1895-1984) Copyright © The Church Pension Fund. Music: *Grosser Gott*, melody from *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, 1686; alt. *Cantate*, 1851; harm. Charles Winfred Douglas (1867-1944), after Conrad Kocher (1786-1872) Copyright © The Church Pension Fund. All rights reserved. Used with permission.

SEQUENCE HYMN

Blest are the pure in heart

#656

1 Blest are the pure in heart, for they shall see our God; the  
 2 The Lord, who left the heavens our life and peace to bring, to  
 3 he to the low - ly soul will still him - self im - part and  
 4 Lord, we thy pres - ence seek; may ours this bless - ing be; give

se - cret of the Lord is theirs, their soul is Christ's a - bode.  
 dwell in low - li - ness with us, our pat - tern and our King;  
 for his dwell - ing and his throne will choose the pure in heart.  
 us a pure and low - ly heart, a tem - ple fit for thee.

Words: Sts. 1 and 3, John Keble (1792-1866), alt.; sts. 2 and 4, William John Hall (1793-1861), alt.  
 Music: *Franconia*, melody Johann Balthasar König (1691-1758); adapt. and harm. William Henry Havergal (1793-1870)

OFFERTORY HYMN

Give thanks for life

*This hymn is from Wonder, Love, and Praise, a supplement to The Hymnal 1982.*

*It uses the same tune as Hymn #287, For All the Saints.*

1. Give thanks for life, the meas - ure of our days,  
 2. Give thanks for those who made their life a light  
 3. And for our own, our liv - ing and our dead,  
 4. Give thanks for hope, that like the wheat, the grain

mor - tal, we pass through beau - ty that de - cays, yet  
 caught from the Christ flame burst - ing through the night, who  
 thanks for the love by which our life is fed, a  
 ly - ing in dark - ness does its life re - tain, in

sing to God our hope, our love, our praise,  
 touched the truth, who burned for what is right, } Al -  
 love not changed by time or death or dread,  
 res - ur - rec - tion to grow green a - gain. }

le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!