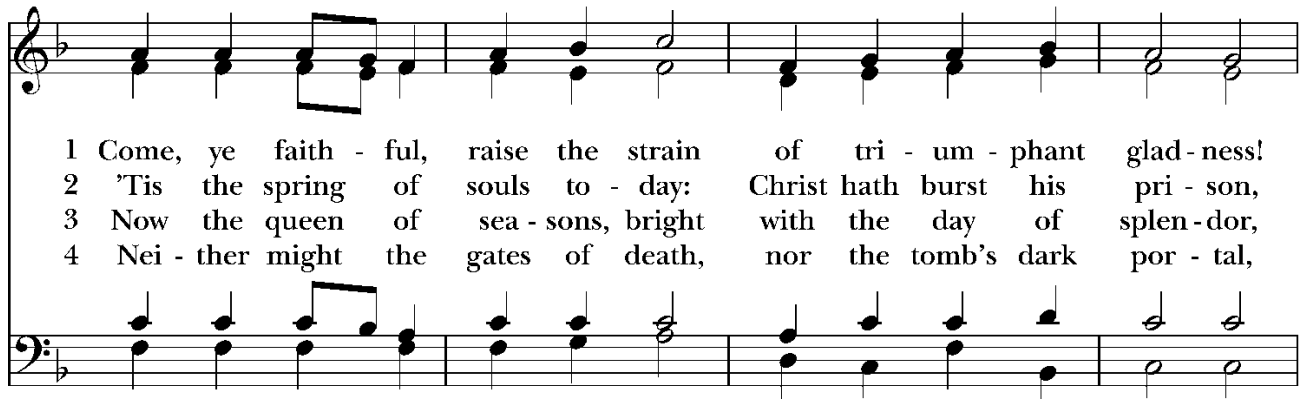


## Hymns May 25, 2025

Hymn 199 *Come, ye faithful. raise the strain*

*St. Kevin*



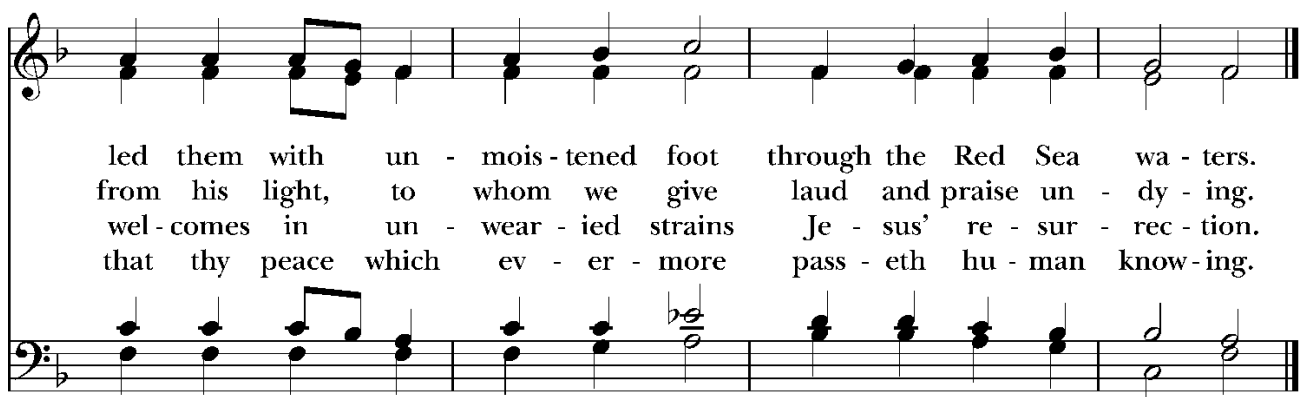
1 Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness!  
2 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ hath burst his pri - son,  
3 Now the queen of sea - sons, bright with the day of splen - dor,  
4 Nei - ther might the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por - tal,



God hath brought his Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness:  
and from three days' sleep in death as a sun hath ris - en;  
with the roy - al feast of feasts, comes its joy to ren - der;  
nor the watch - ers, nor the seal hold thee as a mor - tal:



loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,  
all the win - ter of our sins, long and dark, is fly - ing  
comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem, who with true af - fec - tion  
but to - day a - midst thine own thou didst stand, be - stow - ing




led them with un - mois - tened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters.  
from his light, to whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing.  
wel - comes in un - wear - ied strains Je - sus' re - sur - rec - tion.  
that thy peace which ev - er - more pass - eth hu - man know - ing.

# Hymn 343 *Fairest Lord Jesus*


*St. Elizabeth*



1 Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru-ler of all na - ture, O thou of  
 2 Fair are the mea - dows, fair-er still the wood - lands, robed in the  
 3 Fair is the sun - shine, fair-er still the moon - light, and all the



God and man the Son; thee will I cher - ish,  
 bloom - ing garb of spring: Je - sus is fair - er,  
 twink - ling, star - ry host: Je - sus shines bright - er,



thee will I hon - or, thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.  
 Je - sus is pur - er, who makes the woe-ful heart to sing.  
 Je - sus shines pur - er, than all the an-gels heaven can boast.

Words: German composite; tr. pub. New York, 1850, alt. Music: *St. Elizabeth*, melody from *Schlesische Volkslieder*, 1842; harm. Thomas Tertius Noble (1867-1953).

*Descant*



All things bright and beau - ti - ful, crea-tures great and small,

*Refrain*



All things bright and beau - ti - ful, all crea-tures great and small,



all things wise and won - der - ful, God made them all.



all things wise and won - der - ful, the Lord God made them all.



1 Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, each lit - tle bird that sings,  
 2 The pur - ple - head - ed moun-tain, the riv - er run - ning by,  
 3 The cold wind in the win - ter, the pleas - ant sum - mer sun,  
 4 He gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell

*Repeat Refrain*



he made their glow-ing col - ors, he made their ti - ny wings.  
 the sun - set, and the morn - ing that bright - ens up the sky,  
 the ripe fruits in the gar - den, he made them ev - ery one.  
 how great is God Al - might - y, who has made all things well.

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895). Music: *Royal Oak*, melody from *The Dancing Master*, 1686; adapt. and harm. Martin Fallas Shaw (1875-1958), desc. Richard Proulx (b. 1937). Used by arrangement with G. Schirmer, Inc. Descant, Copyright © 1979, G.I.A. Publications, Inc.