Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

The LORD is in his holy temple; let all the earth be silent before him. Hab. 2:20



Liturgy of St. James, 5th cent. Adapted by Gerard Moultrie, 1864 PICARDY 8.7.8.7.8.7. French melody, 17th cent. Arr. by Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906



Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates!

Lift up your heads, O you gates; be lifted up, you ancient doors, that the King of glory may come in. Ps. 24:7



- Redeemer, come! I open wide my heart to thee; here, Lord, abide! Let me thy inner presence feel; thy grace and love in me reyeal.
- So come, my Sovereign, enter in! Let new and nobler life begin! Thy Holy Spirit, guide us on, until the glorious crown be won.

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Lo! He Comes with Clouds Descending

Look, he is coming with the clouds, and every eye will see him. Rev. 1:7 for fa - vored 1. Lo! clouds de - scend - ing, once he comes with dread - ful 2. Ev eye shall now be - hold him, robed in 'ry earth, shall 3. Ev heav'n and is - land, sea, and moun - tain, ry sol - emn ex - pect - ed, see 4. Now Re - demp - tion, long thou - sand saints at tend - ing sin - ners slain; thou sand those who set at naught and sold him, maj - es - ty; con - found - ed, flee a - way; all who hate him must, re - ject - ed, All his saints, by man pomp ap - pear! of the tri - umph his train. Al le lu swell wail - ing, deep - ly and nailed him to the tree, pierced, Come to judg - ment! day: the trump pro claim the le in the air. shall meet him now pears lu - ia! God on earth to reign. Al le ap wail - ing, shall the true Mes - si ah see. deep - ly judg - ment, come a - way! Come to judg - ment! Come to God ap - pear! See the day le lu - ia!

HIS SECOND COMING AND JUDGMENT

5. Yea, amen! let all adore thee, high on thine eternal throne; Savior, take the pow'r and glory, claim the kingdom for thine own: O come quickly, O come quickly; alleluia! come, Lord, come.

St. 1–2, 5, Charles Wesley, 1758 St. 3–4, John Cennick, 1752 Alt. by Martin Madan, 1760 HOLYWOOD 8.7.8.7.8.7. John Francis Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

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ROCKINGHAM LM and God, 1. My Thi - ther with love o'er - flow? thy cup does G ness and thy sweet dren led, chil D Em Bm

- Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes! Rich banquet of his flesh and blood! Thrice happy all, who here partake that sacred stream, that heav'nly food.
- What wondrous love! What perfect grace, for Jesus, our exalted host, invites us to this special place who offer least and need the most.
- O let thy table honoured be, and furnished well with joyful guests: and may each soul salvation see, that here its sacred pledges tastes.

Text: Philip Doddridge (1702 - 1751) alt., v. 3: Michael Forster (b. 1946) Music: adapted by Edward Miller (1735 - 1807) This version of text © Copyright 1996 Kevin Mayhew Ltd.