

# Agnus Dei

melody adapted from American folk tune *Shenandoah*

music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

*Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, be merciful to us.*

*Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, give us peace.*

$\text{♩} = 45-60$   
*dolce*

Ag-nus De - - i qui tol - lis pec ca - - - ta mun-di, — Ag - nus De - - i qui

6

tol - lis pec - - ca - - - ta mun-di, mi-se - re - re no - - bis.

11

Ag-nus De - - i qui tol - lis pec ca - - - ta mun-di, — Ag - - nus De - - i qui

16

tol - lis pec - - ca - - - ta mun-di, do-na no - bis pa - - cem.

# ***Fiat Domine cor meum immaculatum ut non confundar.***

(Make, Lord, my heart immaculate, that I may not be confounded.)

music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

$\text{♩} = 36-46$   
*mp-mf pleading humbly*

Fi - at Do - mi-ne cor - me - um im-ma-cu - la - tum ut non con-fun - dar.

8

Fi - at Do - mi-ne cor - me - um im-ma-cu - la - tum ut non con - fun - dar.

15 *p cresc. poco a poco, allarg. al fine*

Fi - at Do - mi-ne cor - me - um im-ma-cu - la - tum ut non con-fun - dar.

22 *mf cresc. al fine*

Fi - at Do - mi-ne cor - me - um im-ma-cu - la - tum ut non con - fun - dar.

# *Ite in pace, glorificando vita vestra Dominum. Deo gratias!*

(Go in peace, glorifying the Lord with your life. Thanks be to God!)

music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

$\text{♩} = 32-40$  with urgent compassion  
*p cresc. poco a poco*

*mf*

I - te in pa - ce I - te in pa - ce. I - te in pa - ce, glo-ri-fi-can-do\_ Do-mi-num,

9

*f*

glo-ri-fi-can-do\_ Do-mi-num, glo-ri-fi-can-do\_ Do-mi-num, glo-ri-fi-can-do vi - ta ves - tra

16

*ff* *mp* *f*

Do-mi-num, glo-ri-fi-can-do vi - ta, vi - ta ves-tra Do-mi-num. I - te in pa - ce. De-o gra-ti -

24

*mp* *f* *mp* *mf decresc. al fine*

-as! I - te in pa - ce. De-o gra-ti - as! I - te in pa - ce. De - o gra - ti - as!

# You Are of God, Little Children

text adapted from 1 John 4:4  
music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

♩ = 45-60

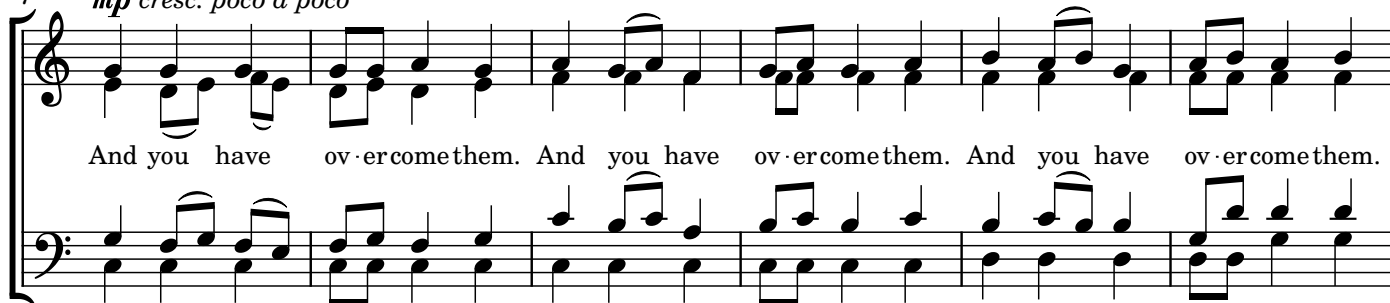
*p cresc. poco a poco*



You are of God, lit-tle chil-dren. You are of God, lit-tle chil-dren. You are of God, lit-tle chil-dren.

7

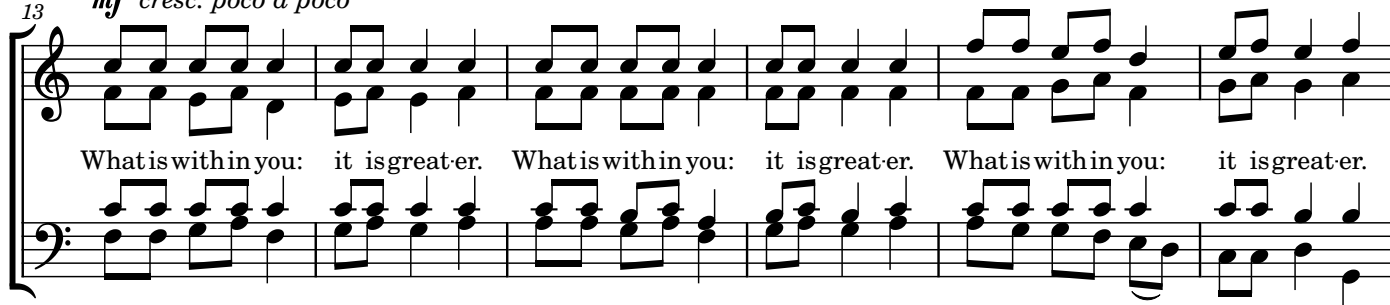
*mp cresc. poco a poco*



And you have ov-ercomethem. And you have ov-ercomethem. And you have ov-ercomethem.

13

*mf cresc. poco a poco*



What is within you: it is great-er. What is within you: it is great-er. What is within you: it is great-er.

*f decresc. poco a poco al fine*

19



Greater than what is in the world. Greater than what is in the world. Greater than what is in the world.

# Let Every Mortal Ear Attend

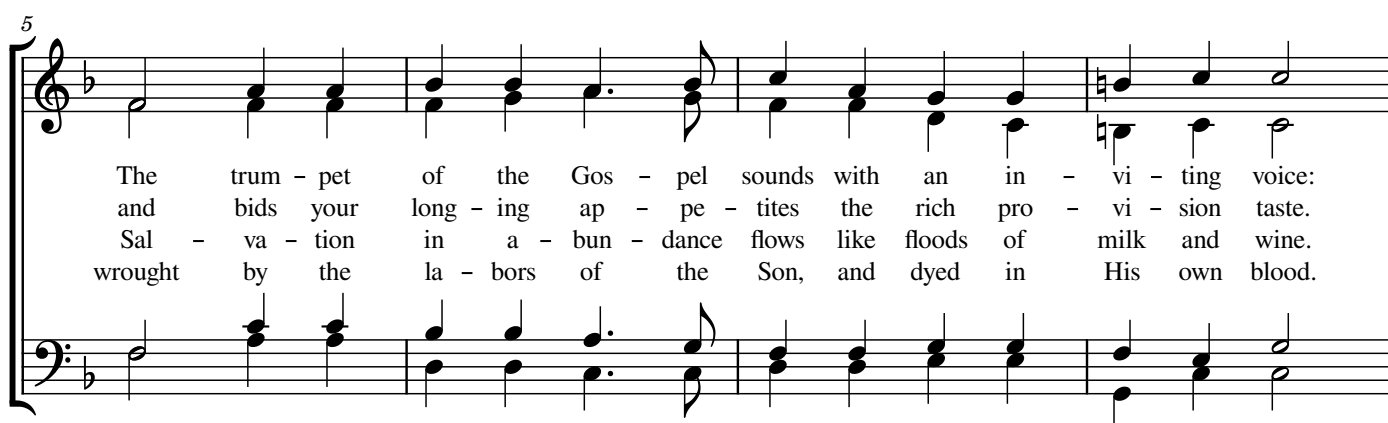
American shapenote hymn by Isaac Watts and William Hauser, text inspired by Isaiah 55  
transcription and music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

*\*(alternate setting pg.2)*  
♩ = 80-90 with joyful hope



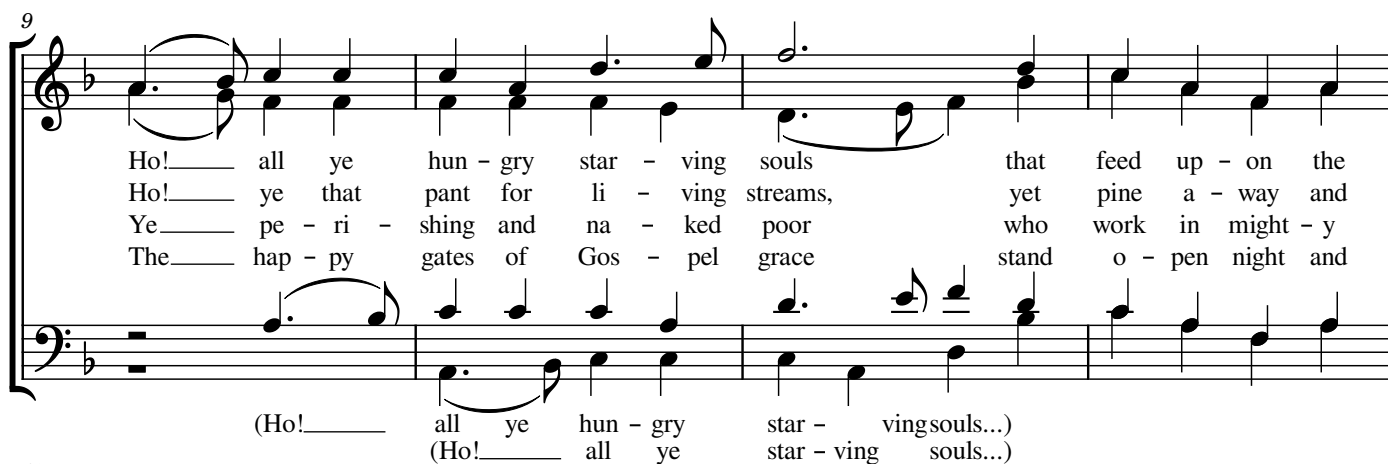
(1.) Let ev' - ry mor - tal ear at - tend and ev' - ry heart re - joice!  
(2.) E - ter - nal wis - dom hath pre - par'd a soul - re - vi - ving feast,  
\*(3.) Ri - vers of love and mer - cy here in a rich o - cean join.  
(4.) Come, na - ked, and a - dorn your souls in robes pre - par'd by God,

5



The trum - pet of the Gos - pel sounds with an in - vi - ting voice:  
and bids your long - ing ap - pe - tites the rich pro - vi - sion taste.  
Sal - va - tion in a - bun - dance flows like floods of milk and wine.  
wrought by the la - bors of the Son, and dyed in His own blood.

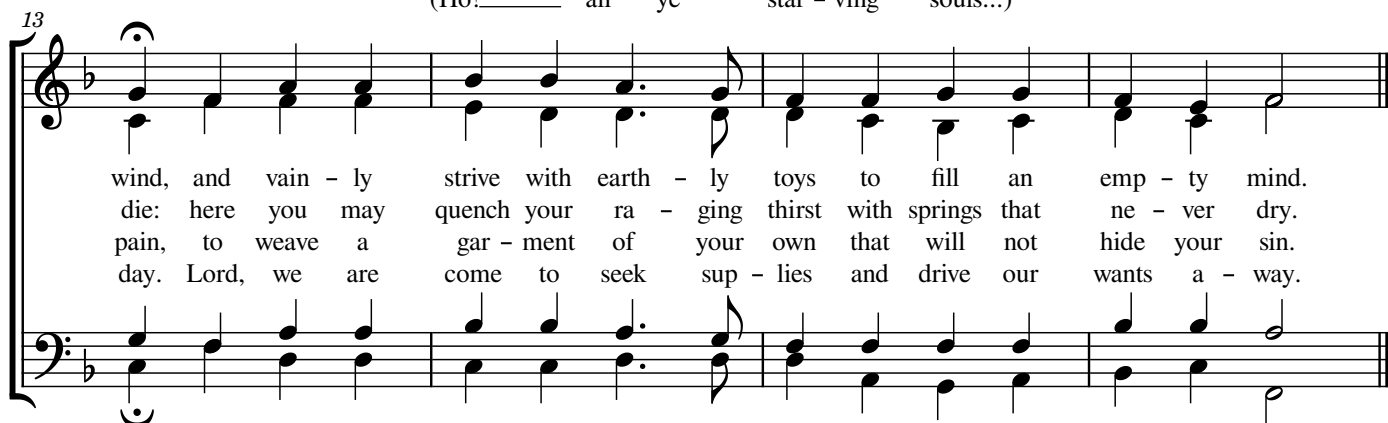
9



Ho! all ye hun - gry star - ving souls that feed up - on the  
Ho! ye that pant for li - ving streams, yet pine a - way and  
Ye pe - ri - shing and na - ked poor who work in might - y  
The hap - py gates of Gos - pel grace stand o - pen night and

(Ho! all ye hun - gry star - ving souls...)  
(Ho! all ye star - ving souls...)

13



wind, and vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys to fill an emp - ty mind.  
die: here you may quench your ra - ging thirst with springs that ne - ver dry.  
pain, to weave a gar - ment of your own that will not hide your sin.  
day. Lord, we are come to seek sup - lies and drive our wants a - way.

$\text{♩} = 50-60$  *molto rubato*, at the director's or organist's discretion

17

(3.) Ri - vers of love and mer - cy here in a rich o - cean join.

21

Sal - va - tion in a - bun - dance flows like floods of milk and wine.

25

Ye pe - ri - shing and na - ked poor who work in might - y

Ye pe - ri - shing and poor...

Ye pe - ri - shing and poor...

29

pain, to weave a gar - ment of your own that will not hide your sin.

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

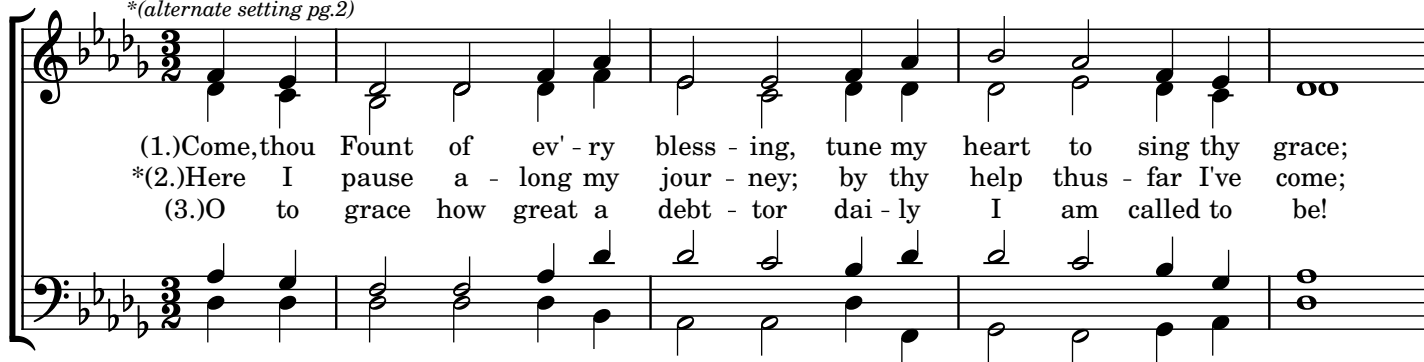
American folk tune Nettleton from Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music

Text by Robert Robinson

music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

♩ = 50-65 (♩ = 110-130)

*\*(alternate setting pg.2)*



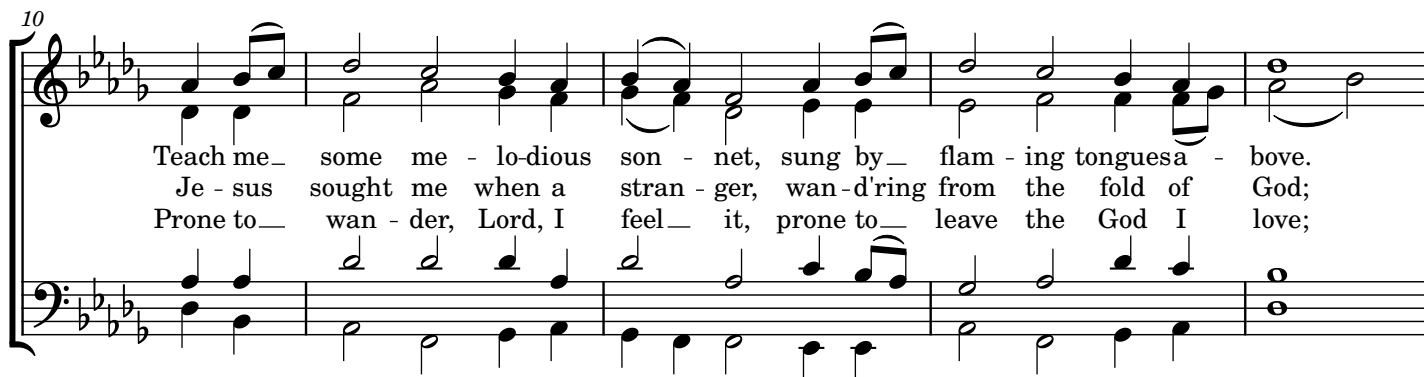
(1.) Come, thou Fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
\*(2.) Here I pause a - long my jour - ney; by thy help thus - far I've come;  
(3.) O to grace how great a debt - tor dai - ly I am called to be!

5



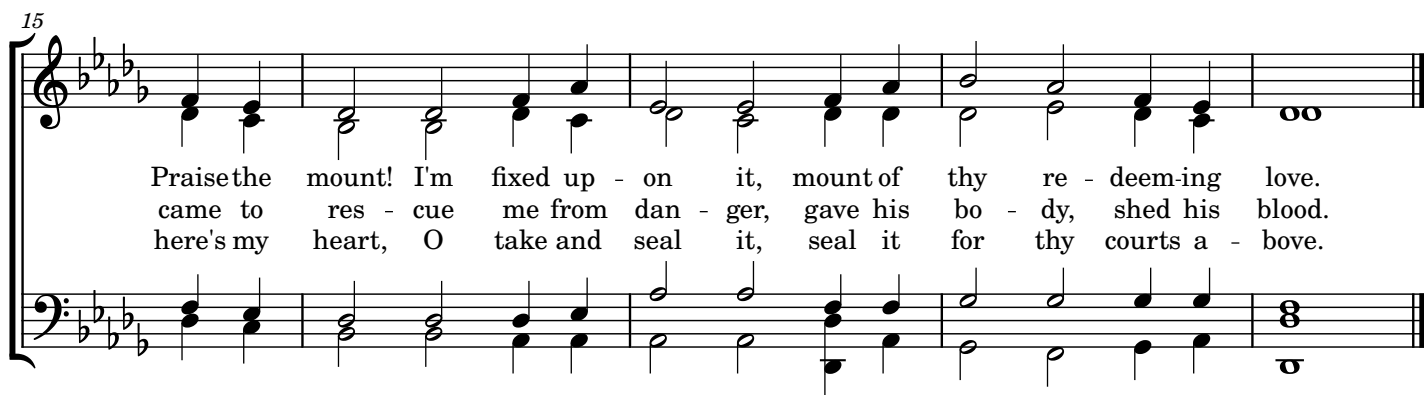
streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.  
and I hope, by thy great mer - cy, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.

10



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.  
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, wan - d'ring from the fold of God;  
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

15



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of thy re - deem - ing love.  
came to res - cue me from dan - ger, gave his bo - dy, shed his blood.  
here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

$\text{♩} = 30-45 \text{ (♩} = 60-90\text{)}$ 

20

(2.) Here I pause a - long my jour - ney; by thy help thus - far I've come;

25

and I hope, by thy great mer - cy, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.

30

Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, wan - d'ring from the fold of God;

35

came to res - cue me from dan - ger, gave his bo - dy, shed his blood.

# Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow

tune from *Trente quatre Pseaumes de David*, text anonymous adapted from Thomas Ken doxology  
music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

$\text{♩} = 42-52$

Praise God for love we all may share. Praise God for beauty ev'rywhere.  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Praise God, you living here below.

7

Praise God for hope of good to be. Praise God for truth that makes us free.  
Praise God for all that love has done: Cre-a-tor, Christ, and Spi-rit, One.

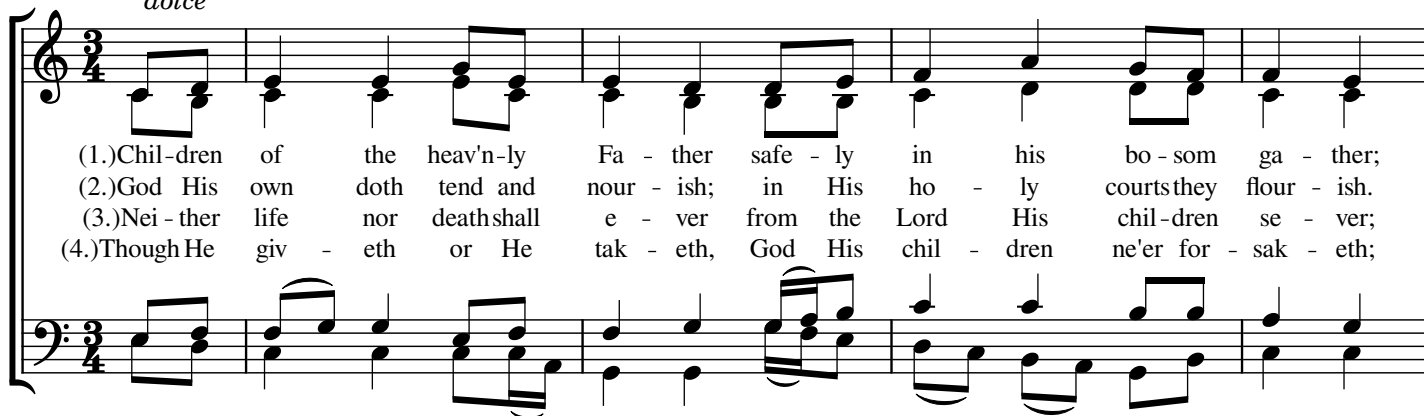
14

A - men. A - men. A - men.

# Children of the Heavenly Father

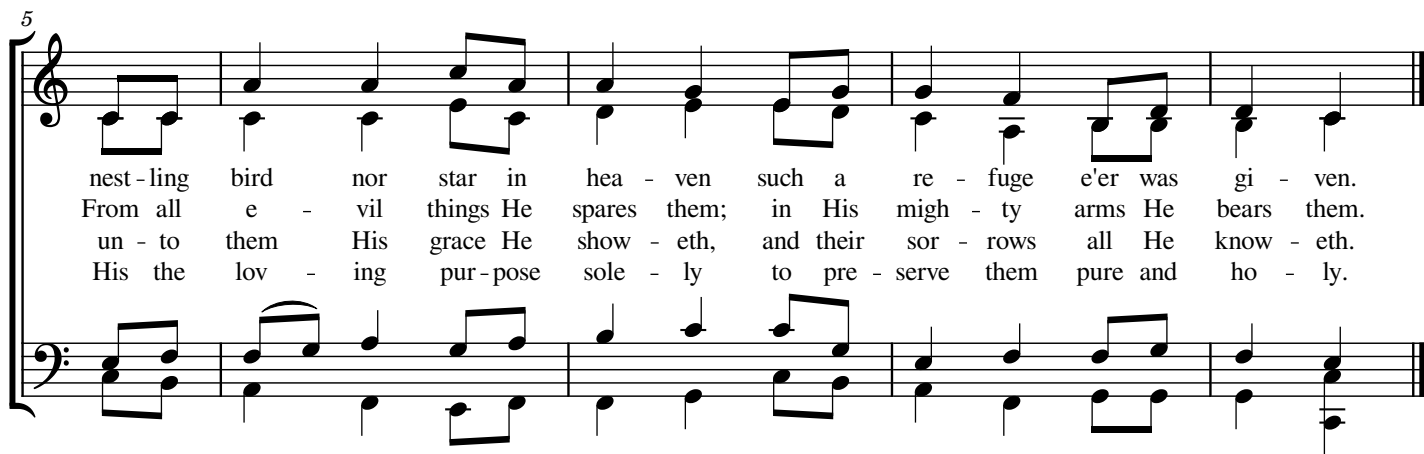
Swedish folk melody *Tryggare Kan Ingen Vara*  
text by Caroline V. Sandell-Berg, trans. by Ernst W. Olson  
music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

♩ = 42-52  
*dolce*



(1.) Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly Fa - ther safe - ly in his bo - som ga - ther;  
(2.) God His own doth tend and nour - ish; in His ho - ly courts they flour - ish.  
(3.) Nei - ther life nor death shall e - ver from the Lord His chil-dren se - ver;  
(4.) Though He giv - eth or He tak - eth, God His chil - dren ne'er for - sak - eth;

5

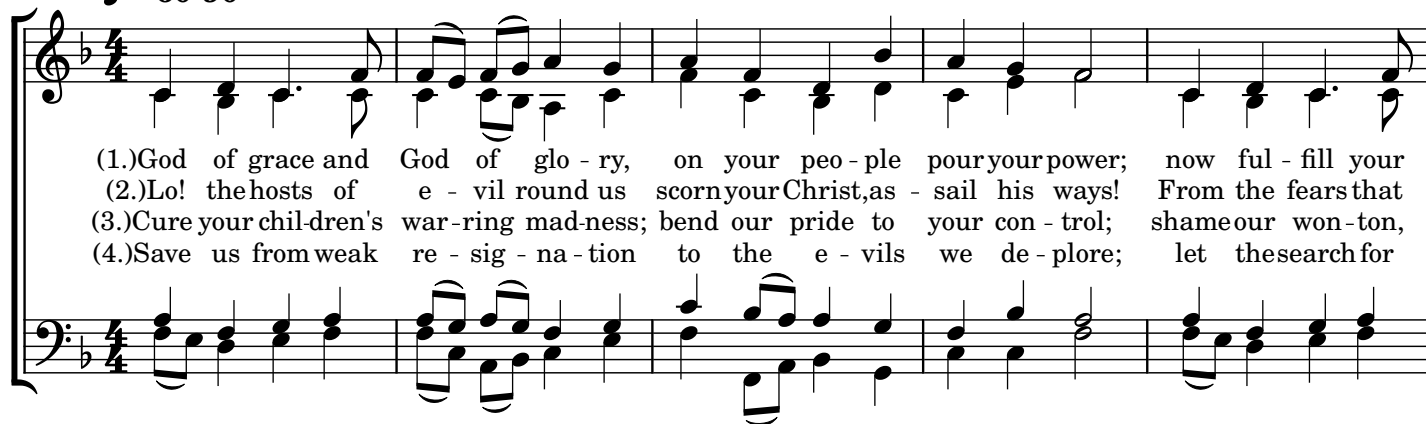


nest - ling bird nor star in hea - ven such a re - fuge e'er was gi - ven.  
From all e - vil things He spares them; in His migh - ty arms He bears them.  
un - to them His grace He show - eth, and their sor - rows all He know - eth.  
His the lov - ing pur - pose sole - ly to pre - serve them pure and ho - ly.

# God of Grace and God of Glory

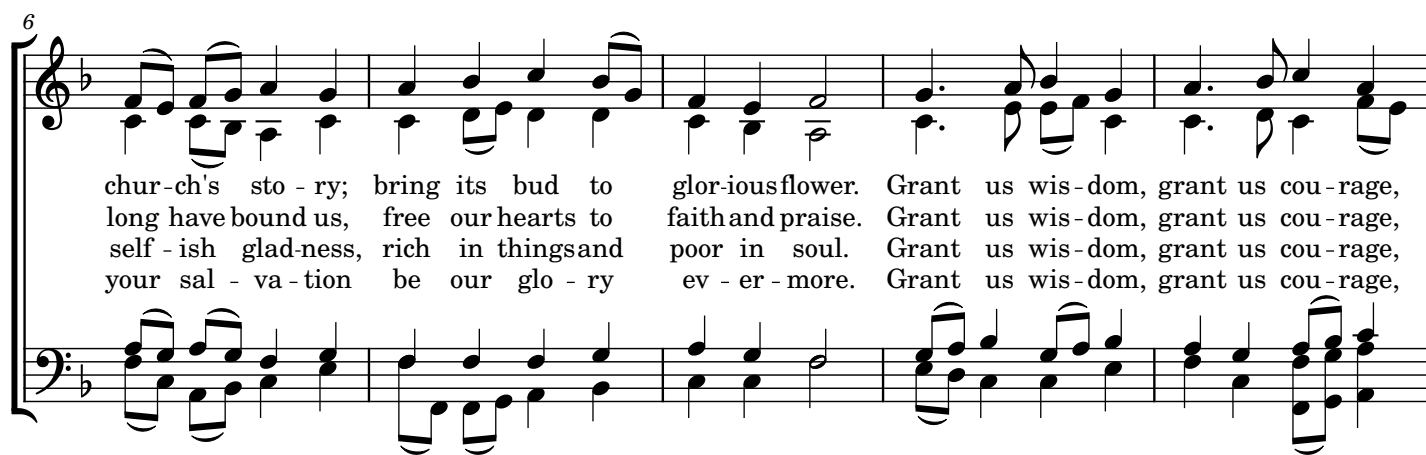
American hymn tune by John Hughes, text by Harry Fosdick  
music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

♩ = 60-90



(1.) God of grace and God of glo - ry, on your peo - ple pour your power; now ful - fill your  
(2.) Lo! the hosts of e - vil round us scorn your Christ, as - sail his ways! From the fears that  
(3.) Cure your chil-dren's war-ring mad-ness; bend our pride to your con - trol; shame our won-ton,  
(4.) Save us from weak re - sig - na - tion to the e - vils we de - plore; let these search for

6



chur - ch's sto - ry; bring its bud to glor - ious flower. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cou - rage,  
long have bound us, free our hearts to faith and praise. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cou - rage,  
self - ish glad - ness, rich in things and poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cou - rage,  
your sal - va - tion be our glo - ry ev - er - more. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cou - rage,

11



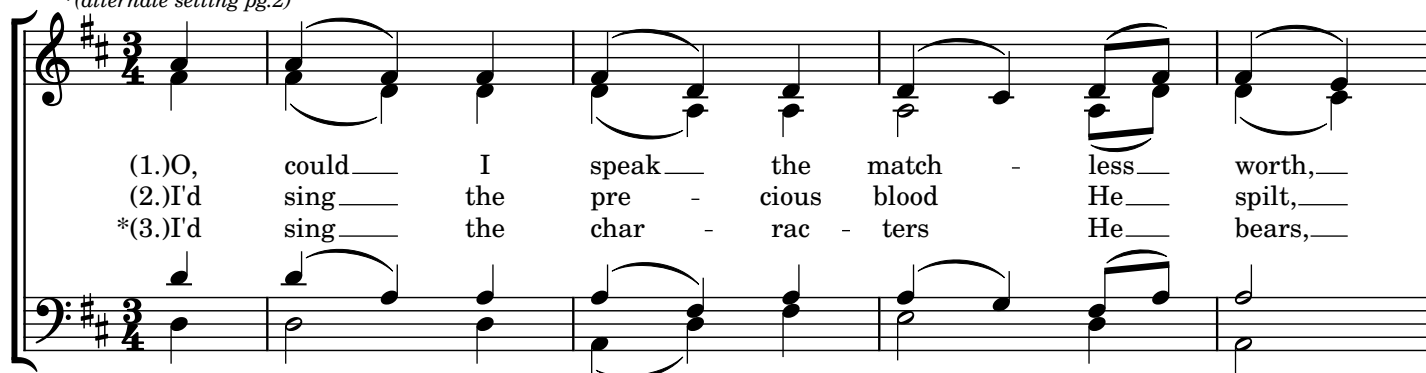
for the fac - ing of this hour, for the fac - ing of this hour.  
for the liv - ing of these days, for the liv - ing of these days.  
lest we miss your heav'n - ly goal, lest we miss your heav'n - ly goal.  
ser - ving you whom we a - dore, ser - ving you who we a - dore.

# O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

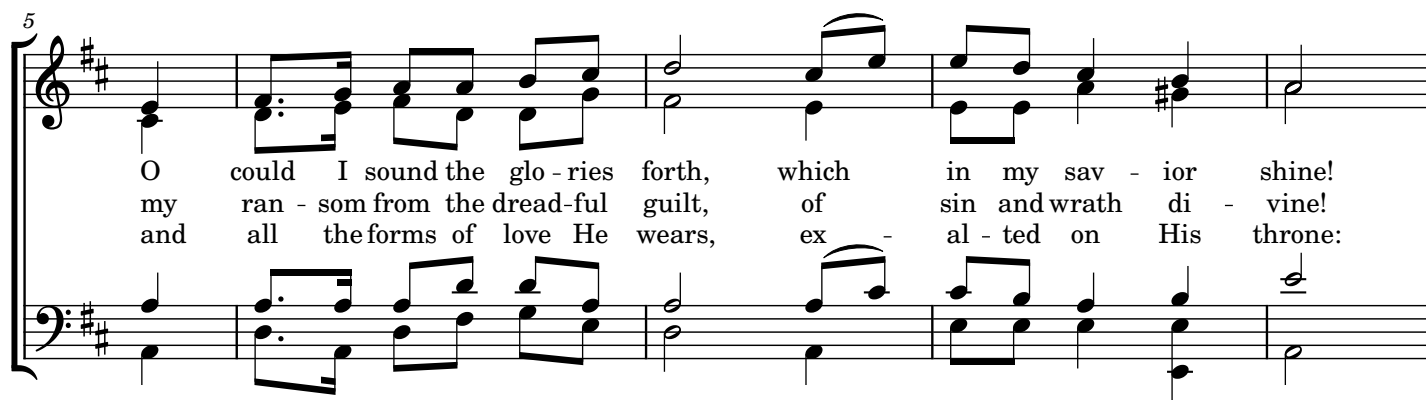
based on original tune Ariel by W.A. Mozart, text by Samuel Medley  
music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

♩ = 74-92

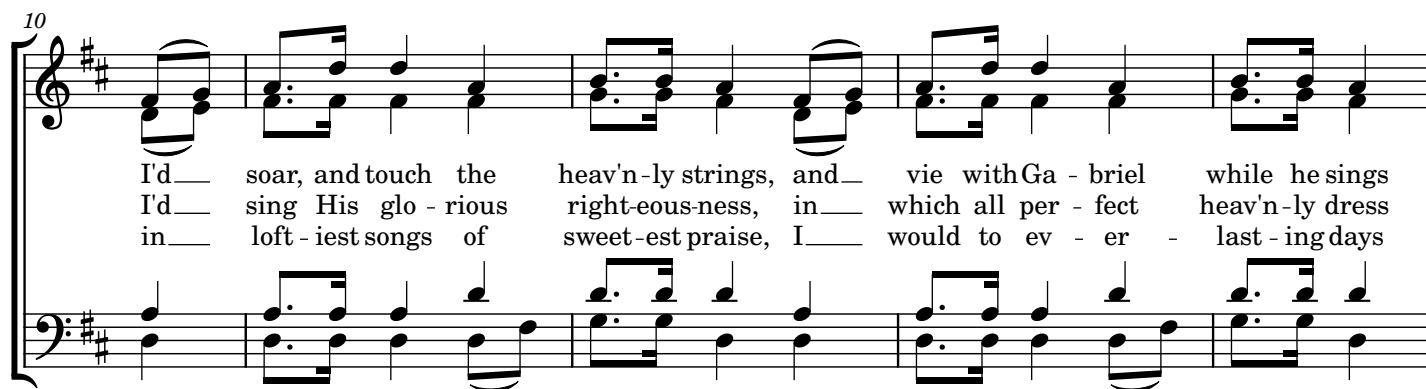
\*(alternate setting pg.2)



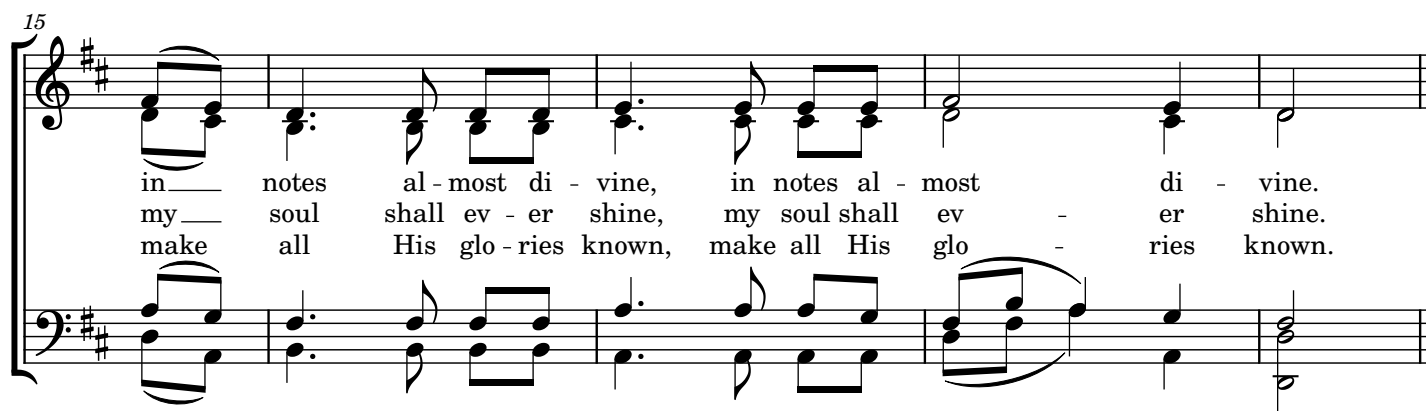
(1.) O, could I speak the matchless worth,  
(2.) I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
\*(3.) I'd sing the characters He bears,



O could I sound the glories forth, which in my salvation shine!  
my ransom from the dreadful guilt, of sin and wrath divine!  
and all the forms of love He wears, exalted on His throne:



I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, and vie with Gabriel while he sings  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness, in which all perfect heav'nly dress  
in loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlast-ing days



in notes almost divine, in notes almost divine.  
my soul shall ever shine, my soul shall ever shine.  
make all His glories known, make all His glories known.

20 ♩ = 54-68 *maestoso* cha - rac - ters He bears, —

(3.) I'd sing the cha - rac - ters He bears, —

25 and all the forms of love He wears, ex - sal - ted on His throne:

on His

30 in — lof - tiest songs of sweet - est praise, I — would to ev - er - last - ing days

ev - er — last - ing days

35 all His

make all His glo - ries known, make all His glo - ries known.

make all His

# Bless You

music and lyrics by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

♩ = 120-130 *poco marcato, gospel style*

(final refrain rit. al fine whenever you choose and however much you feel)

Oh, bless you, — bless you, bless you ev'-ry day.

Oh, bless you for the light with - in you. Bless you ev'-ry day. Fine

verses may be solo with improvisation

(contralto or tenor 8vb, bass 15mb)

Oh, sin - ner, don't — you give up now, walk - ing through the night!  
Oh, sis - ter, please — don't try to hide; we will get your rights!  
Oh, bro - ther, give — all that you can; help folks find their might!  
Oh, Je - sus calls — you — to be for our world a light!

don't give up now  
please, please don't hide  
give all you can

God lit your can-dle; let your light through. Child, you'll be al - right!  
Christ turned that ta - ble; let them see you. Child, it's worth the fight!  
Go lift the wear-y; feed the hun - gry. Child, you know what's right!  
Our God walks with you, deep with - in you. Child, we'll make it right!

last time D.C. al Fine

# Be Still, My Soul

(hymn arrangement)

♩ = 40-60

Be still, my soul:\_\_\_\_\_ the Lord is on thy side;\_\_\_\_\_

Be still, my soul:\_\_\_\_\_ thy God doth un - der - take\_\_\_\_\_

Be still, my soul:\_\_\_\_\_ when dear - est friends de - part\_\_\_\_\_

Be still, my soul:\_\_\_\_\_ the hour is haste - ning on\_\_\_\_\_

bear pa-tient-ly the cross of grief or pain; leave to thy God to or - der and pro - vide;  
to guide the fu - ture as he has the past, thy hope, thy con - fi - dence let no - things shake.  
and all is dark - ened in the veil of tears, then shalt thou bet - ter know his love, his heart,  
when we shall be for - ev - er with the Lord, when dis - a - point - ment, grief and fear are gone,

with ev' - ry change he faith - ful will re - main. Be still, my soul:\_\_\_\_\_

All now mys - ter - ious shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul:\_\_\_\_\_

who comes to soothe thy sor - row and thy fears. Be still, my soul:\_\_\_\_\_

sor - row for - got, love's pur - est joys re - stored. Be still, my soul:\_\_\_\_\_

thy best and heav'n - ly friend. Through thorn - y ways leads to a joy - ful end.  
the waves and wind still know his voice who ruled them while he dwelt be - low.  
thy Je - sus can re - pay from his own full - ness all he takes a - way.  
when change and tears are past, all safe and bles - sed we shall meet at last.