

Christ the King

November 24, 2024



Come, Christians, Join to Sing
MADRID/Christian H. Bateman

1. Come, Christians, join to sing
Alleluia! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Alleluia! Amen!
Let all, with heart and voice,
Before his throne rejoice;
Praise is his gracious choice:
Alleluia! Amen!

2. Come, lift your hearts on high;
Alleluia! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Alleluia! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
Our cry he will attend;
His love shall never end:
Alleluia! Amen!

3. Praise yet our Christ again;
Alleluia! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain;
Alleluia! Amen!
On heaven's joyful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing forevermore:
Alleluia! Amen!

Jesu, Joy of Our Desiring

WERDE MUNTER

1. Jesu, joy of our desiring,
Holy wisdom, love most bright,
Drawn by you, our souls aspiring,
Soar to uncreated Light.
Word of God, our flesh that fashioned
With the fire of life impassioned,
Striving still to truth unknown,
Soaring, dying, 'round your throne.

2. Through the way where hope is guiding,
Hear what peaceful music rings;
Where the flocks in you confiding,
Drink of joy from deathless springs!
Theirs is beauty's fairest pleasure;
Theirs is wisdom's holiest treasure;
You do ever lead your own,
In the love of joys unknown.

Text: 87 87 88 77; Martin Jahn, ca. 1620–1682; tr. by Robert S. Bridges, 1844–1930, rev.
Music: fr. Himmlische Lieder, Vol. 3, Lüneberg, 1642; Johann P. Schop, ca. 1590–1664.

At the Lamb's High Feast
SALZBURG

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
He has washed us in the tide
Flowing from his open side;
Praise we him, whose love divine
Gives his sacred Blood for wine,
Gives his Body for the feast,
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

2. Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3. Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's pow'r, do thou set free
Souls newborn, O Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise:
Risen Lord, all praise to thee
With the Spirit ever be.

St. Francis de Sales Church

Sherman Oaks, California

Thank you for joining our Sunday Mass.

Your presence, whether in-person or
virtual, Is a blessing to our parish.

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