

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS DAY HYMNS

825 Rise, Shine, You People



1 Rise, shine, you peo - ple! Christ the Lord has en - tered
 2 See how He sends the pow'rs of e - vil reel - ing;
 3 Come, cel - e - brate, your ban - ners high un - furl - ing,
 4 Tell how the Fa - ther sent His Son to save us.



Our hu - man sto - ry; God in Him is cen - tered.
 He brings us free - dom, light and life and heal - ing.
 Your songs and prayers a - gainst the dark-ness hurl - ing.
 Tell of the Son, who life and free-dom gave us.



He comes to us, by death and sin sur -
 All men and wom - en, who by guilt are -
 To all the world go out and tell the
 Tell how the Spir - it calls from ev - 'ry



round - ed, With grace un - bound - ed.
 driv - en, Now are for - giv - en.
 sto - ry Of Je - sus' glo - ry.
 na - tion His new cre - a - tion.

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522 Lord God, to Thee We Give All Praise



1 Lord God, to Thee we give all praise, With grate - ful
 2 They shine with light and heav'n - ly grace And con - stant -
 3 They nev - er rest nor sleep as we; Their whole de -
 4 The an - cient drag - on is their foe; His en - vy



hearts our voic - es raise, That an - gel hosts Thou didst cre -
 ly be - hold Thy face; They heed Thy voice, they know it
 light is but to be With Thee, Lord Je - sus, and to
 and his wrath they know. It al - ways is his aim and



ate A - round Thy glo - rious throne to wait.
 well, In god - ly wis - dom they ex - cel.
 keep Thy lit - tle flock, Thy lambs and sheep.
 pride Thy Chris - tian peo - ple to di - vide.

- 5 As he of old deceived the world
 And into sin and death has hurled,
 So now he subtly lies in wait
 To undermine both Church and state.
- 6 A roaring lion, round he goes,
 No halt nor rest he ever knows;
 He seeks the Christians to devour
 And slay them by his dreadful pow'r.
- 7 But watchful is the angel band
 That follows Christ on ev'ry hand
 To guard His people where they go
 And break the counsel of the foe.
- 8 For this, now and in days to be,
 Our praise shall rise, O Lord, to Thee,
 Whom all the angel hosts adore
 With grateful songs forevermore.

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521 Christ, the Lord of Hosts, Unshaken



1 Christ, the Lord of hosts, un - shak - en By the dev - il's
 2 Mi - chael fought the heav'n - ly bat - tle, God - ly an - gels
 3 Long on earth the bat - tle ra - ges, Since the ser - pent's
 4 Je - sus came, this word ful - fill - ing, Tram - pled Sa - tan,



seeth - ing rage, Thwarts the plan of Sa - tan's min - ions;
 by his side; Warred a - gainst the an - cient ser - pent,
 first de - ceit; Twist - ed God's com - mand to Ad - am,
 death de - fied; Bore the brunt of our temp - ta - tion,



Wins the strife from age to age; Con - quers sin and
 Foiled the beast, so full of pride, Cast him earth - bound
 Made for - bid - den fruit look sweet. Then the curse of
 On the wretch - ed tree He died. Yet to life was



death for - ev - er; Slams them in their steel - y cage.
 with his an - gels; Now he prowls, un - sat - is - fied.
 God was spo - ken: "You'll lie crushed be - neath His feet!"
 raised vic - to - rious; By His life our life sup - plied.

5 Swift as lightning falls the tyrant
 From his heav'nly perch on high,
 As the word of Jesus' vict'ry
 Floods the earth and fills the sky.
 Wounded by a wound eternal
 Now his judgment has drawn nigh!

6 Jesus, send Your angel legions
 When the foe would us enslave.
 Hold us fast when sin assaults us;
 Come, then, Lord, Your people save.
 Overthrow at last the dragon;
 Send him to his fiery grave.

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708 Lord, Thee I Love with All My Heart



1 Lord, Thee I love with all my heart; I pray Thee, ne'er from
 2 Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy rich boun - ty gave My bod - y, soul, and
 3 Lord, let at last Thine an - gels come, To A - br'ham's bos - om



me de - part, With ten - der mer - cy cheer me. Earth
 all I have In this poor life of la - bor. Lord,
 bear me home, That I may die un - fear - ing; And



has no plea - sure I would share. Yea, heav'n it - self were
 grant that I in ev - 'ry place May glo - ri - fy Thy
 in its nar - row cham - ber keep My bod - y safe in



void and bare If Thou, Lord, wert not near me. And should my
 lav - ish grace And help and serve my neigh - bor. Let no false
 peace - ful sleep Un - til Thy re - ap - pear - ing. And then from



heart for sor - row break, My trust in Thee can noth - ing shake.
 doc - trine me be - guile; Let Sa - tan not my soul de - file.
 death a - wak - en me, That these mine eyes with joy may see,



Thou art the por - tion I have sought; Thy pre - cious
 Give strength and pa - tience un - to me To bear my
 O Son of God, Thy glo - rious face, My Sav - ior



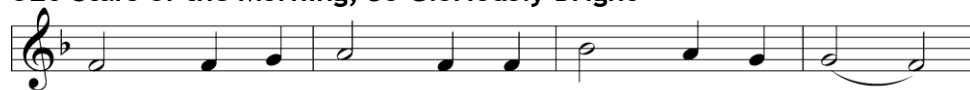
blood my soul has bought. Lord Je - sus Christ, my God and
 cross and fol - low Thee. Lord Je - sus Christ, my God and
 and my fount of grace. Lord Je - sus Christ, my prayer at -



Lord, my God and Lord, For - sake me not! I trust Thy Word.
 Lord, my God and Lord, In death Thy com - fort still af - ford.
 tend, my prayer at - tend, And I will praise Thee with - out end.

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520 Stars of the Morning, So Gloriously Bright



1 Stars of the morn - ing, so glo - rious - ly bright,
 2 These are Your min - is - ters, these are Your own,
 3 Then, when the earth was first poised in mid - space,
 4 Still let them aid us and still let them fight,



An - gels in heav - en, re - splen - dent in light,
 Lord God of Sab - a - oth, near - est Your throne;
 Then, when the plan - ets first sped on their race,
 Lord of an - gel - ic hosts, bat - tling for right,



These, where no dark - ness the glo - ry can dim,
 These are Your mes - sen - gers, these whom You send,
 Then, when were end - ed the six days' em - ploy,
 Till, where their an - thems they cease - less - ly pour,



Praise the Thrice Ho - ly One, serv - ing but Him.
 Help - ing Your help - less ones, Help - er and Friend.
 Then all the sons of God shout - ed for joy.
 We with the an - gels may bow and a - dore.

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940 Holy God, We Praise Thy Name



1 Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name; Lord of all, we
 2 Hark! The glad ce - les - tial hymn An - gel choirs a -
 3 Lo, the a - pos - tles' ho - ly train Join Thy sa - cred
 4 Thou art King of Glo - ry, Christ; Son of God, yet
 5 Ho - ly Fa - ther, ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it,



bow be - fore Thee. All on earth Thy scep - ter claim,
 above are rais - ing; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,
 name to hal - low; Proph - ets swell the glad re - frain,
 born of Mar - y. For us sin - ners sac - ri - ficed,
 three we name Thee; Though in es - sence on - ly one,



All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee. In - fi - nite Thy
 In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with
 And the white - robed mar - tyrs fol - low, And from morn to
 As to death a Trib - u - tar - y, First to break the
 Un - di - vid - ed God we claim Thee And, a - dor - ing,



vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.
 sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
 set of sun Through the Church the song goes on.
 bars of death, Thou hast o - pened heav'n to faith.
 bend the knee While we own the mys - ter - y.

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