

# To Jesus Christ, Our Sovereign King



1. To Je - sus Christ, our sov - 'reign King, Who is the  
2. Your reign ex - tend, O King be - nign, To ev - 'ry  
3. To you, and to your church, great King, We pledge our



world's sal - va - tion, All praise and hom - age do we bring And  
land and na - tion; For in your King - dom, Lord di - vine, A -  
heart's ob - la - tion; Un - til be - fore your throne we sing In



thanks and ad - o - ra - tion.  
lone we find sal - va - tion. Christ Je - sus, Vic - tor!  
end - less ju - bi - la - tion.



Christ Je - sus, Rul - er! Christ Je - sus, Lord and Re - deem - er!

Text: Martin B. Hellrigel, 1891-1981, alt., © 1941, Irene C. Mueller

Tune: ICH GLAUB AN GOTT, 8 7 8 7 with refrain; *Mainz Gesangbuch*, 1870; harm. by Richard Proulx, b.1937

# THE KING SHALL COME

Trevor Thomson

Verses 1, 2

1. The King shall come when morn-ing dawns And  
 2. O bright-er than the ris - ing morn When

1. light tri - um - phant breaks, When beau - ty gilds the  
 2. he, vic - to - rious, rose And left the lone - some

1. east - ern hills And life to joy a - wakes.  
 2. place of death, De - spite the rage of foes.

1. Not, as of old, a lit - tle child, To  
 2. O bright-er than that glo - rious morn Shall

1. bear, and fight, and die, But crowned with glo - ry  
 2. this fair morn - ing be, When Christ, our King, in

1. like the sun That lights the morn - ing sky.  
 2. beau - ty comes, And we his face shall see!

Verse 3

3. The King shall come when morn-ing dawns And light and beau -  
 3. - ty brings. Hail, Christ, the Lord! Thy peo - ple pray: Come

3. quick - ly, King of kings. Come quick - ly, King of kings.

# O Sacrament Most Holy



1. O Je - sus, we a - dore you, Who in your love di - vine,
2. O Je - sus, we a - dore you, Our vic - tim and our priest,
3. O Je - sus, we a - dore you, Our Sav - ior and our King,
4. O Je - sus, we a - dore you; Come, live in us, we pray,
5. O come, all you who la - bor In sor - row and in pain;



Con - ceal your might - y God - head In forms of bread and wine.  
Whose pre - cious blood and bod - y Be - come our sa - cred feast.  
And with the saints and an - gels Our hum - ble hom - age bring.  
That all our thoughts and ac - tions Be yours a - lone to - day.  
Come, eat this bread from heav - en; Your peace and strength re - gain.



O sac - ra - ment most ho - ly, O sac - ra - ment di - vine,



All praise and all thanks - giv - ing Be ev - 'ry mo - ment thine!

Text: Irvin Udulutsch; refrain from the *Raccolta*

Tune: FULDA MELODY, 7 6 7 6 with refrain; Fulda *Gesangbuch*; arr. by Charles G. Frischmann

## CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

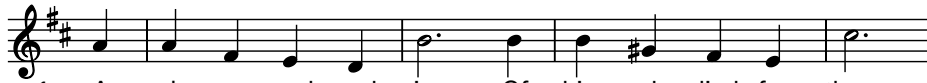
DIADEMATA



1. Crown him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne;
2. Crown him the Lord of life, Who tri-umphed o'er the grave,
3. Crown him the Lord of heav'n, Where an - gels sing a - bove;



1. All king-doms of the earth re - sound In praise of him a - lone.
2. Who on the third day did a - rise And hope to sin - ners gave.
3. Crown him the King, to whom is giv'n The won - drous name of Love.



1. A - wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee,
2. His glo - ry now we sing, Who died and rose on high,
3. Crown him with man - y crowns, As thrones be - fore him fall.



1. And hail him as thy ris - en King For all e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Who came e - ter - nal life to bring, Who lives, no more to die.
3. Through-out the earth his praise re - sounds For he is Lord of all.

Text: SMD; verses 1, 3, Matthew Bridges, 1800-1894, and Compilers, 1978, © 1978, OCP Publications.  
All rights reserved. Verse 2, Godfrey Thring, 1823-1903, alt. Music: George J. Elvey, 1816-1893.