

492 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

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

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

Text: Martin B. Hehrig, 1891-1981, alt. © 1941, Irene C. Mueller
 Tune: ICH GLAUB AN GOTTE, 8787 with refrain; Mainz Gesangbuch, 1870; harm. by Richard Proulx, b.1937, © 1986, GIA Publications, Inc.

Sing We of the Blessed Mother 776

1. Sing we of the bless - ed Moth - er Who re - ceived the
 2. Sing we, too, of Mar - y's sor - rows, Of the sword that
 3. Sing a - gain the joys of Mar - y When she saw the
 4. Sing the great - est joy of Mar - y When on earth her

an - gel's word, And o - be - dient to the sum - mons
 pierced her through, When be - neath the cross of Je - sus
 his - en Lord, And in prayer with Christ's a - pos - tles,
 work was done, And the Lord of all cre - a - tion

Bore in his love the in - fant Lord; Sing we of the
 She his weight of suf - f'ring knew, Looked up - on her
 Wait - ed on his his prom - ised word: From on high the
 Brought her to his heav'n - ly home: Vir - gin Moth - er,

joys of Mar - y At whose breast that child was fed
 Son and Sav - ior Reign - ing from the the aw - ful tree,
 blaz - ing glo - ry Of the Spir - it's pres - ence came,
 Mar - y bless - ed, Raised on high and crowned with grace,

Who is the Son of God e - ter - nal
 Saw the price of our re - demp - tion
 Heav'n - ly breath of the God's own re - deem - ing,
 May your Son, the world's re - deem - er,

And the the ev - er - last - ing Bread.
 Paid to set in the the sin - ner free.
 To - kened us all in the the wind and flame.
 Grant us to the to see his face.

Text: George B. Trnava, 1910-1997, © 1975, Oxford University Press
 Tune: OMNE DIE, 8787D; Frau Gesangbuch, 1695

You Satisfy the Hungry Heart 816

Refrain

You sat - is - fy the hun - gry heart With
 gift of fin - est wheat; Come give to us, O

1. As when the shep - herd calls his sheep, They
 2. With joy - ful lips we we sing to you Our
 3. Is not the cup of bless - ing and share The
 4. The mys - t'ry of pres - ence, Lord, No
 5. You give your - self to us, O Lord; Then

sav - ing Lord, The bread of life to eat.

Verses

know and heed his voice; So when you call your
 praise and grat - i - tude, That you should count us
 blood of Christ out - poured? Do not one cup, one
 mor - tal tongue can tell: Whom all the world oth - er
 self - less let us be, To serve each oth - er

fam - 'ly, Lord, We fol - low and re - joice.
 wor - thy, Lord, To share this heav'n - ly food.
 loaf, de - clare Our one - ness in the Lord?
 not con - tain Comes in our hearts to dwell.
 in your name In truth and char - i - ty.

Text: Omer Westendorf, 1916-1998
Tune: BICENTENNIAL, CM with refrain; Robert E. Krautz, 1922-1996
© 1977, Archdiocese of Philadelphia

Crown Him with Many Crowns 489

1. Crown him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on his
 2. Crown him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the
 3. Crown him the Lord of love, Be - hold his hands and
 4. Crown him the Lord of peace, Whose power a scep - ter
 5. Crown him the Lord of years, The ris - en Lord sub -

throne; Hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All
 grave, And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For
 side, Rich wounds yet vis - i - ble a - bove In
 sways From pole to pole, that rolls may cease, Ab -
 lime, Cre - a - tor of of the roll - ing spheres, The

mu - sic but its own. A - wake, my soul, and sing
 those he came to save. His glo - ries now we sing,
 beau - ty glo - ri - fi - ed. No an - gel in the sky
 soebd in prayer and praise. His reign shall know no end,
 Mas - ter of all time. All His hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For

him, who set us free, And hail him as your
 died and rose on high, Who died, e - ter - nal
 full - ly bear that sight, But down - ward bends his
 round his pierc - ed feet me; Your Fair flow'rs of Par - a -
 you have died for me; Your Fair flow'rs of glo - ry

heav'n - ly King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 life to bring, And lives that death may die.
 burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 dise - ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 shall not fail Through - out e - ter - ni - ty.

Text: Revelation 19:12; St. 1, 3-4; Matthew Bridges, 1800-1894; St. 2, Geoffrey Thring, 1823-1903
Tune: DLADEKMATIA, SMD; George J. Elvey, 1816-1893