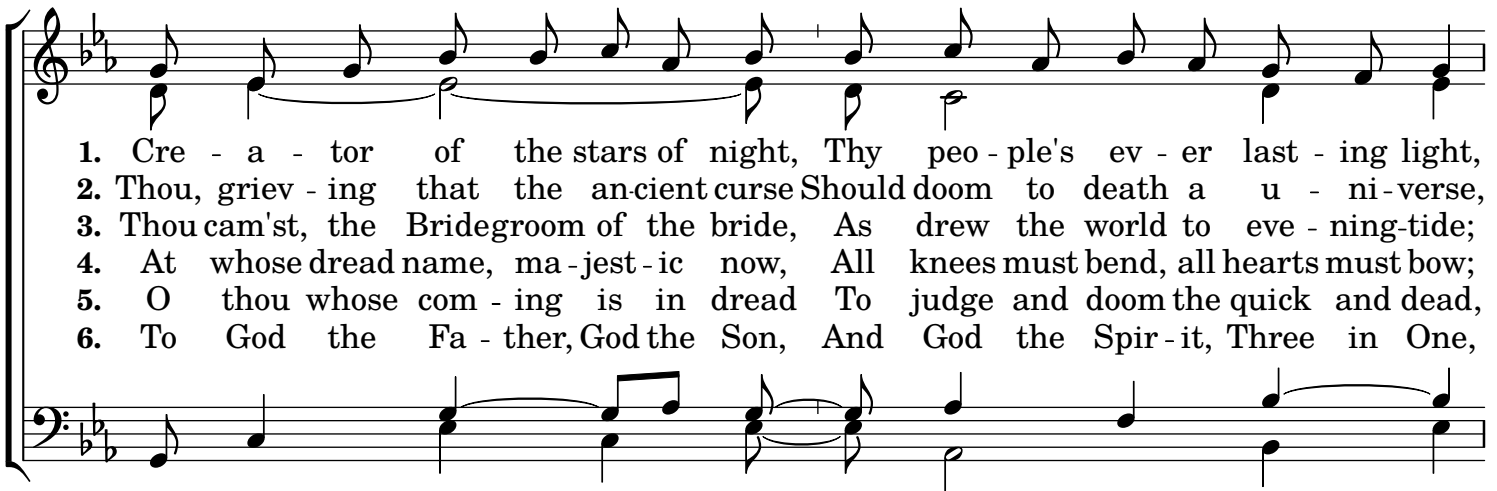
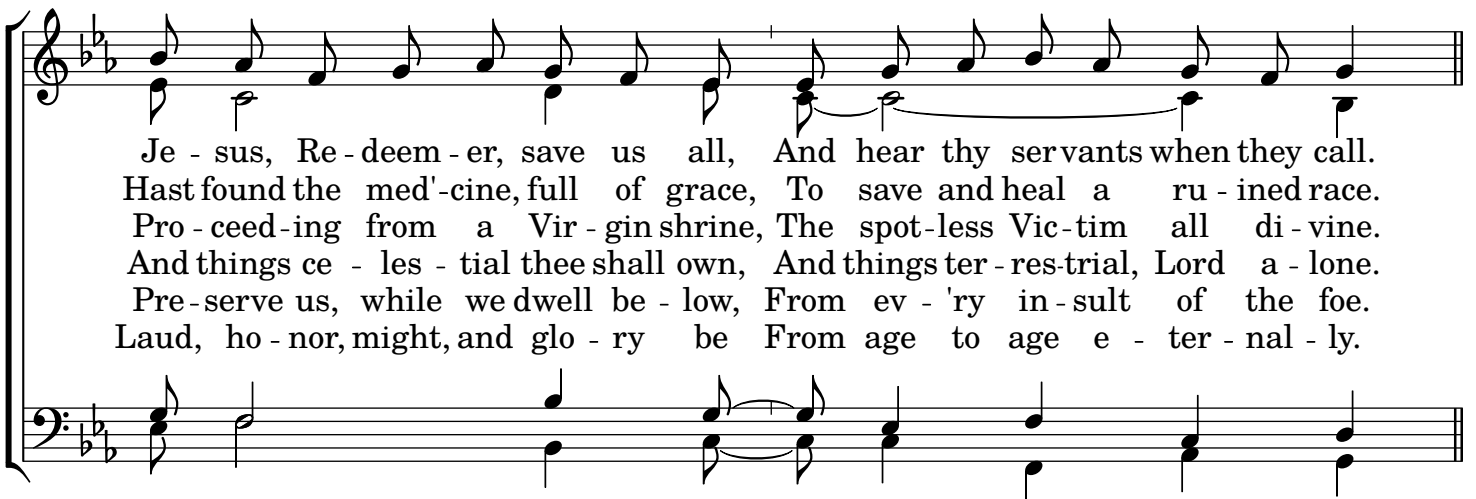


PLAINSONG, MODE IV

harm. after Winfred Douglas



1. Cre - a - tor of the stars of night, Thy peo - ple's ev - er last - ing light,
 2. Thou, griev - ing that the ancient curse Should doom to death a u - ni - verse,
 3. Thou cam'st, the Bridegroom of the bride, As drew the world to eve - ning-tide;
 4. At whose dread name, ma - jest - ic now, All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
 5. O thou whose com - ing is in dread To judge and doom the quick and dead,
 6. To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, And God the Spir - it, Three in One,



Je - sus, Re - deem - er, save us all, And hear thy servants when they call.
 Hast found the med' - cine, full of grace, To save and heal a ru - ined race.
 Pro - ceed - ing from a Vir - gin shrine, The spot - less Vic - tim all di - vine.
 And things ce - les - tial thee shall own, And things ter - res - trial, Lord a - lone.
 Pre - serve us, while we dwell be - low, From ev - 'ry in - sult of the foe.
 Laud, ho - nor, might, and glo - ry be From age to age e - ter - nal - ly.



A - men.

Conditor alme siderum
 tr. John Mason Neale