

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence (Sing! Hymnal, #719)

Words: Liturgy of St. James, 5th c; adapt: Gerard Moultrie

Music: *Chansons Populaires des Provinces de France*, 1860

[CHORDS]	Dm	Bb	C	[NO CAPO]
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[INTRO] | Dm C | Dm C | Dm C | Dm |

[VERSE 1]

Dm **Bb** **Dm**
Let all mor-tal flesh keep si-lence, and with fear and tremb-ling stand;
Dm **Bb** **Dm**
Pon-der noth-ing earth-ly mind-ed, for, with bless-ing in His hand,
Dm **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm**
Christ our God to earth, de-scend - - eth, our full hom-age to de-mand.

[VERSE 2]

Dm King of Kings, yet born of Ma-ry, as of old on earth He stood,
Dm Lord of Lords in hu-man ves-ture, in the bo-dy and the blood.
Dm **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm**
He will give to all the faith - - ful his own self for heav'n-ly food.

[VERSE 3]

Dm **Bb** **Dm**
Rank on rank the host of heav-en spreads its van-guard on the way,
Dm **Bb** **Dm**
As the Light of light de-scend-eth from the realm of end-less day,
Dm **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm**
That the pow'rs of hell may van - - ish as the dark-ness clears a-way.

[VERSE 4]

Dm At his feet the six wing-ed ser-aph, cher-u-bim with sleep-less eye,
Dm Veil their fac-es to the pres-ence, as with cease-less voice they cry,
Dm C Dm C Dm C Dm
"Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, Lord, Most High!

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 2. King of kings, yet born of Mar - y, as of old on
 3. Rank on rank the host of heav - en spreads its van - guard
 4. At his feet the six - winged ser - aph, cher - u - bim with

trem - bling stand; pon - der noth - ing earth - ly mind - ed,
 earth he stood, Lord of lords, in hu - man ves - ture,
 on the way, as the Light of light de - scand - eth
 sleep - less eye, veil their fac - es to the pres - ence,

for, with bless - ing in his hand, Christ our God to
 in the bod - y and the blood. He will give to
 from the realms of end - less day, that the pow'rs of
 as with cease - less voice they cry, "Al - le - lu - ia,

earth de - scend - - eth, our full hom - age to de - mand.
 all the faith - - ful his own self for heav'n - ly food.
 hell may van - - ish as the dark - ness clears a - way.
 al - le - lu - - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Lord Most High!"