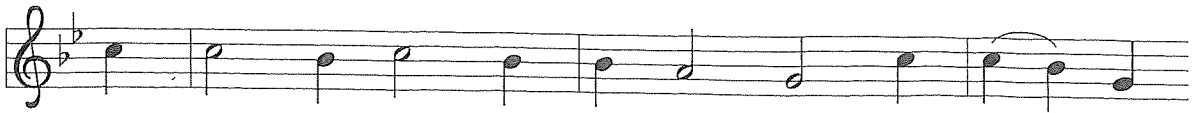


Oh, Love, How Deep

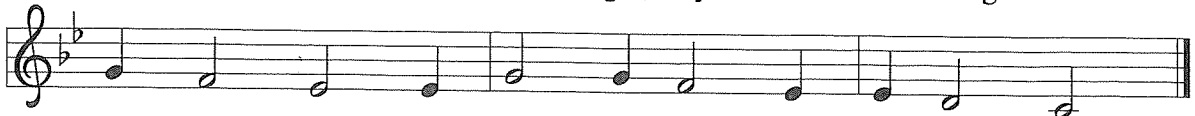
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- 1 Oh, love, how deep, how broad, how high, be - yond all
2 God sent no an - gel to our race, of high - er
3 For us bap - tized, for us he bore his ho - ly
4 For us he prayed; for us he taught; for us his



- thought and fan - ta - sy, that God, the Son of
or of low - er place, but wore the robe of
fast and hun - gered sore; for us temp - ta - tion
dai - ly works he wrought, by words and signs and



- God, should take our mor - tal form for mor - tals' sake!
hu - man frame, in Christ our Lord to this world came.
sharp he knew; for us the tempt - er o - ver - threw.
ac - tions thus still seek - ing not him - self, but us.

- 5 For us by wickedness betrayed,
for us, in crown of thorns arrayed,
he bore the shameful cross and death;
for us he gave his dying breath.
- 6 For us he rose from death again;
for us he went on high to reign;
for us he sent his Spirit here
to guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.
- 7 All glory to our Lord and God
for love so deep, so high, so broad:
the Trinity whom we adore
forever and forevermore.

Text: Thomas á Kempis, 1380–1471; tr. Benjamin Webb, 1819–1885, alt.
Music: English ballad, 15th cent.

DEO GRACIAS
LM

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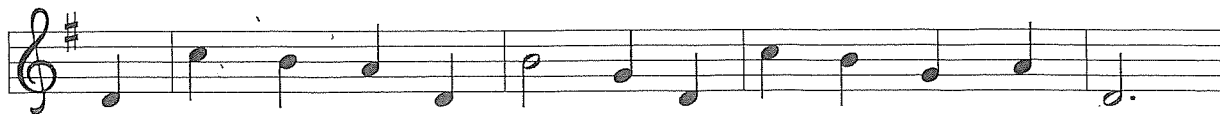
Down Galilee's Slow Roadways



1 Down Gal - i - lee's slow road - ways a strang - er trav - eled on
 2 A - ris - ing from the riv - er he saw the heav - ens torn;
 3 We too have found a road - way; it led us to this place.



from Naz - a - reth to Jor - dan to be bap - tized by John.
 it seemed the sky so o - pen re - vealed the Spir - it's form.
 We all have had to trav - el in search of hope and grace.



He went down to the wa - ters like sol - dier, scribe, and slave,
 The ho - ly dove de - scend - ed a - mid a glo - rious voice:
 But now be - side this wa - ter a - gain a voice is heard.



but there with - in the riv - er the sign was birth and grave.
 "You are my own be - lov - ed, my child, my heart, my choice."
 "You are my own, my cho - sen, be - lov - ed of your Lord."

Go, My Children, with My Blessing

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1 "Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, nev - er a - lone.
 2 "Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure.
 3 "Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, clos - er to me.

Wak - ing, sleep - ing, I am with you, you are my own.
 Here you learned how much I love you, what I can cure.
 Grow in love and love by serv - ing, joy - ful and free.

In my love's bap - tis - mal riv - er I have made you mine for - ev - er.
 Here you heard my dear Son's sto - ry, here you touched him, saw his glo - ry.
 Here my Spir - it's pow - er filled you, here my ten - der com - fort stilled you.

Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, you are my own."
 Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure."
 Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, joy - ful and free."