



**ST. JOHN'S
EPISCOPAL CHURCH**

11201 Parkfield Drive, Austin, TX 78758

P. O. Box 81493, Austin, TX 78708-1493

www.austinstjohns.org

**Music Sheet
July 28, 2024**

Hymn 48 "O Day of Radiant Gladness "

O day of radiant gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, most beautiful, must bright;
This day the high and lowly, through ages joined in tune,
Sing, "Holy, holy, holy," to the great God Triune.

This day at the creation, the light first had its birth;
This day for our salvation Christ rose from depths of earth;
This day our Lord victorious the Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus this day most glorious a triple light was given.

This day, God's people meeting, his Holy Scripture hear;
His living presence greeting, through Bread and Wine made
near.

We journey on, believing, renewed with heavenly might,
From grace more grace receiving on this blest day of light.

That light our hope sustaining, we walk the pilgrim way,
At length our rest attaining, our endless Sabbath day
We sing to thee our praises, O Father, Spirit, Son;
The Church her voice upraises to thee, blest Three in One.

Hymn 482: "Lord of All Hopefulness"

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labors, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Hymn 436: "Lift Up Your Heads, ye Mighty Gates"

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates;
Behold the King of glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Savior of the world is here.

O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom the King of triumph comes!

Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

Redeemer come! I open wide
My heart to thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel:
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

So come, my Sovereign; enter in!
Let new and nobler life begin;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won.