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Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart!

1 Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing;
 2 With voice as full and strong as o - cean's surg - ing praise,
 3 With all the an - gel choirs, with all the saints on earth
 4 Still lift your stan - dard high, still march in firm ar - ray,

your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, the cross of Christ your king.
 send forth the stur - dy hymns of old, the psalms of an - cient days.
 pour out the strains of joy and bliss, true rap - ture, no - blest mirth.
 as pil - grims through the dark - ness wend till dawns the gol - den day.

Refrain

Re - joice! Re - joice! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!
 Re - joice! Re - joice!

5 At last the march shall end;
 the wearied ones shall rest;
 the pilgrims find their home at last,
 Jerusalem the blest. *Refrain*

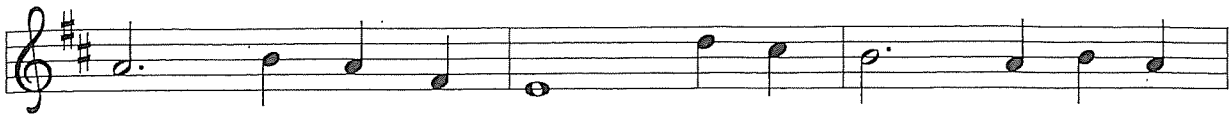
6 Praise God who reigns on high,
 the Lord whom we adore:
 the Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
 one God forevermore. *Refrain*

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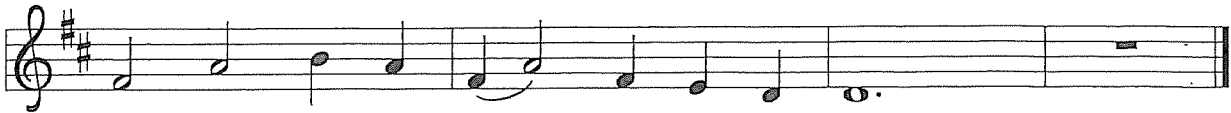
Come to Me, O Weary Traveler



1 "Come to me, O wea - ry trav - 'ler; come to
 2 "Do not fear, my yoke is eas - y; do not
 3 "Take my yoke and leave your trou - bles; take my
 4 "Rest in me, O wea - ry trav - 'ler; rest in



me with your dis - tress; come to me, you heav - y -
 fear, my bur - den's light; do not fear the path be -
 yoke and come with me. Take my yoke, I am be -
 me and do not fear. Rest in me, my heart is



bur - dened; come to me and find your rest."
 fore you; do not run from me in fright."
 side you; take and learn hu - mil - i - ty."
 gen - tle; rest and cast a - way your care."

Text: Sylvia G. Dunstan, 1955-1993

Music: William P. Rowan, b. 1951

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AUSTIN

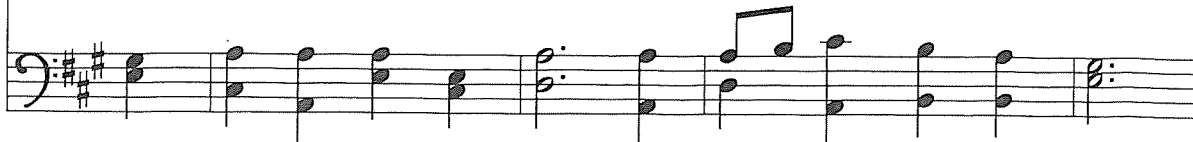
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Rise Up, O Saints of God!

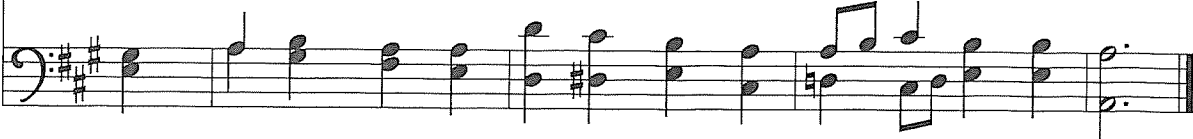
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- 1 Rise up, O saints of God! From vain am - bi - tions turn;
- 2 Speak out, O saints of God! De - spair en - gulf's earth's frame;
- 3 Rise up, O saints of God! The king - dom's task em - brace;
- 4 Give heed, O saints of God! Cre - a - tion cries in pain;
- 5 Com - mit your hearts to seek the paths which Christ has trod;



Christ rose tri - um - phant that your hearts with no - bler zeal might burn.
as heirs of God's bap - tis - mal grace, the word of hope pro - claim.
re - dress sin's cru - el con - se - quence; give jus - tice larg - er place.
stretch forth your hand of heal - ing now, with love the weak sus - tain.
and, quick - ened by the Spir - it's pow'r, rise up, O saints of God!



Text: Norman O. Forness, b. 1936
Music: William H. Walter, 1825-1893
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FESTAL SONG
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