



THE ROYAL CANADIAN COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS
LE COLLÈGE ROYAL CANADIEN DES ORGANISTES

ARCCO

Hymns

2023-2025

Christ is made the sure foundation

Westminster Abbey 8 7. 8 7. 8 7

1. Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ the head — and cor - ner - stone,
2. *To this tem - ple, where we call thee, come, O Lord — of hosts to - day,*
3. Laud and ho - nour to the Fa - ther, laud and ho - nour to the Son,

cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious, bind - ing all — the Church in
with thy won - ted lov - ing kind - ness hear thy ser - vants as — they
laud and ho - nour to the Spi - rit, e - ver three — and e - ver

one; ho - ly Zi - on's help for - ev - er, and her con - fi - dence a - lone.
pray, and thy ful - lest be - ne - dic - tion shed with - in its walls al - way.
one, con - sub - stan - tial, co - e - ter - nal, while un - end - ing a - ges run.

TEXT: Latin *Angularis fundamentum*, tr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866)
TUNE: Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Come down, O love divine

Down Ampney 6 6 11. D

1. Come down, O Love di - vine, seek thou this soul_ of
2. O let it free - ly burn, till earth - ly pas - sions
3. And so the yearn - ing strong with which the soul_ will

mine, and vi - sit it with thine own ar - dour_ glow - ing.
turn to dust and ash - es in its heat con - sum - ing,
long, shall far out - pass the power of hu - man_ tel - ling,

O Com - for - ter, draw near, with - in my heart ap -
And let thy glo - rious light shine ev - er on my
for none can guess its grace, till he be - come the

pear, and kin - dle it, thy ho - ly flame be - stow - ing.
sight, and clothe me round, the while my path il - lum - ing.
place where - in the Ho - ly Spi - rit makes his_ dwel - ling.

Sing praise to God who reigns above

Mit Freuden zart 8 7. 8 7. 8 8 7

1. Sing praise to God who reigns a - bove, the God of all cre - a - tion, the
2. *The an - gel host, O King of kings, thy praise for - ev - er tel - ling, in*
3. Then all my glad - some way a - long I sing a - loud my prai - ses, that

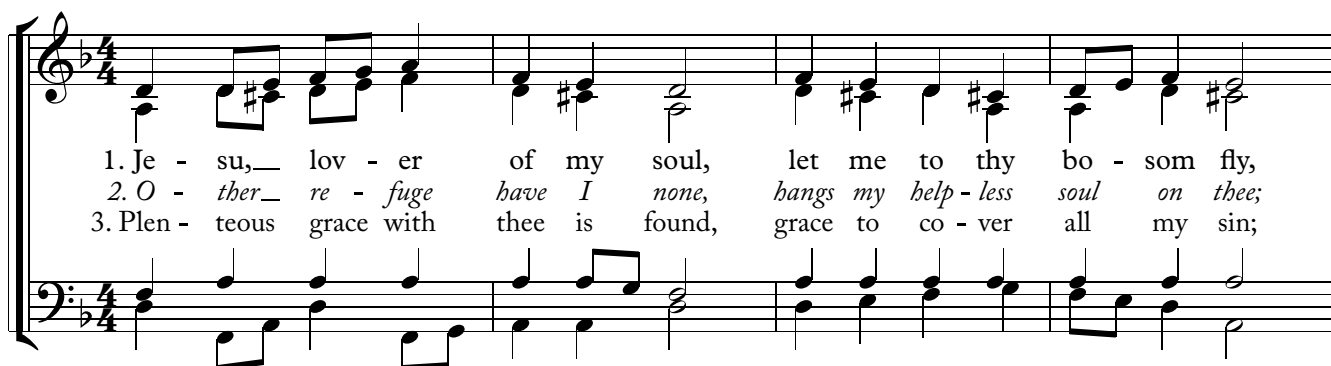
God of power, the God of love, the God of our sal - va - tion. With
earth and sky all liv - ing things be - neath thy sha - dow dwel - ling. A -
men may hear the grate - ful song my voice un - wea - ried rai - ses: Be

heal - ing balm my soul he fills, and ev - ery faith - less
dore the wis - dom which could span and power which formed cre -
joy - ful in the Lord, my heart! Both soul and bo - dy

mur - mur stills: To God all praise and glo - ry!
a - tion's plan: To God all praise and glo - ry!
bear your part! To God all praise and glo - ry!

Jesu, lover of my soul

Aberystwyth 7 7. 7 7. D



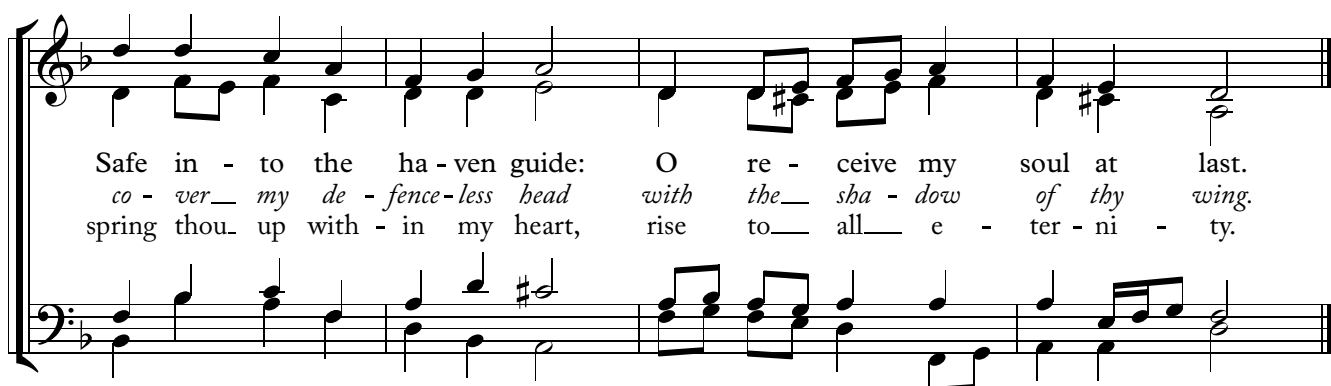
1. Je - su, lov - er of my soul, let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. O - ther - re - fuge have I none, hangs my help - less soul on thee;
3. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, grace to co - ver all my sin;



while the near - er wa - ters roll, while the tem - pest still is high:
leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, still sup - port and com - fort me.
let the heal - ing streams a - bound, make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, all my help from thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, free - ly let me take of thee,



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide: O re - ceive my soul at last.
co - ver my de - fence - less head with the sha - dow of thy wing.
spring thou up with - in my heart, rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

TEXT: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
TUNE: Joseph Parry (1841-1903)

Be thou my vision

Slane 10 10 10 10

1. Be thou my vi - sion, O — Lord of my heart; naught be all else to me,
2. *Be thou my bat - tle shield, sword for the fight,* *be thou my dig - ni - ty,*
3. High King of hea - ven, af - ter vic - to - ry won, may I reach hea - ven's joys,

save that thou art, thou my best thought, by day or by
thou my de - light. *Thou my soul's shel - ter,* *thou my high*
O bright heaven's Sun! Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be -

night, — wa - king or sleep - ing, thy pre - sence my light.
tower, — raise thou me hea - ven - ward, *O power of my power.*
fall, — still be my vi - sion, O ru - ler of all.

TEXT: Gaelic text from *The Poem Book of the Gael*, tr. Mary Elizabeth Byrne (1880-1931)
TUNE: Irish traditional melody, arr. Martin Shaw (1875-1958)