



# Sacred Music at Notre Dame

Presents  
A Hymn Festival

Tuesday May 2, 2:30pm  
Reyes Organ and Choral Hall  
DeBartolo Performing Arts Center

Alleluia! The Strife Is O'er

VICTORY

Joseph Balistreri

The refrain is sung before the first verse and after each verse.

EASTER

## The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done 464

*Refrain*

SATB Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

SATB 1 The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done;  
 SATB 2 The pow'rs of death have done their worst,  
 SA unison 3 The three sad days have quick - ly sped,  
 TB unison 4 He broke the age - bound chains of hell;  
 All unison 5 Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed Thee,

Now is the vic - tor's tri - umph won;  
 But Christ their le - gions hath dis - persed.  
 He ris - es glo - rious from the dead.  
 The bars from heav'n's high por - tals fell.  
 From death's dread sting Thy ser - vants free

Now be the song of praise be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Let hymns of praise His tri - umph tell. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 That we may live and sing to Thee. Al - le - lu - ia!

## My Song Is Love Unknown

LOVE UNKNOWN

*Richard Gress*

Verse 1: Unison; Verse 2: Harmony; Verse 3: Unison

Verse 4: Sopranos and Altos in Unison

Verse 5: Tenors and Basses in Unison

Verse 6: Harmony; Verse 7: Unison

1. My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to me; love  
 2. He came from His blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow; but  
 3. Some - times they strew His way, and His sweet prais - es sing; re -  
 4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He  
 5. They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way; a

to the love - less shown, that they might love - ly be. O  
 men made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know. But  
 sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King. Then  
 made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet  
 mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet

who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die?  
 oh, my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who at my need His life did spend!  
 "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for His death they thirst and cry.  
 in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them - selves dis - please, and 'gainst Him rise.  
 cheer - ful He to suff - ring goes, that He His foes from thence might free.

6. In life, no house, no home  
 my Lord on earth might have;  
 in death, no friendly tomb  
 but what a stranger gave.  
 What may I say? Heav'n was His home,  
 but mine the tomb wherein He lay.

7. Here might I stay and sing,  
 no story so divine;  
 never was love, dear King,  
 never was grief like Thine.  
 This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise  
 I all my days could gladly spend.

## Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain

## GAUDEAMUS PARITER

David Stultz

## 509 Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain

SATB: H  
 SATB: H  
 SA: U  
 TB: U  
 SATB: U

1. Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant  
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ has burst his  
 3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of  
 4. Nei - ther could the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark  
 5. "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry To our King im -

glad - ness! God has brought his Is - ra - el In - to  
 pris - on, And from three days' sleep in death As a  
 splen - dor, With the roy - al feast of feasts, Comes its  
 por - tal, Nor the watch - ers, nor the seal Hold him  
 mor - tal, Who tri - um - phant burst the bars Of the

joy from sad - ness; Loosed from Phar - aoh's bit - ter yoke  
 sun has ris - en. All the win - ter of our sins,  
 joy to ren - der; Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem,  
 as a mor - tal; For to - day a - mong his own  
 tomb's dark por - tal; "Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son,

Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters; Led them with un -  
 Long and dark, is fly - ing From the Light, to  
 Who with true af - fec - tion Wel - comes in un -  
 Christ ap - pears, be - stow - ing Last - ing peace which  
 God the Fa - ther prais - ing; "Al - le - lu - ia!"

moist - ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.  
 whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.  
 wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.  
 ev - er - more Pass - es hu - man know - ing.  
 yet a - gain To the Spir - it rais - ing.

## This Joyful Eastertide

VRUEHCTEN

Kola Owolabi

Verse 1: Unison

Verse 2: SATB

Verse 3: Unison

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Easter

*Unison or harmony*

1 This joy-ful Eas-ter-tide, a-way with sin and  
 2 Death's flood hath lost its chill, since Je-sus crossed the  
 3 My flesh in hope shall rest, and for a sea-son

sor row! My Love, the Cru-ci-fied, hath  
 riv er: Lord of all life, from ill my  
 slum ber, till trump from east to west shall

*Refrain*

sprung to life this mor-row.  
 pass-ing life de-liv-er. Had Christ, that once was  
 wake the dead in num-ber.

slain, ne'er burst his three-day pris-on, our faith had been in

vain; but now is Christ a-ris-en, a-ris-en, a-

ris-en, a-ris-en.

Words: George R. Woodward (1848-1934), alt.  
 Music: Vruelcten, melody from *Psalm*, 1685; harm. Charles Wood (1866-1926) ♩ = 60  
67. 67 with Refrain

## How Firm A Foundation

## FOUNDATION

*Michelle Sacco*

Verse 1: Harmony; Verse 2: Sopranos and Altos in Unison

Verse 3: Tenors &amp; Basses in Unison; Verse 4 &amp; 5: Unison

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1 How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,  
 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed,  
 3 "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,  
 4 "When through fi - ery tri - als thy path - way shall lie,  
 5 "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,

is laid for your faith in God's ex - cel - lent Word!  
 for I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
 the riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow;  
 my grace, all suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply;  
 I will not, I will not de - sert to its foes;

What more can be said than to you God hath said,  
 I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
 for I will be near thee, thy trou - bles to bless,  
 the flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign  
 that soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake,

to you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
 up - held by my righ - teous, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
 and sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.  
 thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.  
 I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake."

## Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

PICARDY

Grace Jackson

Capo 3: (Bm) Dm (G) B $\flat$  (D) F (Bm) Dm (C) E $\flat$



All in Unison 1 Let all mor - tal flesh keep si - lence, and with fear and  
S/A in Unison 2 King of kings, yet born of Mar - y, as of old on  
T/B in Unison 3 Rank on rank the host of heav - en spreads its van-guard  
All in Unison 4 At his feet the six - winged ser - aph, cher - u - bim, with

(G) B $\flat$  (F $\sharp$ ) A (G) B $\flat$  (D) F (Em) Gm



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

(Bm) Dm (C) E $\flat$  (G) B $\flat$  (D) F



mind - ed, for with bless - ing in his hand  
ves - ture, in the bod - y and the blood,  
scend - eth from the realms of end - less day,  
pres - ence, as with cease - less voice they cry,

(B) D (Em) Gm (Bm) Dm (A) C



Christ our God to earth de - scend - eth,  
he will give to all the faith - ful  
that the powers of hell may van - ish  
"Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia,

(Bm) Dm (Em) Gm (F $\sharp$ m) Am (Bm) Dm



our full hom - age to de - mand.  
his own self for heaven - ly food.  
as the shad - ows clear a - way.  
al - le - lu - ia, Lord most high!"

## Come Ye Thankful People, Come

## ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR

Nicole Gerdes

SATB-Parts1 Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.  
 SATB-Parts2 All the world is God's own field, fruit in thank-ful praise to yield,  
 SA-Unison 3 For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take the har - vest home;  
 SATB-Unison4 E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to thy fi - nal har - vest home.

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, ere the win - ter storms be - gin.  
 wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown.  
 from each field shall in that day all of - fens - es purge a - way;  
 Gath - er thou thy peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin,

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied.  
 First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall ap - pear.  
 give the an - gels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,  
 there for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, in thy pres - ence to a - bide:

Come to God's own tem - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.  
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we whole - some grain and pure may be.  
 but the fruit - ful ears to store in God's gar - ner ev - er - more.  
 come, with all thine an - gels, come; raise the glo - rious har - vest home!

## The King of Love My Shepherd Is

ST. COLUMBA

*Sienna Stribling*

Verse 1: SATB; Verse 2: SA in Unison; Verse 3: Unison (all)

Verse 4: TB in unison (men); Verse 5: SATB; Verse 6 unison (all)

1. The King of love my shep-herd is, Whose  
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My  
3. Con - fused and fool - ish, oft I strayed, But  
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With

5 good-ness fails me nev - er; I noth - ing lack if  
ran-somed soul he's lead - ing, And, where the ver-dant  
yet in love he sought me, And on his shoul-der  
you, dear Lord, be - side me, Your rod and staff my

11 I am his And he is mine for - ev - er.  
pas-tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - ing.  
gent - ly laid, And home, re-joic - ing, brought me.  
com - fort still, Your cross be-fore to guide me.

**5. You spread a table in my sight,  
Your saving grace bestowing;  
And, oh, what transport of delight  
From your pure chalice flowing!**

**6. And so, through all the length of days  
Your goodness fails me never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing your praise  
Within your house forever.**



Jesus Shall Reign Where're The Sun

DUKE STREET

Nicholas Schefstad

Verse 1: Unison; Verse 2: SATB; Verse 3: Unison

**DUKE STREET** **JOHN HATTON, 1793**  
*With breadth*



1 Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Doth his suc -  
 2 To him shall end - less prayer be made, And prais - es  
 3 Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on his

ces - sive jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from  
 throng to crown his head; His Name like sweet per -  
 love with sweet - est song; And in - fant voic - es

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on his Name.

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