

1 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus;
his the scepter, his the throne;
Alleluia! his the triumph,
his the victory alone!
Hark! The songs of peaceful Zion
thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus out of every nation
has redeemed us by his blood."

2 Alleluia! Not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! he is near us;
faith believes nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received him,
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget his promise:
"I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of angels,
here on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
flee to you from day to day.
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
earth's redeemer, hear our plea
where the songs of all the sinless
sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! King eternal,
Lord omnipotent we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary,
earth your footstool, heaven your throne.
As within the veil you entered,
robed in flesh, our great high priest;
here on earth both priest and victim
in the eucharistic feast.

1 Open my eyes, that I may see
glimpses of truth thou hast for me.
Place in my hands the wonderful key
that shall unclasp and set me free.
Silently now I wait for thee,
ready, my God, thy will to see.
Open my eyes; illumine me,
Spirit divine!

2 Open my ears, that I may hear
voices of truth thou sendest clear.
And while the wave notes fall on my ear,
everything false will disappear.
Silently now I wait for thee,
ready, my God, thy will to see.

Open my ears; illumine me,
Spirit divine!

3 Open my mouth, and let me bear
gladly the warm truth everywhere.
Open my heart, and let me prepare
love with thy children thus to share.
Silently now I wait for thee,
ready, my God, thy will to see.
Open my heart; illumine me,
Spirit divine!

I, the Lord of sea and sky
I have heard my people cry
All who dwell in dark and sin
My hand will save
I who made the stars of night
I will make their darkness bright
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

Here I am, Lord
Is it I, Lord?
I have heard You calling in the night
I will go, Lord
If You lead me
I will hold Your people in my heart

I, the Lord of wind and flame
I will tend the poor and lame
I will set a feast for them
My hand will save
Finest bread I will provide
'Til their hearts be satisfied
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