So to my God I yield me. So to my God I yield me.

I fear no harm, for with his arm he shall embrace and shield me; Though sorrow, need, or death be mine, I shall not be forsaken.

What God ordains is always good: this truth remains unshaken.

And all my sorrow stilling. And all my sorrow stilling.

For after grief God gives relief, my heart with comfort filling And all my sorrow stilling. And all my sorrow stilling.

What God ordains is always good: though I the cup am drinking Which savors now of bitterness, I take it without shrinking. For after grief God gives relief, my heart with comfort filling And all my sorrow stilling. And all my sorrow stilling.

What God ordains is always good: this truth remains unshaken. Though sorrow, need, or death be mine, I shall not be forsaken. I fear no harm, for with his arm he shall embrace and shield me; So to my God I yield me. So to my God I yield me.

Lenten Vespers 2016
Anthem: Jesu, Lover of My Soul
Composer: Philip J. W. Stopford

Jesu, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Savior, hide, ’till the storm of life be past; Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone, still support and comfort me. All my trust in thee is stayed, all my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I find. Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy is thy name; I am all unrighteousness. False and full of sin I am; thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace on thee is found, grace to cover all my sin. Let the healing streams abound; make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the fountain art; freely let me take of thee.

Spring thou up within my heart. Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Lenten Vespers 2016
Anthem: What God Ordains Is Always Good
Composer: Josh Bauder

What God ordains is always good: His will is just and holy; And though the path be wrought with thorns, I follow meek and lowly. My God indeed in every need knows well how he will shield me; To him, then, I will yield me. To him, then, I will yield me.

What God ordains is always good: He is my friend and father; He suffers naught to do me harm, though many storms may gather. Now I may know both joy and woe, some day I shall see clearly That he hath loved me dearly. That he hath loved me dearly.

What God ordains is always good: though I the cup am drinking Which savors now of bitterness, I take it without shrinking. For after grief God gives relief, my heart with comfort filling And all my sorrow stilling. And all my sorrow stilling.

What God ordains is always good: this truth remains unshaken. Though sorrow, need, or death be mine, I shall not be forsaken. I fear no harm, for with his arm he shall embrace and shield me; So to my God I yield me. So to my God I yield me.
Lent IV  Hosea  Norbet

Come back to me, with all your heart,
Don't let fear keep us apart.
Trees do bend, through straight and tall,
So must we to others' call.

Long have I waited for your coming home to me,
And living deeply our new life.
The wilderness will lead you to your heart, where I will speak.
Integrity and justice with tenderness you shall know.
You shall sleep secure with peace. Faithfulness will be your joy.

Lent V  Wondrous Love  Alice Parker/Robert Shaw

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul,
What wondrous love is this, O my soul.
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul.

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, O my soul.
When I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb, I will sing.
To God and to the Lamb, who is the great "I Am,"
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on.

Palm Sunday  Ps. 31: Into Your Hands  Chrysogonus Waddell, ocsO

In you, O Lord, I take refuge, let me never be put to shame.
Into your hands I commend my spirit.
It is you who will redeem me, Lord.
Eli, Eli, lama lazabhtani?

Into your hands, I commend my spirit.

In the face of all my foes I am a reproach,
An object of scorn to my neighbors and of fear to my friends.
Eli, Eli, lama lazabhtani?

Those who see me in the street run far away from me.
I am like the dead, forgotten by all, like a thing thrown away.
Eli, Eli, lama lazabhtani?

But as for me, I trust in you, Lord. I say, "You are my God.
My life is in your hands,
Deliver me from the hands of those who hate me.
Eli, Eli, lama lazabhtani?

The University of Notre Dame Folk Choir
Steven C. Warner, Director
Karen Schneider-Kirner, Associate Director