Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

SATB / Solo / a capella

French, 17th Cent./Bruce Merrill

Let all mortal flesh keep silence, and in awesome wonder stand. Think of nothing earthly minded, for with blessing in His hand Christ our God to earth descendeth, Our full worship to command.

a bit faster
King of kings, yet born of Mary. As of old on earth He stood. Lord of lords in human vesture in the Body and the Blood He will give to all the faith ful His own self for heav'nly food. His own self for heav'nly food.

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Rank on rank the host of heaven Spreads its van-guard on the way As the Light of light descendeth from the realms of endless day, That the pow'rs of hell may vanish that the pow'rs of hell may vanish as the darkness clears away the way as the darkness clears away
At His feet the six-winged seraph; Cherubim with sleepless eye.
Veil their faces to the Presence, As with ceaseless voice they cry, "Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia."
Al-le-lu-ia, Lord most high! Al-le-lu-ia.