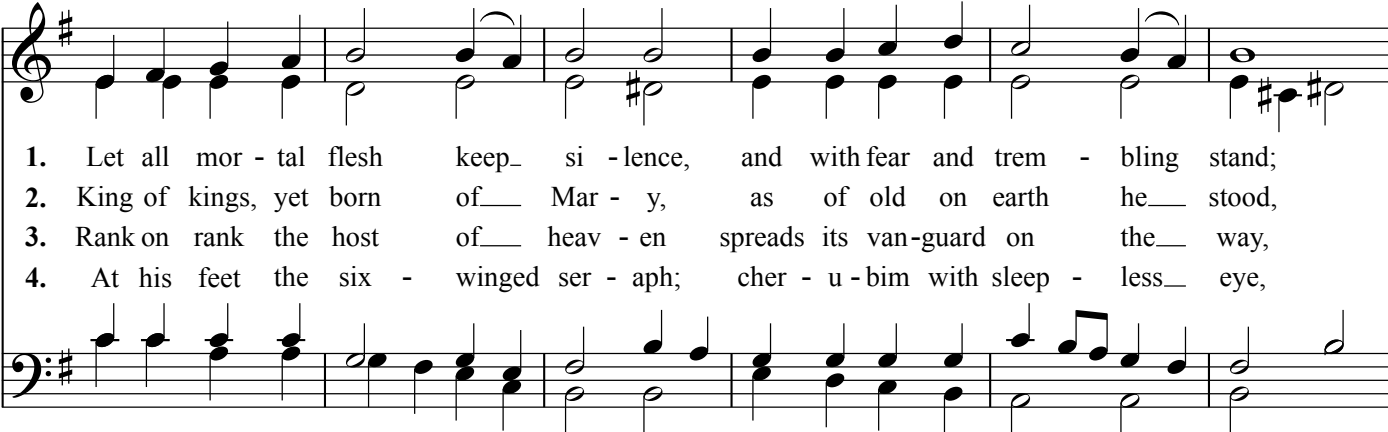
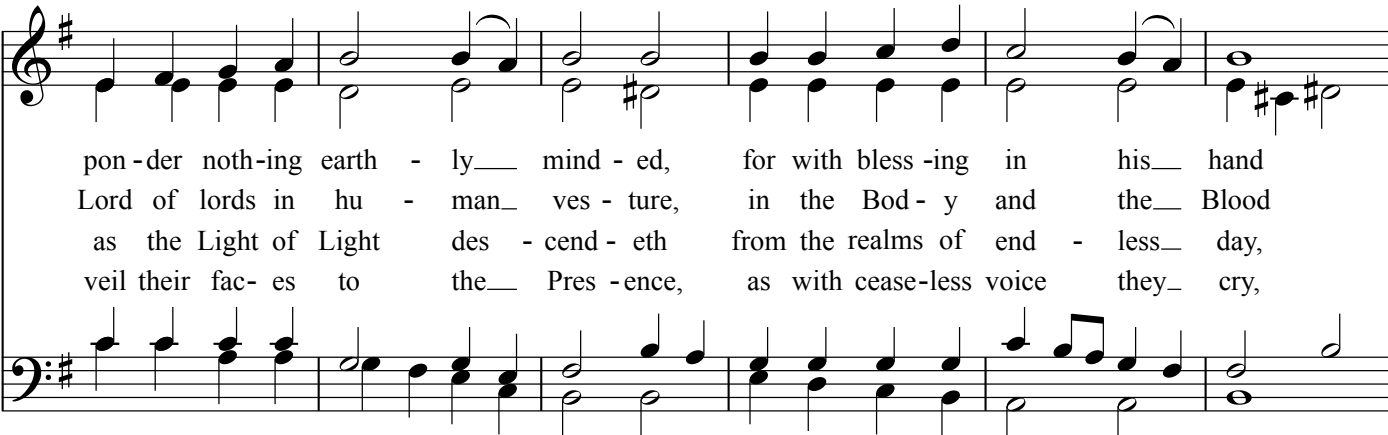


286 • Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

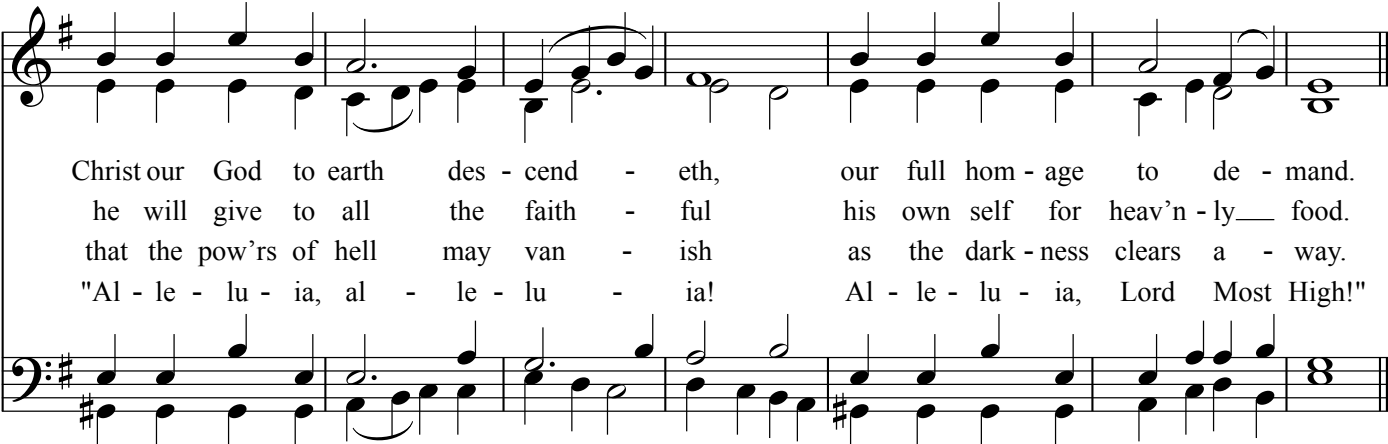
Tune: PICARDY (87 87 87) Text: Gerald Moultrie (†1885)



1. Let all mor - tal flesh keep_ si - lence, and with fear and trem - bling stand;
2. King of kings, yet born of_ Mar - y, as of old on earth he_ stood,
3. Rank on rank the host of_ heav - en spreads its van-guard on the_ way,
4. At his feet the six - winged ser - aph; cher - u - bim with sleep - less_ eye,



pon - der noth - ing earth - ly_ mind - ed, for with bless - ing in his_ hand
Lord of lords in hu - man_ ves - ture, in the Bod - y and the_ Blood
as the Light of Light des - cend - eth from the realms of end - less_ day,
veil their fac - es to the_ Pres - ence, as with cease - less voice they_ cry,



Christ our God to earth des - cend - eth, our full hom - age to de - mand.
he will give to all the faith - ful his own self for heav'n - ly_ food.
that the pow'rs of hell may van - ish as the dark - ness clears a - way.
"Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia, Lord Most High!"