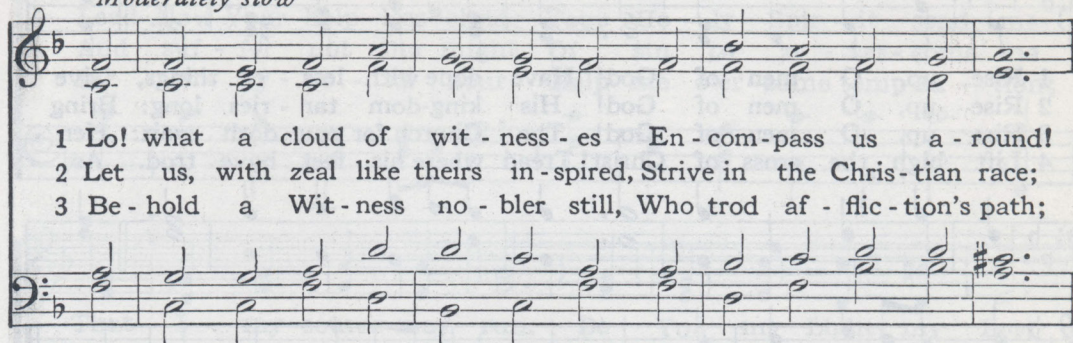


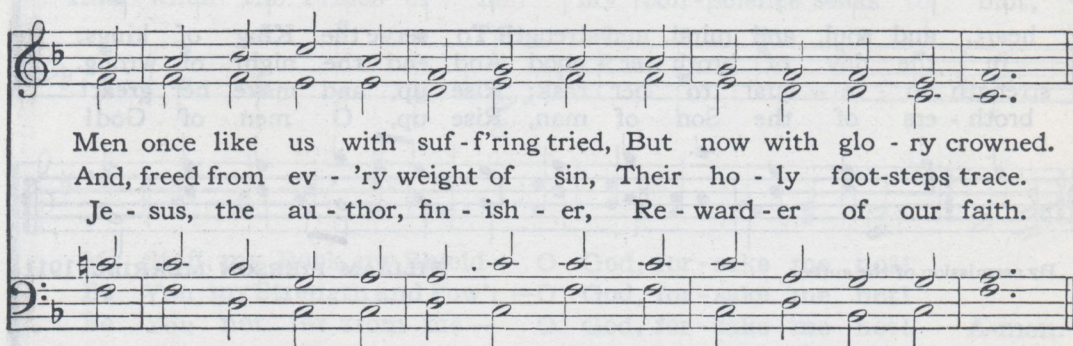
C. M.

ST. FLAVIAN

JOHN DAY'S Psalter, 1562

Moderately slow

1 Lo! what a cloud of wit - ness - es En - com - pass us a - round!
2 Let us, with zeal like theirs in - spired, Strive in the Chris - tian race;
3 Be - hold a Wit - ness no - bler still, Who trod af - flic - tion's path;



Men once like us with suf - f'ring tried, But now with glo - ry crowned.
And, freed from ev - 'ry weight of sin, Their ho - ly foot-steps trace.
Je - sus, the au - thor, fin - ish - er, Re - ward - er of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

Scottish Paraphrase, 1745, alt.

**Xerox copied from a protestant hymnal:
the 1940 Episcopal Hymnal.**