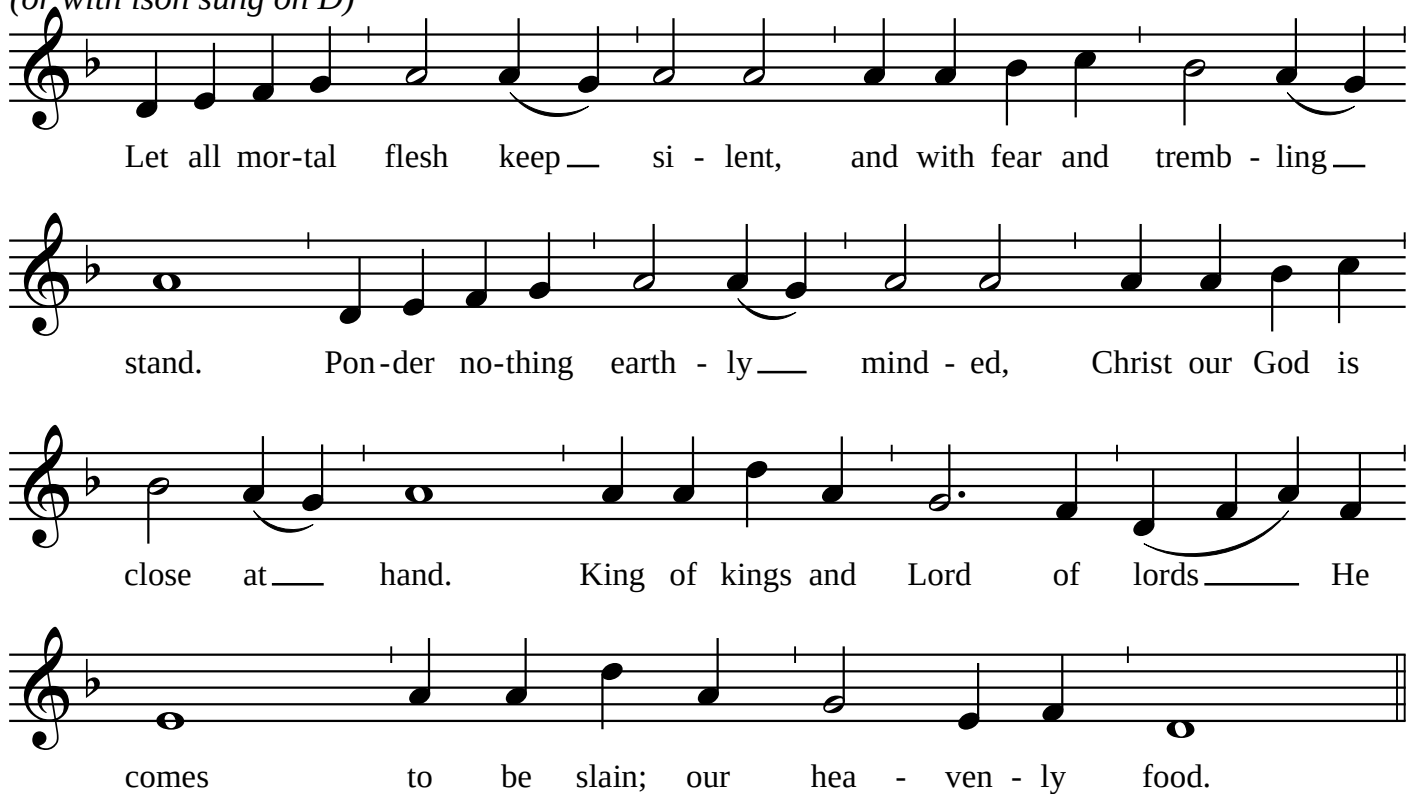


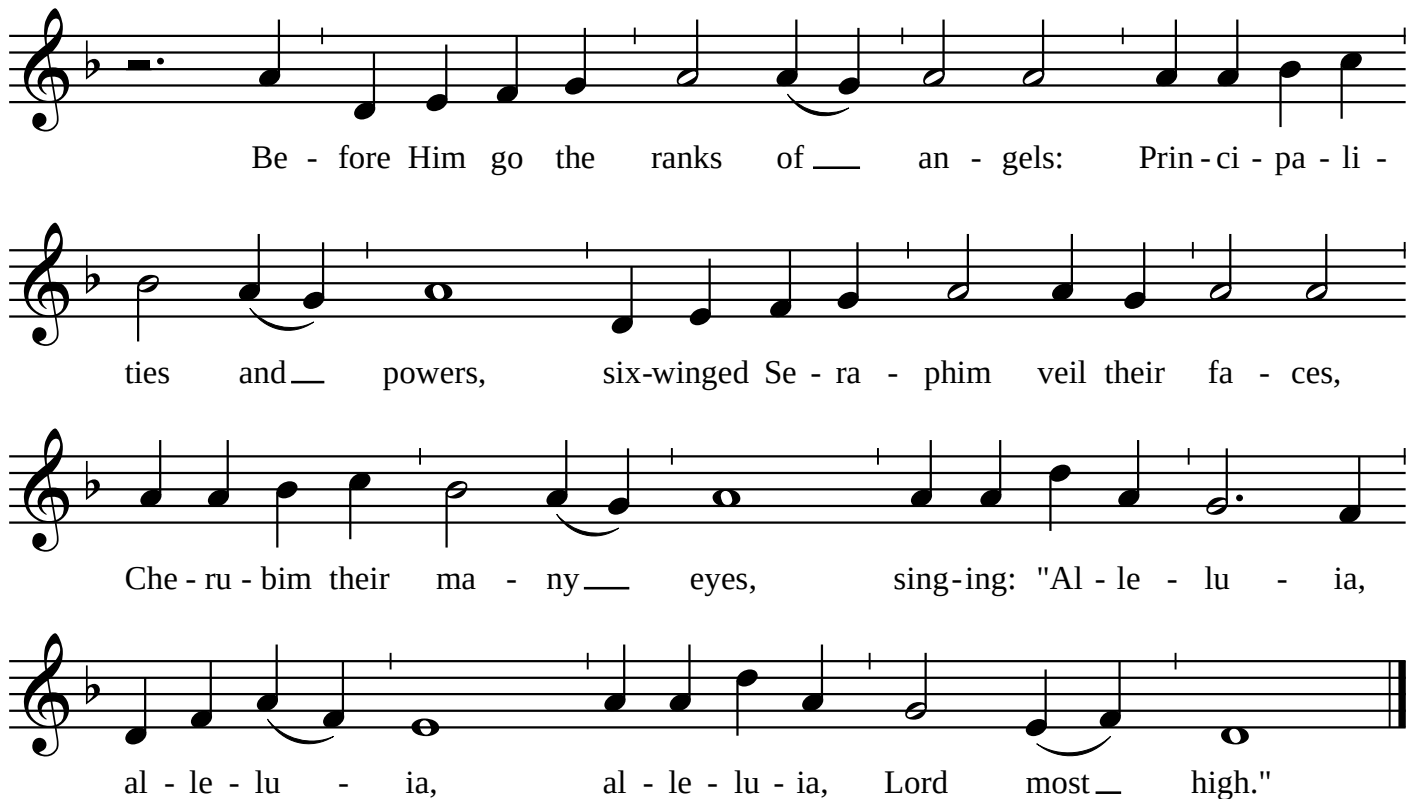
Let All Mortal Flesh**M. Sokolyk**

*Sung once, slowly, in unison
(or with ison sung on D)*



Let all mor-tal flesh keep — si - lent, and with fear and tremb - ling —
stand. Pon-der no-thing earth - ly — mind - ed, Christ our God is
close at — hand. King of kings and Lord of lords — He
comes to be slain; our hea - ven - ly food.

We wait for the gifts to enter the altar and then sing:



Be - fore Him go the ranks of — an - gels: Prin-ci - pa - li -
ties and — powers, six-winged Se - ra - phim veil their fa - ces,
Che - ru - bim their ma - ny — eyes, sing-ing: "Al - le - lu - ia,
al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Lord most — high."