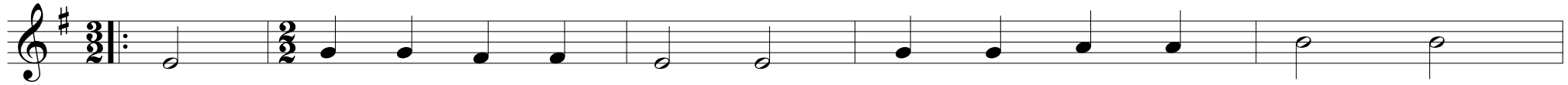


# Noye's Fludde

## Opening Hymn

Benjamin Britten



*Lord Je - sus, think on me, And purge a - way my sin; From  
Lord Je - sus think on me, Nor let me go a - stray; Through  
Lord Je - sus think on me, When flows the tem - pest high: When  
Lord Je - sus, think on me, That, when the flood is past, I*



*earth - born pas - sions set me free, And make me pure with - in  
dark - ness and per - ple - xi - ty Point thou the heaven - ly way  
on doth rush the e - ne - my O Sa - viour, be thou nigh.  
may e - ter - nal bright-ness see, And share thy joy at last.*

## Hymn 2

*O Sa - viour, whose al - migh - ty word The winds and waves sub - mis - sive heard, Who  
O Sa - cred Spi - rit, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os dark and rude, Who*

5  
*walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, And calm a - midst its rage didst sleep; O  
badst its an - gry tu - mult cease, And gav - est light and life and peace: O*

9  
*hear us when we cry to thee For those in pe - ril on the sea.  
hear us when we cry to thee For those in pe - ril on the sea.*

## Hymne 3



*What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round the dark ter -  
In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a  
rest - rial ball, What though nor re - al voice nor sound A - mid their ra - dant orbs be found.  
glo - rious voice; For - e - ver sing - ing as they shine, 'The hand that made us is Di - vine'*