

Creator, God: A Paraphrase of the Song of Simeon

1. Cre - a - tor, God, my gov - er - nor, my guide, you
 2. I've been your ser - vant; still I serve and will, from
 3. You send me forth, each vow and pro - mise kept, ac -
 4. You've brought sal - va - tion clear, de - live - rance sure, to

give me leave at last to go to that great space where
 birth un - til all ag - es end, and then, in peace and
 cor - ding to the pro - phets' word. My eyes, which searched so
 eve - ry na - tion, set - tled, wild, for Is - rael's glo - ry -

e - ven stars do hide, their fire in your more bril - liant glow.
 love, will I serve still, nor cease when time it - self you rend.
 long, so oft - en wept, are o - pened now in joy as - sured.
 hope of rich and poor - is God, em - bo - died in a child.

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adapted from DRESDEN, J.S. Bach, (*E.H.* 515)
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