Holy, Holy, Holy Cry

Words by Genevieve Glen, OSB
Music by Rick Modlin

INTRO (q = ca. 128)

D          Gadd9           Em7  Asus4  A          D          Gadd9           Em7  Asus4  A

VERSES

Em7

1. The Lamb__ of God__ stands on the height__
2. In bit - ter sac - ri - fice once slain,___
3. To him__ now let__ our prayers a - rise__
4. While heav - ens’ prais - es hail his worth,___

Bm7          Cadd9           Gadd9

1. a - mong__ the glori - ous clouds of light,___
2. he lives__ in tri - umph there to reign___
3. in clouds__ of in - cense to the skies,___
4. he catch - es up___ the prayers of earth___

Em7          D/F#           Gadd9

1. a - bove__ the cit - y paved in gold___
2. a - mong__ the saints__ clad all in white___
3. from cen - ser borne__ by an - gel hands,___
4. in wound - ed hands,___ till, count - less throng,___

Cadd9          G/B           Asus4

1. where death__ and dark - ness have no hold.___
2. in realms__ where day__ yields not to night.___
3. bright tongues__ of fire__ from far-flung lands.___
4. the sing - ers come__ to join the song.___

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And, “Holy, holy, holy” cry__

to you, our Lord Most High. “Holy, holy, holy” cry__
to you, our God Most High.

1-2

High.
3 BRIDGE

Soloist

Cadd9

To Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, Three

Gadd9/B

High.

C/G

and Spir - it, Three

Fmaj9

in One all - ho - ly Mys - ter - y.

C/E

Dm7

Am7

All

in One

F/C

Bbadd9

To Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, Three

Gm

all - ho - ly Mys - ter - y.

Gm/F

Em7

Asus4

A

D.S. al Coda

And,

CODA

D Gadd9

Em7

Asus4

A

D Gadd9

Em7

Asus4

A

High.

D Gadd9

Em7

Asus4

A
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY CRY

Verses

1. The Lamb of God stands on the height.
2. In bitter sacrifice once slain,
3. To him now let our prayers arise.
4. While heavens’ praises hail his worth,

1. among the glorious clouds of light,
2. he lives in triumph there to reign,
3. in clouds of incense to the skies,
4. he catches up the prayers of earth,

1. above the city paved in gold
2. among the saints clad all in white
3. from censer borne by angel hands,
4. in wounded hands, till, countless throng,

1. where death and darkness have no hold.
2. in realms where day yields not to night.
3. bright tongues of fire from far-flung lands.
4. the singers come to join the song.

And, “Holy, holy, holy” cry to you,


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