

First hymn:

Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to thee we raise,
manifested by the star
to the sages from afar;
branch of royal David's stem
in thy birth at Bethlehem:
anthems be to thee address,
God in man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream,
prophet, priest, and King supreme;
and at Cana wedding-guest
in thy Godhead manifest;
manifest in power divine,
changing water into wine:
anthems be to thee address,
God in man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
palsied limbs and fainting soul;
manifest in valiant fight,
quelling all the devil's might;
manifest in gracious will,
ever bringing good from ill:
anthems be to thee address,
God in man made manifest.

Grant us grace to see thee, Lord,
mirrored in thy holy word;
may we imitate thee now,
and be pure, as pure art thou;
that we like to thee may be
at thy great Epiphany;
and may praise thee, ever blest,
God in man made manifest.

*Christopher Wordsworth 1807-85
Edmund*

Tune: St

The Choir sing verses from Psalm 36— we all sign the response

How precious is your loving mercy, O God

Offertory hymn:

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
thy justice like mountains high soaring above

thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life thou givest - to both great and small;
in all life thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
and wither and perish - but nought changeth thee.
Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
all laud we would render: O help us to see
'tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

W.C. Smith (1824-1908)

Music: St Deino

Communion Hymn

Bless the Lord my soul, and bless God's holy name.
Bless the Lord my soul, he leads me into life.

Taize

Final Hymn

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,

And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation

And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!

Then shall I bow in humble adoration

And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

Words from the Russian

Music: How Great thou art

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