

First hymn

At the name of Jesus
every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him
king of glory now;
'tis the Father's pleasure
we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty word.

At his voice creation
sprang at once to sight,
all the angel faces,
all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations,
stars upon their way,
all the heavenly orders,
in their great array.

Humbled for a season,
to receive a name
from the lips of sinners
unto whom he came,
faithfully he bore it
spotless to the last,
brought it back victorious,
when from death he passed:

Bore it up triumphant
with its human light,
through all ranks of creatures,
to the central height,
to the throne of Godhead,
to the Father's breast;
filled it with the glory
of that perfect rest.

In your hearts enthrone him;
there let him subdue
all that is not holy,
all that is not true:
he is God the Saviour,
he is Christ the Lord,
ever to be worshipped,
trusted, and adored.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
shall return again,
with his Father's glory,
with his angel train;
for all wreaths of empire
meet upon his brow,
and our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

Caroline Noel 1817-77 Tune: Evelyns

The Choir sing Psalm 68 - we all sing the response

Our God is a God of salvation

Offertory hymn

Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendour,
first-begotten from the dead,
thou alone, our strong defender,
liftest up thy people's head.

Alleluia, alleluia,

Jesu, true and living Bread!

Here our humblest homage pay we;
here in loving reverence bow;
here for Faith's discernment pray we,
lest we fail to know thee now.

Alleluia, alleluia,

thou art here, we ask not how.

Though the lowliest form doth veil thee
as of old in Bethlehem,
here as there thine angels hail thee,
Branch and Flower of Jesse's stem.

Alleluia, alleluia,

we in worship join with them.

Paschal Lamb, thine Offering, finished
once for all when thou wast slain,
in its fullness undiminished
shall for evermore remain,
Alleluia, alleluia,
cleansing souls from every stain.

Life-imparting heavenly Manna,
stricken Rock with streaming side,
heaven and earth with loud hosanna
worship thee, the Lamb who died,
Alleluia, alleluia,
risen, ascended, glorified!

G.H. Bourne (1840-1925) Music: St Helen

Communion Hymn

I cannot tell why he, whom angels worship,
should set his love upon the sons of men,
or why, as Shepherd, he should seek the wanderers,
to bring them back, they know not how or when.

But this I know, that he was born of Mary,
when Bethlehem's manger was his only home,
and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.

I cannot tell how silently he suffered,
as with his peace he graced this place of tears,
or how his heart upon the cross was broken,
the crown of pain to three-and-thirty years.
But this I know, he heals the broken-hearted,
and stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,
and lifts the burden from the heavy-laden,
for yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell how he will win the nations,
how he will claim his earthly heritage,
how satisfy the needs and aspirations
of east and west, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see his glory,
and he shall reap the harvest he has sown,
and some glad day his sun shall shine in splendour,
when he the Saviour, Saviour of the world is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
when, at his bidding, every storm is stilled,
or who can say how great the jubilation
when all the hearts of men with love are filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad, myriad human voices sing,
and earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, will answer:
“At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!”

W. Y. Fullerton 1857-1932

Tune Londonderry Air

Final Hymn

Christ triumphant, ever reigning,
Saviour, Master, King,
Lord of heaven, our lives sustaining,
hear us as we sing:

*Yours the glory and the crown,
the high renown, th'eternal name.*

Word incarnate, truth revealing,
Son of Man on earth!
Power and majesty concealing
by your humble birth:

Suff'ring servant, scorned, ill-treated,
Victim crucified!
Death is through the cross defeated,
sinners justified:

Priestly King, enthroned for ever
high in heaven above!
Sin and death and hell shall never
stifle hymns of love:

So, our hearts and voices raising
through the ages long,
ceaselessly upon you gazing
this shall be our song:

award (b.1932)

Tune: Guiting Power

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