

First hymn:

O worship the King all glorious above;
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
our shield and defender, the ancient of days,
pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
his chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
almighty, thy power hath founded of old;
hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
and round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust and feeble as frail,
in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!
Our maker, defender, Redeemer, and friend.

O measureless might, ineffable love,
while angels delight to hymn thee above,
thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,
with true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

Tune Hanover

Robert Grant 1779 – 1838

Psalm

After the first reading we remain seated as the Choir sings from Psalm 139 in 4 sections, this response is used:

How wonderful are your works, O Lord

Offertory 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

Communion Hymn

All hail the power of Jesu's name;
let angels prostrate fall;
bring forth the royal diadem
to crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
who from his altar call;
praise him whose way of pain ye trod,
and crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
ye ransomed of the fall,
hail him who saves you by his grace,
and crown him Lord of all.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
whom David Lord did call;
the God incarnate, man divine,
and crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
the wormwood and the gall,
go spread your trophies at his feet,
and crown him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
to him their hearts enthral,
lift high the universal song
and crown him Lord of all.

Final Hymn

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard my people's cry,
all who dwell in dark and sin
my hand will save.
I who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright,
who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord, is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night,
I will go, Lord, if you lead me,
I will hold your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them,
they turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my word to them:
whom shall I send?

Refrain

I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will send the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them.
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them:
whom shall I send?

Refrain.

D.L. Schutte, SJ (1981) Arranged by Michael Pope