



The Parish of St Mary Portsea

Hymns for Mass on Wednesday in Holy Week

Hymn I – Introit Hymn

Praise to the holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! That flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
And essence all-divine.

O generous love! That he, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

Hymn 2 – Preparation of the Table

My God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love thee not
Are lost eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself - and all for me
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not from the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself has loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

So would I love thee, dearest Lord,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my most loving King.

17th Century Latin Tr: Edward Caswall 1814-78

Tune: SOLOMON

Hymn 3 – Final Hymn

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present

Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,

And
raiment

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fit provide.

Till all our wanderings cease,

And at our Father's loved abode

○ spread thy covering wings around,

Our souls arrive in peace.

Philip Doddridge 1702-51

Tune: TALLIS'S ORDINAL