

## First hymn:

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;  
holy, holy, holy,! merciful and mighty!  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,  
casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,  
which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,  
though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,  
only thou art holy, there is none beside thee  
perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty!  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea;  
holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

*Reginald Heber 1783-1826*

*Tune: Nicaea*

## Psalm

*We remain seated as the Choir sings Psalm 29 in 6 verses. The congregation join in the response:*

May the Lord bless his people, bless his people with peace

*The Gospel acclamation is:*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,  
The God who is, who was, and who is to come.

## Offertory hymn:

The God of Abraham praise  
who reigns enthroned above,

ancient of everlasting days,  
and God of love:  
to him uplift your voice,  
at whose supreme command  
from earth we rise and seek the joys  
at his right hand.

There dwells the Lord our King,  
the Lord our righteousness,  
triumphant o'er the world of sin,  
the Prince of peace:  
on Sion's sacred height  
his kingdom he maintains,  
and glorious with his saints in light  
for ever reigns.

Before the great three-one  
they all exulting stand,  
and tell the wonders he hath done  
through all their land:  
the listening spheres attend,  
and swell the growing fame,  
and sing in songs which never end  
the wondrous name.

The God who reigns on high  
the great archangels sing,  
and 'Holy, holy, holy,' cry,  
'almighty King!  
who was, and is the same,  
and evermore shall be:  
Eternal, Father, great I AM,  
we worship thee.'

The whole triumphant host  
give thanks to God on high;  
'hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'  
they ever cry;  
hail! Abraham's God, and mine!  
(I join the heavenly lays)  
all might and majesty are thine,  
and endless praise.

*Thomas Olivers 1725-99*

*Tune: Leoni*

*At Communion if you wish to receive from the chalice – the common cup – please come to the front centre. If you would rather have the host intincted in the wine by the Priest, please come to the Lady Chapel (by ramp).*

## **Communion Hymn**

How shall I sing that majesty  
which angels do admire?  
Let dust in dust and silence lie;  
sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.  
Thousands of thousands stand around  
thy throne, O God most high;  
ten thousand times ten thousand sound  
thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,  
whilst I thy footsteps trace;  
a sound of God comes to my ears,  
but they behold thy face.  
They sing because thou are their Sun;  
Lord, send a beam on me;  
for where heaven is but once begun  
there alleluias be.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,

in flame it with love's fire;  
then shall I sing and bear a part  
with that celestial choir.  
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,  
with all my fire and light;  
yet when thou dost accept their gold,  
Lord, treasure up my mite.

How great a being, Lord, is thine,  
which doth all beings keep!  
Thy knowledge is the only line  
to sound so vast a deep.  
Thou art a sea without a shore,  
a sun without a sphere;  
thy time is now and evermore,  
thy place is everywhere.

*J. Mason (c1645-1694)*

*Music: Coe Fen*

## **Final Hymn**

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us  
o'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
for we have no help but thee;  
yet possessing every blessing,  
if our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us:  
all our weakness thou dost know;  
thou didst tread this earth before us,  
thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
self denying, death defying,

thou to Calvary didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,  
fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
love with every passion blending,  
pleasure that can never cloy:  
thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
nothing can our peace destroy.

*James Edmeston 1791 – 1867    Tune Mannheim*

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