

First hymn

Ye who own the faith of Jesus
sing the wonders that were done,
when the love of God the Father
o'er our sin the victory won,
when he made the virgin Mary
mother of his only Son.
Hail Mary, full of grace.

Blessed were the chosen people
out of whom the Lord did come,
blessed was the land of promise
fashioned for his earthly home;
but more blessed far the mother
she who bore him in her womb.

Wherefore let all faithful people
tell the honour of her name,
let the Church in her foreshadowed
part in her thanksgiving claim;
what Christ's mother sang in gladness
let Christ's people sing the same.

Let us weave our supplications,
she with us and we with her,
for the advancement of the faithful,
for each faithful worshipper,
for the doubting, for the sinful,
for each heedless wanderer.

May the mother's intercessions
on our homes a blessing win,
that the children all be prospered,
strong and fair and pure within,
following our Lord's own footsteps,
firm in faith and free from sin.

For the sick and for the aged,
for our dear ones far away,
for the hearts that mourn in secret,
all who need our prayers today,
for the faithful gone before us,
may the holy virgin pray.

Praise, O Mary, praise the Father,
praise thy Saviour and thy Son,
praise the everlasting Spirit,
who hath made thee ark and throne;
o'er all creatures high exalted,
lowly praise the three in one.

V.S. Stuckey Coles 1845-1929 Tune: Daily Daily

After the Reading please stand for the Gospel acclamation

Choir Sing Praises all you people, sing praises to the Lord
Sing praises all you people, sing praises to the Lord.

***All sing* Sing Praises all you people, sing praises to the Lord
Sing praises all you people, sing praises to the Lord.**

The Word was made flesh, he lived among us, and we saw his
glory

**Sing Praises all you people, sing praises to the Lord
Sing praises all you people, sing praises to the Lord.**

Second hymn:

Sing we of the blessed Mother
who received the angel's word,
and, obedient to his summons
bore in love the infant Lord;
sing we of the joys of Mary
at whose breast the child was fed
who is Son of God eternal
and the everlasting Bread.

Sing we, too, of Mary's sorrows,
of the sword that pierced her through,
when beneath the cross of Jesus
she his weight of suffering knew,
looked upon her Son and Saviour
reigning high on Calv'ry's tree,
saw the price of man's redemption
paid to set the sinner free.

Sing again the joys of Mary
when she saw the Risen Lord,
and in prayer with Christ's apostles,
waited on his promised word:
from on high the blazing glory

of the Spirit's presence came,
heavenly breath of God's own being
manifest through wind and flame.

Sing the chiefest joy of Mary
when on earth her work was done,
and the Lord of all creation
brought her to his heavenly throne:
Virgin Mother, Mary blessed,
raised on high and crowned with grace,
may your Son, the world's redeemer,
grant us all to see his face.

G.B. Timms (b.1910) Music: Abbot's Leigh

Communion Hymn

Her Virgin eyes saw God incarnate born,
when she to Bethl'em came that happy morn:
how high her raptures then began to swell,
none but her own omniscient Son can tell.

As Eve, when she her fontal sin reviewed,
wept for herself and all she should include,
blest Mary, with man's Saviour in embrace,
joyed for herself and for all human race.

All saints are by her Son's dear influence blest;
she kept the very fountain at her breast:
the Son adored and nursed by the sweet maid
a thousandfold of love for love repaid.

Heaven with transcendent joys her entrance graced,

near to his throne her Son his mother placed;
and here below, now she's of heaven possest,
all generations are to call her blest.

Bishop Thomas Ken 1637-1711

Music: Farley Castle

Final Hymn

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord:
unnumbered blessings give my Spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of his word:
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name:
make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;
his mercy sure, from age to age the same;
his holy name, the Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might:
powers and dominions lay their glory by;
proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word:
firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore.

T. Dudley-Smith (b 1926)

Tune: Woodlands

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