

The First Sunday after Trinity

June 19, 2022

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **385** Love divine, all loves excelling

Hyfrodol

1. Love divine, all loves excelling, / Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling, / All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion, / Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation, / Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
2. Come, almighty to deliver, / Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never, / Nevermore thy temples leave.
Thee we would be alway blessing, / Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, / Glory in thy perfect love.
3. Finish then thy new creation; / Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation / Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory, / Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee, / Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Text: Charles Wesley, 1747. Tune: Rowland Hughe Prichard, ca. 1830.

SEQUENCE HYMN **594** Lord of Glory, who hast bought us

Jefferson

1. Lord of Glory, who hast bought us / With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones / That tremendous sacrifice,
And with that hast freely given / Blessings countless as the sand
To th'unthankful and the evil / With thine own unsparing hand.
2. Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield thee / Gladly, freely, of thine own;
With the sunshine of thy goodness, / Melt our thankless hearts of stone,
Till our cold and selfish natures, / Warmed by thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed / 'Tis to give than to receive.
3. Wondrous honor hast thou given / To our humblest charity
In thine own mysterious sentence: / "Ye have done it unto me."
Can it be, O gracious Master, / Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by thy poor and needy, / "Give as I have given you"?
4. Lord of Glory, who hast bought us / With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones / That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith to trust thee boldly, / Hope to stay our souls on thee;
But, oh! best of all thy graces, / Give us thine own charity.

Text: Eliza S. Alderson, 1864. Tune: *The Southern Harmony*, 1838; arr. © Andrew Dittman, 2015.

COMMUNION HYMNS

535 I need thee ev'ry hour

Need

1. I need thee ev'ry hour, / Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine / Can peace afford.

Refrain: I need thee, O I need thee, Ev'ry hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to thee

2. I need thee ev'ry hour; / Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power / When thou art nigh. *Refrain.*

3. I need thee ev'ry hour, / In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, / Or life is vain. *Refrain.*

4. I need thee ev'ry hour; / Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises / In me fulfil. *Refrain.* Amen.

Text: Annie S. Hawks, 1872. Tune: Robert Lowry, 1872.

427 Jesus, name all names above

Werde Munter

1. Jesus, name all names above, / Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, fount of perfect love, / Holiest, tenderest, nearest,
Thou the source of grace completest, / Thou the purest, thou the sweetest,
Thou the well of pow'r divine, / Make me, keep me, seal me thine!

2. Jesus, crowned with bitter thorn, / By mankind forsaken,
Jesus, who thro' scourge and scorn / Held thy faith unshaken,
Jesus, clad in purple raiment, / For man's failure making payment,
Let not all thy woe and pain, / Let not Calv'ry be in vain!

3. Jesus, open me the gate / That of old he entered,
Who, in that most lost estate, / Wholly on thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading, / And thy passion interceding,
From my weakness let me rise / To a home in paradise!

Text: Theoktistos, ca. 890; tr. John Mason Neale, alt. Tune: Johann Schop, 1642; arr. Alastair Cassels-Brown, 1974.

422 O love, how deep, how broad, how high

Deus tuorum militum

1. O love, how deep, how broad, how high, / How passing thought and fantasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take / Our mortal form for mortals' sake.
2. For us baptized, for us he bore / His holy fast, and hunger'd sore;
For us temptations sharp he knew; / For us the tempter overthrew.

3. For us he prayed, for us he taught, / For us his daily works he wrought,
By words and signs and actions, thus / Still seeking not himself, but us.
4. For us to wicked men betrayed, / Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death; / For us gave up his dying breath.
5. For us he rose from death again, / For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here / To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.
6. All glory to our Lord and God / For love so deep, so high, so broad;
The Trinity whom we adore / For ever and for evermore.

Text: Latin, 15th cent.; *tr.* Benjamin Webb, alt. Tune: *Grenoble Antiphoner*, 1753.

ABLUTION HYMN **565** Amazing grace!

Amazing Grace

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, / That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, / Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, / And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear / The hour I first believed!
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares, / I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, / And grace will lead me home.
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, / Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise / Than when we'd first begun.

Text: John Newton, 1779. Tune: American melody; arr. © Christopher Hoyt, 2014.

RECESSIONAL HYMN **446** How firm a foundation

Foundation

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, / Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said, / To you that for refuge to Jesus have fled?
2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed! / For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand / Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, / The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, / And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, / My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design / Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
5. "The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose, / I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake, / I'll never, no never, no, never forsake."

Text: Rippon's *Selection of Hymns*, 1787, alt. Tune: American Melody.