

The Fourth Sunday after Trinity

July 10, 2022

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **349** Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

Praise to the Lord

1. Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul praise him, for he is thy health and salvation:
Join the great throng, / Psaltery, organ and song,
Sounding in glad adoration.
2. Praise to the Lord; over all things he gloriously reigneth:
Borne as on eagle wings, safely his saints he sustaineth.
Hast thou not seen / How all thou needest hath been
Granted in what he ordaineth?
3. Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy way and defend thee;
Surely his goodness and mercy shall ever attend thee;
Ponder anew / What the Almighty can do,
Who with his love doth befriend thee.
4. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath breath join with Abraham's seed to adore him!
Let the "Amen" / Sum all our praises again
Now as we worship before him. Amen.

Text: Joachim Neander, 1680; tr. from Catherine Winkworth; based on Psalms 103 and 150.
Tune: *Stralsund Gesangbuch*, 1665; arr. *The Chorale Book for England*, 1863.

SEQUENCE HYMN **599** Before thy throne, O God, we kneel

St. Petersburg

1. Before thy throne, O God, we kneel; / Give us a conscience quick to feel,
A ready mind to understand / The meaning of thy chast'ning hand;
Whate'er the pain and shame may be, / Bring us, O Father, nearer thee.
2. Search out our hearts and make us true, / Wishful to give to all their due;
From love of pleasure, lust of gold, / From sins which make the heart grow cold,
Wean us and train us with thy rod; / Teach us to know our faults, O God.
3. For sins of heedless word and deed, / For pride ambitious to succeed,
For crafty trade and subtle snare / To catch the simple unaware,
For lives bereft of purpose high, / Forgive, forgive, O Lord, we cry.
4. Let the fierce fires which burn and try, / Our inmost spirits purify,
Consume the ill; purge out the shame; / O God, be with us in the flame;
A newborn people may we rise, / More pure, more true, more nobly wise.

Text: William Boyd Carpenter, 1841-1918. Tune: From Dmitri S. Bortniansky, 1825.

COMMUNION HYMNS

401 When I survey the wondrous cross

Rockingham

1. When I survey the wondrous cross / Where the young Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss, / And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, / Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most, / I sacrifice them to his blood.
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, / Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, / Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, / That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine, / Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707; Music: Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790.

272 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face

Penitential

1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; / Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace, / And all my weariness upon thee lean.
2. Here would I feed upon the Bread of God; / Here drink with thee the royal Wine of heav'n;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load, / Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiv'n.
3. I have no help but thine; nor do I need / Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed; / My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.
4. Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness; / Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing Blood.
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace; / Thy Blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God. Amen.

Text: Horatius Bonar, 1855. Tune: Edward Dearle, 1880.

294 For the bread which thou hast broken

omne die

1. For the bread which thou hast broken, / For the wine which thou hast poured,
For the words which thou hast spoken, / Now we give thee thanks, O Lord.
2. By this pledge that thou dost love us, / By thy gift of peace restored,
By the call to heav'n above us, / Hallow all our lives, O Lord.
3. With our sainted ones in glory / Seated at our Father's board,
May the Church that waiteth for thee / Keep love's tie unbroken, Lord.
4. In thy service, Lord, defend us; / In our hearts keep watch and ward;
In the world where thou dost send us / Let thy kingdom come, O Lord.

Text: Louis Fitzferald Benson, 1925. Tune: Corner's *Gesangbuch*, 1631.

ABLUTION HYMN **459** The King of love my shepherd is

St. Columba

1. The King of love my shepherd is, / Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his, / And he is mine for ever.
2. Where streams of living water flow, / My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow, / With food celestial feedeth.
3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, / But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid, / And home, rejoicing, brought me.
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill / With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still, / Thy cross before to guide me.
5. Thou spread'st a table in my sight; / Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight / From thy pure chalice floweth!
6. And so through all the length of days / Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise / Within thy house forever.

Text: Henry Williams Baker, 1868, alt; based on Psalm 23. Tune: Irish melody.

RECESSIONAL HYMN **566** Rejoice, ye pure in heart!

Marion

1. Rejoice, ye pure in heart! / Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
The glorious banner wave on high, / The cross of Christ your King.
Refrain: Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
2. 'Bright youth and snow-crowned age, / Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exultant song; / God's wondrous praises speak. *Refrain*
3. With all the angel choirs, / With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, / True rapture, noblest mirth. *Refrain*
4. Your clear hosannas raise, / And alleluias loud,
While answ'ring echoes upward float, / Like wreathes of incense cloud. *Refrain*
5. Yes, on through life's long path, / Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day, / In gladness and in woe. *Refrain*
6. At last the march shall end; / The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house, / Jerusalem the blest. *Refrain*

Text: Edward Hyes Plumptre, 1865. Tune: Arthur H. Messiter, 1883.