

The Fifth Sunday after Trinity

July 17, 2022

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **623** Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

Duke Street

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun / Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, / Till moons shall wax and wane no more
2. To him shall endless prayer be made, / And praises throng to crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise / With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of ev'ry tongue / Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim / Their early blessings on his Name.
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns; / The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest, / And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise and bring / Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again, / And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1719; based on Psalm 72. Tune: John Hatton, 1793.

SERMON HYMN **516** Come, labor on

Ora Labora

1. Come, labor on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain, / While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say, / "Go work today."
2. Come, labor on!
The enemy is watching night and day, / To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot, / He slumber'd not
3. Come, labor on!
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear! / No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents may our God fulfil / His righteous will.
4. Come, labor on!
Claim the high calling angels cannot share— / To young and old the gospel gladness bear:
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly. / The night draws nigh.
5. Come, labor on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky, / Till the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun, / "Servants, well done."

Text: Jane Borthwick, 1859, alt. Tune: T. Tertius Noble, 1918.

1. He who would valiant be / 'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy / Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement / Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent / To be a pilgrim.
2. Whoso beset him round / With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound; / His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might, / Though he with giants fight;
He will make good his right / To be a pilgrim.
3. Since, Lord, thou dost defend / Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end / Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away! / I'll fear not what men say;
I'll labor night and day / To be a pilgrim.

Text: John Bunyan, 1648, alt. Tune: Winfred Douglas, 1917.