

The Ninth Sunday after Trinity

August 14, 2022

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **365** Be thou my vision

Slane

1. Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart; / Naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
Thou art my best thought in the day or the night; / Waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.
2. Be thou my wisdom, and thou my true word, / I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord,
Thou my great Father, and I thy true son, / Thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.
3. Be thou my battle-shield, sword for my fight; / Be thou my dignity, thou my delight,
Thou my soul's shelter, and thou my high tow'r; / Raise thou me heav'nward, O pow'r of my pow'r.
4. Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise, / Thou mine inheritance, now and always,
Thou and thou only, the first in my heart; / High King of heaven, my treasure thou art.
5. High King of heaven, my victory won, / May I reach heaven's joys, heaven's bright Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall, / Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Text: anonymous; tr. Eleanor Hull; vers. Mary E. Byrne, alt. Tune: Irish melody; arr. © Christopher Hoyt, 2016.

SEQUENCE HYMN **604** Lord, when we bend before thy throne

Martyrdom

1. Lord, when we bend before thy throne, / And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own, / And hate what we deplore.
2. Our broken spirits, pitying, see; / True penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from thee / Beam hope upon the heart.
3. When we disclose our wants in pray'r, / May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share / That is not wholly thine.
4. Let faith each weak petition fill, / And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still / That grants it, or denies.

Text: Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1802. Tune: Hugh Wilson, ca. 1800; arr. Robert Smith, 1825, alt.

COMMUNION HYMNS

271 Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs

Morecambe

1. Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs / With trembling hand that from thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes / To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

2. I am not worthy to be thought thy child, / Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wand'rer and too oft beguiled, / I only ask one reconciling word.
3. I hear thy voice; thou bidd'st me come and rest; / I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierced feet;
Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest / Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.
4. My praise can only breathe itself in pray'r; / My pray'r can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou forever in my heart, and there, / Lord, let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

Text: Edward H. Bickersteth, 1872. Tune: Frederick C. Atkinson, 1870.

291 Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness

Schmicke Dich

1. Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness, / Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness;
Come into the daylight's splendor, / There, with joy thy praises render
Unto him whose grace unbounded / Hath this wondrous banquet founded;
High o'er all the heav'ns he reigneth, / Yet to dwell with thee he deigneth.
2. Sun, who all my life dost brighten; / Light, who dost my soul enlighten;
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth; / Fount, whence all my being floweth:
At thy feet I cry, my Maker, / Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven, / For our good, thy glory, given.
3. Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray thee, / Let me gladly here obey thee;
Never to my hurt invited, / Be thy love with love requited;
From this banquet let me measure, / Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
Through the gifts thou here dost give me, / As thy guest in heav'n receive me.

Text: Johann Franck, 1649; tr. Catherine Winkworth. Tune: Johann Crüger, 1649.

HYMN 290 And now, O Father, mindful of thy love

Unde et memores

1. And now, O Father, mindful of the love / That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's tree,
And having with us him that pleads above, / We here present, we here spread forth to thee,
That only off'ring perfect in thine eyes, / The one true, pure, immortal sacrifice.
2. Look, Father, look on his anointed face, / And only look on us as found in him;
Look not on our misusings of thy grace, / Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim.
For lo! between our sins and their reward, / We set the passion of thy Son our Lord.
3. And then for those, our dearest and our best, / By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to thy mercy's breast! / O do thine utmost for their souls' true weal!
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear, / And crown thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4. And so we come; O draw us to thy feet, / Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still!
And by this food, so awful and so sweet, / Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In thine own service make us glad and free, / And grant us nevermore to part with thee.

Text: William Bright, 1874, Tune: William H. Monk, 1875.

ABLUTION HYMN **413** My song is love unknown

Love Unknown

1. My song is love unknown, / My Savior's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown, / That they might lovely be.
O who am I, / That for my sake /
The Lord should take / Frail flesh and die?
2. Christ came from heaven's throne / Salvation to be stow,
But men made strange, and none / The longed-for Christ would know.
But O my Friend, / My Friend indeed,
Who at my need / His life did spend!
3. Sometimes they strew his way, / And his sweet praises sing,
Resounding loud hosannas to their Lord and King.
Then "Crucify!" / Is all their breath,
And for his death / They thirst and cry.
4. They rise and needs will have / My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save, / The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet steadfast he / To suffering goes,
That he his foes / From thence might free.
5. In life no house, no home, / My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb / But what a stranger gave.
What may I say? / Heav'n was his home,
And mine the tomb / Wherein he lay.
6. Here might I stay and sing, / No story so divine:
Never was love, dear King, / Never was grief like thine.
This is my Friend, / In whose sweet praise
I all my days would gladly spend.

Text: Samuel Corssman. 1664, alt. Tune: John Ireland, 1918.

1. 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 Savior shall my heart rejoice.
2. 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.
3. Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might! / Pow'rs and dominions lay their glory by.
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight, / The hungry fed, the humble lifted high.
4. Tell out, my soul, the greatness 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 forever more!

Text: Timothy Dudley-Smith, 1961; based on the *Magnificat* (Luke 1:46-55). © 1962, ren. 1990, Hope Publishing Company.

Tune: Walter Greatorex, 1919.