

Second Sunday in Lent
March 16, 2025

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 **284** Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed

Petra

1. Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, / For thou art our food indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed / With this true and living Bread,
Day by day with strength supplied / Thro' the life of Christ who died.
2. Vine of heav'n, thy love supplies / This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis thy wounds our healing give; / To thy cross we look and live;
Thou our life! O let us be / Rooted, grafted, built in thee.

Text: Josiah Conder, 1824, alt. Tune: Richard Redhead, 1853.

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.

436 I heard the voice of Jesus say

Kingsfold

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, / "Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down / Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was: / Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting place, / And he has made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, / "Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one, / Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank / Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, / And now I live in him.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, / "I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise, / And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found / In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk / Till trav'ling days are done.

Text: Horatius Bonar, 1846. Tune: English Melody, arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906.

296 Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless

St. Agnes

1. Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless, / Thy chosen pilgrim flock
With manna in the wilderness, / With water from the rock.
2. We would not live by bread alone, / But by thy word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on, / To our abiding place.
3. Be known to us in breaking bread, / But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread / Thy table in our heart.
4. Lord, sup with us in love divine; / Thy Body and thy Blood,
That living bread, that heav'nly wine, / Be our immortal food.

Text: James Montgomery, 1825, alt. Tune: John B. Dykes, 1866.



1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want. He makes me
 2. And I will trust in You a - lone. And I will
 — 3. He guides my ways in right-eous - ness, and He a -
 4. And I will trust in You a - lone. And I will
 5. And though I walk the dark - est path, I will not
 6. And I will trust in You a - lone. And I will



lie in pas - tures green. He leads me by the still, still
 trust in You a - lone. for Your end - less mer - cy
 — points my head with oil; and my cup, it o - ver -
 trust in You a - lone, for Your end - less mer - cy
 fear the e - vil one, for You are with me, and Your
 trust in You al - lone, for Your end - less mer - cy



wa - ters, His good-ness re-stores my soul.
 fol - lows me, Your good-ness will lead me home.
 flows with joy. I feast on His pure de - lights.
 fol - lows me, Your good-ness will lead me home.
 rod and staff are the com - fort I need to know.
 fol - lows me, Your good-ness will lead me home.

Refrain Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim,
Till all the world adore his sacred name.

1. Led on their way by this triumphant sign,
The hosts of God in con'quering ranks combine. *Repeat Refrain*

2. Each newborn soldier of the Crucified
Bears on his brow the seal of him who died. *Repeat Refrain*

3. O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,
As thou hast promised, draw all men to thee. *Repeat Refrain*

4. So shall our song of triumph ever be:
"Praise to the Crucified for victory!" *Repeat Refrain*

Text: George William Kitchin, 1887, alt. Tune: Sydney Hugo Nicholson, 1916.