

Thursday before Easter
commonly called Maundy Thursday
March 28, 2024

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **406** What wondrous love is this

Wondrous Love

1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul?
What wondrous love is this, O my soul?
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul;
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul?
2. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb who is the great I Am,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing;
While millions join the theme, I will sing.
3. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on;
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on!
And through eternity I'll sing on.

Alexander Means, 1801-1853; tune: *Southern Harmony*, American folk hymn, ca. 1835.

SEQUENCE HYMN **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.

COMMUNION HYMNS

Thou, who at thy first Eucharist didst pray

Sacramentum unitatis

1. Thou, who at thy first Eucharist didst pray / That all thy Church might be forever one,
Grant us at ev'ry Eucharist to say / With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."
O may we all one bread, one body be, / Thro' this blest sacrament of unity.
2. For all thy Church, O Lord, we intercede; / Make thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead, / By drawing all to thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one bread, one body be, / Thro' this blest sacrament of unity.
3. We pray thee too for wand'ers from thy fold; / O bring them back, good Shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the faith which saints believed of old, / Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one bread, one body be, / Thro' this blest sacrament of unity.
4. So, Lord, at length when sacraments shall cease, / May we be one with all thy Church above,
One with thy saints in one unbroken peace, / One with thy saints in one unbounded love;
More blessed still, in peace and love to be / One with the Trinity in Unity.

Words: William Harry Turton, 1881, Music: Charles H. Lloyd, 1885.

274 Come, risen Lord, and deign to be our guest

Edsall

1. Come, risen Lord, and deign to be our guest; / Nay, let us by thy guests; the feast is thine;
Thyself at thine own board make manifest. / In this our sacrament of bread and wine.
2. We meet as in that upper room they met; / Thou at the table, blessing, yet dost stand:
"This is my body"; so thou givest yet; / Faith still receives the cup as from thy hand.
3. One body we, one body who partake, / One Church united in communion blest;
One name we bear, one Bread of Life we break / With all thy saints on earth and saints at rest.
4. One with each other, Lord, for one in thee, / Who art one Savior and one living Head;
One name we bear, one Bread of Life we break / Be known to us in breaking of the bread.

Text: George Wallace Briggs, 1933. Tune: George Henry Day, 1940.

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.

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.

ABLUTION HYMN 288 Now, my tongue, the myst'ry telling

Pange Lingua

1. Now, my tongue, the myst'ry telling / Of the glorious Body sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling, / Which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
Once on earth among us dwelling, / Shed for this world's ransoming.
2. Giv'n for us, and condescending, / To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending / Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
Till he closed with wondrous ending / His most paitent life of woe.
3. That last night at supper lying / Mid the twelve, his chosen band,
Jesus, with the Law complying, / Keeps the feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious food supplying, / Gives himself with his own hand.
4. Word-made-flesh, true bread he maketh, / By his word his Flesh to be,
Wine his Blood; when man partaketh, / Though his senses fail to see,
Faith alone, when sight forsaketh, / Shows true hearts the mystery.

Text: Thomas Aquinas, 1263. Tune: plainsong, Roman Use; arr. from Winfred Douglas (1867-1944).