

***The Sunday called Septuagesima  
or the Third Sunday before Lent  
January 28, 2024***

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **333** I bind unto myself today

*St. Patrick's Breastplate*

1. I bind unto myself today / The strong Name of the Trinity,  
By invocation of the same, The Three in One, and One in Three.
2. I bind this day to me forever, / By power of faith, Christ's Incarnation;  
His baptism in the Jordan River; / His death on cross for my salvation;  
His bursting from the spiced tomb; / His riding up the heav'nly way;  
His coming at the day of doom: / I bind unto myself today.
3. I bind unto myself the power / Of the great love of cherubim;  
The sweet "Well done" in judgment hour; / The service of the seraphim;  
Confessors' faith, apostles' word, / The patriarchs' prayers, the prophets' scrolls;  
All good deeds done unto the Lord, / And purity of virgin souls.
4. I bind unto myself today, / The virtues of the starlit heav'n;  
The glorious sun's life-giving ray, / The whiteness of the moon at even,  
The flashing of the lightning free, / The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,  
The stable earth, the deep salt sea, / Around the old eternal rocks.
5. I bind unto myself today, / The power of God to hold and lead,  
His eye to watch, his might to stay; / His ear to hearken to my need;  
The wisdom of my God to teach, / His hand to guide, his shield to ward;  
The word of God to give me speech, / His heav'nly host to be my guard.
6. Christ be with me, Christ within me, Christ behind me, Christ before me,  
Christ beside me, Christ to win me, Christ to comfort and restore me,  
Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,  
Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.
7. I bind unto myself the Name, / The strong Name of the Trinity;  
By invocation of the same, / The Three in One, and One in Three.  
Of whom all nature hath creation; / Eternal Father, Spirit Word:  
Praise to the Lord of my salvation, / Salvation is of Christ the Lord. Amen.

Text: St. Patrick of Ireland, 5<sup>th</sup> century; tr. Cecil Frances Alexander, alt. Tune: Traditional Irish Melody; arr. © Andrew Dittman, 2014.

SEQUENCE HYMN **227** Awake, awake to love and work!

*Morning Song*

1. Awake, awake to love and work! / The lark is in the sky;  
The fields are wet with diamond dew; / The worlds awake to cry  
Their blessings on the Lord of life, / As he goes meekly by.
2. Come, let thy voice be one with theirs; / Shout with their shout of praise;  
See how the giant sun soars up, / Great lord of years and days!  
So let the love of Jesus come / And set thy soul ablaze.
3. To give and give, and give again / What God hath given thee,  
To spend thyself, nor count the cost, / To serve right gloriously  
The God who gave all worlds that are / And all that are to be.

Text: Geoffrey Studdert-Kennedy, 1921.

Tune: *The Union Harmony*, 1848; arr. Winfred Douglas, 1940, alt. Arr. © Church Publishing Incorporated.

COMMUNION HYMNS

**266** We come as guests invited

*Cronk Cullynn*

1. We come as guests invited / When Jesus bids us dine,  
His friends on earth united / To share the bread and wine;  
The bread of life is broken, / The wine is freely poured  
For us, in solemn token / Of Christ, our dying Lord.
2. We eat and drink, receiving / From Christ the grace we need,  
And in our hearts, believing / On him by faith, we feed;  
With wonder and thanksgiving / For love that knows no end,  
We find in Jesus living / Our ever-present friend.
3. One Bread is ours for sharing, / One single, fruitful Vine,  
Our fellowship declaring / Renewed in bread and wine:  
Renewed, sustained, and given / By token, sign, and word,  
The pledge and seal of heaven, / The love of Christ our Lord.

Text: Timothy Dudley-Smith. © 1984 Hope Publishing Company. Tune: H.J. Prior. © Three Legged Music, Ltd.

**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.

**601** Just as I am

*Woodworth*

1. Just as I am, without one plea, / But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, / O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
2. Just as I am, though tossed about / With many a conflict, many a doubt;  
 Fightings and fears within, without, / O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; / Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, / O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
4. Just as I am: thou wilt receive; / Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
 Because thy promise I believe, / O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
5. Just as I am, thy love unknown / Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, / O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
6. Just as I am, of thy great love / The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,  
 Here for a season, then above: / O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Text: Charlotte Elliott, 1836. Tune: William B. Bradbury, 1849.

**638** Lo! what a cloud of witnesses

*St. Flavian*

1. Lo! what a cloud of witnesses / Encompass us around!  
 Men once like us with suff'ring tried, / But now with glory crowned.
2. Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired, / Strive in the Christian race,  
 And, freed from ev'ry weight of sin, / Their holy footsteps trace.
3. Behold a Witness nobler still, / Who trod affliction's path:  
 Jesus, the author, finisher, / Rewarder of our faith.
4. He, for the joy before him set, / And moved by pitying love,  
 Endured the cross, despised the shame, / And now he reigns above.
5. Thither, forgetting things behind, / Press we to God's right hand;  
 There, with the Savior and his saints, / Triumphant to stand.

Text: *Scottish Paraphrase*, 1745, alt.; based on Hebrews 12:1-2. Tune: John Day's *Psalter*, 1562.

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.

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.