

The Tenth Sunday after Trinity

August 21, 2022

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **324** Come, thou almighty King

Moscow

1. Come, thou almighty King, / Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise. / Father whose love unknown
All things created own, / Build in our hearts thy throne,
Ancient of Days.
2. Come, thou Incarnate Word, / By heav'n and earth adored;
Our prayer attend: / Come, and thy people bless:
Come, give thy word success; / Stablish thy righteousness,
Saviour and friend.
3. Come, Holy Comforter, / Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour: / Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart, / And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.
4. To thee, great One in Three, / The highest praises be,
Hence evermore; / Thy sov'reign majesty,
May we in glory see, / And to eternity,
Love and adore.

Text: *Collections of Hymns for Social Worship*, 1757, alt. Tune: Felice De Giardini, 1769.

SEQUENCE HYMN **599** Before thy throne, O God, we kneel

St. Petersburg

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.

COMMUNION HYMNS

263 Let all mortal flesh keep silence

Picardy

1. Let all mortal flesh keep silence, / and with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly minded, / for with blessing in his hand;
Christ our God to earth descendeth, / our full homage to demand.
2. King of kings, yet born of Mary, / as of old on earth he stood,
Lord of lords in human vesture, / in the Body and the Blood
He will give to all the faithful / his own self for heav'nly food.
3. Rank on rank the host of heaven / spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth / from the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish / as the darkness clears away.
4. At his feet the six-winged seraph; / cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence, / as with ceaseless voice they cry,
“Alleluia, Alleluia, / Alleluia, Lord most high!”

Text: Liturgy of St. James, 5th century; para. Gerard Moultrie. Tune: French Melody, 17th century.

267 Victim Divine, thy grace we claim

Das Neugeborne Kindelein

1. Victim divine, thy grace we claim, / As here thy precious death we show;
Once offered up, a spotless Lamb, / In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all our kind atone, / And standest now before the throne.
2. Thou standest in the holiest place, / As once for guilty sinners slain;
Thy blood for sinners speaks and prays, / Redemption for the world to gain.
Thy blood shall still our ransom be, / The payment made to set us free.
3. We need not now go up to heav'n / To bring the long-sought Savior down;
Thou art to all already giv'n / And dost e'en now thy banquet crown.
To ev'ry faithful soul appear, / And show your very presence here.

Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788), alt. Tune: Melchoir Vulpius, 1609.

97 With broken heart and contrite sigh

Babylon's Streams

1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, / A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free: / O God, be merciful to me.
2. I smite upon my troubled breast, / With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and his cross my only plea: / O God, be merciful to me.
3. Far off I stand with tearful eyes, / Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see: / O God, be merciful to me.

4. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, / Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee: / O God, be merciful to me.
5. And when, redeemed from sin and hell, / With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be, / God has been merciful to me.

Text: Cornelius Elven, 1852, alt. Tune: Thomas Campian, 1613.

ABLUTION HYMN HYMN 616 Come ye sinners, poor and needy

Restoration

1. Come ye sinners, poor and needy, / Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you, / Full of pity, love, and pow'r.

Refrain: I will arise and go to Jesus; / He will embrace me with his arms;
In the arms of my dear Savior, / O there are ten thousand charms.

2. Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome; / God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance, / Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

Refrain: I will arise and go to Jesus; / He will embrace me with his arms;
In the arms of my dear Savior, / O there are ten thousand charms.

3. Come, ye weary, heavy laden, / Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better, / You will never come at all.

Refrain: I will arise and go to Jesus; / He will embrace me with his arms;
In the arms of my dear Savior, / O there are ten thousand charms.

Text: Joseph Hart, 1759. Tune: *The Southern Harmony*, 1835; arr. © Andrew Dittman, 2015.

RECESSIONAL HYMN 326 Holy God, we praise thy name

Te Deum

1. Holy God, we praise thy Name; / Lord Almighty we confess thee;
All the earth doth thee acclaim / And in awe and wonder bless thee.
Thou, who wast before all time, / Art eternal, high, sublime.

2. Cherubim and seraphim, / Ev'ry creature that can praise thee,
All, for ever, join the hymn / Angels and archangels raise thee,
Crying out with one accord, / Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

3. Lo, the apostolic train / Join, thy sacred name to hallow;
Prophets swell the loud refrain, / And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun, / Thro' the Church the song goes on.

4. Holy Father, Holy Son, / Holy Spirit, Three we name thee,
Though in essence only One; / Undivided God we claim thee,
Then, adoring, bend the knee, / While we own the mystery.

5. Christ, thou art our glorious King, / Son of God enthroned in splendor,
But deliverance to bring, / Thou all honors didst surrender,
And wast of a virgin born / Humbly on that blessed morn.
6. Thou didst take the sting from death, / Son of God, as Savior given;
On the cross thy dying breath / Opened wide the realm of heaven.
In the glory of that land / Thou art set at God's right hand.
7. As our judge thou wilt appear, / Savior, who hast died to win us.
Help thy servants, drawing near. / Lord, renew our hearts within us.
Grant that with thy saints we may / Dwell in everlasting day.

Text: Ignaz Franz, c. 1774; based on *Te Deum*; tr. Clarence Walworth; st. 5-7, F. Bland Tucker.
Tune: *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, 1686, alt