

The Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity
November 19, 2023

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **340** Sing praise to God who reigns above

Mit Freuden Zart

1. Sing praise to God who reigns above, / The God of all creation,
The God of pow'r, the God of love, / The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul he fills, / And ev'ry faithless murmur stills;
To God all praise and glory.
2. What God's almighty pow'r hath made, / His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade / His watchful eye e'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of his might, / Lo! all is just and all is right;
To God all praise and glory.
3. The Lord is never far away, / But thro' all grief distressing
An every present help and stay, / Our peace, and joy, and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand / He leads his own, his chosen band;
To God all praise and glory.
4. Thus, all my gladsome way along, / I sing aloud thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song / My voice unwearied raises;
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart; / Both soul and body, bear your part;
To God all praise and glory.

Text: Johann J. Schütz, 1675; tr. Frances Cox. Tune: Bohemian Brethren's *Kirchengesänge*, 1566.

SEQUENCE HYMN **398** Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old

St. Matthew

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old / Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death, / O'er darkness and the grave.
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb, / The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life, / The sick with fevered frame.
2. And lo! thy touch brought life and health, / Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed / Owned thee, the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless, / Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch, / As by Gennesaret's shore.
3. Be thou our great deliv'rer still, / Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless, / With thine almighty breath;
To hands that work and eyes that see, / Give wisdom's heav'nly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong, / May praise thee evermore.

Text: Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1864. Tune: *Supplement to the New Version*, 1708.

COMMUNION HYMNS

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.

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.

272 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face

Penitentia

1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; / Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace, / And all my weariness upon thee lean.
2. Here would I feed upon the Bread of God; / Here drink with thee the royal Wine of heav'n;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load, / Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiv'n.
3. I have no help but thine; nor do I need / Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed; / My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.
4. Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness; / Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing Blood.
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace; / Thy Blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

Text: Horatius Bonar, 1855. Tune: Edward Dearle, 1880.

1. My faith looks up to thee, / Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine! / Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away; / O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
2. My thy rich grace impart, / Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire; / As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee / Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, / And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide; / Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away; / Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
4. When ends life's transient dream, / When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll; / Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove; / O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Text: Ray Palmer, 1830. Tune: Lowell Mason, 1833.

1. Take my life, and let it be / Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days, / Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands and let them move / At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be / Swift and beautiful for thee.
2. Take my lips, and let them be / Filled with messages from thee;
Take my silver and my gold; / Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my heart, it is thine own; / It shall be thy royal throne;
Take my love; my Lord, I pour / At thy feet its treasure store.
3. Take my voice, and let me sing / Always, only, for my King;
Take my intellect, and use / Ev'ry power as thou shalt choose.
Take my will, and make it thine: / It shall be no longer mine.
Take myself, and I will be / Ever, only, all for thee.

Text: Francis Ridley Havergal, 1874. Tune: John B. Dykes, 1861.

1. And can it be that I should gain / an int'rest in the Savior's blood?
 Died he for me, who caus'd his pain? / For me, who him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! How can it be, / that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

Refrain: Amazing love! How can it be / that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me.

2. 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies! / Who can explore His strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries / to sound the depths of love divine!
 'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore; / Let angel minds inquire no more.

3. He left His Father's throne above – / So free, so infinite His grace –
 Emptied Himself of all but love, / and bled for Adam's helpless race;
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free; / For, O my God, it found out me.

4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay / Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray; / I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free; / I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5. No condemnation now I dread; / Jesus, and all in him is mine;
 Alive in him, my living Head, / and clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach th'eternal throne, / and claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Text: Charles Wesley, 1738. Tune: Thomas Campbell, 1835.