

## *Second Sunday after Trinity*

### *June 9, 2024*

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **356** God, my King, thy might confessing

*Stuttgart*

1. God, my King, thy might confessing, / Ever will I bless thy name;  
Day by day thy throne addressing, / Still I will thy praise proclaim.
2. Honor great our God befitteth; / Who his majesty can reach?  
Age to age his works transmitteth; / Age to age his pow'r shall teach.
3. They shall talk of all thy glory, / On thy might and greatness dwell,  
Speak of thy dread acts the story, / And thy deeds of wonder tell.
4. Nor shall fail from memory's treasure / Works by love and mercy wrought,  
Works of love surpassing measure, / Works of mercy passing thought.
5. Full of kindness and compassion, / Slow to anger, vast in love,  
God is good to all creation; / All his works his goodness prove.
6. All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee; / Thee shall all thy saints adore;  
King supreme shall they confess thee, / And proclaim thy sov'reign power.

Text: Richard Mant, 1824; based on Psalm 145. Tune: from C.F. Witt, 1715.

SEQUENCE HYMN **488** Lamp of our feet

*Nun Danket*

1. Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace / Our path when wont to stray,  
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, / Brook by the trav'ler's way.
2. Bread of our souls, whereon we feed, / True manna from on high,  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read / Of realms beyond the sky;
3. Pillar of fire, thro' watches dark, / And radiant cloud by day,  
When waves would whelm our tossing bark, / Our anchor and our stay;
4. Word of the ever-living God, / Will of his glorious Son,  
Without thee how could earth be trod, / Or heav'n itself be won?
5. Lord, grant us all aright to learn / The wisdom it imparts,  
And to its hea'nly teaching turn, / With simple, child-like hearts.

Text: Bernard Barton, 1826. Tune: Johan Crüger, 1653.

COMMUNION HYMNS

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.

511 How sweet and awful is the place

*St. Columba*

1. How sweet and awful is the place / With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays / The choicest of her stores.
2. While all our hearts and all our songs / Join to admire the feast,  
Each one cries out, with thankful tongue, / Lord, why was I a guest?
3. Why was I made to hear thy voice, / And enter while there's room,  
When thousands make a wretched choice, / And rather starve than come?
4. 'Twas that same love which spread the feast / That sweetly drew us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste, / And perished in our sin.
5. Pity the nations, O our God; / Constrain the earth to come;  
Send thy victorious Word abroad, / And bring the strangers home.
6. We long to see thy churches full, / That all the chosen race  
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul, / Sing thy redeeming grace.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1707, alt. Tune: Irish melody.

587 Am I a soldier of the cross

*Marlow*

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, / A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause, / Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies / On flow'ry beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize, / And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face? / Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vain world a friend to grace, / To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; / Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain, / Supported by thy word.
5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war, / Shall conquer, tho' they die;  
They view the triumph from afar, / And seize it with their eye.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise, / And all thine armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies, / The glory shall be thine.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1724, alt. Tune: from John Chetham's *Psalmody*, 1718.

ABLUTION HYMN **311** Rise up, O men of God!

*Festal Song*

1. Rise up, O men of God! / Have done with lesser things;  
Give heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, / To serve the King of kings.
2. Rise up, O men of God! / His kingdom tarries long;  
Bring in the day of brotherhood / And end the night of wrong.
3. Rise up, O men of God! / The Church for you doth wait,  
Her strength unequal to her task; / Rise up, and make her great!
4. Lift high the cross of Christ! / Tread where his feet have trod.  
As brothers of the Son of Man, / Rise up, O men of God!

Text: William Pierson Merrill, 1911. Tune: William H. Walter, 1894.

RECESSIONAL HYMN **571** Fight the good fight

*Duke Street*

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might; / Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;  
Lay hold on life, and it shall be / Thy joy and crown eternally.
2. Run the straight race through God's good grace; / Lift up thine eyes and seek his face;  
Life with its way before us lies; / Christ is the path and Christ the prize.
3. Cast care aside; lean on thy Guide; / His boundless mercy will provide;  
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove / Christ is its life and Christ its love.
4. Faint not nor fear; his arms are near; / He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see / That Christ is all in all to thee.

Text: John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1863, alt. Tune: John Hatton, 1793.