

Fifth Sunday after Trinity July 4, 2021

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **542** Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

Duke Street

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun / Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, / Till moons shall wax and wane no more
2. To him shall endless prayer be made, / And praises throng to crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise / With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of ev'ry tongue / Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim / Their early blessings on his Name.
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns; / The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest, / And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise and bring / Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again, / And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719; Music: John Hatton, 1793.

SEQUENCE HYMN He who would valiant be

Monks Gate

1. He who would valiant be 'Gainst all disaster, Let
2. Who so be-set him round With dismal stories, Do
3. Hob-goblin nor foul fiend Can daunt his spirit, He

5. him in constancy Follow the Master. There's
but themselves confound, His strength the more is. No
knows he at the end Shall life inherit. Then

9. no discouragement Shall make him once relent His
foes shall stay his might, Though he with giants fight; He
fancies flee away! He'll fear not what men say, He'll

13. first avowed in tent To be a pilgrim.
will make good his right To be a pilgrim.
labor night and day To be a pilgrim.

Words: John Bunyan, 1628-88. Music: *Monks Gate*, English trad. melody, ad. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958).

COMMUNION HYMN 408 Take my life, and let it be

Hollingside

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 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.

Francis Ridley Havergal, 1874; Music: John B. Dykes, 1861.

RECESSIONAL HYMN 576 Come, labor on

Ora Labora

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."

Jane Borthwick, 1859, *alt.*, Music: T. Tertius Noble, 1918.