

Ninth Sunday after Trinity
August 1, 2021

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **479.1** Love divine, all loves excelling

Hyfrodol

1. Love divine, all loves excelling, / Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling, / All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion, / Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation, / Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
2. Come, almighty to deliver, / Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never, / Nevermore thy temples leave.
Thee we would be alway blessing, / Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, / Glory in thy perfect love.
3. Finish then thy new creation; / Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation / Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory, / Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee, / Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Words: Charles Wesley, 1747, Music: Rowland Hughe Prichard, c. 1830.

SEQUENCE HYMN **409.3** 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.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836; Music: William B. Bradbury, 1849.

COMMUNION HYMN **339** O Lamb of God, still keep me

St. Christopher

1. O Lamb of God, still keep me / Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety / And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me; / What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me / Alone can keep me clean.
2. 'Tis only in thee hiding, / I feel my life secure;
In thee alone abiding, / The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth / O'er ev'ry hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth / In all its care and woe.

3. Soon shall my eyes behold thee, / With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me / Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory, / The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story / Of all thy saints above.

James George Deck, 1842, Music: Frederick C. Maker, 1881.

RECESSIONAL HYMN 426 He leadeth me

Aughton

1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought! / O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be, / Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain

He leadeth me! He leadeth me! / By his own hand he leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be, / For by his hand he leadeth me.

2. Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom, / Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea, / Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me. *R*
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, / Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see, / Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. *R*
4. And when my task on earth is done, / When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, / Since God through Jordan leadeth me. *R*

Words: Joseph Henry Gilmore, 1862; Tune: William B. Bradbury, 1864