

HYMNS FOR 17 AUGUST

9.15am & 11am

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Your hand, O God, has guided
your flock from age to age;
the wondrous tale is written,
full clear, on every page.
Our forebears owned your goodness
and we their deeds record,
and both of this bear witness:
one church, one faith, one Lord.

Your heralds brought glad tidings
to greatest as to least;
they bade them rise and hasten
to share the royal feast;
and this was all their teaching,
in every deed and word,
to all alike proclaiming
one church, one faith, one Lord.

When shadows, thickly falling,
engulfed the world in night,
you summoned forth your servants,
your messengers of light.
On them and on your people
your plenteous grace was poured,
and this was still their message:
one church, one faith, one Lord.

And we, shall we be faithless,
shall hearts fail, hands hang down?
Shall we evade the struggle
and cast away the crown?
Not so; in God's deep counsels
some better gift is stored:
the covenant of promise —
one church, one faith, one Lord.

Your mercy will not fail us,
nor leave your work undone;
with your right hand to help us,
your people shall be one;
and then, by all creation,
your name shall be adored,
and this shall be their anthem:
one church, one faith, one Lord.

Text: Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821-1891), alt. Rev. © The Sisterhood of St. John the Divine.

Music: Basil Harwood (1859-1949).

Music published by permission of the executors of the late Dr. Basil Harwood.

Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
 bright seraphs, cherubim, and thrones,
 raise the glad strain: alleluia!
 Cry out, dominions, principedoms, powers,
 virtues, archangels, angels' choirs:
 alleluia!

O higher than the cherubim,
 more glorious than the seraphim,
 lead their praises: alleluia!
 Thou bearer of the eternal Word,
 most gracious, magnify the Lord:
 alleluia!

Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
 forebears in faith and prophets blest:
 alleluia, alleluia!
 Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
 all saints triumphant, raise the song:
 alleluia!

O friends, in gladness let us sing
 supernal anthems echoing:
 alleluia, alleluia!
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 and God the Spirit, Three-in-One,
 alleluia!

Text: J. Athelstan Riley (1858-1945), alt. © Oxford University Press.
Music: Melody Geistliche Kirchengesänge, Köln, 1623;
harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958); desc. Christopher Gower (1939-).
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God moves in a mysterious way
 his wonders to perform;
 he plants his footsteps in the sea
 and rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 of never-failing skill
 he treasures up his bright designs
 and works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 the clouds ye so much dread
 are big with mercy, and shall break
 in blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 but trust him for his grace;

behind a frowning providence
he hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
unfolding every hour;
the bud may have a bitter taste,
but sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
and scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter
and he will make it plain.

Words: William Cowper, d. 1800

Music: Melody Scottish Psalter, 1635, alt.; harm. John Playford (d. 1686)