

Processional Hymn #103

On Jordan's Bank, the Baptist's Cry

*On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
announces that the Lord is nigh;
awake and hearken, for he brings
glad tidings of the King of kings.*

*Then cleansed be every breast from sin:
make straight the way for God within.
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
where such a mighty guest may come.*

*For thou art our salvation, Lord,
our refuge, and our great reward;
without thy grace we waste away,
like flowers that wither and decay.*

*To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
and bid the fallen sinner stand;
shine forth and let thy light restore
earth's own true loveliness once more.*

*All praise, eternal Son, to thee
whose advent doth thy people free,
whom with the Father we adore,
and Holy Ghost for evermore.*

Gradual Hymn #108
Hark, a Herald Voice Is Sounding

*Hark, a herald voice is sounding:
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say.
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"*

*Wakened by the solemn warning,
let the earthbound soul arise;
Christ, our sun, all sloth dispelling,
shines upon the morning skies.*

*Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
comes with pardon down from heaven;
let us all, with deep repentance,
pray that we may be forgiven,*

*that when next he comes with glory,
and the world is wrapped in fear,
with his mercy he may shield us,
and with words of love draw near.*

*Honour, glory, might, and blessing
to the Father and the Son,
with the everlasting Spirit,
while eternal ages run.*

Offertory Hymn #93 You Servants of the Lord

*You servants of the Lord,
each in your calling wait,
observant of His heavenly Word,
and watchful at his gate.*

*Let all your lamps be bright,
and trim the golden flame;
attentive stand, as in his sight,
for awesome is his name.*

*Watch; 'tis your Lord's command,
and while we speak, he's near;
mark the first signal of his hand,
and ready all appear.*

*How happy shall we be
if in his service found!
We shall our Lord with rapture see
and be with honour crowned.*

*Christ shall the banquet spread
with his own royal hand,
and raise each faithful servant's head
amid the angelic band.*

Communion Hymn #51
Now, My Tongue, the Mystery Telling

*Now, my tongue, the mystery telling
of the glorious body sing,
and the blood, all price excelling,
which the nations' Lord and King,
once on earth among us dwelling,
shed for this world's ransoming.*

*That last night, at supper lying,
with the twelve, his chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
keeps the feast its rites demand;
then, more precious food supplying,
gives himself with his own hand.*

*Word-made flesh, by word he maketh
very bread his flesh to be,
wine his blood for whoso taketh;
and if senses fail to see,
faith alone the true heart waketh
to behold the mystery.*

*Therefore we, before him bending,
this great sacrament revere;
types and shadows have their ending,
for the newer rite is here;
faith, our outward sense befriending,
makes our inward vision clear.*

*Glory let us give, and blessing,
to the Father and the Son;
honour, might, and praise addressing
while eternal ages run,
and the Spirit's power confessing,
who, from both, with both is one.*

Recessional Hymn #116 “Your Kingdom Come”

*“Your kingdom come” -- on bended knee
the passing ages pray;
and faithful souls have yearned to see
on earth that kingdom's day.*

*But the slow watches of the night
not less to God belong,
and for the everlasting right
the silent stars are strong.*

*And lo, already on the hills
the flags of dawn appear.
Gird up your loins, you prophet souls;
proclaim the day is near:*

*the day in whose clear shining light
all wrong shall stand revealed,
when justice shall be throned in might,
and every hurt be healed;*

*when knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
shall walk the earth abroad ---
the day of perfect righteousness,
the promised day of God.*