

# **HYMNS**

31ST OCTOBER, 2021

*All Saints*

## **INTROIT**

Judge eternal, throned in splendour,  
Lord of lords and King of kings,  
With thy living fire of judgement  
Purge this realm of bitter things:  
Solace all its wide dominion  
With the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining  
For the hour that brings release:  
And the city's crowded clangour  
Cries aloud for sin to cease;  
And the homesteads and the woodlands  
Plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavor;  
Cleave our darkness with thy sword;  
Feed the faithless and the hungry  
With the richness of your word:  
Cleanse the body of this nation  
Through the glory of the Lord.

## **OFFERTORY**

Angel-voices ever singing  
Round thy throne of light,  
Angel-harps, for ever ringing,  
Rest not day nor night;  
Thousands only live to bless thee  
And confess thee  
Lord of might.

Thou who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we know that thou art near us,  
And wilt hear us?  
Yea, we can.

For we know that thou rejoicest  
O'er each work of thine;  
Thou didst ears and hands and voices  
For thy praise design;  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For thy pleasure  
All combine.

In thy house, great God, we offer  
Of thine own to thee;  
And for thine acceptance proffer  
All unworthily  
Hearts and minds and hands and voices  
In our choicest  
Psalmody.

Honour, glory, might and merit  
Thine shall ever be,  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Blessed Trinity.  
Of the best that thou hast given  
Earth and heaven  
Render thee.

## **COMMUNION**

How shall I sing that majesty  
Which angels do admire?  
Let dust in dust and silence lie;  
Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.  
Thousands of thousands stand around  
Thy throne, O God most high;  
Ten thousand times ten thousand  
sound  
Thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,  
Whilst I thy footsteps trace;  
A sound of God comes to my ears,  
But they behold thy face.  
They sing because thou art their Sun;  
Lord, send a beam on me;  
For where heaven is but once begun  
There alleluyas be.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,  
Inflame it with love's fire;  
Then shall I sing and bear a part  
With that celestial choir.  
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,  
With all my fire and light;  
Yet when thou dost accept their gold,  
Lord, treasure up my mite.

How great a being, Lord, is thine,  
Which doth all beings keep!  
Thy knowledge is the only line  
To sound so vast a deep.  
Thou art a sea without a shore,  
A sun without a sphere;  
Thy time is now and evermore,  
Thy place is everywhere.

## THE ANGELUS

∇. The Angel of the LORD brought tidings  
to Mary

℞. And she conceived by the Holy Ghost.

Hail Mary, full of grace; the LORD is with  
thee: blessed art thou amongst women, and  
blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy  
Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners,  
now and at the hour of our death.

∇. Behold the handmaid of the LORD.

℞. Be it done unto me according to thy word.

Hail Mary, ...

∇. And the Word was made flesh.

℞. And dwelt among us.

Hail Mary...

∇. Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God.

℞. That we may be made worthy of the  
promises of Christ.

Let us pray,  
Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O LORD, Thy  
grace into our hearts; that as we have known  
the incarnation of thy son Jesus Christ by the  
message of an Angel. So by his Passion and  
Cross may we be brought to glory of his  
resurrection through the same Christ Our  
LORD.

℞. Amen.

## RECESSION

Thine be the glory,  
risen, conquering Son;  
endless is the victory  
thou o'er death hast won.  
Angels in bright raiment  
rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave clothes  
where thy body lay.

[Refrain:]

Thine be the glory,  
risen, conquering Son;  
endless is the victory  
thou o'er death hast won.

Lo! Jesus meets thee,  
risen from the tomb;  
lovingly he greets thee,  
scatters fear and gloom.  
Let the church with gladness  
hymns of triumph sing,  
for our Lord now liveth;  
death hath lost its sting. (Refrain)

No more we doubt thee,  
glorious Prince of life!  
Life is naught without thee;  
aid us in our strife.  
Make us more than conquerors,  
through thy deathless love;  
bring us safe through Jordan  
to thy home above. (Refrain)