

The Twenty-Fifth Sunday after Pentecost

November 19, 2023

Hymn at the Procession 598

Mit Freuden Zart

arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)



1 Lord Christ, when first thou cam'st to earth, up - on a cross they
2 O awe - ful Love, which found no room in life where sin de -
3 New ad - vent of the love of Christ, shall we a - gain re -
4 O wound - ed hands of Je - sus, build in us thy new cre -



bound thee, and mocked thy sav - ing king - ship then
nied thee, and, doomed to death, must bring to doom
fuse thee, till in the night of hate and war
a - tion; our pride is dust, our vaunt is stilled,



by thorns with which they crowned thee: and still our wrongs
the powers which cru - ci - fied thee, till not a stone
we per - ish as we lose thee? From old un - faith
we wait thy rev - e - la - tion: O love that tri -



may weave thee now new thorns to pierce that
was left on stone, and all those na - tions'
our souls re - lease to seek the king - dom
umphs o - ver loss, we bring our hearts be -



stead - y brow, and robe of sor - row round thee.
pride, o'er-thrown, went down to dust be - side thee!
of thy peace, by which a - lone we choose thee.
fore thy cross, to fi - nish thy sal - va - tion.

Hymn at the Sequence 655

Nyland

David Evans (1874-1948)



1 O Je - sus, I have prom-ised to serve thee to the end:
2 O let me hear thee speak-ing in ac - cents clear and still,
3 O Je - sus, thou hast prom-ised to all who fol - low thee,



be thou for ev - er near me, my Mas - ter and my friend;
a - bove the storms of pas-sion, the mur-murs of self - will;
that where thou art in glo - ry there shall thy ser - vant be;



I shall not fear the bat - tle, if thou art by my side,
O speak to re - as - sure me, to has - ten or con - trol;
and, Je - sus, I have prom - ised to serve thee to the end;



nor wan - der from the path - way, if thou wilt be my guide.
O speak, and make me lis - ten, thou guard-ian of my soul.
O give me grace to fol - low, my Mas - ter and my friend.

Hymn at the Presentation 380 v:3

Old Hundreth

att. Louis Bourgeois



1 From all that dwell be - low the skies let
2 E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord, and
*3 Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; praise
the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise! Let the Re - deem - er's
truth e - ter - nal is thy word: thy praise shall sound from
him, all crea - tures here be - low; praise him a - bove, ye
Name be sung through ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue!
shore to shore till suns shall rise and set no more.
heaven - ly host: praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Hymn at Communion 312

Malabar

David McKinley Williams (1887-1978)



1 Strength - en for ser - vice, Lord, the hands that ho - ly
2 Lord, may the tongues which "Ho - ly" sang, keep free from
3 The feet that tread thy hal - lowed courts from light do



things have tak - en; let ears that now have
all de - ceiv - ing; the eyes which saw thy
thou not ban - ish; the bo - dies by thy



heard thy songs to clam - or nev - er wak - en.
love be bright, thy bless - ed hope per - ceiv - ing.
Bo - dy fed with thy new life re - ple - nish.

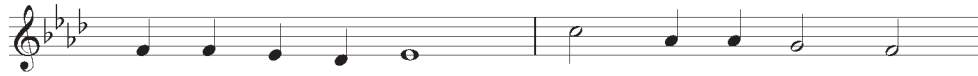
Hymn at the Retiring Procession 541

Ora Labora

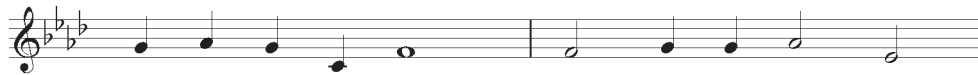
Thomas Tertius Noble (1867-1953)



1 Come, la - bor on. Who dares stand i - dle
 2 Come, la - bor on. The en - e - my is
 3 Come, la - bor on. A - way with gloom - y
 4 Come, la - bor on. Claim the high call - ing
 5 Come, la - bor on. No time for rest, till



1 on the har - vest plain, while all a - round us
 2 watch - ing night and day, to sow the tares, to
 3 doubts and faith - less fear! No arm so weak but
 4 an - gels can - not share— to young and old the
 5 glows the west - ern sky, till the long sha - dows



1 waves the gold - en grain? And to each ser - vant
 2 snatch the seed a - way; while we in sleep our
 3 may do ser - vice here: by feeb - lest a - gents
 4 Gos - pel glad - ness bear: re - deem the time; its
 5 o'er our path - way lie, and a glad sound comes



1 does the Mas - ter say, "Go work to - day."
 2 du - ty have for - got, he slum - bered not.
 3 may our God ful - fill his right - eous will.
 4 hours too swift - ly fly. The night draws nigh.
 5 with the set - ting sun, "Ser - vants, well done."