

Sunday 15th February 2026
Sung Eucharist for the Season Before Lent

93 – Christ whose glory fills the skies

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true and only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
triumph o'er the shade of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
unaccompanied by thee;
joyless is the day's return,
till thy mercy's beams I see,
till they inward light impart,
glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
fill me, radiancy divine,
scatter all my unbelief;
more and more thyself display,
shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley (1707 – 1788)

680 – Thy kingdom come, O God

Thy kingdom come, O God,
thy rule, O Christ, begin;
break with thine iron rod
the tyrannies of sin.

Where is thy reign of peace
and purity and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
as in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
that war shall be no more,
and lust, oppression, crime
shall flee thy face before?

We pray thee, Lord, arise,
and come in thy great might;
revive our longing eyes,
which languish for thy sight.

Some scorn thy sacred name,
and wolves devour thy fold;
by many deeds of shame
we learn that love grows cold.

O'er lands both near and far
thick darkness broodeth yet:
arise, O morning star,
arise, and never set.

Lewis Hensley (1824-1905) alt

445 – Meekness and Majesty

Meekness and majesty, manhood and deity
in perfect harmony, the Man who is God.
Lord of eternity dwells in humanity
kneels in humility and washes our feet.

*O what a mystery, meekness and majesty.
Bow down and worship for this your God,
this is your God.*

Father's pure radiance, perfect in innocence,
yet learns obedience to death on a cross.
Suff'ring to give us life,
conqu'ring through sacrifice,
and as they crucify prays: 'Father forgive.'

*O what a mystery, meekness and majesty.
Bow down and worship for this your God,
this is your God.*

Wisdom unsearchable, God the invisible,
love indestructible in fragility appears.
Lord of infinity, stooping so tenderly,
lifts our humanity to the heights of his throne.

*O what a mystery, meekness and majesty.
Bow down and worship, for this your God,
this is your God.*

Graham Kendrick. CCLI. 1400

207 – God of grace and God of glory

God of grace and God of glory,
on thy people pour thy pow'r;
now fulfil thy Church's story;
bring her bud to glorious flow'r.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
for the facing of this hour.

Lo, the hosts of evil round us
scorn thy Christ, assail his ways;
from the fears that long have bound us
free our hearts to faith and praise.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
for the living of these days.

Cure thy children's warring madness,
bend our pride to thy control;
shame our wanton selfish gladness,
rich in goods and poor in soul.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
lest we miss thy kingdom's goal.

Set our feet on lofty places,
gird our lives that they may be
armoured with all Christlike graces
as we set your people free.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
lest we fail the world or thee.

Harry Emerson Fosdick (1878-1969) alt. © The Estate of the Late H E Fosdick. Used by permission of Dr Elinor Fosdick Downs