

Sunday 1st March 2026
Sung Eucharist – Lent 2

131 - Disposer supreme

Disposer supreme,
and Judge of the earth,
thou choosest for thine
the meek and the poor;
to frail earthen vessels,
and things of no worth,
entrusting thy riches
which ay shall endure.

Those vessels are frail,
though full of thy light,
and many, once made,
are broken and gone;
thence brightly appeareth
thy truth in its might,
as through the clouds riven
the lightnings have shone.

Like clouds are they borne
to do thy great will,
and swift as the winds
about the world go:
the Word with his wisdom
their spirits doth fill;
they thunder, they lighten,
the waters o'erflow.

Their sound goeth forth,
'Christ Jesus the Lord!'
then Satan doth fear,
his citadels fall;
as when the dread trumpets
went forth at thy word,
and one long blast shattered
the Canaanites' wall.

O loud be their cry,
and stirring their sound,
to rouse us, O Lord,
from slumber of sin:
the lights thou hast kindled
in darkness around,
O may they awaken
our spirits within.

All honour and praise,
dominion and might,
to God, Three in One,
eternally be,
who round us hath shed
his own marvellous light,
and called us from darkness
his glory to see.

*William Bullock (1798-1874) and Henry Williams Baker
(1821-1877)*

64 – Be thou my vision

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
naught be all else to me save that thou art;
be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
thou my great Father, and I thy true heir;
thou in me dwelling, and I in thy care.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight,
be thou my armour, and be thou my might,
thou my soul's shelter, and thou my high tow'r,
raise thou me heav'nward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.

Riches I need not, nor all the world's praise,
thou mine inheritance through all my days;
thou, and thou only, the first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure thou art!

High King of heaven, when battle is done,
grant heaven's joy to me, O bright heav'n's sun;
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

*Irish 8th Century, trans. Mary Byrne (1880 – 1931)
And Eleanor Hull (1860 – 1935) © Copyright control*

288 – I cannot tell

I cannot tell
how he whom angels worship
should stoop to love
the peoples of the earth,
or why as shepherd
he should seek the wand'rer
with his mysterious promise
of new birth.
But this I know,
that he was born of Mary,
when Bethl'em's manger
was his only home,
and that he lived at
Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is come.

I cannot tell
how silently he suffered,
as with his peace
he graced this place of tears,
or how his heart
upon the cross was broken,
the crown of pain
to three and thirty years.
But this I know,
he heals the broken-hearted,
and stays our sin,
and calms our lurking fear,
and lifts the burden
from the heavy laden,
for yet the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell
how he will win the nations,
how he will claim
his earthly heritage,
how satisfy
the needs and aspirations
of east and west,
of sinner and of sage.
But this I know,
all flesh shall see his glory,
and he shall reap
the harvest he has sown,
and some glad day
his sun shall shine in splendour
when he the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is known.

I cannot tell
how all the lands shall worship,
when, at his bidding,
ev'ry storm is stilled,
or who can say
how great the jubilation
when ev'ry heart
with perfect love is filled.
But this I know,
the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad, myriad
human voices sing,
and earth to heav'n,
and heav'n to earth, will answer:
'At last the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is King!'

William Young Fullerton (1857-1932) alt.

19 – All my hope on God is founded

All my hope on God is founded;
he doth still my trust renew.
Me through change and chance he guideth,
only good and only true.
God unknown, he alone
calls my heart to be his own.

Human pride and earthly glory,
sword and crown betray his trust;
what with care and toil he buildeth,
tow'r and temple, fall to dust.
But God's pow'r, hour by hour,
is my temple and my tow'r.

God's great goodness aye endureth,
deep his wisdom, passing thought:
splendour, light, and life attend him,
beauty springeth out of naught.
Evermore, from his store
new-born worlds rise and adore.

Still from earth to God eternal
sacrifice of praise be done,
high above all praises praising
for the gift of Christ his Son.
Christ doth call one and all:
ye who follow shall not fall.

*Robert Bridges (1844 – 1930), based on Meine Hoffnung
steht fest by Joachim Neander (1650 – 1680)*