

Sunday 2nd February 2025 – Sung Eucharist Service at 10.30am

554 – Praise to the holiest

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
when all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight,
and to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive and should prevail.

And that a higher gift than grace
should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
and essence all-divine.

And in the garden secretly,
and on the cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and inspire
to suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

John Henry Newman (1801-1890)

139 – Faithful Vigil

Faithful vigil ended,
watching, waiting cease;
Master, grant your servant
his discharge in peace.

All the Spirit promised,
all the Father willed,
now these eyes behold it
perfectly fulfilled.

This your great deliv'rance
sets your people free;
Christ their light uplifted
all the nations see.

Christ, your people's glory!
watching, doubting cease;
grant to us your servants
our discharge in peace.

Timothy Dudley-Smith (b.1926) based on Luke 2:29-32 © Timothy Dudley-Smith

369 – King of Glory

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee;
and, that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my appeal,
thou hast heard me;
thou didst note my ardent zeal,
thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art,
I will sing thee,
and the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
thou didst clear me,
and alone, when they replied,
thou didst hear me.

Sev'n whole days, not one in sev'n,
I will praise thee;
in my heart, though not in heav'n,
I can raise thee.

Small it is, in this poor sort
to enrol thee:
e'en eternity's too short
to extol thee.

George Herbert (1593-1633)

428 – Love Divine

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesu, thou art all compassion,
pure unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
into ev'ry troubled breast;
let us all in thee inherit,
let us find thy promised rest.

Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
end of faith, as its beginning,
set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all thy grace receive;
suddenly return, and never,
never more thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above;
pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation
perfectly restored in thee.

Changed from glory into glory,
till in heav'n we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love and praise.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788) alt.