**To God be the glory  
*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.***

1 To God be the glory, great things he has done!

So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,

who yielded his life an atonement for sin,

and opened the life-gate that all may go in:

*Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!*

*Let the earth hear his voice!*

*Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!*

*Let the people rejoice!*

*O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son;*

*And give him the glory - great things he has done!*   
  
2 O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood!

To every believer the promise of God!

The vilest offender who truly believes,

that moment from Jesus forgiveness receives:  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Great things he has taught us, great things he has done,

and great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;

but purer, and higher, and greater will be

our wonder, our rapture, when Jesus we see:

*Chorus*

*Frances Jane van Alstyne (Fanny Crosby) (1820-1915)*

**Christ is our corner-stone**

***recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.***

1 Christ is our corner-stone,

on him alone we build;

with his true saints alone

the courts of heaven are filled;

on his great love

our hopes we place

of present grace

and joys above.  
  
2 Oh then with hymns of praise

these hallowed courts shall ring;

our voices we will raise

the Three in One to sing;

and thus proclaim

in joyful song,

both loud and long,

that glorious name.  
  
3 Here may we gain from heaven

the grace which we implore;

and may that grace, once given,

be with us evermore,

until that day

when all the blest

to endless rest

are called away.

*Urbs beata Jerusalem*   
*Anonymous Latin, John Chandler (1806-1876)*

**Ye that know the Lord is gracious**

***recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.***

1 Ye that know the Lord is gracious,

ye for whom a corner-stone

stands, of God elect and precious,

laid that ye may build thereon;

see that on that sure foundation

ye a living temple raise,

towers that may tell forth salvation,

walls that may re-echo praise.  
  
2 Living stones, by God appointed

each to his allotted place,

kings and priests, by God anointed,

shall ye not declare his grace?  
 Ye, a royal generation,

tell the tidings of your birth,

tidings of a new creation

to an old and weary earth.  
  
3 Tell the praise of him who called you

out of darkness into light,

broke the fetters that enthralled you,

gave you freedom, peace and sight:

tell the tale of sins forgiven,

strength renewed and hope restored,

till the earth, in tune with heaven,

praise and magnify the Lord!

*Cyril A Alington (1872-1955)  
© Sir Richard Mynors*

**Thy hand, O God, has guided**

***recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.***

1 Thy hand, O God, has guided  
 thy flock, from age to age;  
 their wondrous tale is written,  
 full clear, on every page;  
 our fathers owned thy goodness,  
 and we their deeds record;  
 and both of this bear witness;  
 one Church, one faith, one Lord.  
  
2 Thy heralds brought glad tidings  
 to greatest as to least;  
 they bade men rise, and hasten  
 to share the great King's feast;  
 and this was all their teaching,  
 in every deed and word,  
 to all alike proclaiming  
 one Church, one faith, one Lord.  
  
3 Through many a day of darkness,  
 through many a scene of strife,  
 the faithful few fought bravely,  
 to guard the nation's life.  
 Their Gospel of redemption,  
 sin pardoned, man restored,  
 was all in this enfolded:  
 one Church, one faith, one Lord..  
  
4 Thy mercy will not fail us,  
 nor leave thy work undone;  
 with thy right hand to help us,  
 thy victory shall be won;  
 and then, by men and angels,  
 thy name shall be adored,  
 and this shall be their anthem:  
 one Church, one faith, one Lord.

*Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821-1891)*

**I am the way and the truth and the life – Fiji traditional arr. Geoff Weaver**

***recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.***

I am the way and the truth and the life,

that’s what Jesus said.

Without the way there is no going,

without the truth there is no knowing,

without the life there is no living.

I am the way and the truth and the life,

that’s what Jesus said.

Without the way there is no going,

without the truth there is no knowing,

without the life there is no living.

I am the way and the truth and the life,

that’s what Jesus said.

*John 14.6*

*English translation Dieter Trautwein*

**Restore, O Lord**

1 Restore, O Lord, the honour of your name!   
 In works of sovereign power   
 come shake the earth again;  
 that all may see and come with reverent fear   
 to the living God,   
 whose kingdom shall outlast the years.  
   
2 Restore, O Lord, in all the earth your fame,   
 and in our time revive   
 the church that bears your name.   
 and in your anger, Lord, remember mercy,   
 O living God,   
 whose mercy shall outlast the years.  
  
3 Restore, O Lord, the honour of your name,   
 in works of sovereign power   
 come shake the earth again;  
 that all may see and come with reverent fear   
 to the living God,  
 whose kingdom shall outlast the years.

*Graham Kendrick (b.1950) & Chris Rolinson (b.1958)*

*© 1981 Thankyou Music/Adm. by worshiptogether.com songs excl. UK & Europe, adm. by kingswaysongs.com. www.kingswaysongs.com.*

**Great is thy faithfulness**

1 Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father,  
 there is no shadow of turning with thee;  
 thou changest not, thy compassions they fail not,  
 as thou hast been thou for ever wilt be.

*Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy faithfulness!*   
 *Morning by morning new mercies I see;*   
 *all I have needed thy hand hath provided,*   
 *great is thy faithfulness, Lord unto me!*   
  
2 Summer and winter, and spring-time and harvest,  
 sun, moon and stars in their courses above,  
 join with all nature in manifold witness  
 to thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,  
 thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;  
 strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,  
 blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!  
 *Chorus*

*Thomas O Chisholm (1866-1960)*

*Copyright © 1923, renewal 1951 Hope Publishing Company.*

**How sweet the name of Jesus sounds**

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds   
 in a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 and drives away his fear.  
  
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 and calms the troubled breast;  
 'tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 and to the weary rest.  
  
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
 my shield and hiding-place,  
 my never-failing treasury filled  
 with boundless stores of grace.  
  
4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
 my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 accept the praise I bring.  
  
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 and cold my warmest thought;  
 but when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll praise thee as I ought.  
  
6 `Till then I would thy love proclaim  
 with every fleeting breath;  
 and may the music of thy name  
 refresh my soul in death.

*John Newton (1725-1807)*

**The Lord’s my shepherd**

1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.  
 He makes me lie in pastures green.  
 He leads me by the still, still waters,  
 his goodness restores my soul.  
 *And I will trust in you alone.   
 And I will trust in you alone,   
 for your endless mercy follows me,   
 your goodness will lead me home.*   
   
 *(Descant)  
 I will trust, I will trust in you.   
 I will trust, I will trust in you.   
 Endless mercy follows me,   
 Goodness will lead me home.*   
   
2 He guides my ways in righteousness,  
 and he anoints my head with oil,  
 and my cup, it overflows with joy,  
 I feast on his pure delights.  
 *Refrain*   
   
3 And though I walk the darkest path,  
 I will not fear the evil one,  
 for you are with me, and your rod and staff  
 are the comfort I need to know.   
 *Refrain*

*Stuart Townend, based on Psalm 23*

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**I give you a new commandment**

I give you a new commandment:

love one another, love one another;

as I have loved, as I have loved you,

so you are to love one another.

I give you a new commandment:

Love one another, love one another.

If there is this love among you,

then all will know, all will know that you are my disciples,

that you are my disciples, that you are my disciples.

*Peter Aston (b.1938)*

*John 13.34-35*

**We have a gospel to proclaim**

1 We have a gospel to proclaim,  
 good news for all throughout the earth;  
 the gospel of a saviour's name:  
 we sing his glory, tell his worth.  
  
2 Tell of his birth at Bethlehem  
 not in a royal house or hall  
 but in a stable dark and dim,  
 the word made flesh, a light for all.  
  
3 Tell of his death at Calvary,  
 hated by those he came to save,  
 in lonely suffering on the cross;  
 for all he loved his life he gave.  
  
4 Tell of that glorious Easter morn:  
 empty the tomb, for he was free.  
 He broke the power of death and hell  
 that we might share his victory.  
  
5 Tell of his reign at God's right hand,  
 by all creation glorified.  
 He sends his spirit on his church  
 to live for him, the lamb who died.  
  
6 Now we rejoice to name him King:  
 Jesus is Lord of all the earth.  
 This gospel-message we proclaim:  
 we sing his glory, tell his worth.

*Edward J Burns (b.1938)  
© Edward J Burns*

**Ye choirs of new Jerusalem**

1 Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,  
 your sweetest notes employ,  
 the paschal victory to hymn  
 in strains of holy joy.  
  
2 How Judah's Lion burst his chains,  
 and crushed the serpent's head;  
 and brought with him, from death's domains  
 the long-imprisoned dead.  
  
3 Triumphant in his glory now  
 his sceptre ruleth all;  
 earth, heaven and hell before him bow  
 and at his footstool fall.  
  
4 While joyful thus his praise we sing,  
 his mercy we implore,  
 into his palace bright to bring  
 and keep us evermore.  
  
5 All glory to the Father be,  
 all glory to the Son,  
 all glory, Holy Ghost to thee,  
 while endless ages run.

*Alleluia. Amen.*

Chorus novae Jerusalem

Fulbert of Chartres (c.960-1028), John Mason Neale (1818-1866), Robert Campbell (1814-1868)

**All creatures of our God and King**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 All creatures of our God and King  
 lift up your voice and with us sing,  
 Alleluia, alleluia.  
 Thou burning sun with golden beam,  
 thou silver moon with softer gleam,  
 *O praise him, O praise him,   
 alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.*   
   
2 Thou rushing wind that art so strong,  
 ye clouds that sail in heaven along,  
 O praise him, alleluia.  
 Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,  
 ye lights of evening, find a voice;  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Thou flowing water, pure and clear,  
 make music for thy Lord to hear,  
 Alleluia, alleluia.  
 Thou fire so masterful and bright,  
 that givest us both warmth and light:  
 *Chorus*   
  
4 Let all things their creator bless,  
 and worship him in humbleness;  
 O praise him, alleluia.  
 Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,  
 and praise the Spirit, Three in One;  
 *Chorus*

*William Henry Draper (1855-1933)*

*based on Laudato sii, O me signore St Francis of Assisi's Canticle of the Sun*

**The Spirit lives to set us free**

*recorded remotely by a soloist from St Martin’s Voices in their own home, and edited together.*

1 The Spirit lives to set us free,  
 walk, walk in the light.  
 He binds us all in unity,  
 walk, walk in the light.  
 *Walk in the light, walk in the light,   
 walk in the light, walk in the light of the Lord*   
  
2 Jesus promised life to all,  
 walk, walk in the light.  
 The dead were wakened by his call,  
 walk, walk in the light.  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 By Jesus' love our wounds are healed,  
 walk, walk in the light.  
 The Father's kindness is revealed,  
 walk, walk in the light.  
 *Chorus*  
  
4 The Spirit lives in you and me,  
 walk, walk in the light.  
 His light will shine for all to see,  
 walk, walk in the light.  
 *Chorus*

*Damian Lundy (1940-1997)  
© 1978 Kevin Mayhew Ltd*

**Meekness and majesty**

*recorded remotely by St Martin’s Voices in their homes, and edited together.*

1 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.  
 *Oh, what a mystery,   
 meekness and majesty.   
 Bow down and worship   
 for this is your God,   
 this is your God.*   
   
2 Father's pure radiance,  
 perfect in innocence,  
 yet learns obedience  
 to death on a cross.  
 Suffering to give us life,  
 conquering through sacrifice,  
 and as they crucify  
 prays: 'Father forgive.'  
 *Refrain*   
   
3 Wisdom unsearchable,  
 God the invisible,  
 love indestructible  
 in frailty appears.  
 Lord of infinity,  
 stooping so tenderly,  
 lifts our humanity  
 to the heights of his throne.   
 *Refrain*

*Graham Kendrick (b.1950)  
© 1986 Thankyou Music/Adm. by worshiptogether.com songs excl. UK & Europe, adm. by Kingswaysongs, a division of David C Cook, www.kingswayworship.co.uk.*

**Lord of the dance**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
 and I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
 and I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth,  
 at Bethlehem I had my birth.  
 *Dance, then, wherever you may be,   
 I am the Lord of the dance, said he,   
 And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,   
 And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.*   
   
2 I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,  
 but they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me.  
 I danced for the fishermen, for James and John -  
 they came with me and the dance went on.  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;  
 the holy people said it was a shame.  
 They whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high,  
 and left me there on a cross to die.  
 *Chorus*  
   
4 I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black -  
 it's hard to dance with the devil on your back.  
 They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,  
 but I am the dance, and I still go on.  
 *Chorus*  
  
5 They cut me down and I leapt up high;  
 I am the life that'll never, never die;  
 I'll live in you if you'll live in me -  
 I am the Lord of the dance, said he.  
 *Chorus*

*Sydney Carter (1915-2004)  
© 1963 Stainer & Bell Ltd*

**God of hope and Lord of healing – Margaret Rizza**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

*(O)* *God of hope and Lord of healing, we come to you in prayer.  
 In our living and our dying, you promise to be there.*

For the weak we ask your courage, and your patience for the strong;  
 stay with those whose pain is sharpest and those enduring long.

*Refrain*

O provide for all the weary your precious gift of sleep;  
 with the glad let us be joyful, and weep with those who weep.

*Refrain*

By the grace of your forgiveness, by virtue of your word,  
 by the sacrament which brings us the comfort of our Lord.

*Refrain*

By the life he freely gave us, and the cross to which he came,  
 by the glory of his kingdom, the power of his name:

Come to meet your praying people, be with us as we kneel;  
 come to help us, God our Saviour, for you alone can heal.

*Refrain*

*Christopher Idle  
© Christopher Idle/Jubilate Hymns Ltd*

**Thou, whose almighty word**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Thou, whose almighty word  
 chaos and darkness heard,  
 and took their flight;  
 hear us, we humbly pray,  
 and where the gospel-day  
 sheds not its glorious ray,  
 let there be light.  
  
2 Thou, who didst come to bring  
 on thy redeeming wing  
 healing and sight,  
 health to the sick in mind,  
 sight to the inly blind,  
 O now to all mankind  
 let there be light.  
  
3 Spirit of truth and love,  
 life-giving, holy Dove,  
 speed forth thy flight;  
 move on the water's face,  
 bearing the lamp of grace,  
 and in earth's darkest place  
 let there be light.  
  
4 Holy and blessèd Three,  
 glorious Trinity,  
 Wisdom, Love, Might;  
 boundless as ocean's tide  
 rolling in fullest pride,  
 through the earth far and wide  
 let there be light.

*John Marriott (1780-1825)*

**How shall I sing that majesty**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 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?  
  
2 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 alleluias be.  
  
3 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.

*John Mason (c.1645-1694)*

**Christ be in my waking**

*recorded remotely by a St Martin’s soloist in their own home, and edited together.*

1 Christ be in my waking, as the sun is rising,  
 in my day of working, with me every hour.  
 Christ be in my resting, as the day is ending,  
 calming and refreshing, watching through the night.

2 Christ be in my thinking, and my understanding,  
 guarding me from evil, walking in the light.  
 Christ be in my speaking, every word a blessing,  
 pure and not deceiving, grace to all who hear.

*Jesus, this is my devotion,*   
 *all my life to know you,*   
 *every day to walk with you.*   
 *Saviour, you're my deepest longing,*   
 *you're the one I live for,*   
 *teach me Lord, to walk with you.*

3 Christ be in my gladness for the joy of living,  
 thankful for the goodness of the Father's hand.  
 Christ be in my sorrow, and my day of darkness,  
 knowing that I follow in the steps he trod.  
 *Chorus*   
  
4 Christ when hope has faded, nothing left to cling to,  
 every pleasure jaded, every well is dry.  
 Christ the loving shepherd draws me with his kindness,  
 leads me from the desert to the streams of life.

*Stuart Townend (born 1963) and Simon Brading  
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**Jesus leads us to the Father - Hargreaves**

*recorded remotely by St Martin’s Voices in their homes, and edited together.*

Jesus lead us to the Father by your Spirit,

help us draw near.  
Jesus lead us to the Father by your Spirit,

help us draw near.  
  
As we come with awe and gladness,  
help us draw near.  
As we come with awe and gladness,  
help us draw near.  
   
Alleluia, alleluia,

help us draw near.  
Alleluia, alleluia,

help us draw near.

*Sam Hargreaves (b.1979)  
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**Jesus leads us to the Father - Hargreaves**

*recorded remotely by St Martin’s Voices in their homes, and edited together.*

Jesus lead us to the Father by your Spirit,

help us draw near.  
Jesus lead us to the Father by your Spirit,

help us draw near.  
  
As we come with awe and gladness,  
help us draw near.  
As we come with awe and gladness,  
help us draw near.  
   
Alleluia, alleluia,

help us draw near.  
Alleluia, alleluia,

help us draw near.

*Sam Hargreaves (b.1979)  
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**Who would true valour see**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Who would true valour see,  
 let him come hither;  
 one here will constant be,  
 come wind, come weather;  
 there's no discouragement  
 shall make him once relent  
 his first avowed intent  
 to be a pilgrim.  
  
2 Whoso beset him round  
 with dismal stories,  
 do but themselves confound;  
 his strength the more is,  
 No lion can him fright;  
 he'll with a giant fight,  
 but he will have the right  
 to be a pilgrim.  
  
3 Hobgoblin nor foul fiend  
 can daunt his spirit;  
 he knows he at the end  
 shall life inherit.  
 Then, fancies, fly away;  
 he'll not fear what men say;  
 he'll labour night and day  
 to be a pilgrim.

*John Bunyan (1628-168*8)

**For the fruits of his creation**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 For the fruits of his creation,   
 Thanks be to God;   
 For his gifts to every nation,   
 Thanks be to God;   
 For the ploughing, sowing, reaping,   
 Silent growth while we are sleeping,   
 Future needs in earth's safe-keeping,   
 Thanks be to God.  
  
2 In the just reward of labour,   
 God's will is done;  
 In the help we give our neighbour,   
 God's will is done;  
 In our world-wide task of caring   
 For the hungry and despairing,   
 In the harvests we are sharing,   
 God's will is done.  
  
3 For the harvests of his Spirit,   
 Thanks be to God;   
 For the good we all inherit,   
 Thanks be to God;   
 For the wonders that astound us,   
 For the truths that still confound us,   
 Most of all that love has found us,   
 Thanks be to God.

*Fred Pratt Green (1903-2000)  
© 1970 Stainer & Bell Ltd*

**Will you come and follow me**

1 Will you come and follow me if I but call your name?   
 Will you go where you don't know and never be the same?  
 Will you let my love be shown, will you let my name be known,  
 will you let my life be grown, in you and you in me?  
  
2 Will you leave yourself behind if I but call your name?   
 Will you care for cruel and kind and never be the same?  
 Will you risk the hostile stare should your life attract or scare?  
 Will you let me answer prayer in you and you in me?  
  
3 Will you let the blinded see if I but call your name?   
 Will you set the prisoners free and never be the same?  
 Will you kiss the leper clean, and do such as this unseen,   
 and admit to what I mean in you and you in me?  
  
4 Will you love the 'you' you hide if I but call your name?  
 Will you quell the fear inside and never be the same?  
 Will you use the faith you've found to reshape the world around,   
 through my sight and touch and sound in you and you in me?  
  
5 Lord, your summons echoes true when you but call my name.  
 Let me turn and follow you and never be the same.   
 In your company I'll go where your love and footsteps show.   
 Thus I'll move and live and grow in you and you in me.

*John L Bell (born 1949) and Graham Maule (1958-2019)  
© 1987 WGRG, c/o Iona Community, 21 Carlton Court, Glasgow, G5 9JP, Scotland. www.wildgoose.scot*

**All my hope on God is founded**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together*

1 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.  
  
2 God's great goodness ay endureth,  
 Deep his wisdom, passing thought:  
 Splendour, light, and life attend him,  
 Beauty springeth out of nought.  
 Evermore,  
 From his store  
 New-born worlds rise and adore.  
  
3 Daily doth the almighty giver  
 Bounteous gifts on us bestow;  
 His desire our soul delighteth,  
 Pleasure leads us where we go.  
 Love doth stand  
 At his hand;  
 Joy doth wait on his command.  
  
4 Still from man 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.

*Meine Hoffnung stehet feste Joachim Neander (1650-1680)*

*paraphrased Robert Bridges (1844-1930)*

**Go forth and tell! – David Ogden**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

Go forth and tell! O church of God, awake!  
 God's saving news to all the nations take;  
 proclaim Christ Jesus, saviour, Lord, and king,  
 that all the world his worthy praise may sing.  
  
 Go forth and tell! God's love embraces all;  
 he will in grace respond to all who call:  
 how shall they call if they have never heard  
 the gracious invitation of his word?  
  
 Go forth and tell where still the darkness lies;  
 in wealth or want, the sinner surely dies:  
 give us, O Lord, concern of heart and mind,  
 a love like yours which cares for humankind.  
  
 Go forth and tell! The doors are open wide:  
 share God's good gifts - let no one be denied;  
 live out your life as Christ your Lord shall choose,  
 your ransomed powers for his sole glory use.  
  
 Go forth and tell! O church of God, arise!  
 Go in the strength which Christ your Lord supplies;  
 go till all nations his great name adore  
 and serve him, Lord and king for evermore.

Amen.

*James E Seddon (1915-1983)   
© The Representatives of the late James Edward Seddon/Admin by The Jubilate Group, 4 Thorne Park Road, Torquay, TQ2 6RX, UK.*

**O Jesus, I have promised**

***recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.***

1 O Jesus, I have promised  
 to serve thee to the end;  
 be thou for ever near me,  
 my Master and my Friend:  
 I shall not fear the battle  
 if thou art by my side,  
 nor wander from the pathway  
 if thou wilt be my guide.  
  
2 O let me hear thee speaking  
 in accents clear and still,  
 above the storms of passion,  
 the murmurs of self-will;  
 O speak to reassure me,  
 to hasten or control;  
 O speak, and make me listen,  
 thou guardian of my soul.  
  
3 O Jesus, thou hast promised  
 to all who follow thee,  
 that where thou art in glory  
 there shall thy servant be;  
 and, Jesus, I have promised  
 to serve thee to the end:  
 O give me grace to follow,  
 my Master and my Friend.  
  
4 O let me see thy foot-marks,  
 and in them plant mine own;  
 my hope to follow duly  
 is in thy strength alone:  
 O guide me, call me, draw me,  
 uphold me to the end;  
 and then in heaven receive me,  
 my Saviour and my Friend.

*John Ernest Bode (1816-1874)*

**Love is his word, love is his way**

***recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.***

1 Love is his word, love is his way,  
 feasting with all, fasting alone,  
 living and dying, rising again,  
 love, only love, is his way.

*Richer than gold is the love of my Lord:*   
 *better than splendour and wealth.*   
  
2 Love is his news, love is his name,  
 we are his own, chosen and called,  
 sisters and brothers, parents and kin.  
 Love, only love, is his name.  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Love is his name, love is his law,  
 hear his command, all who are his:  
 'Love one another, I have loved you.'  
 Love, only love, is his law.  
 *Chorus*   
  
4 Love is his law, love is his word:  
 love of the Lord, Father and Word,  
 love of the Spirit, God ever one,  
 love, only love, is his word.  
 *Chorus*

*Luke Connaughton (1917-1979)  
© McCrimmon Publishing Co. Ltd*

**Inspired by love and anger**

***recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.***

1 Inspired by love and anger,

disturbed by need and pain,  
 informed of God's own bias,

we ask him once again:  
 'How long must some folk suffer?

How long can few folk mind?  
 How long dare vain self-interest

turn prayer and pity blind?'  
  
2 From those forever victims

of heartless human greed,  
 Their cruel plight composes

a litany of need:  
 'Where are the fruits of justice?

Where are the signs of peace?  
 When is the day when prisoners

and dreams find their release?'  
  
3 God asks, 'Who will go for me?

Who will extend my reach?  
 And who, when few will listen,

will prophesy and preach?  
 And who, when few bid welcome,

will offer all they know?  
 And who, when few dare follow,

will walk the road I show?'  
  
4 Amused in someone's kitchen,

asleep in someone's boat,  
 Attuned to what the ancients

exposed, proclaimed and wrote,  
 A saviour without safety,

a tradesman without tools  
 Has come to tip the balance

with fishermen and fools.

*John L Bell (b.1949) and Graham Maule (1958-2019)  
© 1987 WGRG, c/o Iona Community, 21 Carlton Court, Glasgow, G5 9JP, Scotland. www.wildgoose.scot*

**I, the Lord of sea and sky**

***recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.***

1 I, the Lord of sea and sky,  
 I have heard my people cry.  
 All who dwell in dark and sin

my hand will save.  
 I who made the stars of night,  
 I will make their darkness bright.  
 Who will bear my light to them?  
 Whom shall I send?  
 *Here I am, Lord.*   
 *Is it I, Lord?*   
 *I have heard you calling in the night.*   
 *I will go, Lord, if you lead me.*   
 *I will hold your people in my heart.*   
  
2 I, the Lord of snow and rain,  
 I have borne my people's pain.  
 I have wept for love of them.

They turn away.  
 I will break their hearts of stone,  
 give them hearts for love alone.  
 I will speak my word to them.  
 Whom shall I send?  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 I, the Lord of wind and flame,  
 I will tend the poor and lame.  
 I will set a feast for them.  
 My hand will save.  
 Finest bread I will provide  
 till their hearts be satisfied.  
 I will give my life to them.  
 Whom shall I send?  
 *Chorus*

*Daniel L. Schutte (b.1947)  
© 1981 Daniel L. Schutte & New Dawn Music*

**Love bade me welcome – Geoff Weaver**

***recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.***

Love bade me welcome; but my soul drew back,

guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack

from my first entrance in, drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning if I lack anything.

‘A guest’, I answered, ‘worthy to be here.’

Love said, ‘You shall be he.’

‘I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,

I cannot look on thee.’

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,

‘Who made the eyes but I?’

‘Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame

go where it doth deserve.’

‘And know you not,’ says Love, ‘Who bore the blame?’

‘My dear, then I will serve.’

‘You must sit down,’ says Love, ‘and taste my meat.’

So I did sit and eat.

*George Herbert (1593-1633)*

**I come with joy, a child of God**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 I come with joy, a child of God,  
 forgiven, loved and free,  
 the life of Jesus to recall,  
 in love laid down for me.  
  
2 I come with Christians far and near  
 to find, as all are fed,  
 the new community of love  
 in Christ's communion bread.  
  
3 As Christ breaks bread, and bids us share,  
 each proud division ends.  
 The love that made us, makes us one,  
 and strangers now are friends.  
  
4 The Spirit of the risen Christ,  
 unseen, but ever near,  
 is in such friendship better known,  
 alive among us here.  
  
5 Together met, together bound  
 by all that God has done,  
 we'll go with joy, to give the world  
 the love that makes us one.

*Brian Wren (b.1936)  
© 1971, 1995 Stainer & Bell Ltd*

**O for a heart to praise my God**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
 a heart from sin set free,  
 a heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
 so freely shed for me;  
  
2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
 my great Redeemer's throne,  
 where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 where Jesus reigns alone;  
  
3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
 believing, true, and clean;  
 which neither life nor death can part  
 from him that dwells within;  
  
4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 and full of love divine;  
 perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of thine!  
  
5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
 come quickly from above,  
 write thy new name upon my heart,  
 thy new, best name of love.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**Beneath the cross of Jesus**

*recorded remotely by a St Martin’s Soloist in their home, and edited together.*

1 Beneath the cross of Jesus,  
 I find a place to stand;  
 and wonder at such mercy   
 that calls me as I am.  
 For hands that should discard me,  
 hold wounds which tell me 'Come'.  
 Beneath the cross of Jesus,  
 my unworthy soul is won.  
  
2 Beneath the cross of Jesus,  
 his family is my own;  
 once strangers chasing selfish dreams,  
 now one through grace alone.  
 How could I now dishonour  
 the ones that you have loved?  
 Beneath the cross of Jesus,  
 see the children called by God.  
  
3 Beneath the cross of Jesus,  
 the path before the crown,  
 we follow in his footsteps  
 where promised hope is found.  
 How great the joy before us -  
 to be his perfect bride.  
 Beneath the cross of Jesus,  
 we will gladly live our lives.

*Keith Getty (b,1974) and Kristyn Getty (b.1980)  
© 2005 Thankyou Music/Adm. by Kingswaysongs, a division of David C Cook, www.kingswayworship.co.uk*

**Lord for the years**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together*

1 Lord, for the years your love has kept and guided,  
 urged and inspired us, cheered us on our way,  
 sought us and saved us, pardoned and provided,  
 Lord of the years, we bring our thanks today.  
  
2 Lord, for that word, the word of life which fires us,  
 speaks to our hearts and sets our souls ablaze,  
 teaches and trains, rebukes us and inspires us,  
 Lord of the word, receive your people's praise.  
  
3 Lord, for our land, in this our generation,  
 spirits oppressed by pleasure, wealth and care;  
 for young and old, for commonwealth and nation,  
 Lord of our land, be pleased to hear our prayer.  
  
4 Lord, for our world; when we disown and doubt him,  
 loveless in strength, and comfortless in pain;  
 hungry and helpless, lost indeed without him,  
 Lord of the world, we pray that Christ may reign.  
  
5 Lord, for ourselves; in living power remake us,   
 self on the cross and Christ upon the throne;  
 past put behind us, for the future take us,  
 Lord of our lives, to live for Christ alone.

*Timothy Dudley-Smith (born 1926)   
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*and by Hope Publishing Company in all other territories (including USA).*

**Morning glory, starlit sky – Geoff Weaver**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

Morning glory, starlit sky,

soaring music, scholar's truth,  
 flight of swallows, autumn leaves,

memory's treasure, grace of youth;

Open are the gifts of God,  
 gifts of love to mind and sense;  
 hidden is love's agony,  
 love's endeavour, love's expense.  
  
 Love that gives, gives evermore,  
 gives with zeal, with eager hands,  
 spares not, keeps not, all outpours,  
 ventures all, is all expends.  
  
 Drained is love in making full;  
 bound in setting others free;  
 poor in making many rich;  
 weak in giving power to be.  
  
 Therefore he who shows us God  
 hangs upon the tree;  
 and the nails and crown of thorns  
 tells of what God’s love must be.  
  
 Here is God, no monarch he,  
 throned in easy state to reign;  
 here is God, whose arms of love  
 aching, spent, the world sustain.

*William Hubert Vanstone (1923-1999)  
© J W Shore*

**Hail the day that sees him rise**

*recorded remotely by St Martin’s Voices in their homes, and edited together.*

1. Hail the day that sees him rise, alleluia!

Glorious to his native skies; alleluia!

Christ, awhile to mortals giv’n, alleluia!

Enters now the highest heav’n! Alleluia!

1. There the glorious triumph waits; alleluia!

Lift your heads, eternal gates! Alleluia!

Christ hast vanquished death and sin; alleluia!

Take the King of glory in. Alleluia!

1. There we shall with thee remain, alleluia!

Partners of thine endless reign; alleluia!

There thy face unclouded see, alleluia!

Find our heav’n of heav’ns in thee. Alleluia!

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788) and Thomas Cotterill (1779-1823) and others*

**The head that once was crowned with thorns**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns

is crowned with glory now:

a royal diadem adorns

the might Victor’s brow.

1. The highest place that heaven affords

is his, is his by right,

the King of kings, and Lord of lords,

and heaven’s eternal Light;

1. The joy of all who dwell above,

the joy of all below,

to whom he manifests his love,

and grants his name to know.

1. To them the cross, with all its shame,

with all its grace, is given:

their name, an everlasting name,

their joy, the joy of heaven.

1. They suffer with their Lord below

they reign with him above;

their profit and their joy to know

the mystery of his love.

1. The cross he bore is life and health,

though shame and death to him;

his people’s hope, his people’s wealth,

their everlasting theme.

*Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)*

**Alleluia, sing to Jesus!**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1. Alleluia, sing the Jesus!

His the sceptre, his the throne;

alleluia, his the triumph,

his the victory alone:

hark, the songs of peaceful Sion

thunder like a mighty flood;

Jesus out of every nation

hath redeemed us by his blood.

1. Alleluia, not as orphans

are we left in sorrow now;

alleluia, he is near us,

faith believes, nor questions how:

though the cloud from sight received him,

when the forty days were o’er,

shall our hearts forget his promised,

‘I am with you evermore’?

1. Alleluia, bread of angels,

thou on earth out food, our stay;

alleluia, here the sinful

flee to thee from day to day:

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,

earth’s Redeemer, plead for me,

where the songs of all the sinless

sweep across the crystal sea.

1. Alleluia, King eternal,

thee the Lord of lords we own;

alleluia, born of May,

earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,

thou within the veil hast entered,

robed in flesh, our great High Priest:

thou on earth both Priest and Victim

in the eucharistic feast.

*William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)*

**All hail the power of Jesu’s name**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1. All hail the power of Jesu’s name;

let angels prostrate fall;

bring forth the royal diadem

to crown him, crown him, crown him,

crown him Lord of all.

1. Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,

who from his altar call;

praise him whose way of pain ye trod,

and crown him Lord of all.

1. Ye see of Israel’s chosen race,

ye ransomed of the fall,

hail him who saves you by his grace,

and crown him Lord of all.

1. Let every tribe and every tongue

to him their hearts enthral,

lift high the universal song

and crown him Lord of all.

*Edward Perronet (1726-1792) and others*

**St Richard’s Prayer – Joanna Forbes L’Estrange**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

Thanks be to thee, Lord Jesus Christ,

for all the benefits which thou hast won for us;

Thanks be to thee, Lord Jesus Christ,

for all the pains and insults thou hast borne for us;

O most merciful Redeemer, friend and brother,

Saviour, hear our prayer:

May we know thee more clearly, may we love thee more dearly,

and follow thee more nearly, day by day.

Amen.

**Lord, you give the great commission**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Lord, you give the great commission:  
 'Heal the sick and preach the word',  
 Lest the Church neglect its mission  
 and the gospel go unheard,  
 help us witness to your purpose  
 with renewed integrity;  
 with the Spirit's gifts empower us  
 for the work of ministry.  
  
2 Lord, you call us to your service:  
 'In my name baptise and teach'.  
 That the world may trust your promise,  
 life abundant meant for each,  
 give us all new fervour, draw us  
 closer in community;  
 with the Spirit's gifts empower us  
 for the work of ministry.  
   
3 Lord, you make the common holy:  
 'This my body, this my blood'.  
 Let us all, for earth's true glory  
 daily lift life heavenward,  
 asking that the world around us  
 share your children's liberty;  
 with the Spirit's gifts empower us  
 for the work of ministry.  
  
4 Lord, you bless with words assuring:  
 'I am with you to the end'.  
 Faith and hope and love restoring,  
 may we serve as you intend,  
 and, amid the cares that claim us,  
 hold in mind eternity;  
 with the Spirit's gifts empower us  
 for the work of ministry.

*Jeffrey W Rowthorn (b.1934)  
© 1978 Hope Publishing Company.  All rights reserved.*

**Fight the good fight**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Fight the good fight with all thy might;  
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;  
 lay hold on life, and it shall be  
 thy joy and crown eternally.  
  
2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
 lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;  
 life with its way before us lies;  
 Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.  
  
3 Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;  
 his boundless mercy will provide;  
 trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.  
  
4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near;  
 he changeth not, and thou art dear;  
 only believe, and thou shalt see  
 that Christ is all in all to thee.

*John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-1875)*

**Jesus shall reign**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
 does his successive journeys run;  
 his kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
  
2 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
 dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
 and infant voices shall proclaim  
 their early blessings on his name.  
  
3 Blessings abound where’er he reigns:

the prisoner leaps to lose his chains;

the weary find eternal rest,

and all the sons of want are blessed.

4 To him shall endless prayer be made  
 and praises throng to crown his head;  
 his name like incense shall arise  
 with ev'ry morning sacrifice.  
  
5 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring  
 peculiar honours to our King;  
 angels descend with songs again,  
 and earth repeat the loud amen.

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

**God be in my head – Nicholson**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

God be in my head, and in my understanding;  
 God be in my eyes, and in my looking;  
 God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;  
 God be in my heart, and in my thinking;  
 God be at mine end, and at my departing.

*Sarum Primer*

**How great thou art**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder   
 consider all the works Thy hand hath made,   
 I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,   
 thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee,*   
 *How great thou art! How great thou art!*   
 *Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,*   
 *How great thou art! How great thou art!*   
   
2 When through the woods and forest glades I wander  
 and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;  
 when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
 and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;  
 *Refrain*   
   
3 And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,   
 sent him to die, I scarce can take it in.   
 that on the cross my burden gladly bearing,   
 he bled and died to take away my sin:  
 *Refrain*   
   
4 When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
 and take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!  
 Then shall I bow in humble adoration  
 and there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!   
 *Refrain*

*Stuart K Hine (1899-1989)  
© 1953 Stuart K Hine/The Stuart Hine Trust/Published by kingswaysongs.com. www.kingswaysongs.com. Worldwide (excl. North & South America).*

**Jesus Christ is waiting**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Jesus Christ is waiting, waiting in the streets;  
 no one is his neighbour, all alone he eats.   
 Listen, Lord Jesus, I am lonely too;  
 make me, friend or stranger, fit to wait on you.   
  
2 Jesus Christ is raging, raging in the streets,   
 where injustice spirals and real hope retreats.   
 Listen, Lord Jesus I am angry too;  
 in the Kingdom's causes let me rage with you.  
  
3 Jesus Christ is healing, healing in the streets;   
 curing those who suffer, touching those he greets.   
 Listen, Lord Jesus, I have pity too;  
 let my care be active, healing, just like you.   
  
4 Jesus Christ is dancing, dancing in the streets,   
 where each sign of hatred he, with love, defeats.   
 Listen, Lord Jesus I should triumph too;  
 where good conquers evil let me dance with you.   
  
5 Jesus Christ is calling, calling in the streets,  
 'Who will join my journey? I will guide their feet.'  
 Listen, Lord Jesus, let my fears be few:  
 walk one step before me; I will follow you.

*John L Bell (born 1949) and Graham Maule (1958-2019)  
© 1988 WGRG, c/o Iona Community, 21 Carlton Court, Glasgow, G5 9JP, Scotland. www.wildgoose.scot*

**And can it be**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 And can it be that I should gain  
 an interest in the Saviour's blood?  
 Died he for me, who caused his pain?  
 For me, who him to death pursued?  
 Amazing love! How can it be  
 that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?  
  
2 He left his Father's throne above -  
 so free, so infinite his grace -  
 emptied himself of all but love,  
 and bled for Adam's helpless race.  
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free;  
 for, O my God, it found out me!  
  
3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
 fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
 thine eye diffused a quickening ray -  
 I woke, the dungeon flamed with light,  
 my chains fell off, my heart was free,  
 I rose, went forth, and followed thee.  
  
4 No condemnation now I dread;  
 Jesus, and all in him, is mine!  
 Alive in him, my living head,  
 and clothed in righteousness divine,  
 bold I approach the eternal throne,  
 and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

*The last two lines of each verse are repeated.*

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**Lord of all hopefulness – Malcolm Archer**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
 whose trust, ever child-like, no care could destroy,  
 be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
 your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.  
  
 Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
 whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
 be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
 your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.  
  
 Lord of all kindliness, Lord of all grace,  
 your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
 be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
 your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.  
  
 Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
 whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
 be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
 your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Amen.

*Jan Struther (1901-1953)  
© Oxford University Press*

**Come down, O Love divine**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together*

1 Come down, O Love divine,

Seek thou this soul of mine,

And visit it with thine own ardour glowing;

O comforter, draw near,

Within my heart appear,

And kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

2 O let it freely burn,

Till earthly passions turn

To dust and ashes, in its heat consuming;

And let thy glorious light

Shine ever on my sight,

And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

3 Let holy charity

Mine outward vesture be,

And lowliness become mine inner clothing;

True lowliness of heart,

Which takes the humbler part,

And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

4 And so the yearning strong,

With which the soul will long,

Shall far outpass the power of human telling;

For none can guess its grace,

Till he become the place

Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

*Discendi, amor santo Bianco da Siena (died 1434) translated Richard Frederick Littledale (1833-1890)*

**Be still, for the presence of the Lord – arr. Richard Shephard**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here;  
come bow before Him now with reverence and fear.  
in Him no sin is found, we stand on holy ground;  
be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here.  
   
Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around;  
He burns with holy fire, with splendour He is crowned.  
How awesome is the sight, our radiant King of light!  
Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around.  
   
Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place;  
He comes to cleanse and heal, to minister His grace.  
No work too hard for Him, in faith receive from Him;  
be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place.

*David J Evans (born 1957)  
© 1986 Thankyou Music/Adm. by worshiptogether.com songs excl UK & Europe, adm. by kingswaysongs.com. www.kingswaysongs.com.*

**A mighty wind invades the world**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 A mighty wind invades the world,  
 so strong and free on beating wing:  
 it is the Spirit of the Lord  
 from whom all truth and freedom spring.  
  
2 The Spirit is a fountain clear  
 for ever leaping to the sky,  
 whose waters give unending life,  
 whose timeless source is never dry.  
  
3 The Spirit comes in tongues of flame,  
 with love and wisdom burning bright:  
 the wind, the fountain and the fire  
 combine in this great feast of light.  
  
4 O tranquil Spirit, bring us peace,  
 with God the Father and the Son.  
 we praise you, blessèd Trinity,  
 unchanging, and for ever One.

*Stanbrook Abbey  
© 1974 Stanbrook Abbey*

**Holy Spirit, living breath of God**

*recorded remotely by the Gabriella Noble and Gavin Roberts in their homes, and edited together.*

Holy Spirit, living breath of God,

breathe new life into my willing soul.

Bring the presence of the risen Lord

to renew my heart and make me whole.

Cause your word to come alive in me;

give me faith for what I cannot see,

give me passion for your purity;

Holy Spirit, breathe new life in me.

Holy Spirit, come abide within,

may your joy be seen in all I do.

Love enough to cover every sin

in each thought and deed and attitude:

kindness to the greatest and the least,

gentleness that sows the path of peace.

turn my strivings into works of grace;

Breath of God, show Christ in all I do.

Holy Spirit, from creation’s birth,

giving life to all that God has made,

show your power once again on earth,

Cause your church to hunger for your ways.

May the fragrance of our prayers arise;

lead us on the road of sacrifice,

that in unity the face of Christ

may be clear for all the world to see.

*Keith Getty (born 1974) and Stuart Townend (born 1963)*

*© Thankyou Music/Adm. By Kingswaysongs, a division of David C Cook*

**Spirit of the Lord, come down – John Harper**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

Spirit of the Lord, come down,

spreading your protecting wing

over all that you have made,

over every living thing.

Come in storm-wind, cleansing fire,

sweeping through a world unclean,

Come in every gentle breeze:

Breath of God, unheard, unseen.

Holy Spirit, blessed Light,

guide and strengthen mind and will;

comfort every grieving heart,

and our inmost being fill.

Through the Father and the Son,

by whose blood life was brought

fill our empty hands with gifts:

come with grace unearned, unsought.

*© 1974 Stanbrook Abbey, Callow End, Worcester WR2 4TD*

**Veni Sancte Spiritus**

*recorded remotely by the Gabriella Noble and Gavin Roberts in their homes, and edited together.*

Veni, veni,

veni, veni,

veni Sancte Spiritus. Veni, veni,

veni, veni,

Sancte Spiritus.

(Come, Holy Spirit.)

*Music: Peter Nardone (b.1965)*

**All for Jesus**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together*

1 All for Jesus, all for Jesus,

this our song shall ever be;

for we have no hope, nor Saviour,

if we have not hope in thee.  
  
2 All for Jesus, thou wilt give us

strength to serve thee, hour by hour;

none can move us from thy presence

while we trust thy love and power.

3 All for Jesus, at thine altar

thou wilt give us sweet content;

there, dear Lord, we shall receive thee

in the solemn sacrament.   
  
4 All for Jesus, thou hast loved us;

all for Jesus, thou hast died;

all for Jesus, thou art with us;

all for Jesus crucified.

5 All for Jesus, all for Jesus,

this the church’s song must be,

till, at last, we all are gathered,

one in love and one in thee.

*W.J. Sparrow-Simpson (1859-1952)*

**Sweet Sacrament divine**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Sweet Sacrament divine,  
 hid in thine earthly home,  
 lo, round thy lowly shrine,  
 with suppliant hearts we come;  
 Jesus, to thee our voice we raise  
 in songs of love and heartfelt praise:  
 sweet Sacrament divine.  
   
2 Sweet Sacrament of peace,  
 dear home for every heart,  
 where restless yearnings cease  
 and sorrows all depart;  
 there in thine ear all trustfully  
 we tell our tale of misery:  
 sweet Sacrament of peace.  
   
3 Sweet Sacrament divine,  
 earth's light and jubilee,  
 in thy far depths doth shine  
 thy Godhead's majesty;  
 sweet light, so shine on us, we pray  
 that earthly joys may fade away:  
 sweet Sacrament divine.

*Francis Stanfield (1835-1914)*

**Hail the day that sees him rise**

*recorded remotely by St Martin’s Voices in their homes, and edited together.*

1. Hail the day that sees him rise, alleluia!

Glorious to his native skies; alleluia!

Christ, awhile to mortals giv’n, alleluia!

Enters now the highest heav’n! Alleluia!

1. There the glorious triumph waits; alleluia!

Lift your heads, eternal gates! Alleluia!

Christ hast vanquished death and sin; alleluia!

Take the King of glory in. Alleluia!

1. There we shall with thee remain, alleluia!

Partners of thine endless reign; alleluia!

There thy face unclouded see, alleluia!

Find our heav’n of heav’ns in thee. Alleulia!

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788) and Thomas Cotterill (1779-1823) and others*

**Crown him with many crowns**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1. Crown him with many crowns,

the Lamb upon his throne;

hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns

all music but its own!

Awake, my soul, and sing

of him who died for thee,

and hail him as thy matchless King

through all eternity.

1. Crown him the Lord of love;

behold his hands and side,

those wounds yet visible above

in beauty glorified:

no angel in the sky

can fully bear that sight,

but downward bends his burning eye

at mysteries so bright.

1. Crown him the Lord of peace,

whose power a sceptre sways

from pole to pole, that wars may cease,

and all be prayer and praise:

his reign shall know no end,

and round his piercèd feet

fair flowers of paradise extend

their fragrance ever sweet.

1. Crown him the Lord of years,

the Potentate of time,

creator of the rolling spheres

ineffably sublime:

all hail, Redeemer, hail!

for thou hast died for me;

thy praise shall never, never fail

throughout eternity.

*Matthew Bridges (1800-1894)*

**Jesus shall reign where’er the sun**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1. Jesus shall reign where’er the sun

does his successive journeys run;

his kingdom stretch from shore to shore,

till moons shall wax and wane no more.

1. People and realms of every tongue

Dwell on his love with sweetest song,

And infant voices shall proclaim

Their early blessings on his name.

1. Blessings abound where’er he reigns:

the prisoner leaps to lose his chains;

the weary find eternal rest,

and all the sons of want are blest.

1. To him shall endless prayer be made,

and praises throng to crown his head;

his name like incense shall arise

with every morning sacrifice.

1. Let every creature rise and bring

peculiar honours to our King;

angels descend with songs again,

and earth repeat the loud Amen.

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

*based on Psalm 72*

**For Mary, Mother of our Lord**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 For Mary, Mother of our Lord

God’s holy name be praised,

who first the Son of God adored,

as on her child she gazed.

2 Brave, holy Virgin, she believe,

though hard the take assigned,

and by the Holy Ghost conceived

the Saviour of mankind.  
  
3 She gave her body as God’s shrine,

her heart to piercing pain;

she knew the cost of love divine,

when Jesus Christ was slain.  
  
4 Dear Mary, from your lowliness

and home in Galilee

there comes a joy and holiness

to every family.

5 Hail, Mary, you are full of grace,

above all women blest;

and blest your Son, whom your embrace

in birth and death confessed.

*John Raphael Peacey (1896-1971)  
© Revd Mary J Hancock*

**Tell out my soul**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!  
 Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;  
 tender to me the promise of his word;  
 in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.  
  
2 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his Name!  
 Make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;  
 his mercy sure, from age to age the same;  
 his holy Name, the Lord, the Mighty One.  
  
3 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!  
 Powers and dominions lay their glory by.  
 Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,  
 the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.  
  
4 Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!  
 Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.  
 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord  
 to children's children and for evermore!

*Timothy Dudley-Smith (born 1926) from Luke 1 vs46-55   
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**Praise to the Holiest in the height**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 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.  
  
2 And that a higher gift than grace  
 should flesh and blood refine,  
 God's presence and his very self,  
 and essence all-divine.  
  
3 And in the garden secretly,  
 and on the Cross on high,  
 should teach his brethren, and inspire  
 to suffer and to die.  
  
4 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)*

**In Christ there is no east or west**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 In Christ there is no east nor west,  
 in him no south or north,  
 but one great fellowship of love  
 throughout the whole wide earth.  
  
2 In him shall true hearts everywhere  
 their high communion find;  
 his service is the golden cord  
 close binding humankind.  
  
3 Join hands, then, children of the faith,  
 whate'er your race may be;  
 who serves my Father as his child  
 is surely kin to me.  
  
4 In Christ there is no east nor west,  
 in him no south or north,  
 but one great fellowship of love  
 throughout the whole wide earth.

*William A Dunkerley (John Oxenham) (1852-1941)* 

**There’s a wideness in God’s mercy**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy  
 like the wideness of the sea;  
 there's a kindness in his justice  
 which is more than liberty.  
 There is no place where earth's sorrows  
 are more felt than up in heaven;  
 there is no place where earth's failings  
 have such kindly judgement given.  
  
2 For the love of God is broader  
 than the measure of our mind,  
 and the heart of the eternal  
 is most wonderfully kind.  
 But we make his love too narrow  
 by false limits of our own;  
 and we magnify his strictness  
 with a zeal he would not own.  
  
3 There is plentiful redemption  
 through the blood that has been shed;  
 there is joy for all the members  
 in the sorrows of the head.  
 There is grace enough for thousands  
 of new worlds as great as this;  
 there is room for fresh creations  
 in that upper home of bliss.  
   
 *Second half of tune:*   
4 If our love were but more simple  
 we should take him at his word;  
 and our lives would be all gladness  
 in the joy of Christ our Lord.

*Frederick William Faber (1814-1863)*

**Love Divine, all loves excelling – Amy Summers**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Love divine, all loves excelling,  
 joy of heaven to earth come down,  
 fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
 all thy faithful mercies crown.  
 Jesus, thou art all compassion  
 pure, unbounded love thou art;  
 visit us with thy salvation,  
 enter every trembling heart.  
  
 Come, almighty to deliver,  
 let us all thy life 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 heaven we take our place,  
 till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 lost in wonder, love, and praise!

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**Guide me, O thou great redeemer**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,  
 pilgrim through this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 hold me with thy powerful hand:  
 bread of heaven,  
 feed me now and evermore.  
  
2 Open now the crystal fountain  
 whence the healing stream doth flow;  
 let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 lead me all my journey through:  
 strong deliverer,  
 be thou still my strength and shield.  
  
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan  
 bid my anxious fears subside;  
 death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

*Arglwydd arwain drwy'r anialwch   
William Williams (1717-1791), tr Peter Williams (1727-1796)*

**Christ, the fair glory of the holy angels**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Christ, the fair glory of the holy angels,  
 ruler of all, and author of creation,  
 grant us in mercy grace to win by patience  
 joys everlasting.  
  
2 Send thine archangel Michael from thy presence:  
 peacemaker blessèd, may he hover o'er us,  
 hallow our dwellings, that for us thy children  
 all things may prosper.  
  
3 Send thine archangel, Gabriel the mighty:  
 on strong wings flying, may he come from heaven,  
 drive from thy temple Satan the old foeman.  
 succour our weakness.  
  
4 Send thine archangel, Raphael the healer:  
 through him with wholesome medicines of salvation  
 heal our backsliding, and in paths of goodness  
 guide our steps daily.  
  
5 Father almighty, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
 Godhead eternal, grant us our petition;  
 thine be the glory through the whole creation  
 now and for ever. Amen.

*Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum*

*Attributed to Rabanus Maurus (c.776-856) translated by Charles S Phillips (1883-1949)  
© Holder untraced*

**Sometimes a light surprises**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Sometimes a light surprises  
 the Christian while he sings;  
 it is the Lord who rises  
 with healing in his wings:  
 when comforts are declining,  
 he grants the soul again  
 a season of clear shining,  
 to cheer it after rain.  
  
2 In holy contemplation,  
 we sweetly then pursue  
 the theme of God's salvation,  
 and find it ever new.  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 we cheerfully can say,  
 ‘E’en let the unknown morrow  
 bring with it what it may’:  
  
3 It can bring with it nothing  
 but he will bear us through;  
 who gives the lilies clothing  
 will clothe his people too:  
 beneath the spreading heavens  
 no creature but is fed;  
 and he who feeds the ravens  
 will give his children bread.  
  
4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
 their wonted fruit should bear,  
 though all the field should wither,  
 nor flocks nor herds be there,  
 yet, God the same abiding,  
 his praise shall tune my voice;  
 for, while in him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

*William Cowper (1731-1800)*

**Fill your hearts with joy and gladness**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Fill your hearts with joy and gladness,  
 sing and praise your God and mine!  
 Great the Lord in love and wisdom,  
 might and majesty divine!  
 He who framed the starry heavens  
 knows and names them as they shine!  
  
2 Praise the Lord, his people, praise him!  
 Wounded souls his comfort know;  
 those who fear him find his mercies,  
 peace for pain and joy for woe;  
 humble hearts are high exalted,  
 human pride and power laid low.  
  
3 Praise the Lord for times and seasons,  
 cloud and sunshine, wind and rain;  
 spring to melt the snows of winter  
 till the waters flow again;  
 grass upon the mountain pastures,  
 golden valleys thick with grain.  
  
4 Fill your hearts with joy and gladness,  
 peace and plenty crown your days;  
 love his laws, declare his judgments,  
 walk in all his words and ways;  
 he the Lord and we his children:  
 praise the Lord, all people, praise!

*Timothy Dudley-Smith (b.1926) from Psalm 147  
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**Blessed bread – Margaret Rizza**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

Blessed bread, everlasting life;

sacred cup, eternal salvation.

*Margaret Rizza, based on the Eucharist*

**God of grace and God of glory,**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 God of grace and God of glory,  
 on thy people pour thy power;  
 now fulfil thy church's story;  
 bring her bud to glorious flower.  
 Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
 for the facing of this hour.  
  
2 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.  
  
3 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.  
  
4 Set our feet on lofty places,  
 gird our lives that they may be  
 armoured with all Christlike graces  
 in the fight till all be free.  
 Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
 that we fail not man nor thee.

*Harry Emerson Fosdick (1878-1969)  
© Stephen F Downs legal representative of Dr Elinor Downs*

**King of glory, King of peace**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 King of glory, King of peace,  
 I will love thee;  
 and that love may never cease  
 I will move thee.  
 Thou hast granted my request,  
 thou hast heard me;  
 thou didst note my working breast,  
 thou hast spared me.  
  
2 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.  
  
3 Seven whole days, not one in seven,  
 I will praise thee;  
 in my heart, though not in heaven,  
 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)*

**Like a mighty river flowing**

*recorded remotely by a soloist from St Martin’s Voices in their home, and edited together.*

1 Like a mighty river flowing,  
 like a flower in beauty growing,  
 far beyond all human knowing  
 is the perfect peace of God.  
  
2 Like the hills serene and even,  
 like the coursing clouds of heaven,  
 like the heart that's been forgiven  
 is the perfect peace of God.  
  
3 Like the summer breezes playing,  
 like the tall trees softly swaying,  
 like the lips of silent praying  
 is the perfect peace of God.  
  
4 Like the morning sun ascended,  
 like the scents of evening blended,  
 like a friendship never ended  
 is the perfect peace of God.  
  
5 Like the azure ocean swelling,  
 like the jewel all-excelling,  
 far beyond our human telling  
 is the perfect peace of God.

*Michael Perry (1942-1996)  
© Mrs B Perry/Jubilate Hymns*

**Take this moment, sign and space**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Take this moment, sign and space;   
 take my friends around;   
 here among us make the place  
 where your love is found.  
  
2 Take the time to call my name,  
 take the time to mend  
 who I am and what I've been,  
 all I've failed to tend.  
  
3 Take the tiredness of my days,   
 take my past regret,   
 letting your forgiveness touch   
 all I can't forget.   
  
4 Take the little child in me   
 scared of growing old;   
 help me here to find my worth   
 made in Christ's own mould.   
  
5 Take my talents, take my skills,   
 take what's yet to be;   
 let my life be yours, and yet   
 let it still be me.

*John L Bell (born 1949) and Graham Maule (1958-2019)  
© 1989 WGRG, c/o Iona Community, 21 Carlton Court, Glasgow, G5 9JP, Scotland. www.wildgoose.scot***Jesu! dulcis memoria – Richard Shephard**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

Jesu dulcis memoria

dans vera cordis gaudia:

sed super mel et omnia

dulcis eius presentia.

Nil canitur suavius,

auditur nil iucundius,

nil cogitatur dulcius,

quam Jesu, Dei Filius.

Jesu, spes paenitentibus,

quam pius es petentibus,

quam bonus te quaerentibus!

sed quid invenientibus?

Jesu dulcedo cordium,

fons vivus, lumen mentium,

excedens omne gaudium

et omen desiderium.

Nec lingua valet dicere,

nec littera exprimere:

expertus potest credere,

quid sit Jesum diligere.

Amen.

*Jesu, the very thought is sweet*

*In that dear name all heart joys meet;*

*but O, than honest sweeter far*

*the glimpses of his presence are.*

*No word is sung more sweet than this,*

*no sound is heard more full of bliss,*

*no thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,*

*than Jesus, Son of God most high.*

*Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,*

*how good to them for sin that mourn!*

*To them that seek thee, O how king!*

*But what art thou to them that find?*

*Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts!*

*Thou fount of life, thou Light of men!*

*From the best bliss that earth imparts*

*we turn unfilled to thee again.*

*No tongue of mortal can express,*

*no pen can write, the blessedness:*

*he only who hath proved it knows*

*what bliss from love of Jesus flows.*

*Amen.*

*c.12th century. Translated J.M. Neale, E. Caswall and R. Palmer.*

**God has spoken – by his prophets**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 God has spoken – by his prophets,  
 spoken his unchanging word;  
 each from age to age proclaiming  
 God the one, the righteous Lord;  
 in the world's despair and turmoil  
 one firm anchor holds us fast:  
 God eternal reigns for ever,  
 God the first and God the last.  
  
2 God has spoken – by Christ Jesus,  
 Christ, the everlasting Son;  
 brightness of the Father's glory,  
 with the Father ever one:  
 spoken by the Word incarnate,  
 Life, before all time began,  
 Light of Light, to earth descending,  
 God, revealed as Son of Man.  
  
3 God is speaking – by his Spirit  
 speaking to our hearts again;  
 in the ageless Word declaring   
 God's own message, now as then.  
 Through the rise and fall of nations  
 one sure faith is holding fast:  
 God abides, his word unchanging,  
 God the first and God the last.

*George W Briggs (1875-1959)  
© 1953, 1981 Hymn Society of America and Canada/Hope Publishing Company*

**The kingdom of God is justice and joy**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 The kingdom of God is justice and joy,  
 for Jesus restores what sin would destroy;  
 God's power and glory in Jesus we know,  
 and here and hereafter the kingdom shall grow.  
  
2 The kingdom of God is mercy and grace,  
 the captives are freed, the sinners find place,  
 the outcast are welcomed God's banquet to share,  
 and hope is awakened instead of despair.  
  
3 The kingdom of God is challenge and choice,  
 believe the good news, repent and rejoice.  
 His love for us sinners brought Christ to his cross,  
 our crisis of judgement for gain or for loss.  
  
4 God's kingdom is come, the gift and the goal,  
 in Jesus begun, in heaven made whole;  
 the heirs of the kingdom shall answer his call,  
 and all things cry glory to God all in all.

*Bryn Rees (1911-1983)  
© Alexander Scott*

**There is a hope that burns within my heart**

*recorded remotely by a soloist from St Martin’s Voices in their home, and edited together.*

1 There is a hope that burns within my heart,  
 that gives me strength for every passing day;  
 a glimpse of glory now revealed in meagre part,  
 yet drives all doubt away:  
 I stand in Christ, with sins forgiv'n;  
 and Christ in me, the hope of heav'n!  
 My highest calling and my deepest joy,  
 to make his will my home.  
  
2 There is a hope that stands the test of time,  
 that lifts my eyes beyond the beckoning grave,  
 to see the matchless beauty of a day divine  
 when I behold his face!  
 When sufferings cease and sorrows die,  
 and ev'ry longing satisfied,  
 then joy unspeakable will flood my soul,  
 for I am truly home.

*Mark Edwards and Stuart Townend (b.1963)  
© 2007 Thankyou music/adm. by worshiptogether.com songs excl. UK & Europe, adm. by kingswaysongs.com www.kingswaysongs.com.*

**O God you search me and you know me**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 O God, you search me and you know me.  
 All my thoughts lie open to your gaze.  
 When I walk or lie down you are before me:  
 ever the maker and keeper of my days.  
  
2 You know my resting and my rising.  
 You discern my purpose from afar.  
 And with love everlasting you besiege me:  
 in ev'ry moment of life and death, you are.  
  
3 Before a word is on my tongue, Lord,  
 you have known its meaning through and through.  
 You are with me, beyond my understanding:  
 God of my present, my past and future, too.  
  
4 Although your Spirit is upon me,  
 still I search for shelter from your light.  
 There is nowhere on earth I can escape you:  
 even the darkness is radiant in your sight.  
  
5 For you created me and shaped me,  
 gave me life within my mother's womb.  
 For the wonder of who I am, I praise you:  
 safe in your hands, all creation is made new.

*Bernadette Farrell (b.1957) from Psalm 139   
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**Lead me, O Lord – Thomas Hewitt Jones**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies;

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness, make thy way straight before my face,

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies;

Lead me, O Lord.

*Psalm 5.8 (King James Version)*

**Lord, thy word abideth**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Lord, thy word abideth,  
 and our footsteps guideth;  
 who its truth believeth  
 light and joy receiveth.  
  
2 When our foes are near us,  
 then thy word doth cheer us,  
 word of consolation,  
 message of salvation.  
  
3 When the storms are o'er us,  
 and dark clouds before us,  
 then its light directeth,  
 and our way protecteth.  
  
4 Who can tell the pleasure,  
 who recount the treasure,  
 by thy word imparted  
 to the simple-hearted?  
  
5 Word of mercy, giving  
 succour to the living;  
 word of life, supplying  
 comfort to the dying.  
  
6 O that we discerning  
 its most holy learning,  
 Lord, may love and fear thee,  
 evermore be near thee.

*Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)*

**Water of life, cleanse and refresh us**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

*Water of life, cleanse and refresh us;   
 raise us to life in Christ Jesus.*

1 All you who thirst, come to the waters,  
 and you will never be thirsty again.  
 *Chorus*   
   
2 As rain from heav’n so is God's word,  
 it waters the earth and brings forth life.  
 *Chorus*  
   
3 Dying with Christ, so we shall rise with him,  
 death shall no longer have pow’r over us.  
 *Chorus*  
   
4 Turn to the Lord, cast off your wickedness,  
 you will find peace in his infinite love.  
 *Chorus*

*Stephen Dean (b.1948)  
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**You shall go out with joy**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

You shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace,  
 and the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you.  
 There'll be shouts of joy and the trees of the field  
 shall clap, shall clap their hands,  
 and the trees of the field shall clap their hands,  
 and the trees of the field shall clap their hands,  
 and the trees of the field shall clap their hands,  
 and you'll go out with joy.

*Stuart Dauermann (b.1944)  
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**Speak O Lord, as we come to you**

*recorded remotely by a soloist from St Martin’s Voices in their home, and edited together.*

1 Speak O Lord, as we come to you  
 to receive the food of your holy word.  
 Take your truth, plant it deep in us;  
 shape and fashion us in your likeness,  
 that the light of Christ might be seen today  
 in our acts of love and our deeds of faith.  
 Speak, O Lord, and fulfil in us  
 all your purposes, for your glory.  
  
2 Teach us, Lord, full obedience,  
 holy reverence, true humility.  
 Test our thoughts and our attitudes  
 in the radiance of your purity.  
 Cause our faith to rise, cause our eyes to see  
 your majestic love and authority.  
 Words of power that can never fail;  
 let their truth prevail over unbelief.  
  
3 Speak, O Lord, and renew our minds;  
 help us grasp the heights of your plans for us.  
 Truths unchanged from the dawn of time  
 that will echo down through eternity.  
 And by grace we'll stand on your promises,  
 and by faith we'll walk as you walk with us.  
 Speak, O Lord, till your church is built  
 as the earth is filled with your glory.

*Keith Getty (b.1974) and Stuart Townend (b.1963)  
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**Behold, the tabernacle of God – William Harris**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men,

and the Spirit of God dwelleth within you

for the temple of God is holy,

which temple ye are:

for the love of whom ye do this day

celebrate the joys of the temple

with a season of festivity.

Alleluia.

*Sarum antiphon*

**Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together*

1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
 early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;  
 holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
 God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!  
  
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,  
 casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
 cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,  
 which wert and art and evermore shalt be.  
  
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,  
 though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,  
 only thou art holy, there is none beside thee  
 perfect in power, in love, and purity.  
  
4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty!  
 all thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea;  
 holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

*Reginald Heber (1783-1826)*

**Thou, whose almighty word**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 Thou, whose almighty word  
 chaos and darkness heard,  
 and took their flight;  
 hear us, we humbly pray,  
 and where the gospel-day  
 sheds not its glorious ray,  
 let there be light.  
  
2 Thou, who didst come to bring  
 on thy redeeming wing  
 healing and sight,  
 health to the sick in mind,  
 sight to the inly blind,  
 O now to all mankind  
 let there be light.  
  
3 Spirit of truth and love,  
 life-giving, holy Dove,  
 speed forth thy flight;  
 move on the water's face,  
 bearing the lamp of grace,  
 and in earth's darkest place  
 let there be light.  
  
4 Holy and blessèd Three,  
 glorious Trinity,  
 Wisdom, Love, Might;  
 boundless as ocean's tide  
 rolling in fullest pride,  
 through the earth far and wide  
 let there be light.

*John Marriott (1780-1825)*

**How shall I sing that majesty**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 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?  
  
2 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 alleluias be.  
  
3 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.

*John Mason (c.1645-1694)*

**Christ be in my waking**

*recorded remotely by a St Martin’s soloist in their own home, and edited together.*

1 Christ be in my waking, as the sun is rising,  
 in my day of working, with me every hour.  
 Christ be in my resting, as the day is ending,  
 calming and refreshing, watching through the night.

2 Christ be in my thinking, and my understanding,  
 guarding me from evil, walking in the light.  
 Christ be in my speaking, every word a blessing,  
 pure and not deceiving, grace to all who hear.

*Jesus, this is my devotion,*   
 *all my life to know you,*   
 *every day to walk with you.*   
 *Saviour, you're my deepest longing,*   
 *you're the one I live for,*   
 *teach me Lord, to walk with you.*

3 Christ be in my gladness for the joy of living,  
 thankful for the goodness of the Father's hand.  
 Christ be in my sorrow, and my day of darkness,  
 knowing that I follow in the steps he trod.  
 *Chorus*   
  
4 Christ when hope has faded, nothing left to cling to,  
 every pleasure jaded, every well is dry.  
 Christ the loving shepherd draws me with his kindness,  
 leads me from the desert to the streams of life.

*Stuart Townend (born 1963) and Simon Brading  
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**Jesus leads us to the Father - Hargreaves**

*recorded remotely by St Martin’s Voices in their homes, and edited together.*

Jesus lead us to the Father by your Spirit,

help us draw near.  
Jesus lead us to the Father by your Spirit,

help us draw near.  
  
As we come with awe and gladness,  
help us draw near.  
As we come with awe and gladness,  
help us draw near.  
   
Alleluia, alleluia,

help us draw near.  
Alleluia, alleluia,

help us draw near.

*Sam Hargreaves (b.1979)  
© Sam Hargreaves/RESOUND Worship Administered by The Jubilate Group, Kitley House, St Katherines Road, Torquay, TQ1 4DE, UK.* [*copyrightmanager@jubilate.co.uk*](mailto:copyrightmanager@jubilate.co.uk)*.*

**Lift high the cross**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim*   
 *till all the world adore his sacred name.*   
  
1 Come, let us follow where our Captain trod,  
 our King victorious, Christ the Son of God.  
  
2 O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,  
 as thou hast promised, draw us unto thee.  
  
3 Let every race and every language tell  
 of him who saves our souls from death and hell.  
  
4 Set up thy throne, that earth's despair may cease  
 beneath the shadow of its healing peace.  
  
5 For thy blest cross which doth for all atone  
 creation's praises rise before thy throne.

*Michael Robert Newbolt (1874-1956), George William Kitchin (1827-1912)  
© Holder untraced*

**Firmly I believe and truly**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Firmly I believe and truly  
 God is Three, and God is One;  
 and I next acknowledge duly  
 manhood taken by the Son.  
  
2 And I trust and hope most fully  
 in that manhood crucified;  
 and each thought and deed unruly  
 do to death, as he has died.  
  
3 Simply to his grace and wholly  
 light and life and strength belong,  
 and I love supremely, solely,  
 him the holy, him the strong.  
  
4 And I hold in veneration,  
 for the love of him alone,  
 Holy Church as his creation,  
 and her teachings as his own.  
  
5 Adoration ay be given,  
 with and through the angelic host,  
 to the God of earth and heaven,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*John Henry Newman (1801-1890)*

**Thou art the Christ, O Lord**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Thou art the Christ, O Lord,  
 the Son of God most high:  
 for ever be adored  
 that Name in earth and sky,  
 in which, though mortal strength may fail,  
 the saints of God at last prevail.  
  
2 O surely he was blest  
 with blessedness unpriced.  
 who, taught of God, confessed  
 the Godhead in the Christ;  
 for of thy Church, Lord, thou didst own  
 thy saint a true foundation-stone.  
  
3 Thrice fallen, thrice restored.  
 The bitter lesson learnt,  
 that heart for thee, O Lord,  
 with triple ardour burnt.  
 The cross he took he laid not down  
 until he grasped the martyr's crown.  
  
4 O bright triumphant faith,  
 O courage void of fears.  
 O love most strong in death,  
 O penitential tears!  
 By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,  
 and make us go where thou shalt call.

*W. Walsham How (1823-1897)*

**Christ has no body now but yours – David Ogden**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Christ has no body now but yours.

No hands, no feet on earth but yours.

Yours are the eyes with which he sees,

yours are the feet with which he walks,

yours are the hands with which he blesses all the world.

Yours are the hands.

Christ has no body now but yours.

No hands, no feet on earth but yours.

Yours are the eyes with which he sees,

yours are the feet with which he walks,

yours are the hands with which he blesses all the world.

Yours are the feet.

Christ has no body now but yours.

No hands, no feet on earth but yours.

Yours are the eyes with which he sees,

yours are the feet with which he walks,

yours are the hands with which he blesses all the world.

Yours are the eyes.

*Teresa of Avila*

**Brother, sister, let me serve you**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Brother, sister, let me serve you,  
 let me be as Christ to you;  
 pray that I may have the grace  
 to let you be my servant, too.  
  
2 We are pilgrims on a journey,  
 and companions on the road;  
 we are here to help each other  
 walk the mile and bear the load.  
   
3 I will hold the Christlight for you  
 in the night-time of your fear;  
 I will hold my hand out to you,  
 speak the peace you long to hear.  
   
4 I will weep when you are weeping;  
 when you laugh, I'll laugh with you;  
 I will share your joy and sorrow  
 till we've seen this journey through.  
   
5 When we sing to God in heaven,  
 we shall find such harmony,  
 born of all we've known together  
 of Christ's love and agony.  
   
6 Brother, sister, let me serve you,  
 let me be as Christ to you;  
 pray that I may have the grace  
 to let you be my servant, too.

*Richard Gillard (born 1953)  
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**Father, hear the prayer we offer**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Father, hear the prayer we offer:  
 not for ease that prayer shall be,  
 but for strength that we may ever  
 live our lives courageously.  
  
2 Not for ever in green pastures  
 do we ask our way to be;  
 but the steep and rugged pathway  
 may we tread rejoicingly.  
  
3 Not for ever by still waters  
 would we idly rest and stay;  
 but would smite the living fountains  
 from the rocks along our way.  
  
4 Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
 in our wanderings be our guide;  
 through endeavour, failure, danger,  
 Father, be thou at our side.

*Love Maria Willis (nee Whitcomb) (1824-1908), Samuel Longfellow (1819-1892)*

**In a world where people walk in darkness**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 In a world where people walk in darkness,  
 let us turn our faces to the light,  
 to the light of God revealed in Jesus,  
 to the daystar scattering our night.  
 *For the light is stronger than the darkness*   
 *and the day will overcome the night,*   
 *though the shadows linger all around us,*   
 *let us turn our faces to the light.*   
  
2 In a world where suffering of the helpless  
 casts a shadow all along the way,  
 let us bear the cross of Christ with gladness  
 and proclaim the dawning of the day.  
 *Refrain*   
  
3 Let us light a candle in the darkness,  
 in the face of death a sign of life;  
 as a sign of hope where all seemed hopeless,  
 as a sign of peace in place of strife.  
 *Refrain*

*Robert A Willis (born 1947)  
© Very Revd Robert A Willis*

**Church of God, elect and glorious**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Church of God, elect and glorious,  
 holy nation, chosen race;  
 called as God's own special people,  
 royal priests and heirs of grace:  
 know the purpose of your calling,  
 show to all his mighty deeds;  
 tell of love which knows no limits,  
 grace which meets all human needs.  
  
2 God has called you out of darkness  
 into his most marvellous light;  
 brought his truth to life within you,  
 turned your blindness into sight.  
 Let your light so shine around you   
 that Gods name is glorified;  
 and all find fresh hope and purpose  
 in Christ Jesus crucified.  
  
3 Once you were an alien people,  
 strangers to God's heart of love;  
 but he brought you home in mercy,  
 citizens of heaven above.  
 Let his love flow out to others,  
 let them feel a Father's care;  
 that they too may know his welcome  
 and his countless blessings share.  
  
4 Church of God, elect and holy,  
 be the people he intends;  
 strong in faith and swift to answer  
 each command your master sends:  
 royal priests, fulfil your calling  
 through your sacrifice and prayer;  
 give your lives in joyful service-  
 sing his praise, his love declare.

*James E Seddon (1915-1983) from 1 Peter 2   
© The Representatives of the late James Edward Seddon/Admin by The Jubilate Group, 4 Thorne Park Road, Torquay, TQ2 6RX, UK.*

**Trinity Sunday – Stuart Beer**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Lord, who hast formed me out of mud,

And hast redeemed me through thy blood,

And sanctified me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore:

For I confess my heavy score,

And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,

With faith, with hope, with charity;

That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

*George Herbert (1593 – 1633)*

**Ye holy angels bright**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Ye holy angels bright,  
who wait at God's right hand,  
or through the realms of light  
fly at your Lord's command,  
assist our song,  
for else the theme  
too high doth seem  
for mortal tongue.

2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,  
who ran this earthly race,  
and now, from sin released,  
behold the Saviour's face,  
his praises sound,  
as in his sight  
with sweet delight  
ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,  
adore your heavenly King,  
and onward as ye go  
some joyful anthem sing;  
take what he gives  
and praise him still,  
through good and ill,  
who ever lives.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,  
triumph in God above,  
and with a well-tuned heart  
sing thou the songs of love;  
let all thy days  
till life shall end,  
whate'er he send,  
be filled with praise.

*Richard Baxter (1615-1691) and John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862)*

**Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendour**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendour,

first-begotten from the dead,  
Thou alone, our strong defender,  
liftest up Thy people's head.  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
Jesu, true and living bread.

2 Here our humblest homage pay we,

here in loving reverence bow;

here for faith’s discernment prayer we,

lest we fail to know thee now.

Alleluia, alleluia,

thou art here, we ask now how.

3 Though the lowliest form doth veil thee

as of old in Bethlehem,

here as there thine angels hail thee,

branch and flower of Jesse’s stem.

Alleluia, alleluia,

we in worship join with them.

4 Paschal Lamb, thine offering finished  
once for all when thou wast slain,  
in its fullness undiminished  
shall for evermore remain.  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
cleansing souls from every stain.

5 Life-imparting heavenly manna,  
stricken rock, with streaming side,  
heaven and earth with loud hosanna  
worship thee, the Lamb who died.  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
risen, ascended, glorified!

*George Hugh Bourne (1840-1925)*

**Bring to the Lord a glad new song**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Bring to the Lord a glad new song,  
 children of grace extol your king:  
 your love and praise to God belong-  
 to instruments of music, sing!  
 Let those be warned who spurn God's name,  
 let rulers all obey God's word:  
 for justice shall bring tyrants shame:  
 let every creature praise the Lord!  
  
2 Sing praise within these hallowed walls,  
 worship beneath the dome of heaven;  
 by cymbals' sound and trumpets' calls  
 let praises fit for God be given:  
 with strings and brass and wind rejoice  
 then, join our song in full accord  
 all living things with breath and voice;  
 let every creature praise the Lord!

*After Psalms 149 and 150, Michael Perry (1942-1996)  
© Mrs B Perry/Jubilate Hymns*

**Soldiers of Christ, arise**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,

and put your armour on,  
strong in the strength which God supplies  
through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
and in his mighty power,  
who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,  
with all his strength endued;  
and take, to arm you for the fight,  
the panoply of God.

4 To keep your armour bright,  
attend with constant care;  
still walking in your captain's sight,  
and watching unto prayer.

5 From strength to strength go on;  
wrestle and fight and pray;  
tread all the powers of darkness down,  
and win the well-fought day;

6 That, having all things done,

and all your conflicts past,

ye may o’ercome, through Christ alone,

and stand entire at last.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**I give to you a new commandment – Peter Nardone**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

I give to you a new commandment,

that you love one another,

as I have loved you.

Ubi caritas est vera,

Deus ibi est.

Congregavit nos in unum

Christi amor.

Exsultemus et in ipso iucundemur.

Timeamus et amemus Deum vivum.

I give to you a new commandment,

that you love one another,

as I have loved you.

Et ex corde diligamus nos sincerro.

Amen.

*John 13. 34-35*

*& Liber Usualis*

**Through the night of doubt and sorrow**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Through the night of doubt and sorrow  
 onward goes the pilgrim band,  
 singing songs of expectation,  
 marching to the promised land.  
  
2 Clear before us through the darkness  
 gleams and burns the guiding light;  
 pilgrim clasps the hand of pilgrim,  
 stepping fearless through the night.  
  
3 One the light of God's own presence  
 o'er his ransomed people shed,  
 chasing far the gloom and terror,  
 brightening all the path we tread;  
  
4 One the object of our journey,  
 one the faith which never tires,  
 one the earnest looking forward,  
 one the hope our God inspires:  
  
5 One the gladness of rejoicing  
 on the far eternal shore,  
 where the one almighty Father  
 reigns in love for evermore.

*Igjennem Nat og Traengsel*

*Bernhardt Severin Ingemann (1789-1862)*

*tr Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924)*

**Be thou my guardian and my guide**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Be thou my guardian and my guide,

and hear me when I call;  
let not my slippery footsteps slide,  
and hold me lest I fall.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell  
around the path I tread;  
O save me from the snares of hell,  
thou quickener of the dead.

3 And if I tempted am to sin,  
and outward things are strong,  
do thou, O Lord, keep watch within,  
and save my soul from wrong.

4 Still let me ever watch and pray,  
and feel that I am frail;  
that if the tempter cross my way,  
yet he may not prevail.

*Isaac Williams (1802-1865)*

**I cannot tell**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 I cannot tell why he, whom angels worship,  
 should set his love upon the sons of men,  
 or why, as Shepherd, he should seek the wanderers,  
 to bring them back, they know not how or when.  
 But this I know, that he was born of Mary,  
 when Bethlehem's manger was his only home,  
 and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,  
 and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.  
  
2 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 still the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.  
  
3 I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,  
 when, at his bidding, every storm is stilled,  
 or who can say how great the jubilation  
 when every heart with love and joy is filled.  
 But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,  
 and myriad, myriad human voices sing,  
 and earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, will answer,  
 at last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King.

*William Young Fullerton (1857-1932)*

**Praise my soul, the King of heaven**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
 to his feet thy tribute bring;  
 ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
 who like me his praise should sing?  
 Alleluia, alleluia,  
 praise the everlasting King.  
  
2 Praise him for his grace and favour  
 to our fathers in distress;  
 praise him still the same for ever,  
 slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
 Alleluia, alleluia,  
 glorious in his faithfulness.  
  
3 Father-like he tends and spares us;  
 well our feeble frame he knows;  
 in his hands he gently bears us,  
 rescues us from all our foes:  
 Alleluia, alleluia,  
 widely as his mercy flows.  
  
4 Angels, help us to adore him,  
 ye behold him face to face;  
 sun and moon, bow down before him,  
 dwellers all in time and space:  
 Alleluia, alleluia,  
 praise with us the God of grace.

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)*

**Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace – John Rutter**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace,

where there is hatred, let me bring love.

where there is injury, pardon,

where there is doubt, faith,

where there is despair, hope,

where there is darkness, light,

where there is sadness, joy;

and all for thy mercy’s sake.

O divine master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to be console;

to be understood as to understand;

to be loved as to love;

for it is in giving that we receive;

it is in pardoning that we are pardoned:

and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

*St Francis of Assisi*

**Light's abode, celestial Salem**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Light's abode, celestial Salem,  
 vision whence true peace doth spring,  
 brighter than the heart can fancy,  
 mansion of the highest King;  
 O how glorious are the praises  
 which of thee the prophets sing!  
  
2 There for ever and for ever  
 alleluia is out-poured;  
 for unending, for unbroken  
 is the feast-day of the Lord;  
 all is pure and all is holy  
 that within thy walls is stored.  
  
3 There no cloud nor passing vapour  
 dims the brightness of the air;  
 endless noon-day, glorious noon-day  
 from the Sun of suns is there;  
 there no night brings rest from labour  
 for unknown are toil and care.  
  
4 Laud and honour to the Father,

laud and honour to the Son,

laud and honour to the Spirit,

ever Three and ever One,

consubstantial, co-eternal,

while unending ages run.

*Jerusalem luminosa*

*Attributed to Thomas à Kempis (1379-1471)*

*translated by John M Neale (1818-1866)*

**Sing of the Lord’s goodness**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Sing of the Lord's goodness, Father of all wisdom,  
 come to him and bless his name.   
 Mercy he has shown us, his love is for ever,   
 faithful to the end of days.  
 *Come, then, all you nations, sing of your Lord's goodness,*   
 *melodies of praise and thanks to God.*   
 *Ring out the Lord's glory, praise him with your music,*   
 *worship him and bless his name.*   
  
2 Power he has wielded, honour is his garment,  
 risen from the snares of death.  
 His word he has spoken, one bread he has broken,  
 new life he now gives to all.   
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Courage in our darkness, comfort in our sorrow,  
 Spirit of our God most high;  
 solace for the weary, pardon for the sinner,  
 splendour of the living God.  
 *Chorus*   
  
4 Praise him with your singing, praise him with the trumpet,  
 praise God with the lute and harp;  
 praise him with the cymbals, praise him with your dancing  
 praise God till the end of days.  
 *Chorus*

*Ernest Sands (born 1949)  
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**Light of the minds that know him**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Light of the minds that know him,  
 may Christ be light to mine!  
 My sun in risen splendour,  
 my light of truth divine;  
 my guide in doubt and darkness,  
 my true and living way,  
 my clear light ever shining,  
 my dawn of heaven's day.  
  
2 Life of the souls that love him,  
 may Christ be ours indeed!  
 The living bread from heaven  
 on whom our spirits feed;  
 who died for love of sinners  
 to bear our guilty load,  
 and make of life's brief journey  
 a new Emmaus road.  
  
3 Strength of the wills that serve him,  
 may Christ be strength to me,  
 who stilled the storm and tempest,  
 who calmed the tossing sea;  
 his Spirit's power to move me,  
 his will to master mine,  
 his cross to carry daily  
 and conquer in his sign.  
  
4 May it be ours to know him  
 that we may truly love,  
 and loving, fully serve him  
 as serve the saints above;  
 till in that home of glory  
 with fadeless splendour bright,  
 we serve in perfect freedom  
 our strength, our life, our light.  
  
*Timothy Dudley-Smith (born 1926) from a prayer of Saint Augustine  
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**Forth in the peace of Christ we go**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Forth in the peace of Christ we go;  
 Christ to the world with joy we bring;  
 Christ in our minds, Christ on our lips,  
 Christ in our hearts, the world's true King.  
  
2 King of our hearts, Christ reigns in us;  
 kingship with him his servants gain;  
 with Christ, the Servant-Lord of all,  
 Christ's world we serve to share Christ's reign.  
  
3 Priests of the world, Christ sends us forth  
 this world of time to consecrate,  
 our world of sin by grace to heal,  
 Christ's world in Christ to re-create.  
  
4 Prophets of Christ, we hear his word;  
 he claims our minds, to search his ways;  
 he claims our lips, to speak his truth;  
 he claims our hearts, to sing his praise.  
  
5 We are his Church, he makes us one;  
 here is one hearth for all to find;  
 here is one flock, one Shepherd-King;  
 here is one faith, one heart, one mind.

*James Quinn (1919-2010)  
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**Who would true valour see – Malcolm Archer**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Who would true valour see, let him come hither;

one here will constant be, come wind, come weather:

there’s no discouragement, shall make him once relent

his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round with dismal stories,

do but themselves confound; his strength the more is.

No lion can him fright, he’ll with a giant fight,

but he will have the right to be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend can daunt his spirit;

he knows he at the end shall life inherit.

Then fancies fly away; he’ll fear not what men say;

he’ll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

Who would true valour see, let him come hither;

one here will constant be, come wind, come weather:

there’s no discouragement, shall make him once relent

his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Amen.

*John Bunyan (1628-88)*

**Glorious things of thee are spoken**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God;  
 he whose word cannot be broken  
 formed thee for his own abode.  
 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
 what can shake thy sure repose?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
  
2 See, the streams of living waters,  
 springing from eternal love,  
 well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 and all fear of want remove.  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 ever flows their thirst to assuage-  
 grace which, like the Lord the giver,  
 never fails from age to age?  
  
3 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I through grace a member am,  
 let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name.  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure.  
 all his boasted pomp and show;  
 solid joys and lasting treasure  
 none but Zion's children know.

*John Newton (1725-1807)*

**God is here! As we his people**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 God is here! As we his people  
 meet to offer praise and prayer,  
 may we find in fuller measure  
 what it is in Christ we share.  
 Here, as in the world around us,  
 all our varied skills and arts  
 wait the coming of his Spirit  
 into open minds and hearts.  
  
2 Here are symbols to remind us   
 of our lifelong need of grace;   
 here are table, font and pulpit;  
 here the cross has central place.   
 Here in honesty of preaching,   
 here in silence, as in speech,   
 here, in newness and renewal,   
 God the Spirit comes to each.  
  
3 Here our children find a welcome   
 in the Shepherd's flock and fold,   
 here as bread and wine are taken,   
 Christ sustains us as of old.   
 Here the servants of the Servant   
 seek in worship to explore   
 what it means in daily living   
 to believe and to adore.  
  
4 Lord of all, of Church and Kingdom,  
 in an age of change and doubt,   
 keep us faithful to the gospel,   
 help us work your purpose out.   
 Here, in this day's dedication,   
 all we have to give, receive:   
 we, who cannot live without you,   
 we adore you! We believe!

*Fred Pratt Green (1903-2000)  
© 1979 Stainer & Bell Ltd*

**Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendour**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendour,

first-begotten from the dead,  
Thou alone, our strong defender,  
liftest up Thy people's head.  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
Jesu, true and living bread.

2 Here our humblest homage pay we,

here in loving reverence bow;

here for faith’s discernment prayer we,

lest we fail to know thee now.

Alleluia, alleluia,

thou art here, we ask now how.

3 Though the lowliest form doth veil thee

as of old in Bethlehem,

here as there thine angels hail thee,

branch and flower of Jesse’s stem.

Alleluia, alleluia,

we in worship join with them.

4 Paschal Lamb, thine offering finished  
once for all when thou wast slain,  
in its fullness undiminished  
shall for evermore remain.  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
cleansing souls from every stain.

5 Life-imparting heavenly manna,  
stricken rock, with streaming side,  
heaven and earth with loud hosanna  
worship thee, the Lamb who died.  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
risen, ascended, glorified!

*George Hugh Bourne (1840-1925)*

**All praise to Christ, our Lord and King divine**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 All praise to Christ, our Lord and king divine,  
 yielding your glory in your love's design,  
 that in our darkened hearts your grace might shine:  
 Alleluia!  
  
2 You came to us in lowliness of thought;  
 by you the outcast and the poor were sought;  
 and by your death was our redemption bought:  
 Alleluia!  
  
3 The mind of Christ is as our minds should be:  
 he was a servant that we might be free,  
 humbling himself to death on Calvary:  
 Alleluia!  
  
4 Let every tongue confess with one accord,  
 in heaven and earth that Jesus Christ is Lord,  
 and God the Father be by all adored:  
 Alleluia!

*Francis Bland Tucker (1895-1984)*

*based on Philippians 2.5-11  
© Church Publishing Inc*

**Wondrous cross – Philip Wilby**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

When I survey the wondrous cross  
on which the prince of glory died,  
my richest gain I count but loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.  
  
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
save in the cross of Christ my God;  
the very things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.  
  
See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingling down:  
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
  
Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

**Come, ye thankful people, come**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,  
 raise the song of harvest-home:  
 all be safely gathered in,  
 ere the winter storms begin;  
 God, our maker, doth provide  
 for our wants to be supplied:  
 come to God's own temple, come;  
 raise the song of harvest-home.  
  
2 All the world is God's own field,  
 fruit unto his praise to yield;  
 wheat and tares together sown,  
 unto joy or sorrow grown;  
 first the blade and then the ear,  
 then the full corn shall appear:  
 grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
 wholesome grain and pure may be.  
  
3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
 and shall take his harvest home;  
 from his field shall purge away  
 all that doth offend, that day;  
 give his angels charge at last  
 in the fire the tares to cast,  
 but the fruitful ears to store  
 in his garner evermore.  
  
4 Then, thou church triumphant, come.  
 raise the song of harvest-home:  
 all be safely gathered in,  
 free from sorrow, free from sin,  
 there for ever purified  
 in God's garner to abide:  
 come, ten thousand angels, come,  
 raise the glorious harvest-home.

*Henry Alford (1810-1871) and others*

**All creatures of our God and King**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 All creatures of our God and King  
 lift up your voice and with us sing,  
 Alleluia, alleluia.  
 Thou burning sun with golden beam,  
 thou silver moon with softer gleam,  
 *O praise him, O praise him,   
 alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.*   
  
2 Thou flowing water, pure and clear,  
 make music for thy Lord to hear,  
 Alleluia, alleluia.  
 Thou fire so masterful and bright,  
 that givest man both warmth and light:  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Let all things their creator bless,  
 and worship him in humbleness;  
 O praise him, alleluia.  
 Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,  
 and praise the Spirit, Three in One;  
 *Chorus*

*William Henry Draper (1855-1933)*

*based on Laudato sii, O me signore St Francis of Assisi's Canticle of the Sun*

**Praise to the Lord, the almighty, the King of creation**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Praise to the Lord, the almighty, the King of creation;   
 O my soul, praise him, for his is thy health and salvation:  
 come ye who hear,  
 brothers and sisters draw near,  
 praise him in glad adoration.  
  
2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,  
 shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:  
 hast thou not seen  
 all that is needful hath been  
 granted in what he ordaineth?  
  
3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work, and defend thee;  
 surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;  
 ponder anew  
 all the almighty can do,  
 he who with love doth befriend thee.  
  
4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!  
 All that hath life and breath come now with praises before him!  
 Let the Amen  
 sound from his people again:  
 gladly for ay we adore him.

Joachim Neander (1650-1680), Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

**Be thou my vision**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,  
 be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;  
 be thou my best thought in the day and the night,  
 both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.  
  
2 Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,  
 be thou ever with me, and I with thee Lord;  
 be thou my great Father, and I thy true son;  
 be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.  
  
3 Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;  
 be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;  
 be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower:  
 O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.  
  
4 Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise:  
 be thou mine inheritance now and always;  
 be thou and thou only the first in my heart;  
 O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.  
  
5 High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright sun,  
 O grant me its joys after victory is won;  
 great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
 still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.  
  
  
  
*Irish, c 8th century*

*translated by Mary Byrne (1880-1931)*

*versified by, Eleanor Hull (1860-1935)  
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**How deep the Father's love for us**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 How deep the Father's love for us,  
 how vast beyond all measure,  
 that he should give his only Son  
 to make a wretch his treasure.  
 How great the pain of searing loss -  
 the Father turns his face away,  
 as wounds which mar the chosen One  
 bring many souls to glory.  
   
2 Behold the man upon a cross,  
 my sin upon his shoulders;  
 ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
 call out among the scoffers.  
 It was my sin that held him there  
 until it was accomplished;  
 his dying breath has brought me life -  
 I know that it is finished.  
   
3 I will not boast in anything,  
 no gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
 but I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
 his death and resurrection.  
 Why should I gain from his reward?  
 I cannot give an answer;  
 but this I know with all my heart -  
 his wounds have paid my ransom.

*Stuart Townend  
© 1995 Thankyou Music/Adm. by worshiptogether.com songs excl. UK & Europe, adm. by kingswaysongs.com. www.kingswaysongs.com.*

**All for Jesus**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 All for Jesus, all for Jesus,

this our song shall ever be;

for we have no hope, nor Saviour,

if we have not hope in thee.

2 All for Jesus, thou wilt give us

. strength to serve thee, hour by hour;

none can move us from thy presence

while we trust thy love and power.

3 All for Jesus, at thine altar

thou wilt give us sweet content;

there, dear Lord, we shall receive thee

in the solemn sacrament.

4 All for Jesus, thou hast loved us;

all for Jesus, thou hast died;

all for Jesus, thou art with us;

all for Jesus crucified.

5 All for Jesus, all for Jesus,

this the church’s song must be,

till, at last, we all are gathered

one in love and one in thee.

*W.J. Sparrow-Simpson (1859-1952)*

*© Chester Music and Novello & Co, 14-15 Berners Street, London, T1T 3LJ.*

**In Christ alone my hope is found**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 In Christ alone my hope is found,  
 he is my light, my strength, my song;  
 this cornerstone, this solid ground,  
 firm through the fiercest drought and storm.  
 What heights of love, what depths of peace,  
 when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!  
 My comforter, my all in all,  
 here in the love of Christ I stand.  
   
2 In Christ alone! - who took on flesh,   
 fullness of God in helpless babe!   
 This gift of love and righteousness,   
 scorned by the ones he came to save:   
 till on that cross as Jesus died,   
 the wrath of God was satisfied -   
 for every sin on him was laid;   
 here in the death of Christ I live.  
   
3 There in the ground his body lay,   
 light of the world by darkness slain:   
 Then bursting forth in glorious day   
 up from the grave he rose again!   
 And as he stands in victory,  
 sin's curse has lost its grip on me,   
 for I am his and he is mine -   
 bought with the precious blood of Christ.  
   
4 No guilt in life, no fear in death,   
 this is the power of Christ in me;   
 from life's first cry to final breath,   
 Jesus commands my destiny.  
 No power of hell, no scheme of man,   
 can ever pluck me from his hand;   
 till he returns or calls me home,   
 here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

*Stuart Townend (born 1963) and Keith Getty (born 1974)  
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**A Gaelic Blessing – John Rutter**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Deep peace of the running wave to you,

Deep peace of the flowing air to you,

Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,

Deep peace of the shining stars to you,

Deep peace of the gentle night to you,

Moon and stars pour their healing light on you,

Deep peace of Christ, the light of the world to you,

Deep peace of Christ to you.

*William Sharp (1855-1905)*

*adapted by John Rutter*

**Mass of St Cedd – Peter Nardone**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*Kyrie*

Lord have mercy.

Christ have mercy.

Lord hard mercy.

*Gloria*

Glory to God in the highest and peace to his people on earth.

Lord God, heavenly King, almighty God and Father,

we worship you, we give you thanks, we praise you for your glory.

Lord Jesus Christ, only Son of the Father,

Lord God, Lamb of God, you take away the sin of the world, have mercy on us.

You are seated at the right hand of the Father, receive our prayer.

For you alone are the holy one, you alone are the Lord,

you alone are the most high, Jesus Christ,

with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

*Sanctus*

Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of power and might,

heaven and earth and full of your glory,

Hosanna in the highest.

*Benedictus*

Blessed is he who comes in the name the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

*Agnus Dei*

Lamb of God, you take away the sin of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, you take away the sin of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, you take away the sin of the world, grant us peace.

**Mass of St Thomas – David Thorne**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*Kyrie*

Lord have mercy.

Christ have mercy.

Lord hard mercy.

*Gloria*

Glory to God, glory to God, glory to God in the highest.

Glory to God in the highest and peace to his people on earth.

Lord God, heavenly King, almighty God and Father,

we worship you, we give you thanks, we praise you for your glory.

Glory to God, glory to God, glory to God in the highest.

Lord Jesus Christ, only Son of the Father,

Lord God, Lamb of God, you take away the sin of the world, have mercy on us.

You are seated at the right hand of the Father, receive our prayer.

Glory to God, glory to God, glory to God in the highest.

For you alone are the holy one, you alone are the Lord,

you alone are the most high, Jesus Christ,

with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father.

Glory to God, glory to God, glory to God in the highest.

*Sanctus*

Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of power and might,

heaven and earth and full of your glory.

Hosanna in the highest.

*Benedictus*

Blessed is he who comes in the name the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

*Agnus Dei*

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, grant us peace.

**Guide me, O thou great Redeemer**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,  
 pilgrim through this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 hold me with thy powerful hand:  
 bread of heaven,  
 feed me now and evermore.  
  
2 Open now the crystal fountain  
 whence the healing stream doth flow;  
 let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 lead me all my journey through:  
 strong deliverer,  
 be thou still my strength and shield.  
  
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan  
 bid my anxious fears subside;  
 death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

*Arglwydd arwain drwy'r anialwch   
William Williams (1717-1791)*

*Translated by Peter Williams (1727-1796)*

**In the Lord I’ll be ever thankful**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*In the Lord I'll be ever thankful,*   
 *in the Lord I will rejoice!*   
 *Look to God, do not be afraid;*   
 *lift up your voices, the Lord is near;*   
 *lift up your voices, the Lord is near.*   
1 You are my salvation; I trust in you,  
 I shall not be afraid,  
 you are my strength; you are my song  
  
2 The Lord is my rock,  
 the Lord is my fortress.  
 My God, you are my refuge and my shield.

3 With joy you will draw water at the foundation of salvation.  
 Give thanks to the Lord. Proclaim God's name.

*Jacques Berthier (1923-1994)  
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**Jerusalem the golden**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Jerusalem the golden,  
 with milk and honey blest,  
 beneath thy contemplation  
 sink heart and voice opprest.  
 I know not, O I know not  
 what joys await us there,  
 what radiancy of glory,  
 what bliss beyond compare.  
  
2 They stand, those halls of Sion,  
 conjubilant with song,  
 and bright with many an angel  
 and all the martyr throng;  
 the Prince is ever with them,  
 the daylight is serene,  
 the pastures of the blessèd  
 are decked in glorious sheen.  
  
3 There is the throne of David;  
 and there, from care released,  
 the shout of them that triumph,  
 the song of them that feast;  
 and they, who with their Leader  
 have conquered in the fight,  
 for ever and for ever  
 are clad in robes of white.  
  
4 O sweet and blessèd country,  
 the home of God's elect.  
 O sweet and blessèd country  
 that eager hearts expect.  
 Jesu in mercy bring us  
 to that dear land of rest;  
 who art, with God the Father  
 and Spirit, ever blest.  
  
*De contemptu mundi (poem)  
Bernard of Cluny (fl c 1140), John Mason Neale (1818-66), Hymns Ancient and Modern (1861), Stopford Augustus Brooke (1832-1916)*

**Rejoice! The Lord is King**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King,  
 your Lord and King adore;  
 mortals, give thanks and sing,  
 and triumph evermore:  
 *Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;*   
 *rejoice, again I say, rejoice.*   
  
2 Jesus the Saviour, reigns,  
 the God of truth and love;  
 when he had purged our stains,  
 he took his seat above:  
 *Chorus.*   
  
3 His kingdom cannot fail;  
 he rules o'er earth and heaven;  
 the keys of death and hell  
 are to our Jesus given:  
 *Chorus.*   
  
4 He sits at God's right hand  
 till all his foes submit,  
 and bow to his command,  
 and fall beneath his feet:  
 *Chorus.*   
  
5 Rejoice in glorious hope;  
 Jesus the judge shall come,  
 and take his servants up   
 to their eternal home.  
 *We soon shall hear the archangel's voice*   
 *the trump of God shall sound: rejoice!*

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788) and John Taylor (1750-1826)*

**O for a closer walk with God – Grayston Ives**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

O for a closer walk with God, a calm and heavenly frame;

a light to shine upon the road that leads me to the Lamb.

Return, O holy Dove, return, sweet messenger of rest,

I hate the sins that made thee mourn, and drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known, whatever that idol be,

help me to tear it from thy throne, and worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God, calm and serene my frame,

so purer light shall mark the road, that leads me to the Lamb.

*William Cowper (1731-1800)*

**We cannot measure how you heal**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 We cannot measure how you heal  
 or answer every sufferer's prayer,  
 yet we believe your grace responds  
 where faith and doubt unite to care.  
 Your hands, though bloodied on the cross,  
 survive to hold and heal and warn,  
 to carry all through death to life  
 and cradle children yet unborn.  
  
2 The pain that will not go away,  
 the guilt that clings from things long past,  
 the fear of what the future holds,  
 are present as if meant to last.  
 But present too is love which tends  
 the hurt we never hoped to find,  
 the private agonies inside,  
 the memories that haunt the mind.  
  
3 So some have come who need your help,  
 and some have come to make amends,  
 as hands which shaped and saved the world  
 are present in the touch of friends.  
 Lord, let your Spirit meet us here  
 to mend the body, mind and soul,  
 to disentangle peace from pain  
 and make your broken people whole.

*John L Bell (born 1949) and Graham Maule (1958-2019)  
© 1989, 1996 WGRG, c/o Iona Community, 21 Carlton Court, Glasgow, G5 9JP, Scotland. www.wildgoose.scot*

**O for a thousand tongues to sing**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
 my dear Redeemer's praise,  
 the glories of my God and King,  
 the triumphs of his grace.  
  
2 Jesus - the name that charms our fears,  
 that bids our sorrows cease;  
 'tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'tis life, and health, and peace.  
  
3 He speaks; and, listening to his voice,  
 new life the dead receive;  
 the mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
 the humble poor believe.  
  
4 My gracious Master and my God,  
 assist me to proclaim  
 and spread through all the earth abroad  
 the honours of thy name.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**God of hope and Lord of healing – Margaret Rizza**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*(O)* *God of hope and Lord of healing, we come to you in prayer.  
 In our living and our dying, you promise to be there.*

For the weak we ask your courage, and your patience for the strong;  
 stay with those whose pain is sharpest and those enduring long.

*Refrain*

O provide for all the weary your precious gift of sleep;  
 with the glad let us be joyful, and weep with those who weep.

*Refrain*

Come to meet your praying people, be with us as we kneel;  
 come to help us, God our Saviour, for you alone can heal.

*Refrain*

*Christopher Idle  
© Christopher Idle/Jubilate Hymns Ltd*

**Christ is the King! O friends rejoice**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Christ is the King! O friends rejoice;  
 brothers and sisters, with one voice  
 tell all the world he is your choice.  
 Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!  
  
2 O magnify the Lord, and raise  
 anthems of joy and holy praise  
 for Christ's brave saints of ancient days.  
 Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!  
  
3 O Christian women, Christian men,  
 all the world over, seek again  
 the way disciples followed then.  
 Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!  
  
4 Let love's unconquerable might  
 your scattered companies unite  
 in service to the Lord of light.  
 Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!  
  
5 So shall God's will on earth be done,  
 new lamps be lit, new tasks begun,  
 and the whole Church at last be one.  
 Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

*George K A Bell (1883-1958)  
© Oxford University Press*

**Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,  
 sing the ending of the fray  
 o'er the cross, the victor's trophy,  
 sound the loud triumphant lay:  
 tell how Christ, the world's Redeemer,  
 as a victim won the day.  
  
2 Therefore when the appointed fullness  
 of the holy time was come,  
 he was sent who maketh all things  
 forth from God's eternal home:  
 thus he came to earth, incarnate,  
 offspring of a maiden's womb.  
  
3 Thirty years among us dwelling,  
 now at length his hour fulfilled,  
 born for this, he meets his passion,  
 for that this he freely willed,  
 on the cross the Lamb is lifted,  
 where his life-blood shall be spilled.  
  
4 To the Trinity be glory,  
 to the Father and the Son,  
 with the co-eternal Spirit,  
 ever Three and ever One,  
 one in love and one in splendour,  
 while unending ages run. Amen.

Pange lingua gloriosi praelium certaminis, Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus

(c.530-609) translated by Percy Dearmer (1867-1936) 

**Through all the changing scenes of life**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Through all the changing scenes of life,  
 in trouble and in joy,  
 the praises of my God shall still  
 my heart and tongue employ.  
  
2 O magnify the Lord with me,  
 with me exalt his name;  
 when in distress to him I called,  
 he to my rescue came.  
  
3 The hosts of God encamp around  
 the dwellings of the just;  
 deliverance he affords to all  
 who on his succour trust.  
  
4 O make but trial of his love:  
 experience will decide  
 how blest are they, and only they,  
 who in his truth confide.  
  
5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
 have nothing else to fear;  
 make you his service your delight,  
 your wants shall be his care.  
  
6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 the God whom we adore,  
 be glory, as it was, is now,  
 and shall be evermore.

*Nahum Tate (or Teate) (1652-1715) and Nicholas Brady (1659-1726)*

**For the fruits of all creation**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 For the fruits of all creation,  
 thanks be to God;  
 for the gifts to every nation,  
 thanks be to God;  
 for the ploughing, sowing, reaping,  
 silent growth while we are sleeping,  
 future needs in earth's safe-keeping,  
 thanks be to God.  
  
2 In the just reward of labour,  
 God's will is done;  
 in the help we give our neighbour,  
 God's will is done;  
 in our world-wide task of caring  
 for the hungry and despairing,  
 in the harvests we are sharing,  
 God's will is done.  
  
3 For the harvests of the Spirit,  
 thanks be to God;  
 for the good we all inherit,  
 thanks be to God;  
 for the wonders that astound us,  
 for the truths that still confound us,  
 most of all that love has found us,  
 thanks be to God.

*Fred Pratt Green (1903-2000)  
© 1970 Stainer & Bell Ltd.*

**Thy hand, O God, has guided**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Thy hand, O God, has guided  
 thy flock, from age to age;  
 the wondrous tale is written,  
 full clear, on every page;  
 our fathers owned thy goodness,  
 and we their deeds record;  
 and both of this bear witness;  
 one Church, one faith, one Lord.  
  
2 Thy heralds brought glad tidings  
 to greatest as to least;

they bade them rise, and hasten

to share the great King's feast;  
 and this was all their teaching,  
 in every deed and word,  
 to all alike proclaiming  
 one Church, one faith, one Lord.  
  
3 Through many a day of darkness,  
 through many a scene of strife,  
 the faithful few fought bravely,  
 to guard the nation's life.  
 Their gospel of redemption,  
 sin pardoned, man restored,  
 was all in this enfolded:  
 one Church, one faith, one Lord.  
  
4 Thy mercy will not fail us,  
 nor leave thy work undone;  
 with thy right hand to help us,  
 the victory shall be won;  
 And then, by men and angels,  
 thy name shall be adored,  
 and this shall be their anthem:  
 one Church, one faith, one Lord.  
  
*Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821-1891)*

**A New Commandment – Richard Shephard**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

A new commandment I give unto you:

that you love one another as I have loved you.

By this shall all men know that you are my disciples,

if you have love for one another.

*John 13. 34-35*

**Lord, thy word abideth**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Lord, thy word abideth,  
 and our footsteps guideth;  
 who its truth believeth  
 light and joy receiveth.  
  
2 When our foes are near us,  
 then thy word doth cheer us,  
 word of consolation,  
 message of salvation.  
  
3 When the storms are o'er us,  
 and dark clouds before us,  
 then its light directeth,  
 and our way protecteth.  
  
4 Who can tell the pleasure,  
 who recount the treasure,  
 by thy word imparted  
 to the simple-hearted?  
  
5 Word of mercy, giving  
 succour to the living;  
 word of life, supplying  
 comfort to the dying.  
  
6 O that we discerning  
 its most holy learning,  
 Lord, may love and fear thee,  
 evermore be near thee.

*Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)*

**We have a gospel to proclaim**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 We have a gospel to proclaim,  
 good news for all throughout the earth;  
 the gospel of a Saviour's name:  
 we sing his glory, tell his worth.  
  
2 Tell of his birth at Bethlehem  
 not in a royal house or hall  
 but in a stable dark and dim,  
 the word made flesh, a light for all.  
  
3 Tell of his death at Calvary,  
 hated by those he came to save,  
 in lonely suffering on the cross;  
 for all he loved his life he gave.  
  
4 Tell of that glorious Easter morn:  
 empty the tomb, for he was free.  
 He broke the power of death and hell  
 that we might share his victory.  
  
5 Tell of his reign at God's right hand,  
 by all creation glorified.  
 He sends his Spirit on his Church  
 to live for him, the Lamb who died.  
  
6 Now we rejoice to name him King:  
 Jesus is Lord of all the earth.  
 This gospel-message we proclaim:  
 we sing his glory, tell his worth.

*Edward J Burns (born 1938)  
© Edward J Burns*

**Thanks to God whose word was spoken**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Thanks to God whose word was spoken  
 in the deed that made the earth.  
 His the voice that called a nation,  
 his the fires that tried her worth.  
 God has spoken: God has spoken:  
 praise him for his open word.  
  
2 Thanks to God whose word incarnate  
 glorified the flesh of man.  
 Deeds and words and death and rising  
 tell the grace in heaven's plan.  
 God has spoken: God has spoken:  
 praise him for his open word.  
  
3 Thanks to God whose word was written  
 in the Bible's sacred page,  
 Record of the revelation  
 showing God to every age.  
 God has spoken: God has spoken:  
 praise him for his open word.  
  
4 Thanks to God whose word is answered  
 by the Spirit's voice within.  
 Here we drink of joy unmeasured,  
 life redeemed from death and sin.  
 God is speaking: God is speaking:  
 praise him for his open word.

*R T Brooks (1918-1985)  
© 1954 Hope Publishing Company*

**Thou whose almighty word**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Thou whose almighty word  
 chaos and darkness heard,  
 and took their flight;  
 hear us, we humbly pray,  
 and where the Gospel-day  
 sheds not its glorious ray,  
 let there be light.  
  
2 Thou, who didst come to bring  
 on thy redeeming wing  
 healing and sight,  
 health to the sick in mind,  
 sight to the inly blind,  
 O now to all mankind  
 let there be light.  
  
3 Spirit of truth and love,  
 life-giving, holy Dove,  
 speed forth thy flight;  
 move o'er the water's face,  
 bearing the lamp of grace,  
 and in earth's darkest place  
 let there be light.  
  
4 Holy and blessed Three,  
 glorious Trinity,  
 Wisdom, Love, Might;  
 boundless as ocean's tide  
 rolling in fullest pride,  
 through the earth far and wide  
 let there be light.

*John Marriott (1780-1825), Thomas Raffles (1788-1863)*

**At the dawning of creation**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 At the dawning of creation  
 when the world began to be,  
 God called forth the world's foundations  
 from the deep chaotic sea.  
  
2 When the Lord delivered Israel  
 out of Egypt's bitter yoke,  
 then the parting of the waters  
 of the living water spoke.  
  
3 Water from the rock of Moses,  
 water from the temple's side,  
 water from the heart of Jesus,  
 flow in this baptismal tide.  
  
4 Thus united in this water  
 each to all, and each to Christ;  
 to his life of love he calls us  
 by his total sacrifice.

*David Fox (1956-2008)  
© Executors of Rev David Fox*

**Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult  
 of our life's wild restless sea  
 day by day his sweet voice soundeth,  
 saying, 'Christian, follow me;'  
  
2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it  
 by the Galilean lake,  
 turned from home and toil and kindred,  
 leaving all for his dear sake.  
  
3 Jesus calls us from the worship  
 of the vain world's golden store,  
 from each idol that would keep us,  
 saying, 'Christian, love me more.'  
  
4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
 days of toil and hours of ease,  
 still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
 that we love him more than these.  
  
5 Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,  
 Saviour, make us hear thy call,  
 give our hearts to thine obedience,  
 serve and love thee best of all.

*Cecil Frances Alexander (née Humphreys) (1818-1895)*

**Dear Lord and Father of mankind**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
 forgive our foolish ways;  
 re-clothe us in our rightful mind;  
 in purer lives thy service find,  
 in deeper reverence, praise.  
  
2 In simple trust like theirs who heard  
 beside the Syrian sea  
 the gracious calling of the Lord,  
 let us, like them, without a word  
 rise up and follow thee.  
  
3 Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
 till all our strivings cease;  
 take from our souls the strain and stress,  
 and let our ordered lives confess  
 the beauty of thy peace.  
  
4 Breathe through the heats of our desire  
 thy coolness and thy balm;  
 let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
 speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,  
 O still small voice of calm.

*John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)*

**At the name of Jesus**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 At the name of Jesus  
 every knee shall bow,  
 every tongue confess him  
 King of Glory now:  
 'tis the Father's pleasure  
 we should call him Lord,  
 who from the beginning  
 was the mighty Word:  
  
2 Humbled for a season,  
 to receive a name  
 from the lips of sinners  
 unto whom he came,  
 faithfully he bore it  
 spotless to the last,  
 brought it back victorious  
 when from death he passed.  
  
3 Name him, Christians, name him,  
 with love strong as death,  
 but with awe and wonder,  
 and with bated breath;  
 he is God the Saviour,  
 he is Christ the Lord,  
 ever to be worshipped,  
 trusted and adored.

4 Surely, this Lord Jesus  
 shall return again,   
 with his Father's glory,  
 with his angel train;  
 for all wreaths of empire  
 meet upon his brow,  
 and our hearts confess him  
 King of Glory now.  
  
*Caroline Maria Noel (1817-1877)*

**Walk humbly with your God – Malcolm Archer**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

He has shown you what is good:

And what does the Lord require of you?

To act justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly with your God.

Amen.

*Micah 6-8*

**For all the saints**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 For all the saints who from their labours rest,  
 who thee by faith before the world confessed,  
 Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest:  
 Alleluia, alleluia!  
  
2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;  
 thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;  
 thou in the darkness still their one true light:  
 Alleluia, alleluia!  
  
3 O blest communion, fellowship divine.  
 we feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
 yet all are one in thee, for all are thine:  
 Alleluia, alleluia!  
  
4 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:  
 the saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
 the King of Glory passes on his way!  
 Alleluia, alleluia!  
  
5 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
 through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
 singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:  
 Alleluia, alleluia!

*William W How (1823-1897)*

**Let saints on earth in concert sing**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 Let saints on earth in concert sing  
 with those whose work is done;  
 for all the servants of our King  
 in heaven and earth are one.  
  
2 One family, we dwell in him,  
 one church, above, beneath;  
 though now divided by the stream,  
 the narrow stream of death.  
  
3 One army of the living God,  
 to His command we bow:  
 part of the host have crossed the flood,  
 and part are crossing now.  
  
4 E'en now to their eternal home  
 there pass some spirits blest;  
 while others to the margin come,  
 waiting their call to rest.  
  
5 Jesus, be thou our constant guide;  
 then, when the word is given,  
 bid Jordan's narrow stream divide  
 and bring us safe to heaven.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**Ye watchers and ye holy ones**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 Ye watchers and ye holy ones,  
 bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,  
 raise the glad strain, Alleluia.  
 Cry out, Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,  
 Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,  
 Alleluia.  
  
2 O higher than the Cherubim,  
 more glorious than the Seraphim,  
 lead their praises, Alleluia.  
 Thou Bearer of the eternal Word,  
 most gracious, magnify the Lord.  
 Alleluia.  
  
3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,  
 ye Patriarchs and Prophets blest,  
 Alleluia, alleluia.  
 Ye holy Twelve, ye Martyrs strong,  
 all Saints triumphant, raise the song  
 Alleluia.  
  
4 O friends, in gladness let us sing,  
 supernal anthems echoing,  
 Alleluia, alleluia.  
 To God the Father, God the Son,  
 and God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Alleluia.

*Athelstan Riley (1858-1945)*

**Lord of all hopefulness**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
 whose trust, ever child-like, no cares could destroy,  
 be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
 your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.  
  
2 Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
 whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
 be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
 your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.  
  
3 Lord of all kindliness, Lord of all grace,  
 your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
 be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
 your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.  
  
4 Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
 whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
 be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
 your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

*Jan Struther (1901-1953)  
© Oxford University Press*

**Be still my soul**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side;  
 bear patiently the cross of grief and pain;  
 leave to your God to order and provide;  
 in every change he faithful will remain.  
 Be still, my soul: your best, your heavenly friend  
 through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.  
  
2 Be still, my soul: your God will undertake  
 to guide the future as he has the past.  
 Your hope, your confidence let nothing shake,  
 all now mysterious shall be clear at last.  
 Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know  
 his voice, who ruled them while he dwelt below.  
  
3 Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on  
 when we shall be for ever with the Lord,  
 when disappointment, grief and fear are gone,  
 sorrow forgotten, love's pure joy restored.  
 Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,  
 all safe and blessèd we shall meet at last.

*‘Stille, meine Wille; dein Jesus hilft siegen’ Katherina A D von Schlegel (born 1697)*

*tr Jane L Borthwick (1813-1897)*

**The day thou gavest**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
 the darkness falls at thy behest;  
 to thee our morning hymns ascended,  
 thy praise shall sanctify our rest.  
  
2 We thank thee that thy church unsleeping,  
 while earth rolls onward into light,  
 through all the world her watch is keeping,  
 and rests not now by day or night.  
  
3 As o'er each continent and island  
 the dawn leads on another day,  
 the voice of prayer is never silent,  
 nor dies the strain of praise away.  
  
4 The sun that bids us rest is waking  
 our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
 and hour by hour fresh lips are making  
 thy wondrous doings heard on high.  
  
5 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,  
 like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
 thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
 till all thy creatures own thy sway.

*John Ellerton (1826-1893)*

**O God our help in ages past**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 O God, our help in ages past,  
 our hope for years to come,  
 our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 and our eternal home;  
  
2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
 thy saints have dwelt secure;  
 sufficient is thine arm alone,  
 and our defence is sure.  
  
3 Before the hills in order stood,  
 or earth received her frame,  
 from everlasting thou art God,  
 to endless years the same.  
  
4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
 are like an evening gone;  
 short as the watch that ends the night  
 before the rising sun.  
  
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 bears all its sons away;  
 they fly forgotten, as a dream  
 dies at the opening day.  
  
6 O God, our help in ages past,  
 our hope for years to come,  
 be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 and our eternal home.

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

**Eternal Father, strong to save**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 Eternal Father, strong to save,  
 whose arm doth bind the restless wave,  
 who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
 its own appointed limits keep:  
 O hear us when we cry to thee  
 for those in peril on the sea.  
  
2 O Saviour whose almighty word  
 the winds and waves submissive heard,  
 who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
 and calm amid its rage didst sleep:  
 O hear us when we cry to thee  
 for those in peril on the sea.

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood  
 upon the chaos dark and rude,  
 who badst its angry tumult cease,  
 and gavest light and life and peace:  
 O hear us when we cry to thee  
 for those in peril on the sea.  
  
4 O Trinity of love and power,  
 our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
 from rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
 protect them whereso'er they go:  
 and ever let there rise to thee  
 glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

*William Whiting (1825-1878)*

**I vow to thee my country**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,  
 entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:  
 the love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,  
 that lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
 the love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
 the love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.  
  
2 And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,  
 most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;  
 we may not count her armies, we may not see her King;  
 her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;  
 and soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,  
 and her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

*Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice (1859-1918)*

**O valiant hearts**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 O valiant hearts who to your glory came

through dust of conflict and through battle flame;

tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,

your memory hallowed in the land you loved.  
  
2 Proudly you gathered, rank on rank, to war

as who had heard God’s message from afar;

all you had hoped for, all you had, you gave,

to save mankind – yourselves you scorned to save.   
  
3 Splendid you passed, the great surrender made;

into the light that nevermore shall fade;

deep your contentment in the blest abode,

who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.  
  
4 O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead,

whose cross has brought them and who staff has led,

in glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land

commits her children to thy gracious hand.

*Sir John S. Arkwright (1872-1954)*

**God of grace and God of glory**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 God of grace and God of glory,  
 on thy people pour thy power;  
 now fulfil thy church's story;  
 bring her bud to glorious flower.  
 Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
 for the facing of this hour.  
  
2 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.  
  
3 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.  
  
4 Set our feet on lofty places,  
 gird our lives that they may be  
 armoured with all Christlike graces  
 in the fight till all be free.  
 Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
 that we fail not earth nor thee.

*Harry Emerson Fosdick (1878-1969)  
© Stephen F Downs legal representative of Dr Elinor Downs*

**All nations of the world**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 All nations of the world  
 be joyful in the Lord:  
 with willing hands your Master serve with one accord:  
 in ceaseless praise  
 with heart and voice in him rejoice through all your days.  
   
2 Be sure the Lord is God,  
 creation's source and spring:  
 in him alone we live, to him our lives we bring.  
 From days of old  
 he feeds his flock and guides the wanderers to his fold.  
   
3 In gladness go your way:  
 approach his courts with song  
 in thankfulness to him to whom all things belong:  
 His name adore:  
 his gracious mercy, truth and love for evermore.

*Frederick E Le Grice (1911-1992) based on Psalm 100   
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**Immortal, invisible, God only wise**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Immortal, invisible, God only wise,  
 in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,  
 most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,  
 almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.  
  
2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,  
 nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;  
 thy justice like mountains high soaring above  
 thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.  
  
3 To all life thou givest, to both great and small;  
 in all life thou livest, the true life of all;  
 we blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,  
 and wither and perish, but naught changest thee.  
  
4 Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,  
 thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight  
 all laud we would render: O help us to see  
 'tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

*Walter Chalmers Smith (1824-1908)*

**I bind unto myself today**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 I bind unto myself today   
 the strong name of the Trinity,  
 by invocation of the same,  
 the Three in One, and One in Three.  
  
2 I bind unto myself today  
 the virtues of the star-lit heaven,  
 the glorious sun's life-giving ray,  
 the whiteness of the moon at even,  
 the flashing of the lightning free,  
 the whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,  
 the stable earth, the deep salt sea,  
 around the old eternal rocks.

3 I bind unto myself today   
 the power of God to hold and lead,  
 his eye to watch, his might to stay,  
 his ear to hearken to my need  
 the wisdom of my God to teach,  
 his hand to guide, his shield to ward,  
 the word of God to give me speech,  
 his heav'nly host to be my guard.  
  
4 Christ be with me, Christ within me,  
 Christ behind me, Christ before me,  
 Christ beside me, Christ to win me,  
 Christ to comfort and restore me,  
 Christ beneath me, Christ above me,  
 Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,  
 Christ in hearts of all that love me,  
 Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

*Patrick of Ireland (attributed) (c386-c460), Cecil Frances Alexander (née Humphreys) (1818-1895)*

5 I bind unto myself the name,  
 the strong name of the Trinity,  
 by invocation of the same,  
 the Three in One, and One in Three,  
 of whom all nature has creation,  
 eternal Father, Spirit, Word.  
 Praise to the Lord of my salvation:  
 salvation is of Christ the Lord.

**A great and mighty wonder**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 A great and mighty wonder,  
 a full and holy cure,  
 the Virgin bears the Infant  
 with virgin-honour pure.  
 *Repeat the hymn again!*   
 *'To God on high be glory,*   
 *and peace on earth to men!'*   
  
2 The Word becomes incarnate  
 and yet remains on high.  
 And Cherubim sing anthems  
 to shepherds from the sky.  
 *Refrain*  
  
3 Since all he comes to ransom,  
 by all be he adored,  
 the Infant born in Bethl'em,  
 the Saviour and the Lord.  
 *Refrain*  
  
4 And idol forms shall perish,  
 and error shall decay,  
 and Christ shall wield his sceptre,  
 our Lord and God for ay.  
 *Refrain*

*Mega Kai paradoxon thauma Germanus (c.634-c.732)*

*Translated John Mason Neale (1818-1866)*

**Come, thou long-expected Jesus**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,  
 born to set thy people free,  
 from our fears and sins release us,  
 let us find our rest in thee.  
  
2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 hope of all the earth thou art;  
 dear desire of every nation,  
 joy of every longing heart.  
  
3 Born thy people to deliver,  
 born a child and yet a king,  
 born to reign in us for ever,  
 now thy gracious kingdom bring.  
  
4 By thine own eternal Spirit  
 rule in all our hearts alone;  
 by thine all-sufficient merit  
 raise us to thy glorious throne.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**Hills of the North, rejoice**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

 1 Hills of the North, rejoice,  
 echoing songs arise,  
 hail with united voice  
 him who made earth and skies;  
 he comes in righteousness and love,  
 he brings salvation from above.  
  
2 Isles of the Southern seas,  
 sing to the listening earth,  
 carry on every breeze  
 hope of a world's new birth:  
 in Christ shall all be made anew,  
 his word is sure, his promise true.  
  
3 Lands of the East, arise,  
 he is your brightest morn,  
 greet him with joyous eyes,  
 praise shall his path adorn:  
 the God whom you have longed to know  
 in Christ draws near, and calls you now.  
  
4 Shores of the utmost West,  
 lands of the setting sun,  
 welcome the heavenly guest  
 in whom the dawn has come:  
 he brings a never-ending light  
 who triumphed o'er our darkest night.  
  
5 Shout, as you journey on,  
 songs be in every mouth,  
 lo, from the North they come,  
 from East and West and South:  
 in Jesus all shall find their rest,  
 in him the sons of earth be blest.

*Editors of Englsh Praise (1975) based on Charles E Oakley (1832-1865)  
© Oxford University Press*

**Lo, he comes with clouds descending**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Lo, he comes with clouds descending,  
 once for favoured sinners slain;  
 thousand thousand saints attending  
 swell the triumph of his train:  
 alleluia! alleluia! alleluia!  
 God appears on earth to reign.  
  
2 Those dear tokens of his passion  
 still his dazzling body bears;  
 cause of endless exultation  
 to his ransomed worshippers:  
 with what rapture, with what rapture, with what rapture,  
 gaze we on those glorious scars.  
  
3 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,  
 high on thine eternal throne;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 claim the kingdom for thine own:  
 O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,  
 alleluia! come, Lord, come!

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788), Martin Madan (1726-1790), John Cennick (1718-1755)*

**Long ago, prophets knew**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Long ago, prophets knew   
 Christ would come, born a Jew,   
 come to make all things new;   
 bear his People's burden,   
 freely love and pardon.   
 *Ring, bells, ring, ring, ring!*   
 *Sing, choirs, sing, sing, sing!*   
 *When he comes,*   
 *when he comes,*   
 *who will make him welcome?*   
  
2 God in time, God in man,   
 this is God's timeless plan:   
 he will come, as a man,   
 born himself of woman,   
 God divinely human.   
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Mary hail! Though afraid,  
 she believed, she obeyed.  
 In her womb, God is laid:  
 till the time expected,  
 nurtured and protected,  
 *Chorus*   
  
4 Journey ends! Where afar  
 Bethl'em shines, like a star,  
 stable door stands ajar.  
 unborn Son of Mary,  
 Saviour, do not tarry!  
 *Ring, bells, ring, ring, ring!*   
 *Sing, choirs, sing, sing, sing!*   
 *Jesus comes!*   
 *Jesus comes!*   
 *We will make him welcome!*

*Fred Pratt Green (1903-2000)  
© 1971 Stainer & Bell Ltd*

**Longing for light, we wait in darkness**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Longing for light, we wait in darkness.  
 Longing for truth, we turn to you.  
 Make us your own, your holy people,  
 light for the world to see.  
 *Christ be our light! Shine in our hearts.*   
 *Shine through the darkness.*   
 *Christ be our light!*   
 *Shine in your church gathered today.*   
  
2 Longing for peace, our world is troubled.  
 Longing for hope, many despair.  
 Your word alone has pow'r to save us.  
 Make us your living voice.  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Longing for food, many are hungry.  
 Longing for water, many still thirst.  
 Make us your bread, broken for others,  
 shared until all are fed.  
 *Chorus*   
  
4 Longing for shelter, many are homeless.  
 Longing for warmth, many are cold.  
 Make us your building, sheltering others,  
 walls made of living stones.  
 *Chorus*   
  
5 Many the gifts, many the people,  
 many the hearts that yearn to belong.  
 Let us be servants to one another,  
 making your kingdom come.  
 *Chorus*

*Bernadette Farrell (born 1957)  
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**O come, O come Emmanuel**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O come, O come Emmanuel,

And ransom captive Israel,

That mourns in lonely exile here,

Until the Son of God appear.

*Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel*

*Shall come to thee, O Israel.*

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free

Thine own from Satan's tyranny;

From depths of hell Thy people save,

And give them victory o'er the grave.

*Refrain*

3 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer

Our spirits by Thine advent here;

Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,

And death's dark shadows put to flight.

*Refrain*

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,

And open wide our heavenly home;

Make safe the way that leads on high,

And close the path to misery.

*Refrain*

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,

Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,

In ancient times didst give the law

In cloud and majesty and awe.

*Refrain*

*Latin 13th century translated by John M Neale (1818-1866)*

**On Jordan’s bank the Baptist’s cry**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
 announces that the Lord is nigh;  
 come then and hearken, for he brings  
 glad tidings from the King of kings!  
  
2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,  
 and furnished for so great a guest.  
 Yea, let us each our hearts prepare  
 for Christ to come and enter there.  
  
3 For thou art our salvation, Lord,  
 our refuge, and our great reward;  
 without thy grace our souls must fade  
 and wither like a flower decayed.  
  
4 Stretch forth thine hand, to heal our sore,

and make us rise to fall no more;

once more upon thy people shine,

and fill the world with love divine.

5 All praise, eternal Son, to thee  
 whose advent sets thy people free,  
 whom, with the Father, we adore,  
 and Spirit bless, for evermore.

*Jordanis oras praevia Charles Coffin (1676-1749)*

*Translated John Chandler (1806-1876)*

**People, look east**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 People, look east. The time is near   
of the crowning of the year.  
Make your house fair as you are able,  
trim the hearth and set the table.  
People, look east and sing today:  
Love, the guest, is on the way.

2 Furrows, be glad. Though the earth is bare,  
one more seed is planted there:  
give up your strength the seed to nourish,  
that in course the flower may flourish.  
People, look east and sing today:  
Love, the rose, is on the way.

3 Birds, though you long have ceased to build,  
guard the nest that must be filled.  
Even the hour when wings are frozen  
he for fledging time has chosen.  
People, look east and sing today:  
Love, the bird, is on the way.

4 Stars, keep the watch. When night is dim  
one more light the bowl shall brim,  
shining beyond the frosty weather,  
bright as sun and moon together.  
People, look east and sing today:  
Love, the star, is on the way.

5 Angels, announce to man and beast

him who cometh from the East.  
Set every peak and valley humming  
with the word, the Lord is coming.  
People, look east and sing today:  
Love, the Lord, is on the way.

*Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)*

**Away in a manger**

*sung by Westbury-on-Trym Parish Church Choir*

1 Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,

the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;

the stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,

the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

2 The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,

but little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.

I love thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,

and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

3 Be near me, Lord Jesus: I ask thee to stay

close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.

Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,

and fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

Sometimes attributed to John Thomas Macfarland (1851-1913), Gabriel's Vineyard Songs (1892 Louisville), Little Children's Book: For Schools and Families (1885 Philadelphia)

**Carol of the crib – Joanna Forbes L’Estrange**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Light to the world, a child is born;

dark is the night before the dawn:

day is upon us, darkness is dying,

with Mary's child in slumber lying.

Christ has come, our life to share;

sorrows and sins and griefs to bear:

see where above us the heavens are clear,

the angels are singing for Christ is here!

Light for a world gone far astray,

dawn of the hope of God's new day;

songs for our sighing, joy for our weeping,

with Mary's child so softly sleeping.

Christ has come, our life to share;

sorrows and sins and griefs to bear:

see where above us the heavens are clear,

the angels are singing for Christ is here!

Light of the world, God's only Son!

now is the day of grace begun:

love is among us, love beyond dreaming,

with Mary's child for our redeeming.

Christ has come, our life to share;

sorrows and sins and griefs to bear:

see where above us the heavens are clear,

the angels are singing for Christ is here!

Christ is here!

*Timothy Dudley Smith (born 1926)*  
*© Oxford University Press*

**Coventry carol – arr. David Ogden**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,*   
 *By by, lully lullay, thou little tiny child,*

*By by, lully lullay.*

1 O sisters too,  
 How may we do  
 For to preserve this day?  
 This poor youngling,  
 For whom we sing,  
 By by, lully lullay!  
  
2 Herod, the king,  
 In his raging,  
 Chargèd he hath this day  
 His men of might,  
 In his own sight,  
 All young children to slay.  
  
3 That woe is me,  
 Poor child for thee!  
 And ever morn and may,  
 For thy parting  
 Neither say nor sing  
 By by, lully lullay!  
 *Chorus*

*Pageant of the Shearmen and Tailors, Coventry (15th century)*

**The First Tree in the Greenwood – Alexander L’Estrange**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Now the holly bears a berry as white as the milk,

and Mary bore Jesus all wrapped up in silk.  
*And Mary she bore Jesus,* o*ur Saviour for to be,*   
a*nd the first tree in the greenwood*   
i*t was the holly, holly, holly,*   
*and the first tree in the greenwood*   
*it was the holly.*

2 Now the holly bears a prickle as sharp as the thorn,   
and Mary bore Jesus on Christmas day morn.  
*Chorus*

3 Now the holly bears a berry as black as the coal,  
and Mary bore Jesus who died for us all.  
*Chorus*

4 Now the holly bears a berry as blood it is red,  
and Mary bore Jesus who rose from the dead.  
*Chorus*

*Traditional*

**Shepherds are kneeling – Peter Nardone**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Shepherds are kneeling in worship mild,

Mary the mother of infant child,

gives her heart to the new-born King,

that and a humble stall.

There is no room, the manger awaits him,

give to the infant a bed of hay.

here with the cattle and nursed by his mother,

Jesus the child is a King for today.

*Angel voices sing the message,*

*Glory to God, goodwill and peace,*

*stars on that Holy night, lighten the stable bright,*

*shepherds are kneeling in worship mild.*

Shepherds are kneeling in worship mild,

what is the life for this little child?

Will he have peace and sweetness of dreams?

What does the future hold?

Journey of pain, and friends who betray him,

crucifix, nails, and a crown of thorns,

but with the tender caresses of Mary,

Jesus, Redeemer and Saviour is born.

*Chorus*

*Peter Nardone (born 1965)*

**Sing Christingle!**

*sung by Westbury-on-Trym Parish Church Choir*

The Christingle is made with an orange,

Telling us of the world God made,

By the fruits of the earth in their seasons,

We can see the love of God displayed.

*Sing Christingle, Sing Christingle!*

*Sing Christingle, it’s the light of Christ.*

*Sing Christingle, Sing Christingle!*

*Sing Christingle, light of Christ.*

God of love, we give thanks now for Jesus,

We remember his birth again,

But the red ribbon round the Christingle,

Tells the story of his cross and pain.

*Chorus*

To complete the Christingle: a candle,

Shining out in the darkest night,

Jesus promised to lead us and guide us,

Come and celebrate the world’s true light!

*Chorus*

*Alan J Meats (1995)*

**The angel Gabriel from heaven came**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 The Angel Gabriel from heaven came,  
 his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;  
 'All hail', said he, 'thou lowly maiden Mary,  
 most highly favoured lady.'  
 Gloria!  
  
2 'For known a blessèd mother thou shalt be,  
 all generations laud and honour thee,  
 thy son shall be Immanuel, by seers foretold;  
 most highly favoured lady.'  
 Gloria!  
  
3 Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,  
 'To me be as it pleaseth God', she said,  
 'My soul shall laud and magnify his holy name':  
 most highly favoured lady.  
 Gloria!  
  
4 Of her, Immanuel, the Christ was born  
 in Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,  
 and Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,  
 'Most highly favoured lady.'  
 Gloria!

*Birjina gastettobat zegoen   
Basque Carol, Charles Bordes (Collector) (1863-1909), Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924)*

**This is the truth sent from above – arr. Michael Cayton**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 This is the truth sent from above,  
 the truth of God, the God of love;  
 therefore don't turn me from your door,  
 but hearken all both rich and poor.  
  
2 The first thing which I do relate  
 is that God did man create;  
 the next thing which to you I'll tell:  
 woman was made with man to dwell.  
  
3 Thus we were heirs to endless woes,  
 till God the Lord did interpose;  
 and so a promise soon did run  
 that he would redeem us by his Son.  
  
4 And at that season of the year  
 our blest Redeemer did appear;  
 he here did live, and here did preach,  
 and many thousands he did teach.  
  
5 Thus he in love to us behaved,  
 to show us how we must be saved;  
 and if you want to know the way,  
 be pleased to hear what he did say.

*Traditional English*

**God rest you merry, gentlemen**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 God rest you merry, gentlemen

let nothing you dismay

remember, Christ, our Saviour

was born on Christmas day

to save us all from Satan's power

when we were gone astray

*O tidings of comfort and joy,*

*comfort and joy*

*O tidings of comfort and joy.*

2 From God our heavenly Father,

a blessed angel came;

and unto certain shepherds

brought tidings of the same:

how that in Bethlehem was born

the Son of God by name,

*Refrain*

3 And when they came to Bethlehem

where our dear Saviour lay,

they found him in a manger

where oxen feed on hay;

his mother Mary kneeling,

unto the Lord did pray:

*Refrain*

4 Now to the Lord sing praises,

all you within this place,

and with true love and charity

each other now embrace;

this holy tide of Christmas

all others doth deface:

*Refrain*

*Traditional English 18th Century*

**Hark! the herald angels sing**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,

glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
join the triumph of the skies;  
with the angelic host proclaim:   
Christ is born in Bethlehem.   
*Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King!*

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,

Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
late in time behold him come,  
offspring of the Virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!  
Hail the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel:   
*Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King!*

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

Hail the Son of Righteousness!   
Light and life to all he brings,   
risen with healing in his wings;   
mild he lays his glory by,   
born that man no more may die,   
born to raise the sons of earth,   
born to give them second birth:   
*Hark! The herald angels sing  
"Glory to the new-born King!"*

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**In the bleak mid-winter**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 In the bleak mid-winter

Frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron,  
Water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,

Snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter,  
Long ago.

2 Our God, heaven cannot hold him

Nor earth sustain;   
heaven and earth shall flee away  
When he comes to reign:   
In the bleak mid-winter  
A stable place sufficed   
The Lord God Almighty  
Jesus Christ.

3 Angels and archangels

May have gathered there,  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air –   
But only his mother  
In her maiden bliss  
Worshipped the beloved  
With a kiss.

4 What can I give him

Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd  
I would bring a lamb;  
If I were a wise man  
I would do my part;  
Yet what I can I give him —

Give my heart.

*Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)*

**It came upon the midnight clear**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 It came upon the midnight clear,

that glorious song of old,

from angels bending near the earth

to touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,

from heaven’s all gracious King!"

The world in solemn stillness lay

to hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,

with peaceful wings unfurled,   
and still their heavenly music floats   
o'er all the weary world;   
above its sad and lowly plains,   
they bend on hovering wing;   
and ever o'er its Babel sounds   
the blessed angels sing.

3 And ye beneath life's crushing load,

whose forms are bending low,

who toil along the climbing way

with painful steps and slow;

look now, for glad and golden hours

come swiftly on the wing;

oh rest beside the weary road

and hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,

by prophet bards foretold,   
when with the ever-circling years   
comes round the age of gold;  
when peace shall over all the earth   
its ancient splendours fling,   
and the whole world give back the song   
which now the angels sing.

*Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876)*

**Joy to the world**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Joy to the world! The Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King;

let every heart prepare him room,

and heaven and nature sing,

and heaven and nature sing,

and heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns!

Your sweetest songs employ

while fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains

repeat the sounding joy,

repeat the sounding joy,

repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,

and makes the nations prove

the glories of his righteousness,

and wonders of his love,

and wonders of his love,

and wonders, wonders, of his love.

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

**O come, all ye faithful**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O come, all ye faithful,

joyful and triumphant  
O come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem  
come and behold him  
born the King of Angels.  
*O come, let us adore him,   
O come, let us adore him,   
O come, let us adore him,   
Christ the Lord.*

2 God of God, Light of Light;

lo, he abhors not the virgin’s womb;   
very God,  
begotten not created;  
*Refrain*

3 Sing, choirs of angels,

sing in exultation,   
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!   
Glory to God  
in the highest:  
*Refrain*

4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,

born this happy morning:   
Jesus, to thee be all glory given;   
word of the Father,  
now in flesh appearing;  
*Refrain*

*Translated from the Latin (18th century)  
by Frederick Oakely (1802-1880)*

**O holy night**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,

it is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.

Long lay the world in sin and error pining,

till he appeared and the soul felt its worth.

A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,

for yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the angel voices!

O night divine, O night when Christ was born;

O night divine, O night, O night divine!

2 Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,

with glowing hearts by his cradle we stand.

So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,

here came the wise men from the Orient land.

The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger;

in all our trials born to be our friend.

He knows our need, to our weakness no stranger.

Behold your King! Before the lowly bend!

Behold your King, before the lowly bend!

3 Truly he taught us to love one another,

his law is love and his gospel is peace.

Chains he shall break, for the slave is our brother,

and in his name all oppression shall cease.

Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,

with all our hearts we praise his holy name.

Christ is the Lord! Then ever, ever praise we,

his power and glory ever more proclaim!

His power and glory ever more proclaim!

*John Sullivan Dwight (1813-1893))   
based on Placide Cappeau (1808-1877)*

**O little town of Bethlehem**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O little town of Bethlehem,

how still we see thee lie!

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep

the silent stars go by.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth

the everlasting light;

the hopes and fears of all the years

are met in thee tonight.

2 O morning stars, together

proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
and peace to men on earth;  
For Christ is born of Mary;  
and gathered all above,  
while mortals sleep, the angels keep  
their watch of wondering love.

3 How silently, how silently,

the wondrous gift is given!

So God imparts to human hearts

the blessings of his heaven.

No ear may hear his coming;

but in this world of sin,

where meek souls will receive him, still

the dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem

descend to us, we pray;

cast out our sin and enter in,

be born to us today.

We hear the Christmas angels

the great glad tidings tell:

O come to us, abide with us,

our Lord Emmanuel.

*Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)*

**Once in Royal David’s city**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices, with soloist Victoria Meteyard*

1 Once in royal David's city

stood a lowly cattle shed,

where a mother laid her baby

in a manger for his bed:

Mary was that Mother mild,

Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven

who is God and Lord of all,

and his shelter was a stable,

and his cradle was a stall;

with the poor and mean and lowly

lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all his wondrous childhood

he would honour and obey,

love and watch the lowly Maiden,

in whose gentle arms he lay:

Christian children all must be

mild, obedient, good as he.

4 Not in that poor lowly stable,

with the oxen standing by,

we shall see him; but in heaven,

set at God's right hand on high;

where like stars his children crowned

all in white shall wait around.

*Cecil Frances Alexander (née Humphreys) (1818-1895)*

**Silent night**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Silent night, holy night,

all is calm, all is bright  
round yon virgin mother and child;  
holy infant, so tender and mild,  
sleep in heavenly peace,

sleep in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night, holy night,

shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from heaven afar;  
heavenly hosts sing Alleluia:  
Christ the Saviour is born,

Christ the Saviour is born.

3 Silent night, holy night,

son of God, love’s pure light,  
radiant beams from thy holy face  
with the dawn of redeeming grace:  
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,

Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

*John Freeman Young (1887)  
based on Joseph Mohr (1818)*

**Emmanuel (Hallowed Manger Ground)***Recorded by the Musicians of Holy Trinity Platt Church, Manchester (Soloist: Katie Ritson)*

1 What hope we hold this starlit night  
A King is born in Bethlehem  
Our journey long, we seek the light  
That leads to the hallowed manger ground

2 What fear we felt in the silent age  
Four-hundred years can he be found  
But broken by a baby's cry  
Rejoice in the hallowed manger ground

*Emmanuel, Emmanuel  
God incarnate, here to dwell  
Emmanuel, Emmanuel  
Praise His name Emmanuel*

3 The son of God, here born to bleed  
A crown of thorns would pierce his brow  
And we beheld this offering  
Exalted now the King of kings  
Praise God for the hallowed manger ground

*Emmanuel, Emmanuel  
God incarnate, here to dwell  
Emmanuel, Emmanuel  
Praise His name Emmanuel*

*Chris Tomlin*

**Go tell it on the mountain***Sung by Geraldine Latty*

*Go (go) tell it on the mountain (go!)  
Over the hills and everywhere  
Go (go) tell it on the mountain (go!)  
That Jesus Christ is born.*

1 While shepherds kept their watch here  
Over silent flocks by night  
Behold throughout the heavens  
There shone a holy light.

*Go (go) tell it on the mountain   
Over the hills and everywhere  
Go (go) tell it on the mountain  
That Jesus Christ is born.*

2 The shepherds feared and trembled  
When high above the earth  
Rang out the angel chorus  
That hailed our Saviour’s birth.

Go, go, tell it! This is your God! This is your God! This is your God!

Go tell it, go! Tell it! This is your God! Go!

*Go (go) tell it on the mountain (the mountain, go)  
Over the hills and everywhere* (over all the nations) *Go tell it on the mountain (tell it on the mountain)  
That Jesus Christ is born.*

3 Down in a lowly manger  
The humble Jesus Christ was born

And God sent us salvation

That blessed Christmas morn.

Get up to a mountain! Good news!

*Go tell it on the mountain (the mountain)  
Over the hills and everywhere (tell it everywhere)  
Go tell it on the mountain (every nation needs to hear this)  
That Jesus Christ is born (Christ is born).*

*Go tell it on the mountain (good news for everyone everywhere)*

*Over the hills and everywhere  
Go tell it on the mountain  
That Jesus Christ is born.*

This is the good news!

Good news for everybody everywhere!

*John Wesley Work Jr. (1871-1925)*

**Hark! the herald angels sing**

*sung by Geraldine Latty*

1 Hark! the herald angels sing

glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise  
join the triumph of the skies;  
with angelic host proclaim:   
Christ is born in Bethlehem.   
 *Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King!*

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored

Christ, the everlasting Lord  
late in time behold him come  
offspring of the Virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!  
The incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with us to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel:   
 *Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King!*   
*Glory! God is with us!*

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

And hail the Son of Righteousness!   
Light and life to all he brings  
risen with healing in his wings;   
mild you laid your glory by  
born that we no more may die  
born to raise us from the earth *(amazing love)*  
born to give us second chance, second birth:

*Hark! The herald angels sing* (singing to you)

*Hark! The herald angels sing* (adoring you, Jesus)

*Hark! The herald angels sing* (singing, heralding)

*Hark! The herald angels sing* (the King of Glory coming for his throne)

*Hark! The herald angels sing* (glory to the King)

*Hark! The herald angels sing* (gonna give him Glory)

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788); George Whitefield (1714-1770); adapted Geraldine Lattey*

**Joy to the world**

*sung by Geraldine Latty*

1 Joy to the world! The Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King;

let every heart prepare him room,

and heaven and nature sing,

and heaven and nature sing,

and heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns!

Let all your songs employ

while fields and floods and hills and plains

repeat the sounding joy,

repeat the sounding joy,

repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin or sorrows grow

No thorns infest the ground

God comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found,

Far as the curse is found,

Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

and makes the nations prove

the glories of his righteousness,

and wonders of his love,

his astounding love,

the wonders, wonders, of his love.

Joy to the world!   
 Come sing joy!  
 Joy to the world!

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

**32 Light of the world***Recorded by the Musicians of Holy Trinity Platt Church (Soloist: Katie Ritson)*

1 Light of the world  
You stepped down into darkness  
Opened my eyes, let me see  
Beauty that made this heart adore you  
Hope of a life spent with you

*So here I am to worship  
Here I am to bow down  
Here I am to say that you're my God  
You're altogether lovely  
Altogether worthy  
Altogether wonderful to me*

2 King of all days  
Oh so highly exalted  
Glorious in heaven above  
Humbly you came to the earth you created  
All for love's sake became poor

*Here I am to worship  
Here I am to bow down  
Here I am to say that you're my God  
You're altogether lovely  
Altogether worthy  
Altogether wonderful to me*

*Here I am to worship  
Here I am to bow down  
Here I am to say that you're my God  
You're altogether lovely  
Altogether worthy  
Altogether wonderful to me*

And I'll never know how much it cost  
To see my sin upon that cross  
And I'll never know how much it cost  
To see my sin upon that cross

*Here I am to worship  
Here I am to bow down  
Here I am to say that you're my God  
You're altogether lovely  
Altogether worthy  
Altogether wonderful to me*

*Chris Tomlin*

**Noel***Recorded by the Musicians of Holy Trinity Platt Church, Manchester (Soloist: Katie Ritson)*

1 Love incarnate, love divine  
 Star and angels gave the sign

Bow to babe on bended knee  
 The saviour of humanity  
 Unto us a child is born  
 He shall reign forevermore

*Noel, Noel  
 Come and see what God has done  
 Noel, Noel  
 The story of amazing love!  
 The light of the world, given for us  
 Noel*

2 Son of God and son of man  
 There before the world began  
 Born to suffer, born to save  
 Born to raise us from the grave  
 Christ the everlasting Lord  
 he shall reign forevermore

*Noel, Noel  
 Come and see what God has done  
 Noel, Noel  
 The story of amazing love!  
 The light of the world, given for us  
 Noel*

*Noel, Noel  
 Come and see what God has done  
 Noel, Noel  
 The story of amazing love!  
 The light of the world, given for us  
 Noel  
 The light of the world, given for us  
 Noel*

*Chris Tomlin*

**Oh Come Emmanuel**   
*Sung by Soul Sanctuary Gospel Choir*

1 O come, O come Emmanuel

and ransom captive Israel

that mourns in lonely exile here

until the Son of God appear.

*Rejoice, rejoice!*

*Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.*

2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free

thine own from Satan’s tyranny;

from depths of hell thy people save,

and give them victory over the grave.

*Rejoice, rejoice!*

*Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.*

*Amen! Amen!*

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866)*

**This is our God**

*Recorded by the Musicians of Holy Trinity Platt Church, Manchester (Soloist: Katie Ritson)*

1. A refuge for the poor  
   A shelter from the storm  
   This is our God  
   And He will wipe away your tears  
   And return your wasted years  
   This is our God

*Upon His name*

*He is mighty, say  
This is our God*

1. A father to the orphan  
   A healer to the broken  
   This is our God  
   He brings peace to our madness  
   And comfort in our sadness  
   This is our God

*So upon His name  
He is mighty, say  
This is our God  
  
This is the one we have waited for  
This is the one we have waited for  
This is the one we have waited for  
Jesus, Lord and Saviour  
This is our God*

1. A fountain for the thirsty  
   A lover for the lonely  
   This is our God  
   He brings glory to the humble  
   And crowns for the faithful  
   This is our God

*So upon His name  
He is mighty, say  
This is our God*

*This is the one we have waited for  
This is the one we have waited for  
This is the one we have waited for  
Jesus, Lord and Saviour*

*You are the one we have waited for  
You are the one we have waited for  
You are the one we have waited for  
Jesus, Lord and Saviour  
This is our God*

*Chris Tomlin*

**When love came down**

*Sung by the Musicians of Holy Trinity Platt Church, Manchester*

1 When love came down to earth  
And made his home with men  
The hopeless found a hope  
The sinner found a friend.  
Not to the powerful  
But to the poor he came  
And humble, hungry hearts  
Were satisfied again.

*What joy, what peace has come to us!  
What hope, what help, what love!*

2 When every unclean thought  
And every sinful deed  
Was scourged upon his back  
And hammered through his feet.  
The innocent is cursed  
The guilty are released;  
The punishment of God  
On God has brought me peace.

*What joy, what peace has come to us!  
What hope, what help, what love!*

3 Come lay your heavy load  
Down at the master’s feet;  
Your shame will be removed  
Your joy will be complete.  
Come crucify your pride  
And enter as a child;  
For those who bow down low  
He’ll lift up to his side.

*What joy, what peace has come to us!  
What hope, what help!  
What joy, what peace has come to us!  
What hope, what help, what love, what love!*

*Stuart Townend*

**As with gladness men of old**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 As with gladness men of old  
 did the guiding star behold,  
 as with joy they hailed its light,  
 leading onward, beaming bright;  
 so, most gracious Lord, may we  
 evermore be led to thee.  
  
2 As with joyful steps they sped,  
 to that lowly manger-bed,  
 there to bend the knee before  
 him whom heaven and earth adore;  
 so may we with willing feet  
 ever seek thy mercy-seat.  
  
3 As they offered gifts most rare  
 at that manger rude and bare,  
 so may we with holy joy,  
 pure and free from sin's alloy,  
 all our costliest treasures bring,  
 Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.  
  
4 Holy Jesu, every day  
 keep us in the narrow way,  
 and, when earthly things are past,  
 bring our ransomed souls at last  
 where they need no star to guide,  
 where no clouds thy glory hide.  
  
5 In the heavenly country bright  
 need they no created light;  
 thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
 thou its sun which goes not down;  
 there for ever may we sing  
 alleluias to our King.

*William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)*

**Bethlehem, of noblest cities**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Bethlehem, of noblest cities  
 none can once with thee compare;  
 thou alone, the Lord from heaven  
 didst for us incarnate bear.  
  
2 Fairer than the sun at morning  
 was the star that told his birth;  
 to the lands their God announcing,  
 seen in fleshly form on earth.  
  
3 By its lambent beauty guided  
 see the eastern kings appear;  
 see them bend, their gifts to offer,  
 gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.  
  
4 Solemn things of mystic meaning:  
 incense doth the God disclose,  
 gold a royal child proclaimeth,  
 myrrh a future tomb foreshows.  
  
5 Holy Jesu, in thy brightness  
 to the Gentile world displayed,  
 with the Father and the Spirit  
 endless praise to thee be paid.

*O sola magnarum urbium   
Prudentius (348-410), Edward Caswall (1814-1878*)

**Brightest and best**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
 star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.  
  
2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
 low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
 angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.  
  
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 odours of Edom, and offerings divine,  
 gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
 myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?  
  
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 vainly with gifts would his favour secure:  
 richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
  
5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
 star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

*Reginald Heber (1783-1826)*

**Hail to the Lord’s Anointed**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,  
 great David's greater Son!  
 Hail, in the time appointed,  
 his reign on earth begun!  
 He comes to break oppression,  
 to set the captive free,  
 to take away transgression,  
 and rule in equity.  
  
2 He comes, with succour speedy,  
 to those who suffer wrong;  
 to help the poor and needy,  
 and bid the weak be strong;  
 to give them songs for sighing,  
 their darkness turn to light,  
 whose souls, condemned and dying,  
 were precious in his sight.  
  
3 He shall come down like showers  
 upon the fruitful earth;  
 that love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
 spring in his path to birth;  
 before him, on the mountains,  
 shall peace the herald go;  
 and righteousness, in fountains,  
 from hill to valley flow.  
  
4 Kings shall bow down before him,  
 and gold and incense bring;  
 all nations shall adore him,  
 his praise all people sing;  
 to him shall prayer unceasing  
 and daily vows ascend,  
 his kingdom still increasing,  
 a kingdom without end.  
  
  
5 O'er every foe victorious,  
 he on his throne shall rest;  
 from age to age more glorious,  
 all-blessing and all-blest.  
 The tide of time shall never  
 his covenant remove;  
 his name shall stand for ever,  
 his changeless name of Love.

*James Montgomery (1771-1854)*

**O worship the Lord**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!  
 bow down before him, his glory proclaim;  
 with gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,  
 kneel and adore him, the Lord is his name!  
  
2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,  
 high on his heart he will bear it for thee,  
 comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,  
 guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.  
  
3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness  
 of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:  
 truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,  
 these are the offerings to lay on his shrine.  
  
4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,  
 he will accept for the name that is dear;  
 mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
 trust for our trembling and hope for our fear.  
  
5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!  
 bow down before him, his glory proclaim;  
 with gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,  
 kneel and adore him, the Lord is his name!

*John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-1875)*

**Song of thankfulness and praise**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Songs of thankfulness and praise,  
 Jesu, Lord, to thee we raise,  
 manifested by the star,  
 to the sages from afar;  
 branch of royal David's stem  
 in thy birth at Bethlehem:  
 anthems be to thee addressed  
 God in Man made manifest.  
  
2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,  
 Prophet, Priest and King supreme;  
 and at Cana wedding-guest  
 in thy Godhead manifest;  
 manifest in power divine,  
 changing water into wine:  
 anthems be to thee addressed,  
 God in Man made manifest.  
  
3 Manifest in making whole  
 palsied limbs and fainting soul;  
 manifest in valiant fight,  
 quelling all the devil's might;  
 manifest in gracious will,  
 ever bringing good from ill:  
 anthems be to thee addressed,  
 God in Man made manifest.  
  
4 Grant us grace to see thee, Lord,  
 mirrored in thy holy word;  
 may we imitate thee now,  
 and be pure, as pure art thou;  
 that we like to thee may be  
 at thy great Epiphany;  
 and may praise thee, ever blest,  
 God in Man made manifest.

*Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885), and Compilers of ‘Rejoice and Sing’*

**The race that long in darkness pined**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 The race that long in darkness pined  
 has seen a glorious light:  
 the people dwell in day, who dwelt  
 in death's surrounding night.  
  
2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,  
 the gathering nations come,  
 joyous as when the reapers bear  
 the harvest treasures home.  
  
3 To us a child of hope is born,  
 to us a Son is given;  
 him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
 him all the hosts of heaven.  
  
4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
 for evermore adored,  
 the Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
 the great and mighty Lord.  
  
5 His power increasing still shall spread,  
 his reign no end shall know;  
 justice shall guard his throne above,  
 and peace abound below.

*John Morison (1750-1798) as in Scottish Paraphrases (1781) based on Isaiah 9:2-7*

**We three kings**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*The Kings*   
1 We three kings of Orient are;  
 bearing gifts we traverse afar  
 field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
 following yonder star:  
 *O star of wonder, star of night,*   
 *star with royal beauty bright,*   
 *westward leading, still proceeding,*   
 *guide us to thy perfect light.*   
  
 *Melchior*   
2 Born a king on Bethlehem plain,  
 gold I bring, to crown him again-  
 King for ever, ceasing never,  
 over us all to reign:  
 *Chorus*   
  
 *Caspar*   
3 Frankincense to offer have I;  
 incense owns a deity nigh:  
 prayer and praising, all men raising,  
 worship him, God most high:  
 *Chorus*   
  
 *Balthazar*   
4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume  
 breathes a life of gathering gloom;  
 sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
 sealed in the stone-cold tomb:  
 *Chorus*   
  
 *All*   
5 Glorious now, behold him arise,  
 King and God, and sacrifice!  
 heaven sings alleluia,  
 alleluia the earth replies:  
 *Chorus*

*John Henry Hopkins (1820-1891)*

**What child is this**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 What child is this, who, laid to rest  
 on Mary's lap is sleeping?  
 whom angels greet with anthems sweet,  
 while shepherds watch are keeping?  
 This, this is Christ the King,  
 whom shepherds worship and angels sing:  
 haste, haste to bring him praise  
 the babe, the son of Mary.  
  
2 Why lies he in such mean estate,  
 where ox and ass are feeding?  
 Come have no fear, God’s son is here,  
 his love all loves exceeding.   
 Nails, spear, shall pierce him through,  
 the cross be borne for me, for you:  
 hail, hail the Saviour comes,  
 the babe, the son of Mary.  
  
3 So bring him incense, gold and myrrh,  
 all tongues and peoples own him,  
 the King of kings salvation brings,  
 let every heart enthrone him:  
 Raise, raise your song on high  
 while Mary sings her lullaby.  
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born  
 the babe, the son of Mary.

*William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898) and others*

**The sinless one to Jordan came**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 The sinless one to Jordan came  
 to share our fallen nature's blame;  
 God's righteousness he thus fulfilled  
 and chose the path his Father willed.  
   
2 Uprising from the waters there,  
 the voice from heaven did witness bear  
 that he, the Son of God, had come  
 to lead his scattered people home.  
   
3 Above him see the heavenly dove,  
 the sign of God the Father's love,  
 now by the Holy Spirit shed  
 upon the Son's anointed head.  
   
4 How blessed that mission then begun  
 to heal and save a race undone;  
 straight to the wilderness he goes  
 to wrestle with his people's foes.  
   
5 Dear Lord, let those baptised from sin  
 go forth with you, a world to win;  
 and send the Holy Spirit's power  
 to shield them in temptation's hour.  
   
6 On you shall all your people feed  
 and know you are the bread indeed,  
 who gives eternal life to those-  
 that with you died, and with you rose.

*George B Timms (1910-1997) based on Mark 1 vs 9-11 from English Praise (adapted)  
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**We shall draw water joyfully**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

*We shall draw water joyfully, singing joyfully, singing joyfully;*   
 *we shall draw water joyfully from the wellsprings of salvation.*

1 Truly God is our salvation;  
 we trust, we shall not fear.  
 For the Lord is our strength,  
 the Lord is our song;  
 he became our Saviour.  
 *Chorus*   
  
2 Give thanks, O give thanks to the Lord;  
 give praise to his holy name!  
 Make his mighty deeds known to all of the nations;  
 proclaim his greatness.  
 *Chorus*

*Paul Inwood (born 1947)  
© 1988 Paul Inwood, published by OCP Publications*

**Source and fount of all creation**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 Source and fount of all creation,  
 pour your Spirit from above  
 on the bearers of your image,  
 offspring of a human love.  
 Human hopes and human graces  
 break beneath the weight of sin;  
 fear and envy wrench asunder  
 world without and self within.  
  
2 Human love is unavailing  
 counter-weight to sin and strife;  
 love of God alone can hold us  
 on the way that leads to life.  
 Praised be God, whose Son our Saviour  
 human nature has restored,  
 living, dying, raised in glory,  
 to the likeness of its Lord.  
  
3 Trace, O Christ, salvation's pattern,  
 God and sinner reconciled,  
 in an all-embracing story:  
 new creation, new-born child.  
 Word incarnate, world's Redeemer,  
 here in us your work repeat,  
 signed and sealed your own for ever,  
 till the pattern stands complete.  
  
4 Christ our universal Saviour,  
 nature's poet, nature's priest,  
 through life's troubled waters bring us  
 to the Eucharistic feast,  
 where rejoicing saint and sinner  
 praise the Lord of time and space,  
 Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
 fount of being, source of grace.  
  
*Peter Baelz (1923-2000)  
© Successor to Peter Baelz*

**God is working his purpose out**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 God is working his purpose out as year succeeds to year,  
 God is working his purpose out, and the time is drawing near;  
 nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,  
 when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.  
  
2 From utmost east to utmost west wherever feet have trod,  
 by the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God,  
 'Give ear to me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear to me,  
 that the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.'  
  
3 What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase  
 the love of God in all mankind, the reign of the Prince of Peace?  
 What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,  
 when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea?  
  
4 All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses the deed;  
 vainly we hope for the harvest-time till God gives life to the seed;  
 yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,  
 when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

*Arthur Campbell Ainger (1841-1919)*

**Listen sweet dove – Grayston Ives**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

Listen sweet dove unto my song,  
And spread thy golden wings in me;  
Hatching my tender heart so long,  
Till it get wing and flie away with thee.

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow  
The earth did like a heav’n appeare,  
The starres were coming down to know  
If they might mend their wages and serve here.

The sunne which once did shine alone,  
Hung down his head and wisht for night,  
When he beheld twelve sunnes for one  
Going about the world and giving light.

Lord though we change thou art the same,  
The same sweet God of love and light:  
Restore this day for thy great name,  
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

*George Herbert (1593-1633)*

**I come with joy, a child of God**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 I come with joy, a child of God,  
 forgiven, loved and free,  
 the life of Jesus to recall,  
 in love laid down for me.  
  
2 I come with Christians far and near  
 to find, as all are fed,  
 the new community of love  
 in Christ's communion bread.  
  
3 As Christ breaks bread, and bids us share,  
 each proud division ends.  
 The love that made us, makes us one,  
 and strangers now are friends.  
  
4 The Spirit of the risen Christ,  
 unseen, but ever near,  
 is in such friendship better known,  
 alive among us here.  
  
5 Together met, together bound  
 by all that God has done,  
 we'll go with joy, to give the world  
 the love that makes us one.

*Brian Wren (b.1936)  
© 1971, 1995 Stainer & Bell Ltd*

**Christ is the one who calls**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Christ is the one who calls,  
the one who loved and came,  
to whom by right it falls  
to bear the highest Name:  
and still today our hearts are stirred  
to hear his word and walk his way.

2 Christ is the one who seeks,  
to whom our souls are known.  
The word of love he speaks  
can wake a heart of stone;  
for at that sound the blind can see,  
the slave is free, the lost are found.

3 Christ is the one who died,  
forsaken and betrayed;  
who, mocked and crucified,  
the price of pardon paid.  
Our dying Lord, what grief and loss,  
what bitter cross, our souls restored!

4 Christ is the one who rose  
in glory from the grave,  
to share his life with those  
whom once he died to save.  
He drew death's sting and broke its chains,  
who lives and reigns, our risen King.

5 Christ is the one who sends,  
his story to declare;  
who calls his servants friends  
and gives them news to share.  
His truth proclaim in all the earth,  
his matchless worth and saving Name.

*Timothy Dudley Smith (b.1926)*

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**Alleluia! sing to Jesus**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1. Alleluia, sing the Jesus!

His the sceptre, his the throne;

alleluia, his the triumph,

his the victory alone:

hark, the songs of peaceful Sion

thunder like a mighty flood;

Jesus out of every nation

hath redeemed us by his blood.

1. Alleluia, not as orphans

are we left in sorrow now;

alleluia, he is near us,

faith believes, nor questions how:

though the cloud from sight received him,

when the forty days were o’er,

shall our hearts forget his promised,

‘I am with you evermore’?

1. Alleluia, bread of angels,

thou on earth out food, our stay;

alleluia, here the sinful

flee to thee from day to day:

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,

earth’s Redeemer, plead for me,

where the songs of all the sinless

sweep across the crystal sea.

1. Alleluia, King eternal,

thee the Lord of lords we own;

alleluia, born of May,

earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,

thou within the veil hast entered,

robed in flesh, our great High Priest:

thou on earth both Priest and Victim

in the eucharistic feast.

*William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)*

**Will you come and follow me**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Will you come and follow me  
 if I but call your name?   
 Will you go where you don't know  
 and never be the same?  
 Will you let my love be shown,  
 will you let my name be known,  
 will you let my life be grown,  
 in you and you in me?  
  
2 Will you leave yourself behind  
 if I but call your name?   
 Will you care for cruel and kind  
 and never be the same?  
 Will you risk the hostile stare  
 should your life attract or scare?  
 Will you let me answer prayer  
 in you and you in me?  
  
3 Will you let the blinded see  
 if I but call your name?   
 Will you set the prisoners free   
 and never be the same?  
 Will you kiss the leper clean,  
 and do such as this unseen,   
 and admit to what I mean   
 in you and you in me?  
  
4 Will you love the 'you' you hide   
 if I but call your name?  
 Will you quell the fear inside   
 and never be the same?  
 Will you use the faith you've found   
 to reshape the world around,   
 through my sight and touch and sound   
 in you and you in me?

5 Lord, your summons echoes true   
 when you but call my name.  
 Let me turn and follow you   
 and never be the same.   
 In your company I'll go   
 where your love and footsteps show.   
 Thus I'll move and live and grow   
 in you and you in me.

*John L Bell (born 1949) and Graham Maule (1958-2019)  
© 1987 WGRG, c/o Iona Community, 21 Carlton Court, Glasgow, G5 9JP, Scotland. www.wildgoose.scot*

**Songs of thankfulness and praise**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Songs of thankfulness and praise,  
 Jesu, Lord, to thee we raise,  
 manifested by the star,  
 to the sages from afar;  
 branch of royal David's stem  
 in thy birth at Bethlehem:  
 anthems be to thee addressed  
 God in Man made manifest.  
  
2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,  
 Prophet, Priest and King supreme;  
 and at Cana wedding-guest  
 in thy Godhead manifest;  
 manifest in power divine,  
 changing water into wine:  
 anthems be to thee addressed,  
 God in Man made manifest.  
  
3 Manifest in making whole  
 palsied limbs and fainting soul;  
 manifest in valiant fight,  
 quelling all the devil's might;  
 manifest in gracious will,  
 ever bringing good from ill:  
 anthems be to thee addressed,  
 God in Man made manifest.  
  
4 Grant us grace to see thee, Lord,  
 mirrored in thy holy word;  
 may we imitate thee now,  
 and be pure, as pure art thou;  
 that we like to thee may be  
 at thy great Epiphany;  
 and may praise thee, ever blest,  
 God in Man made manifest.

*Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885), and Compilers of ‘Rejoice and Sing’*

**The God of Abraham praise**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 The God of Abraham praise  
 who reigns enthroned above,  
 Ancient of everlasting Days,  
 and God of love:  
 To him uplift the voice,  
 At whose supreme command  
 From earth we rise and seek the joys  
 At his right hand.  
  
2 There dwells the Lord our King,  
 the Lord our Righteousness,  
 triumphant o'er the world of sin,  
 the Prince of Peace:  
 on Sion's sacred height  
 his kingdom he maintains,  
 and glorious with his saints in light  
 for ever reigns.  
  
3 The God who reigns on high  
 the great archangels sing,  
 and 'Holy, Holy, Holy.' cry,  
 'almighty King,  
 who was, and is the same,  
 and evermore shall be:  
 eternal Father, great I AM,   
 we worship thee.'  
  
4 The whole triumphant host  
 give thanks to God on high;  
 'hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost',  
 they ever cry:  
 hail, Abraham's God, and mine,  
 (I join the heavenly lays)  
 all might and majesty are thine,  
 and endless praise.

*Yigaddel Elohim chay weyishtabach   
Daniel Ben Judah (fl 14th century), Thomas Olivers (1725-1799)*

**Christ is our light! the bright and morning star**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Christ is our light! the bright and morning star  
 covering with radiance all from near and far.  
 Christ be our light, shine on, shine on we pray   
 into our hearts, into our world today.  
  
2 Christ is our love! baptised that we may know  
 the love of God among us, swooping low.  
 Christ be our love, bring us to turn our face  
 and see you in the light of heaven's embrace.   
  
3 Christ is our joy! transforming wedding guest!  
 Through water turned to wine the feast was blessed.  
 Christ be our joy; your glory let us see,  
 as your disciples did in Galilee.

*Leith Fisher (1941-2009)  
© Panel on Worship of the Church of Scotland*

**Hail to the Lord who comes**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Hail to the Lord who comes,  
 comes to his temple gate!  
 Not with his angel host,  
 not in his kingly state:  
 no shouts proclaim him nigh,  
 no crowds his coming wait;  
  
2 But borne upon the throne  
 of Mary's gentle breast,  
 watched by her duteous love,  
 in her fond arms at rest;  
 thus to his Father's house  
 he comes, the heavenly Guest.  
  
3 There Joseph at her side  
 in reverent wonder stands;  
 and, filled with holy joy,  
 old Simeon in his hands  
 takes up the promised child,  
 the glory of all lands.

4 Hail to the great First-born,  
whose ransom-price they pay,  
the Son before all worlds,  
the child of man to-day,  
that he might ransom us  
who still in bondage lay.

5 O Light of all the earth,  
 thy children wait for thee:  
 come to thy temples here,  
 that we, from sin set free,  
 before thy Father's face  
 may all presented be.

*John Ellerton (1826-1893)*

**Faithful vigil ended**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Faithful vigil ended,  
 watching, waiting cease;  
 Master, grant thy servant  
 his discharge in peace.  
  
2 All thy Spirit promised,  
 all the Father willed,  
 now these eyes behold it  
 perfectly fulfilled.  
  
3 This thy great deliverance  
 sets thy people free;  
 Christ their light uplifted  
 all the nations see.  
  
4 Christ, thy people's glory!  
 watching, doubting cease:  
 grant to us thy servants  
 our discharge in peace.

*Timothy Dudley-Smith (born 1926) from Luke 2 vs 29-32   
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**In a world where people walk in darkness**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 In a world where people walk in darkness,  
 let us turn our faces to the light,  
 to the light of God revealed in Jesus,  
 to the daystar scattering our night.  
 *For the light is stronger than the darkness*   
 *and the day will overcome the night,*   
 *though the shadows linger all around us,*   
 *let us turn our faces to the light.*   
  
2 In a world where suffering of the helpless  
 casts a shadow all along the way,  
 let us bear the cross of Christ with gladness  
 and proclaim the dawning of the day.  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Let us light a candle in the darkness,  
 in the face of death a sign of life;  
 as a sign of hope where all seemed hopeless,  
 as a sign of peace in place of strife.  
 *Chorus*

*Robert A Willis (born 1947)  
© Very Revd Robert A Willis*

**Like a candle flame**

*sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields*

1 Like a candle flame,  
 flick'ring small in our darkness.  
 Uncreated light  
 shines through infant eyes.  
 *God is with us, alleluia,   
 God is with us, alleluia,   
 come to save us, alleluia,   
 come to save us,   
 alleluia!*  
  
2 Stars and angels sing,  
 yet the earth sleeps in shadows;  
 can this tiny spark  
 set a world on fire?  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Yet His light shall shine  
 from our lives, Spirit blazing,  
 as we touch the flame  
 of His holy fire.  
 *Chorus*

*Graham Kendrick (born 1950)  
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**Nunc dimittis – Plainsong, arr. John Harper**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Now Lord you let your servant go in peace:

your word has been fulfilled.

My own eyes have seen: the salvation;

Which you have prepared: in the sight of every people,

A light to reveal you to the nations:

and the glory of your people Israel.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son,

and to the Holy Spirit,

as it was in the beginning, is now and shall be forever.

Amen.

Luke 2.29-32

**Christ as a light – Margaret Rizza**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Christ as a light, illumine and guide me;

Chris as a shield, overshadow and cover me.

Christ be under me, Christ be over me;

Christ be beside me on left hand and on right

Christ as a light, illumine and guide me;

Chris as a shield, overshadow and cover me.

Christ be before me, behind and about me;

Christ this day be within and around me.

Christ as a light guide me;

Christ as a shield cover me.

*Saint Patrick (387-461)*

**Firmly I believe and truly**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Firmly I believe and truly  
 God is Three, and God is One;  
 and I next acknowledge duly  
 manhood taken by the Son.  
  
2 And I trust and hope most fully  
 in that manhood crucified;  
 and each thought and deed unruly  
 do to death, as he has died.  
  
3 Simply to his grace and wholly  
 light and life and strength belong,  
 and I love supremely, solely,  
 him the holy, him the strong.  
  
4 And I hold in veneration,  
 for the love of him alone,  
 Holy Church as his creation,  
 and her teachings as his own.  
  
5 Adoration ay be given,  
 with and through the angelic host,  
 to the God of earth and heaven,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*John Henry Newman (1801-1890)*

**King of glory, King of peace**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

1 King of glory, King of peace,  
 I will love thee;  
 and that love may never cease  
 I will move thee.  
 Thou hast granted my request,  
 thou hast heard me;  
 thou didst note my working breast,  
 thou hast spared me.  
  
2 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.  
  
3 Seven whole days, not one in seven,  
 I will praise thee;  
 in my heart, though not in heaven,  
 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)*

**O for a thousand tongues to sing**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
 my dear Redeemer's praise,  
 the glories of my God and King,  
 the triumphs of his grace.  
  
2 Jesus - the name that charms our fears,  
 that bids our sorrows cease;  
 'tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'tis life, and health, and peace.  
  
3 He speaks; and, listening to his voice,  
 new life the dead receive;  
 the mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
 the humble poor believe.  
  
4 My gracious Master and my God,  
 assist me to proclaim  
 and spread through all the earth abroad  
 the honours of thy name.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**Sent by the Lord am I**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Sent by the Lord am I;  
my hands are ready now  
to make the earth the place  
in which the kingdom comes.  
Sent by the Lord am I;  
my hands are ready now  
to make the earth the place  
in which the kingdom comes.  
  
The angels cannot change  
a world of hurt and pain  
into a world of love,  
of justice and of peace,  
The task is mine to do,  
to set it really free.  
Oh, help me to obey;  
help me to do your will.

*Jorge Maldonado (born 1942)  
© Jorge Maldonado*

**God of hope and Lord of healing – Margaret Rizza**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

*(O)* *God of hope and Lord of healing, we come to you in prayer.  
 In our living and our dying, you promise to be there.*

For the weak we ask your courage, and your patience for the strong;  
 stay with those whose pain is sharpest and those enduring long.

*Refrain*

O provide for all the weary your precious gift of sleep;  
 with the glad let us be joyful, and weep with those who weep.

*Refrain*

By the grace of your forgiveness, by virtue of your word,  
 by the sacrament which brings us the comfort of our Lord.

*Refrain*

By the life he freely gave us, and the cross to which he came,  
 by the glory of his kingdom, the power of his name:

Come to meet your praying people, be with us as we kneel;  
 come to help us, God our Saviour, for you alone can heal.

*Refrain*

*Christopher Idle  
© Christopher Idle/Jubilate Hymns Ltd*

**Abide with me**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:  
 the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
 when other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 help of the helpless, O abide with me.  
  
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
 earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
 change and decay in all around I see:  
 O thou who changest not, abide with me.  
  
3 I need thy presence every passing hour;  
 what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
 Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.  
  
4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;  
 ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.  
  
5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
 shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
 heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
 in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)*

**Amazing grace!**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Amazing grace! – how sweet the sound –   
 that saved a wretch like me!  
 I once was lost, but now am found,  
 was blind, but now I see.  
  
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear  
 and grace my fears relieved;  
 how precious did that grace appear  
 the hour I first believed!  
  
3 Through many dangers, toils and snares  
 I have already come;  
 'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
 and grace will lead me home.  
  
4 The Lord has promised good to me,  
 his word my hope secures;  
 he will my shield and portion be  
 as long as life endures.  
  
5 When we've been there ten thousand years  
 bright shining as the sun,  
 we've no less days to sing God's praise  
 than when we first begun.

*John Newton (1725-1807), William Cowper (1731-1800), John Rees (1828-1900)*

**Be still, my soul**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side;

bear patiently the cross of grief and pain;

leave to your God to order and provide;

in every change he faithful will remain.

Be still, my soul: your best, your heavenly friend

through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

2 Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart

and all is darkened in the vale of tears,

then you shall better know his love, his heart,

who comes to soothe your sorrow, calm your fears.

Be still, my soul: for Jesus can repay

from his own fullness all he takes away.

3 Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on

when we shall be for ever with the Lord,

when disappointment, grief and fear are gone,

sorrow forgotten, love's pure joy restored.

Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,

all safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Stille, meine Wille; dein Jesus hilft siegen Katherina A D von Schlegel (born 1697) tr Jane L Borthwick (1813–1897)

**Dear Lord and Father of mankind**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
 forgive our foolish ways;  
 re-clothe us in our rightful mind;  
 in purer lives thy service find,  
 in deeper reverence, praise.  
  
2 In simple trust like theirs who heard  
 beside the Syrian sea  
 the gracious calling of the Lord,  
 let us, like them, without a word  
 rise up and follow thee.  
  
3 Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
 till all our strivings cease;  
 take from our souls the strain and stress,  
 and let our ordered lives confess  
 the beauty of thy peace.  
  
4 Breathe through the heats of our desire  
 thy coolness and thy balm;  
 let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
 speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,  
 O still small voice of calm.

*John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)*

**Lord of all hopefulness**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
 whose trust, ever child-like, no cares could destroy,  
 be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
 your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.  
  
2 Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
 whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
 be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
 your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.  
  
3 Lord of all kindliness, Lord of all grace,  
 your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
 be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
 your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.  
  
4 Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
 whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
 be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
 your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

*Jan Struther (1901-1953)  
© Oxford University Press*

**The day thou gavest**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
 the darkness falls at thy behest;  
 to thee our morning hymns ascended,  
 thy praise shall sanctify our rest.  
  
2 We thank thee that thy church unsleeping,  
 while earth rolls onward into light,  
 through all the world her watch is keeping,  
 and rests not now by day or night.  
  
3 As o'er each continent and island  
 the dawn leads on another day,  
 the voice of prayer is never silent,  
 nor dies the strain of praise away.  
  
4 The sun that bids us rest is waking  
 our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
 and hour by hour fresh lips are making  
 thy wondrous doings heard on high.  
  
5 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,  
 like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
 thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
 till all thy creatures own thy sway.

*John Ellerton (1826-1893)*

**The Lord’s my shepherd**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:  
 he makes me down to lie  
 in pastures green; he leadeth me  
 the quiet waters by.  
  
2 My soul he doth restore again,  
 and me to walk doth make  
 within the paths of righteousness,  
 e'en for his own name's sake.  
  
3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
 yet will I fear none ill;  
 for thou art with me, and thy rod  
 and staff me comfort still.  
  
4 My table thou hast furnishèd  
 in presence of my foes;  
 my head thou dost with oil anoint,  
 and my cup overflows.  
  
5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
 shall surely follow me;  
 and in God's house for evermore  
 my dwelling-place shall be.

*Francis Rous (1579-1659), William Whittingham (1524-1579), Scottish Psalter* *(1650)*

**God be in my head – Walford Davies**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

God be in my head, and in my understanding;  
 God be in mine eyes, and in my looking;  
 God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;  
 God be in my heart, and in my thinking;  
 God be at mine end, and at my departing.

*Book of Hours* (1514)

**Psalm 23**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 The Lord is my shepherd;

therefore can I lack nothing.

2 He makes me lie down in green pastures

and leads me beside still waters.

3 He shall refresh my soul

and guide me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake.

4 Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;

for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

5 You spread a table before me in the presence of those who trouble me;

you have anointed my head with oil and my cup shall be full.

6 Surely goodness and loving mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,

and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

*Common Worship: Daily Prayer, material from which is included here,*

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**All creatures of our God and King**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 All creatures of our God and King  
 lift up your voice and with us sing  
 Alleluia, alleluia.  
 Thou burning sun with golden beam,  
 thou silver moon with softer gleam,  
 *O praise him, O praise him,*   
 *alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.*   
   
2 Thou rushing wind that art so strong,  
 ye clouds that sail in heaven along,  
 O praise him, alleluia.  
 Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,  
 ye lights of evening, find a voice;  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 Thou flowing water, pure and clear,  
 make music for thy Lord to hear,  
 Alleluia, alleluia.  
 Thou fire so masterful and bright,  
 that givest hearts both warmth and light:  
 *Chorus*   
  
4 Dear mother earth, who day by day  
 unfoldest blessings on our way,  
 O praise him, alleluia.  
 The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,  
 let them his glory also show:  
 *Chorus*   
  
5 Let all things their Creator bless,  
 and worship him in humbleness;  
 O praise him, alleluia.  
 Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,  
 and praise the Spirit, Three in One;  
 *Chorus*   
  
*William Henry Draper (1855-1933)*

*based on Laudato sii, O me signore St Francis of Assisi's Canticle of the Sun*

**O worship the King**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O worship the King all glorious above;  
 O gratefully sing his power and his love;  
 our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,  
 pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.  
  
2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,  
 whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;  
 his chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,  
 and dark is his path on the wings of the storm..  
  
3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?  
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;  
 it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
 and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.  
  
4 Frail children of dust and feeble as frail,  
 in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;  
 thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!  
 our maker, defender, redeemer, and friend.  
  
5 O measureless might, ineffable love,  
 while angels delight to hymn thee above,  
 thy humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
 with true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

*William Kethe (fl.1559-1594), Robert Grant (1779-1838)*

**O Lord of every shining constellation**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O Lord of every shining constellation  
 that wheels in splendour through the midnight sky,  
 grant us your Spirit's true illumination  
 to read the secrets of your work on high.  
  
2 You, Lord, have made the atom's hidden forces,  
 your laws its mighty energies fulfil;  
 teach us, to whom you give such rich resources,  
 in all we use, to serve your holy will.  
  
3 O Life, awaking life in cell and tissue,  
 from flower to bird, from beast to brain of man  
 heIp us to trace, from birth to final issue,  
 the sure unfolding of your age-long plan.  
  
4 You, Lord, have stamped your image on your creatures,  
 and, though they mar that image, love them still;  
 lift up our eyes to Christ, that in his features  
 we may discern the beauty of your will.  
  
5 Great Lord of nature, shaping and renewing,  
 you made us more than nature's sons to be;  
 you help us tread, with grace our souls enduing,  
 the road to life and immortality.

*Albert F. Bayly (1901-1984)  
© Oxford University Press*

**Who can measure heaven and earth?**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Who can measure heaven and earth?  
 God was present at their birth;  
 who can number seeds or sands?  
 every grain is in his hands:  
 through creation's countless days  
 every dawn sings out his praise.  
  
2 Who can tell what wisdom brings,  
 first of all created things?  
 One alone is truly wise,  
 hidden from our earthbound eyes:  
 knowledge lies in him alone-  
 God, the Lord upon his throne!  
  
3 Wisdom in his plans he laid,  
 planted her in all he made;  
 granted her to humankind,  
 sowed her truth in every mind:  
 but with richest wisdom blessed  
 those who love him first and best.  
  
4 Wisdom gives the surest wealth,  
 brings her children life and health;  
 teaches us to fear the Lord,  
 marks a universe restored:  
 heaven and earth she will outlast-  
 happy those who hold her fast!

*Christopher Idle   
© Christopher Idle/Jubilate Hymns Ltd*

**Fairest Lord Jesus – arr. Martin How**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Fairest Lord Jesus,  
 Lord of all creation  
 Jesus, of God and Mary the Son;  
 thee will I cherish,  
 thee will I honour,  
 O thou my soul's delight and crown.  
  
 Fair are the meadows  
 fairer still the woodlands,  
 robed in the verdure and bloom of spring.  
 Jesus is fairer,  
 Jesus is purer,  
 he makes the saddest heart to sing.  
  
 Fair are the flowers,  
 fairer still the sons of men.  
 in all the freshness of youth arrayed;  
 yet is their beauty  
 fading and fleeting;  
 my Jesus, thine will never fade.

*Münster Gesangbuch (1677), Schoenster Herr Jesu, Herrscher alles Erden*

*Joseph Augustus Seiss (1823-1904), tr Lilian Sinclair Stevenson (1870-1960)  
© Oxford University Press*

**Drop, drop, slow tears – Gibbons**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Drop, drop, slow tears,  
and bathe those beauteous feet  
which brought from heaven  
the news and Prince of Peace:  
  
Cease not, wet eyes,  
his mercy to entreat;  
to cry for vengeance  
sin doth never cease.  
  
In your deep floods  
drown all my faults and fears;  
nor let His eye  
see sin, but through my tears.

*Phineas Fletcher (1582-1650)*

**Lent Prose**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*Hear us, O Lord, have mercy upon us:  
for we have sinned against thee.*

To thee, Redeemer, on thy throne of glory:  
lift we our weeping eyes in holy pleadings:  
listen, O Jesu, to our supplications.

*Refrain*

O thou chief Corner-stone, Right Hand of the Father  
Way of Salvation, Gate of Life Celestial  
cleanse thou our sinful souls from all defilement.

*Refrain*

God, we implore thee, in thy glory seated  
bow down and hearken to thy weeping children  
pity and pardon all our grievous trespasses.

*Refrain*

Sins oft committed now we lay before thee  
with true contrition, now no more we veil them  
grant us, Redeemer, loving absolution.

*Refrain*

Innocent, captive, taken unresisting  
falsely accused, and for us sinners sentenced,  
save us, we pray thee, Jesu our Redeemer.

*Refrain*

*‘Attende, Domine’, anonymous Latin from the Mozarabic Breviary (5th to 8th century),*

*compiled by Dom Pothier (fl.1824)*

**Lord, for thy tender mercy’s sake – Farrant**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Lord, for thy tender mercy’s sake,  
lay not our sins to our charge,  
but forgive that is past,  
and give us grace to amend our sinful lives:  
to decline from sin and incline to virtue,  
that we may walk in a perfect heart  
before thee now and evermore. Amen.

*from ‘Lydley's Prayers’, in Christian Prayers and Holy Meditations (1568)*

*Henry Bull (c.1530-1577)*

**Christ, whose glory fills the skies**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,  
 Christ, the true, the only light,  
 sun of righteousness, arise,  
 triumph o'er the shades of night;  
 day-spring from on high, be near;  
 day-star, in my heart appear.  
  
2 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.  
  
3 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)*

**Bright the vision that delighted**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Bright the vision that delighted  
 once the sight of Judah's seer;  
 sweet the countless tongues united  
 to entrance the prophet's ear.  
  
2 Round the Lord in glory seated  
 cherubim and seraphim  
 filled his temple, and repeated  
 each to each the alternate hymn:  
  
3 'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;  
 earth is with its fulness stored;  
 unto thee be glory given,  
 holy, holy, holy, Lord.'  
  
4 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
 earth takes up the angels' cry,   
 'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,  
 'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.'  
  
5 With his seraph train before him,  
 with his holy Church below,  
 thus unite we to adore him,  
 bid we thus our anthem flow:  
  
6 'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;  
 earth is with its fulness stored;  
 unto thee be glory given,  
 holy, holy, holy, Lord.'

*Richard Mant (1776-1848)*

**O God beyond all praising**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O God beyond all praising,  
 we worship you today  
 and sing the love amazing  
 that songs cannot repay;  
 for we can only wonder  
 at every gift you send,  
 at blessings without number  
 and mercies without end:  
 we lift our hearts before you  
 and wait upon your word,  
 we honour and adore you,  
 our great and mighty Lord.  
  
2 Then hear, O gracious Saviour,  
 accept the love we bring,  
 that we who know your favour  
 may serve you as our king;  
 and whether our tomorrows  
 be filled with good or ill,  
 we'II triumph through our sorrows  
 and rise to bless you still:  
 to marvel at your beauty  
 and glory in your ways,  
 and make a joyful duty  
 our sacrifice of praise.

*Michael Perry (1942-1996)  
© Mrs B Perry/Jubilate Hymns*

**Shine, Jesus, shine**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Lord, the light of Your love is shining,  
 in the midst of the darkness, shining:  
 Jesus, Light of the world, shine upon us;  
 set us free by the truth You now bring us -  
 shine on me, shine on me.  
 *Shine, Jesus, shine,*   
 *fill this land with the Father's glory;*   
 *blaze, Spirit, blaze,*   
 *set our hearts on fire.*   
 *Flow, river, flow,*   
 *flood the nations with grace and mercy;*   
 *send forth Your word,*   
 *Lord, and let there be light!*   
  
2 Lord, I come to Your awesome presence,  
 from the shadows into Your radiance;  
 by the blood I may enter Your brightness:

set us free by the truth You now bring us  
 shine on me, shine on me.  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 As we gaze on Your kingly brightness  
 so our faces display Your likeness,  
 ever changing from glory to glory:  
 mirrored here, may our lives tell your story -  
 shine on me, shine on me.  
 *Chorus*

*Graham Kendrick (born 1950)  
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**A Song of the Light – Simon Lole**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Light of the world, in grace and beauty,

mirror of God’s eternal face.

Transparent flame of love’s free duty,

you bring salvation to our race.

Now as we see the lights of evening,

we raise our voice in hymns of praise.

Worthy are you of endless blessing,

sun of our night, lamp of our days.

*Phos Hilaron (from ‘Celebrating Common Prayer’)*

**Be thou my guardian and my guide**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Be thou my guardian and my guide,

and hear me when I call;  
let not my slippery footsteps slide,  
and hold me lest I fall.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell  
around the path I tread;  
O save me from the snares of hell,  
thou quickener of the dead.

3 And if I tempted am to sin,  
and outward things are strong,  
do thou, O Lord, keep watch within,  
and save my soul from wrong.

4 Still let me ever watch and pray,  
and feel that I am frail;  
that if the tempter cross my way,  
yet he may not prevail.

*Isaac Williams (1802-1865)*

**Father, hear the prayer we offer**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Father, hear the prayer we offer:  
 not for ease that prayer shall be,  
 but for strength that we may ever  
 live our lives courageously.  
  
2 Not for ever in green pastures  
 do we ask our way to be;  
 but the steep and rugged pathway  
 may we tread rejoicingly.  
  
3 Not for ever by still waters  
 would we idly rest and stay;  
 but would smite the living fountains  
 from the rocks along our way.  
  
4 Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
 in our wanderings be our guide;  
 through endeavour, failure, danger,  
 Father, be thou at our side.

*Love Maria Willis (nee Whitcomb) (1824-1908), Samuel Longfellow (1819-1892)*

**Forgive our sins as we forgive**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 'Forgive our sins as we forgive',  
 you taught us, Lord, to pray,  
 but you alone can grant us grace  
 to live the words we say.  
  
2 How can your pardon reach and bless  
 the unforgiving heart  
 that broods on wrongs, and will not let  
 old bitterness depart?  
  
3 In blazing light your cross reveals  
 the truth we dimly knew,  
 how small the debts men owe to us,  
 how great our debt to you!  
  
4 Lord, cleanse the depths within our souls,  
 and bid resentment cease;  
 then, reconciled to God and man,  
 our lives will spread your peace.

*Rosamond E. Herklots (1905-1987)  
© Oxford University Press*

**Forty days and forty nights**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Forty days and forty nights  
 thou wast fasting in the wild;  
 forty days and forty nights  
 tempted, and yet undefiled.  
  
2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;  
 chilly dew-drops nightly shed;  
 prowling beasts about thy way;  
 stones thy pillow, earth thy bed.  
  
3 Let us thine endurance share,  
 and awhile from joys abstain,  
 with thee watching unto prayer,  
 strong with thee to suffer pain?  
  
4 And if Satan, vexing sore,  
 flesh or spirit should assail,  
 thou, his vanquisher before  
 grant we may not faint nor fail.  
  
5 So shall we have peace divine;  
 holier gladness ours shall be;  
 round us too shall angels shine,  
 such as ministered to thee.  
  
6 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,  
 ever constant by thy side;  
 that with thee we may appear  
 at the eternal Eastertide.

*George Hunt Smyttan (1822-1870), Francis Pott (1832-1909)*

**From ashes to the living font**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 From ashes to the living font  
 your Church must journey, Lord,  
 baptised in grace, in grace renewed  
 by your most holy word.  
  
2 Through fasting, prayer, and charity  
 your voice speaks deep within,  
 returning us to ways of truth  
 and turning us from sin.  
  
3 From desert to the mountaintop  
 in Christ our way we see,  
 so, tempered by temptation's might  
 we might transfigured be.  
  
4 For thirsting hearts let waters flow  
 our fainting souls revive;  
 and at the well your waters give  
 our everlasting life.  
  
5 From ashes to the living font  
 your church must journey still:  
 through cross and tomb to Easter joy,  
 in Spirit-fire fulfilled.

*Alan J Hommerding  
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**Guide me, O thou great Redeemer**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,  
 pilgrim through this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 hold me with thy powerful hand:  
 bread of heaven,  
 feed me now and evermore.  
  
2 Open now the crystal fountain  
 whence the healing stream doth flow;  
 let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 lead me all my journey through:  
 strong deliverer,  
 be thou still my strength and shield.  
  
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan  
 bid my anxious fears subside;  
 death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

*Arglwydd arwain drwy'r anialwch   
William Williams (1717-1791)*

*Translated by Peter Williams (1727-1796)*

**I heard the voice of Jesus say**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say:  
 'Come unto me and rest;  
 lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 thy head upon my breast.'  
 I came to Jesus as I was,  
 weary and worn and sad,  
 I found in him a resting-place,  
 and he has made me glad.  
  
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say:  
 'Behold, I freely give  
 the living water; thirsty one,  
 stoop down and drink and live.'  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 of that life-giving stream;  
 my thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 and now I live in him.  
  
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say:  
 'I am this dark world's Light;  
 look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 and all thy day be bright.'  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 in him my star, my sun;  
 and in that light of life I'll walk,  
 till travelling days are done.

*Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)*

**Jesu, lover of my soul**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Jesu, lover of my soul,  
 let me to thy bosom fly,  
 while the gath'ring waters roll,  
 while the tempest still is high:  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 till the storm of life is past;  
 safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last.  
  
2 Other refuge have I none,  
 hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
 leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
 still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on thee is stayed,  
 all my help from thee I bring;  
 cover my defenceless head  
 with the shadow of thy wing.  
  
3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 grace to cover all my sin;  
 let the healing streams abound,  
 make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 freely let me take of thee,  
 spring thou up within my heart,  
 rise to all eternity.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**Just as I am, without one plea**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Just as I am, without one plea  
 but that thy blood was shed for me,  
 and that thou bidst me come to thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, though tossed about  
 with many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 fightings within and fears without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.  
  
3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
 sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.  
  
4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
 wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:  
 because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.  
  
5 Just as I am (thy love unknown  
 has broken every barrier down),  
 now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.  
  
6 Just as I am, of that free love  
 the breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,  
 here for a season, then above,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

*Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)*

**Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us  
 o'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
 guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us  
 for we have no help but thee;  
 yet possessing every blessing,  
 if our God our Father be.  
  
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
 all our weakness thou dost know;  
 thou didst tread this earth before us,  
 thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
 self denying, death defying,  
 thou to Calvary didst go.  
  
3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
 fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
 love with every passion blending,  
 pleasure that can never cloy:  
 thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
 nothing can our peace destroy.

*James Edmeston (1791-1867)*

**Lord Jesus, think on me**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
 and purge away my sin;  
 from earthborn passions set me free,  
 and make me pure within.  
  
2 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
 with care and woe opprest;  
 let me thy loving servant be,  
 and taste thy promised rest.  
  
3 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
 amid the battle's strife;  
 in all my pain and misery  
 be thou my health and life.  
  
4 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
 nor let me go astray;  
 through darkness and perplexity  
 point thou the heavenly way.  
  
5 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
 when flows the tempest high:  
 when on doth rush the enemy  
 O Saviour, be thou nigh.  
  
6 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
 that when the flood is past,  
 I may the eternal brightness see,  
 and share thy joy at last.

*Synesius of Cyrene (or Crete) 375-430, tr Allen WChatfield (1808-96) and others  
Mnoeo Christe*

**O for a closer walk with God**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O for a closer walk with God,  
 a calm and heavenly frame,  
 a light to shine upon the road  
 that leads me to the Lamb.  
  
2 Return, O holy Dove! return,  
 sweet messenger of rest!  
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
 and drove Thee from my breast.  
  
3 The dearest idol I have known,  
 whate'er that idol be,  
 help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
 and worship only Thee.  
  
4 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 calm and serene my frame;  
 so purer light shall mark the road  
 that leads me to the Lamb.

*William Cowper (1731-1800)*

**O for a heart to praise my God**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
 a heart from sin set free,  
 a heart that always feels thy blood  
 so freely spilt for me;  
  
2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
 my dear redeemer's throne,  
 where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 where Jesus reigns alone;  
  
3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
 believing, true, and clean;  
 which neither life nor death can part  
 from him that dwells within;  
  
4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 and full of love divine;  
 perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 a copy, Lord, of thine!  
  
5 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest  
 till thou create my peace:  
 till of mine Eden repossest,  
 from self, and sin, I cease.  
  
6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
 come quickly from above,  
 write thy new name upon my heart,  
 thy new, best name of love.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**Praise to the Holiest in the height**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 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.  
  
2 O loving wisdom of our God!  
 when all was sin and shame,  
 a second Adam to the fight   
 and to the rescue came.  
  
3 O generous love! that he, who smote  
 in man for man the foe,  
 the double agony in man  
 for man should undergo;  
  
4 And in the garden secretly,  
 and on the Cross on high,  
 should teach his brethren, and inspire  
 to suffer and to die.  
  
5 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)*

**Before the ending of the day**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Before the ending of the day,  
 creator of the world, we pray,  
 that with thy wonted favour thou  
 wouldst be our guard and keeper now.  
  
2 From all ill dreams defend our eyes,  
 from nightly fears and fantasies;  
 tread under foot our ghostly foe,  
 that no pollution we may know.  
  
3 O Father, that we ask be done,  
 through Jesus Christ thine only Son,  
 who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,  
 doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

Te lucis ante terminum

Translated John Mason Neale (1818-1866) and others

**Nunc dimittis**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*Preserve us, O Lord, while waking,*

*and guard us while sleeping,*

*that awake we may watch with Christ,*

*and asleep we may rest in peace.*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace

according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen

thy salvation;

Which thou hast prepared

before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles

and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son

and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be

world without end. Amen.

*Preserve us, O Lord, while waking,*

*and guard us while sleeping,*

*that awake we may watch with Christ,*

*and asleep we may rest in peace.*

**All things bright and beautiful**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*All things bright and beautiful,*   
 *all creatures great and small,*   
 *all things wise and wonderful*   
 *the Lord God made them all.*   
1 Each little flower that opens,  
 each little bird that sings,  
 he made their glowing colours,  
 he made their tiny wings:  
 *Refrain*   
  
2 The purple headed mountain,  
 the river running by,  
 the sunset and the morning  
 that brightens up the sky:  
 *Refrain*   
  
3 The cold wind in the winter,  
 the pleasant summer sun,  
 the ripe fruits in the garden,  
 he made them every one:  
 *Refrain*   
  
4 He gave us eyes to see them,  
 and lips that we might tell  
 how great is God almighty,  
 who has made all things well:  
 *Refrain*

*Cecil Frances Alexander (née Humphreys) (1818-1895)*

**For Mary, Mother of our Lord**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 For Mary, Mother of our Lord

God’s holy name be praised,

who first the Son of God adored,

as on her child she gazed.

2 Brave, holy Virgin, she believe,

though hard the task assigned,

and by the Holy Ghost conceived

the Saviour of mankind.  
  
3 She gave her body as God’s shrine,

her heart to piercing pain;

she knew the cost of love divine,

when Jesus Christ was slain.  
  
4 Dear Mary, from your lowliness

and home in Galilee

there comes a joy and holiness

to every family.

5 Hail, Mary, you are full of grace,

above all women blest;

and blest your Son, whom your embrace

in birth and death confessed.

*John Raphael Peacey (1896-1971)  
© Revd Mary J Hancock*

**For the beauty of the earth**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 For the beauty of the earth,  
 for the beauty of the skies,  
 for the love which from our birth  
 over and around us lies:  
 *Lord of all, to thee we raise*   
 *this our sacrifice of praise.*   
  
2 For the beauty of each hour  
 of the day and of the night,  
 hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
 sun and moon and stars of light:  
 *Chorus*   
  
3 For the joy of human love,  
 brother, sister, parent, child,  
 friends on earth, and friends above,  
 for all gentle thoughts and mild:  
 *Chorus*   
  
4 For each perfect gift of thine  
 to our race so freely given,  
 graces human and divine,  
 flowers of earth and buds of heaven:  
 *Chorus*

*Folliott Sandford Pierpoint (1835-1917)*

**Now thank we all our God**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Now thank we all our God,  
 with hearts and hands and voices,  
 who wondrous things hath done,  
 in whom his world rejoices;  
 who from our mothers' arms  
 hath blessed us on our way  
 with countless gifts of love,  
 and still is ours today.  
  
2 O may this bounteous God  
 through all our life be near us,  
 with ever joyful hearts  
 and blessèd peace to cheer us;  
 and keep us in his grace,  
 and guide us when perplexed,  
 and free us from all ills  
 in this world and the next.  
  
3 All praise and thanks to God  
 the Father now be given,  
 the Son, and him who reigns  
 with them in highest heaven,  
 the one eternal God,  
 whom earth and heaven adore,  
 for thus it was, is now,  
 and shall be evermore.

*Nun danket alle Gott Martin Rinkart (1586-1649) translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)*

**Tell out, my soul (I13)**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!  
 Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;  
 tender to me the promise of his word;  
 in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.  
  
2 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his Name!  
 Make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;  
 his mercy sure, from age to age the same;  
 his holy Name, the Lord, the Mighty One.  
  
3 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!  
 Powers and dominions lay their glory by.  
 Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,  
 the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.  
  
4 Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!  
 Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.  
 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord  
 to children's children and for evermore!

*Timothy Dudley-Smith (born 1926) from Luke 1 vs46-55   
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**All glory, laud, and honour**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*All glory, laud and honour*   
 *to thee, Redeemer, King,*   
 *to whom the lips of children*   
 *made sweet hosannas ring.*   
1 Thou art the King of Israel,  
 thou David's royal Son,  
 who in the Lord's name comest,  
 the King and blessèd one:  
 *Refrain*   
  
2 The company of angels  
 are praising thee on high,  
 and mortal men and all things  
 created make reply:  
 *Refrain*   
  
3 The people of the Hebrews  
 with palms before thee went:  
 our praise and prayer and anthems  
 before thee we present:  
 *Refrain*   
  
4 To thee before thy passion  
 they sang their hymns of praise:  
 to thee now high exalted  
 our melody we raise:  
 *Refrain*   
  
5 Thou didst accept their praises,  
 accept the prayers we bring,  
 who in all good delightest,  
 thou good and gracious King:  
 *Refrain*

*Theodulf of Orleans (c.750-821) translated by John M Neale (1818-1866)*

**Glory be to Jesus**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Glory be to Jesus,  
 who, in bitter pains,  
 poured for me the life-blood  
 from his sacred veins.  
  
2 Grace and life eternal  
 in that blood I find;  
 blest be his compassion  
 infinitely kind.  
  
3 Blest through endless ages  
 be the precious stream,  
 which from endless torments  
 did the world redeem.  
  
4 Abel's blood for vengeance  
 pleaded to the skies;  
 but the blood of Jesus  
 for our pardon cries.  
  
6 Oft as it is sprinkled  
 on our guilty hearts,  
 Satan in confusion  
 terror-struck departs;  
  
7 Oft as earth exulting  
 wafts its praise on high,  
 angel-hosts rejoicing  
 make their glad reply.  
  
8 Lift ye then your voices;  
 swell the mighty flood;  
 louder still and louder  
 praise the precious blood.

*Anonymous Italian translated Edward Caswall (1814-1878))*

**It is a thing most wonderful**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 It is a thing most wonderful,  
almost too wonderful to be,  
that God's own Son should come from heav'n,  
and die to save a child like me.

2 And yet I know that it is true:  
He chose a poor and humble lot,  
and wept and toiled and mourned and died  
for love of those who loved Him not.

3 But even could I see Him die,  
I could but see a little part  
of that great love which, like a fire,  
is always burning in His heart.

4 It is most wonderful to know  
His love for me so free and sure;  
but 'tis more wonderful to see  
my love for Him so faint and poor.

5 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;  
O light the flame within my heart,  
and I will love Thee more and more,  
until I see Thee as Thou art.

*William Walsham How (1823-1897)*

**Lift high the cross**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

*Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim*   
 *till all the world adore his sacred name.*   
  
1 Come, let us follow where our Captain trod,  
 our King victorious, Christ the Son of God.  
  
2 O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,  
 as thou hast promised, draw us unto thee.  
  
3 Let every race and every language tell  
 of him who saves our souls from death and hell.  
  
4 Set up thy throne, that earth's despair may cease  
 beneath the shadow of its healing peace.  
  
5 For thy blest cross which doth for all atone  
 creation's praises rise before thy throne.

*Michael Robert Newbolt (1874-1956), George William Kitchin (1827-1912)  
© Holder untraced*

**My song is love unknown**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 My song is love unknown,  
My Saviour’s love to me;  
love to the loveless shown,  
that they might lovely be.  
O who am I, that for my sake  
my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

2 He came from His blest throne

salvation to bestow;  
but men made strange, and none  
the longed-for Christ would know:  
But O! my Friend, my Friend indeed,  
who at my need His life did spend.

3 Sometimes they strew His way,

and His sweet praises sing;  
resounding all the day  
Hosannas to their King:  
Then “Crucify!” is all their breath,  
and for His death they thirst and cry.

4 They rise and needs will have

my dear Lord made away;  
a murderer they save,  
the Prince of life they slay,  
Yet cheerful He to suffering goes,  
that He His foes from thence might free.

5 Here might I stay and sing,

no story so divine;  
never was love, dear King!  
Never was grief like Thine.  
This is my Friend, in Whose sweet praise  
I all my days could gladly spend.

*Samuel Crossman (1623-1683)*

*Copyright*

**Ride on, ride on in majesty**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
 Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry.  
 Thy humble beast pursues his road  
 with palms and scattered garments strowed.  
  
2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
 O Christ, thy triumphs now begin  
 o'er captive death and conquered sin.  
  
3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
 the wingèd squadrons of the sky  
 look down with sad and wondering eyes  
 to see the approaching sacrifice.  
  
4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh:  
 the Father on his sapphire throne  
 awaits his own anointed Son.  
  
5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
 in lowly pomp ride on to die;  
 bow thy meek head to mortal pain,  
 then take, O God, thy power, and reign.  
  
  
  
*Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868)*

**Take up thy cross**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,

"if thou wouldst my disciple be;  
deny thyself, the world forsake   
and humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
His strength shall bear your spirit up  
and brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,  
and calmly every danger brave;

‘twill guide thee to a better home,

and lead to victory o’er the grave.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ  
nor think till death to lay it down;

for only he who bears the cross

may hope to wear the glorious crown.

5 To thee, great Lord, the One in Three,  
 all praise for evermore ascend:  
 O grant us in our home to see  
 the heavenly life that knows no end.

*Charles William Everest (1814-1877)*

**There is a green hill far away**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 There is a green hill far away,  
 without a city wall,  
 where the dear Lord was crucified,  
 who died to save us all.  
  
2 We may not know, we cannot tell,  
 what pains he had to bear,  
 but we believe it was for us  
 he hung and suffered there.  
  
3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
 he died to make us good,  
 that we might go at last to heaven,  
 saved by his precious blood.  
  
4 There was no other good enough  
 to pay the price of sin;  
 he only could unlock the gate  
 of heaven, and let us in.  
  
5 O dearly, dearly has he loved,  
 and we must love him too,  
 and trust in his redeeming blood,  
 and try his works to do.

*Cecil Frances Alexander (née Humphreys) (1818-1895)*

**The royal banners forward go**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 The royal banners forward go;  
 the cross shines forth in mystic glow;  
 where He in flesh, our flesh who made,  
 our sentence bore, our ransom paid:

2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,  
life's torrent rushing from His side,  
to wash us in that precious flood  
where mingled water flowed and blood.

3 Fulfilled is all that David told

In true prophetic song of old.  
The universal Lord is He,  
who reigns and triumphs from the tree.

4 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,

the weight of this world's ransom hung,  
the price of humankind to pay  
and spoil the spoiler of his prey.

5 To Thee, eternal Three in One,  
let homage meet by all be done;  
whom by Thy cross Thou dost restore,  
preserve and govern evermore.

Amen.

*Percy Dearmer (1867-1936)  
Venantius Fortunatus (530-609)*

**We sing the praise of him who died**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 We sing the praise of him who died,

of him who died upon the cross;  
the sinner's hope let men deride,  
for this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see  
in shining letters, 'God is love';  
he bears our sins upon the tree;  
he brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! It takes our guilt away:  
it holds the fainting spirit up;  
it cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
and sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
and nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
it takes its terror from the grave,  
and gilds the bed of death with light:

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
the measure and the pledge of love,  
the sinner's refuge here below,  
the angels' theme in heaven above.

*Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)*

**When I survey the wondrous cross**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 When I survey the wondrous cross

on which the Prince of glory died,  
my richest gain I count but loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
save in the cross of Christ, my God!  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them through his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingled down.  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
then am I dead to all the globe,  
and all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were a present far too small.  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

***Anthem for Passiontide***

**Christus factus est – Felice** **Anerio**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens  
usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.

Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum et dedit illi nomen,  
quod est super omne nomen.

*Christ became obedient for us unto death,  
even to the death, death on the cross.*

*Therefore God exalted Him and gave Him a name  
which is above all names.*

*Philippians 2:8-9*

***Anthem for Passiontide***

**God so loved the world – John Stainer**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son,

that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.  
For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world,  
but that the world through him might be saved.

*from John 3. 16-17*

***Anthem for Passiontide***

**O Saviour of the world – John Goss**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

O Saviour of the world,  
who by thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us.  
Save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord.  
Amen.

*Collect for the visitation of the sick*

***Anthem for Palm Sunday***

**Hosanna to the Son of David – Thomas Weelkes**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Hosanna to the Son of David.  
Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.  
Thou that sittest in the highest heavens.

Hosanna in excelsis Deo.

*from Matthew 21.9 and Luke 19.38*

***Anthem for Maundy Thursday***

**A New Commandment – Richard Shephard**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

A new commandment I give unto you,

that you love one another as I have loved you.

By this shall all men know that you are my disciples,

if you have love for one another.

*John 13.34-35*

***Anthem for Maundy Thursday***

**Ave verum corpus – W.A. Mozart**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Ave verum corpus, natum ex Maria Virgine   
vere passum, immolatum  
in cruce pro homine  
cuius latus perforatum  
fluxit aqua et sanguine:   
esto nobis praegustatum  
in mortis examine.

*Hail, true Body, born of the Virgin Mary,  
having truly suffered, sacrificed  
on the cross for mankind,  
from whose pierced side  
water and blood flowed:  
Be for us a foretaste [of the Heavenly banquet]  
in the trial of death!*

*Eucharistic hymn (14th century), attr. Pope Innocent VI(d.1362)*

***Anthem for Good Friday***

**Crucifixus a 8 – Antonio Lotti**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis  
sub Pontio Pilato.  
Passus et sepultus est.

*He was indeed crucified for us  
at the hands of Pontius Pilate.  
He died and was buried.*

*Anonymous, from the Credo of the Ordinary of the Mass*

***Anthem for Good Friday***

**O sacred head sore wounded – J.S. Bach**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

O sacred head, sore wounded,  
Defiled and put to scorn;  
O kingly head, surrounded  
With mocking crown of thorn:  
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?  
Can death thy bloom deflower?  
O countenance whose splendour  
The hosts of heaven adore!  
  
In thy most bitter passion  
My heart to share doth cry,  
With thee for my salvation  
Upon the cross to die.  
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd  
To stand thy cross beneath,  
To mourn thee, well-belovèd,  
Yet thank thee for thy death.  
  
My days are few, O fail not,  
With thine immortal power,  
To hold me that I quail not  
In death's most fearful hour:

That I may fight befriended,  
And see in my last strife  
To me thine arms extended  
Upon the cross of life.

*‘O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden’ Paulus Gerhardt (1607-1676)*

*attributed after Arnuf von Loewen (1200-1250)*

*translated Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)*

***Anthem for Good Friday***

**Were you there when they crucified my Lord?**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
  
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,  
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,  
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
  
Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?

Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?  
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,  
Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?

*American Spiritual*

**Good Christians all, rejoice and sing!**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Good Christians all, rejoice and sing!  
 Now is the triumph of our King!  
 To the whole world glad news we bring:  
 Alleluia!  
  
2 The Lord of life is risen for ay:  
 bring flowers of song to strew his way;  
 let everyone rejoice and say:  
 Alleluia!  
  
3 Praise we in songs of victory  
 that love, that life which cannot die,  
 and sing with hearts uplifted high:  
 Alleluia!  
  
4 Thy name we bless, O risen Lord,  
 and sing today with one accord  
 the life laid down, the life restored:  
 Alleluia!

*Cyril A Alington (1872-1955)  
© Sir Richard Mynors*

**Jesus Christ is risen today**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Jesus Christ is risen today, *Alleluia.*   
 our triumphant holy day, *Alleluia.*   
 who did once, upon the cross, *Alleluia.*   
 suffer to redeem our loss. *Alleluia.*   
  
2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, *Alleluia.*  
 unto Christ, our heavenly King, *Alleluia.*  
 who endured the Cross and grave, *Alleluia.*  
 sinners to redeem and save. *Alleluia.*  
  
3 But the pains that he endured, *Alleluia.*  
 our salvation have procured; *Alleluia.*  
 now above the sky he's King, *Alleluia.*  
 where the angels ever sing. *Alleluia.*

*Surrexit Christus hodie   
Anonymous Latin, Lyra Davidica (1708), Compleat Psalmodist (1749 Arnold),*

*Charles Wesley (1707-88)*

**Jesus lives! thy terrors now**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Jesus lives! thy terrors now  
 can, O death, no more appal us;  
 Jesus lives! by this we know  
 thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.  
 Alleluia.  
  
2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
 but the gate of life immortal:  
 this shall calm our trembling breath,  
 when we pass its gloomy portal.  
 Alleluia.  
  
3 Jesus lives! for us he died;  
 then, alone to Jesus living,  
 pure in heart may we abide,  
 glory to our Saviour giving.  
 Alleluia.

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well,  
 naught from us his love shall sever;  
 life nor death nor powers of hell  
 tear us from his keeping ever.  
 Alleluia.  
  
5 Jesus lives! to him the throne  
 over all the world is given:  
 may we go where he is gone,  
 rest and reign with him in heaven.  
 Alleluia.

*Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich   
Christian Fuerchtegott Gellert (1715-1769), Frances Elizabeth Cox (1812-1897)*

**Love’s redeeming work is done**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Love's redeeming work is done;  
 fought the fight, the battle won:  
 lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er!  
 lo, he sets in blood no more!  
  
2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal!  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
 death in vain forbids his rise;  
 Christ has opened Paradise.  
  
3 Lives again our glorious King;  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Dying once, he all doth save;  
 where thy victory, O grave?  
  
4 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 following our exalted Head;  
 made like him, like him we rise;  
 ours the cross, the grave, the skies.  
  
5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!  
 Praise to thee by both be given:  
 thee we greet triumphant now;  
 hail, the Resurrection Thou!

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**Now the green blade rises**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Now the green blade rises from the buried grain,  
 wheat that in the dark earth many days has lain;  
 love lives again, that with the dead has been:  
 *Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.*   
  
2 In the grave they laid him, Love whom men had slain,  
 thinking that he never would awake again,  
 laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:  
 *Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.*  
  
3 Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,  
 he that for the three days in the grave had lain,  
 back from the dead my risen Lord is seen:  
 *Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.*  
  
4 When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,  
 then your touch can call us back to life again,  
 fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:  
 *Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.*

*John Macleod Campbell Crum (1872-1958)  
© Oxford University Press*

**The day of resurrection**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 The day of resurrection,  
 Earth, tell it out abroad!  
 the passover of gladness,  
 the passover of God!  
 From death to life eternal,  
 from earth up to the sky,  
 our God has brought us over  
 with hymns of victory.  
  
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
 that we may see aright  
 the Lord in rays eternal  
 of resurrection light;  
 and, listening to his accents,  
 may hear, so calm and plain,  
 his own 'All hail!' and, hearing  
 may raise the victor strain.  
  
3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
 and earth her song begin,  
 the round world keep high triumph,  
 and all that is therein;  
 let all things seen and unseen  
 their notes of gladness blend,  
 for Christ the Lord is risen,  
 our joy that has no end.

*Anastaseos hemera*

*John of Damascus (c.675-749) translated John Mason Neale (1818-1866)*

**The strife is o’er**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 The strife is o'er, the battle done;  
 now is the Victor's triumph won;  
 O let the song of praise be sung;  
 Alleluia!  
  
2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,  
 and Jesus hath his foes dispersed;  
 let shouts of praise and joy outburst:  
 Alleluia!  
  
3 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,  
 from death's dread sting thy servants free,  
 that we may live and sing to thee,  
 Alleluia!

*Finita jam sunt proelia   
Symphonia Sirenum Selectarum (1695 Cologne), Francis Pott (1832-1909)*

**Thine be the glory**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 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.  
 *Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son:*   
 *Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won.*   
  
2 Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
 lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom.  
 Let the church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing;  
 for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.  
 *Refrain*   
  
3 No more we doubt thee, glorious prince of life!  
 Life is nought 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*

*Edmund L Budry (1854-1932), translated by Richard B Hoyle (1875-1939)*

**Ye choirs of new Jerusalem**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

1 Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,  
 your sweetest notes employ,  
 the paschal victory to hymn  
 in strains of holy joy.  
  
2 How Judah's Lion burst his chains,  
 and crushed the serpent's head;  
 and brought with him, from death's domains  
 the long-imprisoned dead.  
  
3 Triumphant in his glory now  
 his sceptre ruleth all;  
 earth, heaven and hell before him bow  
 and at his footstool fall.  
  
4 While joyful thus his praise we sing,  
 his mercy we implore,  
 into his palace bright to bring  
 and keep us evermore.  
  
5 All glory to the Father be,  
 all glory to the Son,  
 all glory, Holy Ghost to thee,  
 while endless ages run.

Alleluia, Amen.

*Chorus novae Jerusalem   
Fulbert of Chartres (c.960-1028), John Mason Neale (1818-1866), Robert Campbell (1814-1868)*

**Hallelujah from ‘Messiah’ – G.F. Handel**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ;

and he shall reign for ever and ever.

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah.

*Revelation 19: 6b; 11: 15b; 19: 16b*

**This joyful Eastertide – arr. Charles Wood**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

This joyful Eastertide,  
away with sin and sorrow.  
My Love, the Crucified,  
has sprung to life this morrow:  
*Had Christ, that once was slain,*   
*Ne'er burst his three-day prison,*   
*Our faith had been in vain:*   
*But now hath Christ arisen,*   
*Arisen, arisen, arisen!*   
  
My flesh in hope shall rest,  
and for a season slumber:  
till trump from east to west:  
shall wake the dead in number:  
*Chorus*   
  
Death's flood hath lost its chill,  
since Jesus crossed the river:  
lover of souls, from ill  
my passing soul deliver:  
*Chorus*

*George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848-1934)*

**Ye choirs of new Jerusalem – C.V. Stanford**

*sung by St Martin’s Voices*

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem  
your sweetest notes employ,  
the Paschal victory to hymn  
in strains of holy joy.

For Judah’s Lion burst his chains  
crushing the serpent’s head;  
and cries aloud through death’s domains  
to wake the imprisoned dead.

Devouring depths of hell their prey  
at his command restore;  
his ransomed hosts pursue their way  
where Jesus goes before.

Triumphant in His glory now  
to Him all power is given;  
to Him in one communion bow  
all saints in earth and heaven.

While we his soldiers praise our King,  
His mercy we implore,  
within his palace bright to bring  
and keep us evermore.

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem  
your sweetest notes employ,  
the Paschal victory to hymn  
in strains of holy joy.

All glory to the Father be,  
all glory to the Son,  
all glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,  
while endless ages run. Alleluia! Amen

*Fulbert of Chartres (c.960-1028), Robert Campbell (1814-1868)*