

CLOSING HYMN

Ye holy angels bright

#625

Descant

4 My soul, bear thou thy part, tri - umph in God a - bove: and

1 Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, who wait at God's right hand, or
 2 Ye bless - ed souls at rest, who ran this earth - ly race and
 3 Ye saints, who toil be - low, a - dore your heaven - ly King, and
 4 My soul, bear thou thy part, tri - umph in God a - bove: and

with a well - tuned heart sing thou the songs of love! Let all thy

through the realms of light fly at your Lord's com - mand, as - sist our
 now, from sin re - leased, be - hold the Sa - vior's face, God's prais - es
 on - ward as ye go some joy - ful an - them sing; take what he
 with a well - tuned heart sing thou the songs of love! Let all thy

days till life shall end, what - e'er he send, be filled with praise.

song, for else the theme too high doth seem for mor - tal tongue.
 sound, as in his sight with sweet de - light ye do a - bound.
 gives and praise him still, through good or ill, who ev - er lives!
 days till life shall end, what - e'er he send, be filled with praise.

Words: Richard Baxter (1615-1691); rev. John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862) Music: *Darwall's 148th*, melody and bass John Darwall (1731-1789);
 harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889), alt., desc. Sydney Hugo Nicholson (1875-1947) Copyright © by permission of Hymns Ancient & Modern Limited.
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OPENING HYMN

Ye watchers and ye holy ones

#618

Unison

1 Ye watch - ers and ye ho - ly ones, bright ser - aphs, cher - u -
 2 O high - er than the cher - u - bim, more glo - rious than the
 3 Re - spond, ye souls in end - less rest, ye pa - tri - archs and
 4 O friends, in glad - ness let us sing, su - per - nal an - thems

Harmony *Unison*

bim, and thrones, raise the glad strain, Al - le - lu - ia! Cry
 ser - a - phim, lead their prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou
 pro - phets blest, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Ye
 ech - o - ing, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! To

out, do - min - ions, prince - doms, powers, vir - tues, arch - an - gels, an - gels'
 bear - er of the e - ter - nal Word, most gra - cious, mag - ni - fy the
 ho - ly twelve, ye mar - tyrs strong, all saints tri - um - phant, raise the
 God the Fa - ther, God the Son, and God the Spi - rit, Three in

Harmony

choirs, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -
 Lord, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -
 song, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -
 One, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -

Unison

lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Words: John Athelstan Laurie Riley (1858-1945) Music: *Lasst uns erfreuen*, melody from *Auserlesene Catholische Geistliche Kirchengeseng*, 1623; adapt. and
 harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) Words, Music: Copyright © by permission of Oxford University Press. All rights reserved. Used with permission.

Sure - ly the pres - ence of the Lord is in this place;

I can feel his might - y pow - er and his grace.

I can hear the brush of an - gels' wings,

I see glo - ry on each face; sure - ly the

pres - ence of the Lord is in this place.

CHORAL OFFERTORY

Angel-voices ever singing

Angel-voices ever singing round thy throne of light,
angel-harps for ever ringing, rest not day nor night;
thousands only live to bless thee,
and confess thee Lord of might.

In thy house, great God, we offer of thine own to thee;
and for thine acceptance proffer, all unworthily,
hearts and minds and hand and voices
in our choicest psalmody.

Thou who art beyond the farthest mortal eye can see,
can it be that thou regardest our poor hymnody?
Yes, we know that thou art near us
and wilt hear us constantly

Honour, glory, might and merit thine shall ever be,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit, blessed Trinity.
Of the best that thou hast given
earth and heaven render thee