

THE SERMON by THE LORD BISHOP

HYMN: A. & M. 550

"The Lord hath given me a tongue . . . and I will praise Him herewith"

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 !

Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man ?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us ?
Yea, we can !

Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

In Thy House, Great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Psalmody.

Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity !
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and Heaven
Render Thee.

During the singing of this hymn the Collection will be taken
for the New Organ Fund.

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THE PARISH CHURCH OF
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST
HILLS ROAD, CAMBRIDGE



DEDICATION OF THE NEW ORGAN

by

THE RIGHT REVEREND THE
LORD BISHOP OF ELY

(The Rt. Revd. HAROLD EDWARD WYNN, D.D.)

SUNDAY, AUGUST 17TH, 1952

W.H. Brown

ORDER OF SERVICE

11.0 a.m.

The Bishop, Clergy and Choir will enter in silence.

The Dedication by the Bishop.

HYMN: A. & M. 166

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed:
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure,

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

Here follows the order for MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM: 98 Cantate Domino

O sing unto the Lord a new song: for He hath done marvellous things.

With His own right hand, and with His holy arm: hath He gotten Himself the victory.

The Lord declared His salvation: His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered His mercy and truth towards the house of Israel: and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.

Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands: sing, rejoice and give thanks.

Praise the Lord upon the harp: sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.

With trumpets also, and shawms: O shew yourselves joyful before the Lord the King.

Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is: the round world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord: for He is come to judge the earth.

With righteousness shall He judge the world: and the people with equity.

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.

HYMN: A. & M. 242

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house,
and the place where Thine honour dwelleth."

We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the sacred Font,
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessings from above.

We love Thine Altar, Lord;
Oh, what on earth so dear?
For there in faith adored
We find Thy Presence near.

We love the Word of life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But, oh, we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In Heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

HYMN: A. & M. 308

"O praise ye the Lord"

O praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him in the height;
Rejoice in His word,
Ye angels of light:
Ye heavens adore Him
By Whom ye were made,
And worship before Him,
In brightness array'd.

O praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him on earth,
In tuneful accord,
Praise Him Who hath brought
you

His grace from above,
Praise Him Who hath taught
you

To sing of his love.

O praise ye the Lord!
All things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord.
Re-echo a round;
Loud organs, His glory
Forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story
Of what He hath done.

O praise ye the Lord!
Thanksgiving and song
To Him be outpour'd
All ages along:
For love in creation,
For heaven restored,
For grace of salvation
O praise ye the Lord!