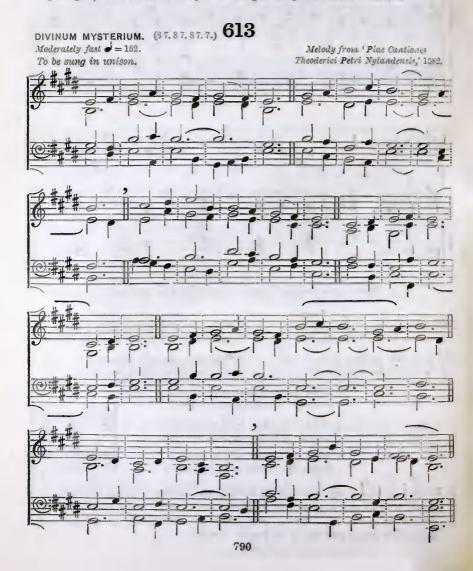
PART X

PROCESSIONAL

The following Hymns need not always be sung in the order given: those in the first section (613-640) which are not taken from the English processionals are arranged on similar principles, but are suitable also for use as separate hymns on other occasions.



CHRISTMAS PROCESSION

A CHRISTMAS PROCESSION

Prudentius, b. 348. Tr. R. F. D.

Corde natus ex parentis.

OF the Father's heart begotten,
Ere the world from chaos rose,
He is Alpha: from that Fountain
All that is and hath been flows;
He is Omega, of all things
Yet to come the mystic Close,
Evermore and evermore.

- 2 By his word was all created;
 He commanded and 'twas done;
 Earth and sky and boundless ocean,
 Universe of three in one,
 All that sees the moon's soft radiance,
 All that breathes beneath the sun,
- 3 He assumed this mortal body,
 Frail and feeble, doomed to die,
 That the race from dust created
 Might not perish utterly,
 Which the dreadful Law had sentenced
 In the depths of hell to lie,
- 4 O how blest that wondrous birthday,
 When the Maidthe curse retrieved,
 Brought to birth mankind's salvation,
 By the Holy Ghost conceived;
 And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
 In her loving arms received,

- 5*This is he, whom seer and sybil
 Sang in ages long gone by;
 This is he of old revealed
 In the page of prophecy;
 Lo! he comes, the promised Saviour;
 Let the world his praises cry!
- 6*Sing, ye heights of heaven, his praises;
 Angels and Archangels, sing!
 Wheresoe'er ye be, ye faithful,
 Let your joyous anthems ring,
 Every tongue his name confessing,
 Countless voices answering,
- 7 Hail! thou Judge of souls departed;
 Hail! of all the living King!
 On the Father's right hand throned,
 Through his courts thy praises ring,
 Till at last for all offences [bring,
 Righteous judgement thou shalt

At the entrance into the Choir.

- 8* Now let old and young uniting
 Chant to thee harmonious lays,
 Maid and matron hymn thy glory,
 Infant lips their anthem raise,
 Boys and girls together singing
 With pure heart their song of praise.
- Let the storm and summer sunshine, Gliding stream and sounding shore, Sea and forest. frost and zephyr, Day and night their Lord adore; Let creation join to laud thee Through the ages evermore,



At the Sanctuary step.

- V. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.
- R. God is the Lord who hath showed us light.

Collect for Christmas Day.



A SECOND CHRISTMAS PROCESSION

Adeste, fideles.

18th cent. Tr. F. Oakeley, W. T. Brooke, and others.

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,
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:

3 See how the Shepherds, Summoned to his cradle, Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear; We too will thither Bend our joyful footsteps:

4* Lo! star-led chieftains, Magi, Christ adoring, Offer him incense, gold, and myrrh; We to the Christ Child Bring our hearts' oblations:

5 Child, for us sinners
Poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
Who would not love thee,
Loving us so dearly?

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the Highest:

At the entrance into the Choir.

Unison. 7. Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

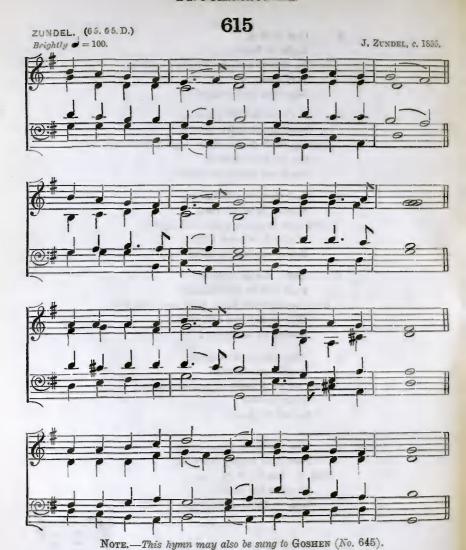


At the Sanctuary step.

y. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

R. God is the Lord, who hath showed us light.

Collect for Lady Day.



EPIPHANY PROCESSION

Prossing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To his humble home;

G. Thring, 1823-190s.

EPIPHANY PROCESSION

616

Stirred by deep devotion, Hasting from afar, Ever journeying onward, Guided by a star.

- 2 There their Lord and Saviour Meek and lowly lay, Wondrous light that led them Onward on their way, Ever now to lighten Nations from afar, As they journey homeward By that guiding star.
- 3 Thou who in a manger
 Once hast lowly lain,
 Who dost now in glory
 O'er all kingdoms reign,
 Gather in the heathen,
 Who in lands afar
 Ne'er have seen the brightness
 Of thy guiding star.
- 4 Gather in the outcasts,
 All who've gone astray.
 Throw thy radiance o'er them,
 Guide them on their way;
 Those who never knew thee,
 Those who've wandered far,
 Guide them by the brightness
 Of thy guiding star.
- Unison. 5 Onward through the darkness
 Of the lonely night,
 Shining still before them
 With thy kindly light,
 Guide them, Jew and Gentile.
 Homeward from afar,
 Young and old together,
 By thy guiding star.
 - 6*. Until every nation,
 Whether bond or free,
 'Neath thy star-lit banner,
 Jesu, follows thee,
 O'er the distant mountains
 To that heavenly home
 Where nor sin nor sorrow
 Evermore shall come.





If required, the following Carol may also be sung.

G. Moultrie, 1829-85.

OME, faithful people, come away, Your homage to your Monarch pay; It is the feast of palms to-day: Hosanna in the highest!

2 When Christ, the Lord of all, drewnigh On Sunday morn to Bethany, He called two loved ones standing by:

- 3 'To yonder village go,' said he, 'An ass and foal tied shall ye see, Loose them and bring them unto me':
- 4 'If any man dispute your word, Say, "They are needed by the Lord," And he permission will accord':
- 5 The two upon their errand sped, And found the ass as he had said, And on the colt their clothes they spread:
- 6 They set him on his throne so rude; Before him went the multitude, And in their way their garments strewed:
- 7 Go, Saviour, thus to triumph borne, Thy crown shall be the wreath of thorn, Thy royal garb the robe of scorn:
- 5 * They thronged before, behind, around, They cast palm-branches on the ground, And still rose up the joyful sound:
- Blessed is Israel's King,' they cry;
 Blessed is he that cometh nigh
 In name of God the Lord most high'
- 10. Thus, Saviour, to thy Passion go, Arrayed in royalty of woe, Assumed for sinners here below:



PALM SUNDAY PROCESSION



And this Hymn.

H. H. Milman, 1791-1968.

R IDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry;
Thine 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 winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes
 To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
 The Father, on his sapphire throne,
 Expects his own anointed Son.

Unison.

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.
The Gospel. St. Matthew xxi. 1-9.



At the Procession.

St. Theodulph of Orleans, d. 821. (Sarua Processional.) Tr. 18. J. B., and others.

Gloria, laus et honor.



621 (continued)





Or this Version of the above.

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel, Thou David's royal Son, Who in the Lord's name comest, The King and blessed One. Tr. J. M. Neal 1.

3 The company of Angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

5 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

 Thou didst accept their praises, Accept the prayers we bring, Who in all good delightest. Thou good and gracious King.



At the Chancel step.

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.

PALM SUNDAY PROCESSION



At the entrance into the Choir.

Claude de Santeüil, 1628-84. Tr. J. Chandler, and Sir H. W. Baker.

Prome vocem mens canoram,

Now my soul, thy voice upraising, Tellinsweet and mournful strain How the Crucified, enduring Grief and wounds, and dying pain, Freely of his love was offered, Sinless was for sinners slain.

2*See, his hands and feet are fastened! So he makes his people free; Not a wound whence Blood is flowing But a fount of grace shall be; Yes, the very nails which nail him Nail us also to the Tree.

3. Jesu, may those precious fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford;
Let them be our cup and healing,
And at length our full reward:
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise thee, its redeeming Lord.



At the Sanctuary step.

v. Deliver me from mine enemies, O God.

R. Defend me from them that rise up against me.

Collect for Palm Sunday.

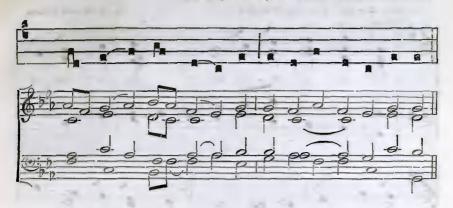
624



* This note is omitted in verses 6 and 11.

EASTER-DAY: MORNING PROCESSION

624 (continued)



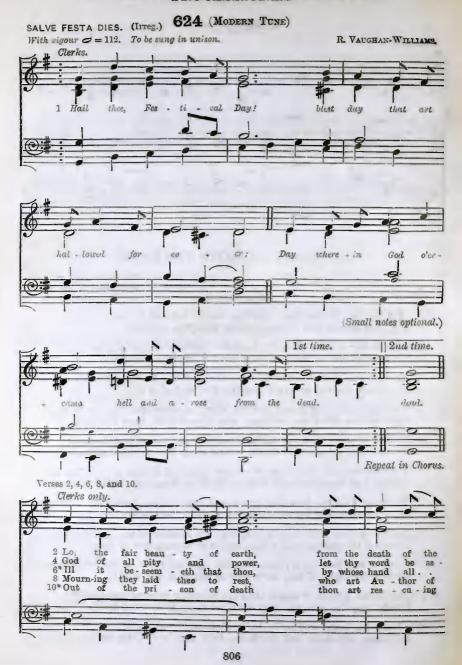
EASTER-DAY: MORNING PROCESSION

Bishop Venantius Fortunatus, 530-600. (Sarum Processional.) Tr. M. F. B.

Salve, festa dies.

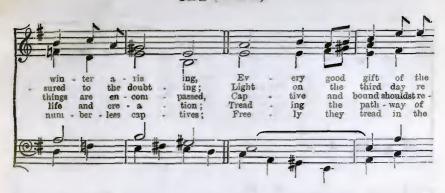
HAIL thee, Festival Day! blest day that art hallowed for ever; Day wherein God o'ercume hell and arose from the dead.

- 2 Lo, the fair beauty of earth, from the death of the winter arising, Every good gift of the year now with its Master returns.
- 3 He who was nailed to the Cross is God and the Ruler of all things; All things created on earth worship the Maker of all.
- 4 God of all pity and power, let thy word be assured to the doubting; Light on the third day returns: rise, Son of God, from the tomb!
- 5 Ill doth it seem that thy limbs should linger in lowly dishonour, Ransom and price of the world, veiled from the vision of men.
- 6 * Ill it beseemeth that thou, by whose hand all things are encompassed, Captive and bound should remain, deep in the gloom of the rock.
- 7*Rise now, O Lord, from the grave and cast off the shroud that enwrapped Thou art sufficient for us: nothing without thee exists. [thee;
- S Mourning they laid thee to rest, who art Author of life and creation; Treading the pathway of death, life thou bestowedst on man.
- 9 Show us thy face once more, that the ages may joy in thy brightness; Give us the light of day, darkened on earth at thy death.
- 10 * Out of the prison of death thou art rescuing numberless captives; Freely they tread in the way whither their Maker has gone.
- 11*. Jesus has harrowed hell; he has led captivity captive: Darkness and chaos and death fiee from the face of the light.

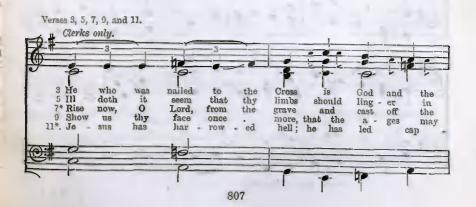


EASTER-DAY: MORNING PROCESSION

624 (continued)



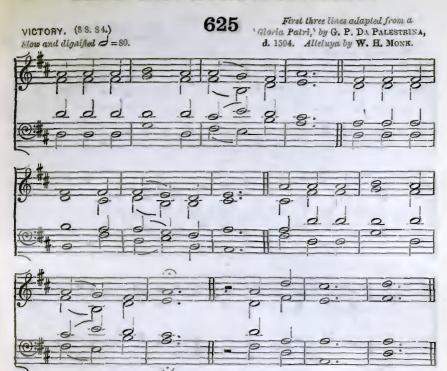




624 (continued)



EASTER-DAY: MORNING PROCESSION



At the entrance into the Choir.

Finita jam sunt praelia. Ascribed to 18th cent. Tr. F. P.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done; Now is the Victor's triumph won; O let the song of praise be sung:

Alleluya!

2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst, And Jesus hath his foes dispersed; Let shouts of praise and joy outburst:

Unison. 3 * On the third morn he rose again Glorious in majesty to reign; O let us swell the joyful strain:

> 4*He brake the age-bound chains of hell; The bars from heaven's high portals fell; Let hymns of praise his triumph tell:

Unison. 5. Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee From death's dread sting thy servants free, That we may live, and sing to thee:

A - men.

At the Sanctuary step.

v. The Lord is risen from the tomb.

R. Who for our sakes hung upon the Tree. Alleluya.

Collect for Easter-Day.



EASTER-DAY: EVENING PROCESSION



EASTER-DAY: EVENING PROCESSION

O filii et filiae. Ascribed to 17th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

ALLELUYA! Alleluya! Alleluya!
Yesonsand daughters of the King,
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
To-day the grave hath lost its sting.

Alleluya!

2 On that first morning of the week, Before the day began to break, The Marys went their Lord to seek.

3 An Angel bade their sorrow flee, For thus he spake unto the three: 'Your Lord is gone to Galilee.'

4 That night the Apostles met in fear, AmidstthemcametheirLordmostdear, And said: 'Peace be unto you here!' 5 When Thomas afterwards had heard That Jesus had fulfilled his word, He doubted if it were the Lord.

6 'Thomas, beheld my side,' saith he, 'My hands, my feet, my body see; 'And doubt not, but believe in me.'

7 No longer Thomas then denied; He saw the feet, the hands, the side; 'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried.

8*Blessèd are they that have not seen, And yet whose faith hath constant been,

In life eternal they shall reign.

9*On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.

10*. And we with Holy Church unite,
As evermore is just and right,
In glory to the King of Light.

A men.

y. The Lord is rison from the tomb.

R. Who for our sakes hung upon the Tree. Alleluya.

Collect for Easter Even.

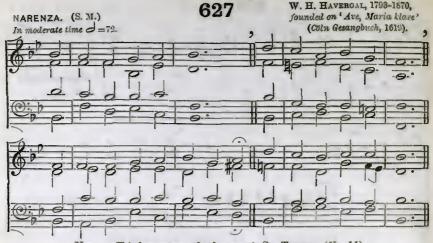
In returning up the Nanc, Ps. 115, Non nobis Domine, may be sung by Chanters and People in alternate verses, with Alleluya at the end of each verse. (For Plainsong melody see Appendix.)

At the Chancel step all may stand, while verse 15, Ye are the blessed of the Lord, to the end of the Gloria Patri is sung, followed by:

*. Tell it out among the heathen.

R. That the Lord hath reigned from the Tree. Alleluya.

Collect for Palm Sunday.



Note.—This hymn may also be sung to St. Thomas (No. 11). A lower setting of this tune will be found at Hymn 518.

At the entrance into the Choir.

T. Kelly 1, 1769-1854.

A - nien

HE Lord is risen indeed! Now is his work performed; Now is the mighty Captive freed, And death's strong castle stormed.

2 The Lord is risen indeed! Then hell has lost his prey: With him is risen the ransomed seed To reign in endless day.

3. The Lord is risen indeed! He lives, to die no more; He lives, the sinner's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore.

At the Sanctuary step.

y. O Lord, hear our prayer. R. And let our cry come unto thee.

Collect for Lady Day.



For Melodies see Hynn 624.

ASCENSION-DAY PROCESSION

Bishop Venantius Fortunatus (530-609). (Sarum Processional.) Tr. P. D. Salve, festa dies.

HAIL thee, Festival Day! blest day that art hallowed for ever; Day when our God ascends high in the heavens to reign.

- 2 Lo, the fair beauty of earth, from the death of the winter arising, Every good gift of the year now with its Master returns.
- 3 Daily the loveliness grows, adorned with the glory of blossom; Heaven her gates unbars, flinging her increase of light.
- 4 Christ in his triumph ascends, who hath vanguished the devil's dominion; Gay is the woodland with leaves, bright are the meadows with flowers.
- 5 Christ overwhelms the domain of Hades and rises to heaven; Fitly the light gives him praise-meadows and ocean and sky.

ASCENSION-DAY: PROCESSION

- 6 Loosen, O Lord, the enchained, the spirits imprisoned in darkness; Rescue, recall into life those who are rushing to death.
- 7 * So shalt thou bear in thine arms an immaculate people to heaven, Bearing them pure unto God, pledge of thy victory here.
- 8*Jesu the Health of the world, Creator of man and Redeemer, Son of the Father supreme, only-begotten of God!
- 9 * Equal art thou, co-eternal, in fellowship ay with the Father; In the beginning by thee all was created and made,
- 10 *. And it was thou, blessed Lord, who discerning humanity's sorrow, Humbledst thyself for our race, taking our flesh for thine own.



At the entrance into the Choir.

Supreme Rector caelitum.

17th cent. Tr. W. J. Blevo.

KING most high of earth and sky (2°0 Christ, behold thine orphaned fold, On prostrate death thou treadest, And with thy Blood dost mark the road Whereby to heaven thou leadest.

Which thou hast borne with anguish. Steeped in the tide from thy rent side: O leave us not to languish!

3. The glorious gain of all thy pain Henceforth dost thou inherit: Now comes the hour-then gently shower On us thy promised Spirit!

At the Sanctuary step.

x. God is gone up with a merry noise.

R. And the Lord with the sound of the trump. Alleluya.



630

For Melodies see Humn 624. WHIT-SUNDAY PROCESSION

Salve, festa dies. c. 14th cent. (York Processional.) Tr. G. G.

HAIL thee, Festival Day! blest day that art hallowed for ever; Day wherein God from heaven shone on the world with his grace.

2 Lo! in the likeness of fire, on them that await his appearing, He whom the Lord foretold, suddenly, swiftly, descends.

3 Forth from the Father he comes with his sevenfold mystical dowry. Pouring on human souls infinite riches of God.

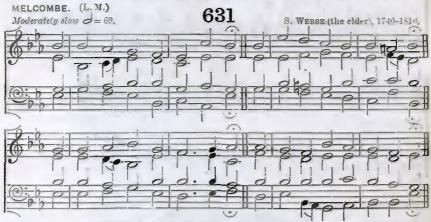
4 Hark! in a hundred tongues Christ's own, his chosen Apostles, Preach to a hundred tribes Christ and his wonderful works.

5 Praise to the Spirit of life, all praise to the Fount of our being, Light that dost lighten all, Life that in all dost abide.

6 God, who art Giver of all good gifts and Lover of concord, Pour thy balm on our souls, order our ways in thy peace.

7 * God Almighty, who fillest the heaven, the earth and the ocean, Guard us from harm without, cleanse us from evil within.

8 *. Kindle our lips with the live bright coal from the hands of the Seraph; Shine in our minds with thy light; burn in our hearts with thy love.



Note. - A lower setting of this tune will be found at Hymn 260.

At the entrance into the Choir.

CIPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love, Shed thy blest influence from above. And still from age to age convey The wonders of this sacred day.

Foundling Hospital Collection (1774). 2* In every clime, in every tongue, Be God's eternal praises sung; [taught Through all the listening earth be The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

3. Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide, Over thy favoured Church preside; Still may mankind thy blessings prove, Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

At the Sanctuary step.

y. The Apostles did speak with other tongues. R. The wonderful works of God. Alleluya.

Collect for Whit-Sunday.



TRINITY SUNDAY PROCESSION



TRINITY SUNDAY PROCESSION

Aeterna Lux, Divinitas. 18th cent. Tr. R. F. Lilledule 1.

ETERNAL Light, Divinity,
0 Unity in Trinity,
Thy holy name thy servants bless,
To thee we pray, and thee confess.

We praise the Father, mighty One;
We praise the sole-begotten Son;
We praise the Holy Ghost above,
Who joins them in one bond of love.

For of the Father infinite
Begotten is the Light of light,
And from his love eternally
Proceeds the Spirit, God most high.

4 None can more high or holy be, Co-equal is their Deity, The substance of the Three is One, And equal laud to them is done.

The Three are One Immensity, The Three One highest Verity, The Three One perfect Charity, And they are man's Felicity. 6 O Verity! O Charity!
O Ending and Felicity!
In thee we hope, in thee believe,
Thyself we love, to thee we cleave.

7 Thou First and Last, from whom there springs
The Fount of all created things,
Thou art the Life which moves the whole,

Sure Hope of each believing soul.

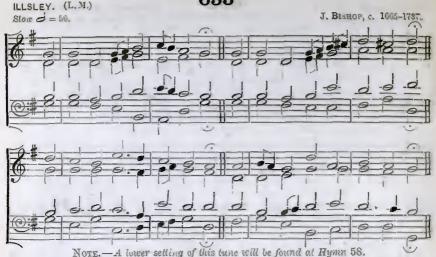
8*Thou who alone the world hast made, Art still its one sufficing aid, The only Light for gazing eyes, And, unto them that hope, the Prize.

9. O Father, Source of God the Word, O Word with him co-equal Lord, O Spirit of like majesty,

O Triune God, all praise to thee.

Amen,

633



At the entrance into the Choir.

Ave colenda Trinitas.

Before 11th cent. Tr. J. D. Chambers ‡.

ALL hail, adored Trinity;
All hail, eternal Unity;
O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever One:
2*To thee, upon this holy day,
We offer up our thankful lay;

Thou hearest in thy love's great wealth, And praising thee is all our health.

3 Three Persons praise we evermore, One only God our hearts adore; In thy sweet mercy ever kind May we our sure protection find.

4. O Trinity! O Unity! Be present as we worship thee; And with the songs that Angels sing Unite the hymns of praise we bring.

At the Sanctuary step.

y. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

R. From this time forth for evermore.

Collect for Trinity Sunday.



634

[For Melodies see Hymn 624.]

DEDICATION FESTIVAL PROCESSION

c. 13th cent. (York Processional.)
Tr. M. F. B.

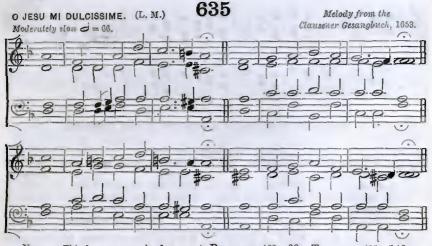
Salve, festa dies.

HAIL thee, Festival Day! blest day that art hallowed for ever; Day when the Church, Christ's bride, is to her bridegroom espoused.

- 2 This is the house of God, a place of peace and refreshing; Solomon here to the poor offers a treasure untold.
- Seion of David is he who has called us to share in his glory; Here in his Father's house God we shall find him and man.
- 4 Ye who have put on Christ are indeed his mystical body, If ye have kept the faith, longed to become as your Lord.

DEDICATION FESTIVAL PROCESSION

- 5 Mystical also the new and the heavenly city of Sion, Fitly adorned for her spouse, clad with the light from on high.
- 6*Here, at his holy font, does the heavenly King and the righteous Grace for their cleansing and growth grant to his people on earth.
- 7*Tower of David is this; here are pledges of life and salvation, If with unwavering feet swift to this stronghold we run.
- 8 * Here is the ark of God, a refuge of grace to the faithful; Safe to the haven it bears mariners tossed by the waves.
- Ladder of Jacob, by none but by thee we can mount to the heavens;
 Grant that thy people, O Lord, thither ascending may reign.



Note.—This hymn may also be sung to Plaistow (No. 69), Tugwood (No. 146) or Wareham (No. 475).

At the entrance into the Choir.

I. Watts, 1674-1748, and J. Wesley.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God, Infinite lengths beyond the bounds Where stars revolve their little rounds:

- 2 Thee while the first Archangel sings, He hides his face behind his wings; And ranks of shining thrones around Fall worshipping and spread the ground.
- 3. Lord, what shall earth and ashes do? We would adore our Maker too! From sin and dust to thee we cry, The Great, the Holy, and the High!

At the Sanctuary step.

- y. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.
- R. They will be alway praising thee.



Collect for St. Simon and St. Jude.

ISTE CONFESSOR (2). (11 11. 11 5.) In moderate time = 96. To be sung in unison.

Rouen Church Melody,



A SECOND DEDICATION FESTIVAL PROCESSION

e. 9th cent. Tr. M. J. Blacker.

Christe cunctorum Dominator alme. eternal, Lord of Creation, merciful and mighty, List to thy servants, when their tuneful voices Rise to thy presence.

2 Thus in our solemn Feast of Dedica-[devotion, tion. Graced with returning rites of due Ever thy children, year by year rejoicing, Chant in thy temple.

3 This is thy palace; here thy presencechamber;

Here may thy servants, at the mystic banquet.

Daily adoring, take thy Body broken, Drink of thy Chalice.

NLY-BEGOTTEN, Word of God 4 Here for thy children stands the hely laver. Inature. Fountain of pardon for the guilt of Cleansed by whose water springs a race anointed, Liegemen of Jesus.

> 5 Here in our sickness, healing grace aboundeth, (freshment: Light in our blindness, in our toil re-

Sin is forgiven, hope o'er fear prevaileth.

Joy over sorrow.

6 Hallowed this dwelling where the Lord abideth. Heaven; This is none other than the gate of Strangers and pilgrims, seeking homes eternal,

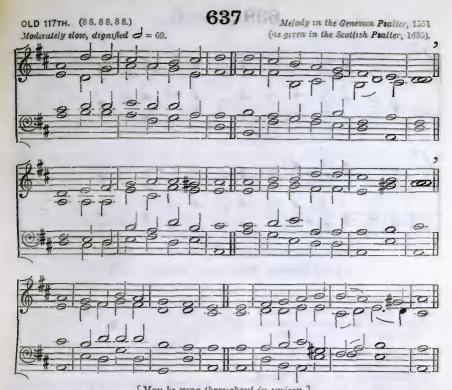
Pass through its portals.

7 Lord, we beseech thee, as we throng thy temple, By thy past blessings, by thy present bounty, Smile on thy children, and with tender mercy Hear our petitions.

8. God in Three Persons, Father everlasting, Son co-eternal, ever-blessèd Spirit, Thine be the glory, praise, and adoration, Now and for ever, Amen.



DEDICATION FESTIVAL PROCESSION



[May be sung throughout in unison.]

Note.—This hymn may also be sung to South Cerney (No. 359).

At the entrance into the Choir.

G. Tersteegen, 1697-1769. Tr. J. Wesley.

Gott ift gegenwärtig.

I O! God is here! let us adore
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face,
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

Unison. 2. Lo! God is here! Him day and night
The united choirs of Angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring;
To thee may all our thoughts arise
Ceaseless, accepted Sacrifice.

A · men.

At the Sanctuary step.

y. Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness.

R. And let thy saints sing with joyfulness.

Collect for St. Simon and St. Jude.



JERUSALEM, my happy home, When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbour of the Saints! O sweet and pleasant soil! In thee no sorrow may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.

3 In thee no sickness may be seen, No hurt, no ache, no sore; In thee there is no dread of death, But life for evermore.

4 No dampish mist is seen in thee, No cold nor darksome night; There every soul shines as the sun; There God himself gives light.

5 There lust and lucre cannot dwell; There envy bears no sway; F. B. P. t (c. 1580). Based on St. Augustine. There is no hunger, heat, nor cold, But pleasure every way.

6 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker ay may be!

7 Thy walls are made of precious stones, Thy bulwarks diamonds square; Thy gates are of right orient pearl; Exceeding rich and rare;

8 * Thy turrets and thy pinnacles With carbuncles do shine; Thy very streets are paved with gold, Surpassing clear and fine;

9*Thy houses are of ivory, Thy windows crystal clear; Thy tiles are made of beaten gold— O God that I were there!

10 *Within thy gates no thing doth come That is not passing clean, No spider's web, no dirt, no dust, No filth may there be seen.

11 Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem, Would God I were in thee! Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!



SAINT'S DAY PROCESSION



Note.—This tune may also be used for Parts 1 and 3.

Part 2.

(If sung separately, may begin with verse 1.)

great; They see God face to face; They triumph still, they still rejoice: Most happy is their case.

13 We that are here in banishment, Continually do mourn; We sigh and sob, we weep and wail, Perpetually we groan.

12 Thy Saints are crowned with glory | 14 Our sweet is mixed with bitter Our pleasure is but pain,

Our joys scarce last the looking on, Our sorrows still remain.

15 But there they live in such delight, Such pleasure and such play, As that to them a thousand years Doth seem as yesterday.

16 * Thy vineyards and thy orchards are Most beautiful and fair, Full furnished with trees and fruits, Most wonderful and rare;

17 * Thy gardens and thy gallant walks Continually are green; There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers As nowhere else are seen.

18 * There's nectar and ambrosia made, There's musk and civet sweet; There many a fair and dainty drug Is trodden under feet.

19 * There cinnamon, there sugar grows, There nard and balm abound; What tongue can tell, or heart conceive. The joys that there are found!

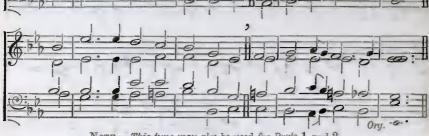
(This Part may conclude with verse 26.)



638 (PART 3)

JERUSALEM. (C. M.) In moderate time = 80.

T. WORSLEY STANIFORTE.



Note.—This tune may also be used for Parts 1 and 2.

Part 3.

(If sung separately, may begin with verse 1.)

20 Quite through the streets with silver 23 Our Lady sings Magnificat sound

The flood of life doth flow, Upon whose banks on every side The wood of life doth grow.

- 21 There trees for evermore bear fruit. And evermore do spring: There evermore the Angels sit, And evermore do sing;
- 22 There David stands with harp in hand As master of the choir: fblest Ten thousand times that man were That might this music hear.

With tune surpassing sweet;

And all the Virgins bear their parts.

Sitting about her feet.

- 24 Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing, Saint Austin doth the like; Old Simeon and Zachary Have not their songs to seek.
- 25 There Magdalene hath left her moan, And cheerfully doth sing With blessed Saints, whose harmony In every street doth ring.

26. Jerusalem, my happy home. Would God I were in thee! Would God my woes were at an end Thy joys that I might see!

If the starred verses are omitted, Parts 1 and 2 together will form a Procession of average length; or either Part separately will form a short Hymn suitable for general use.



The following are also suitable for Saints' Days:

172 Sion's daughters.

200 Joy and triumph everlasting.

218 Ye who own (B.V.M.).

245 Stars of the morning (Michaelmas).

252 Our Father's home.

412 Jerusalem the golden.

519 Ye watchers.

641 For all the Saints.

642 Forward! be our watchword.

643 Onward, Christian soldiers,

644 Rejoice, ye pure in heart.

SAINT'S DAY PROCESSION



At the entrance into the Choir.

C. Wesley, 1707-85.

THE Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

- 2 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise, And bow before thy throne; We in the kingdom of thy grace: The kingdoms are but one.
- 3. The holy to the holiest leads.
 From hence our spirits rise,
 And he that in thy statutes treads
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

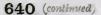


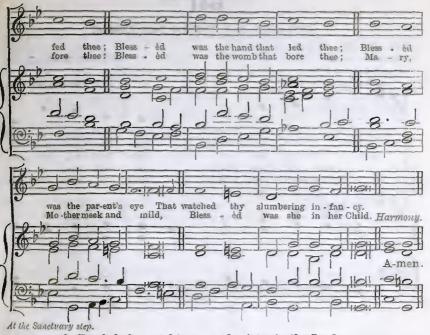
The following are also suitable for Saints' Days, at the entrance into the choir.

196 For all thy Saints, O Lord. 249 (5, 6) Let all who served. 372 (1, 2, 3, or 4, 5, 6) Bright the vision. 535 (2) Praise the Lord.



SUITABLE FOR USE IN PROCESSION



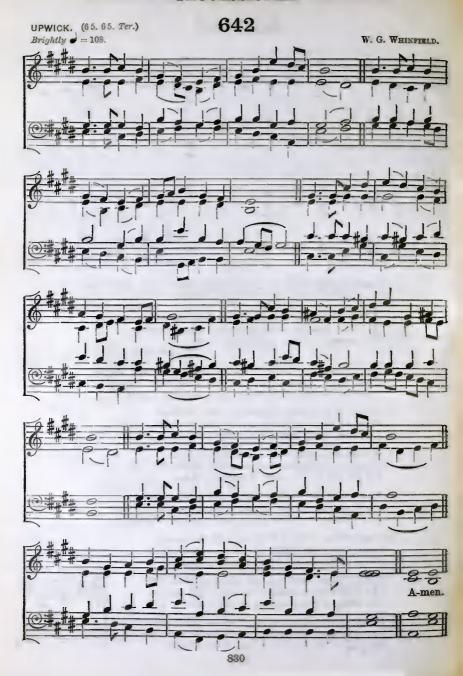


W. Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord. R. And be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

Collect for All Saints' Day.

Note. - The following tune may also be used.





SUITABLE FOR USE IN PROCESSION

H. Alford +, 1810-71.

PORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light.

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till around us
Gleams the Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height;
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
Siek, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

Unison.

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

5*Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

6 * Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone,
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of light.

7*Nought that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone;
Where the Godhead dwelleth
Temple there is none;
All the saints that ever
In these courts have stood
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night,
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

Unison.

S. To the Father's glory
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Almighty,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and Angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!



Note. - The following tune may also be used.



SUITABLE FOR USE IN PROCESSION

643 (continued)



ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's legions flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

S. Baring-Govld, 1834-1924.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine
One in charity.

Unison.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.



5. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.

833



644



REJOICE, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks, and sing; Your orient banner wave on high, The Cross of Christ your King.

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maidens meek, Raise high your free exulting song, God's wondrous praises speak.

With all the Angel choirs, With all the saints on earth, Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rapture, noblest mirth.

4 Your clear hosannas raise, And alleluyas loud; Whilst answering echoes upward float, Like wreaths of incense cloud.

Unison.

5 With voice as full and strong As ocean's surging praise, Sendforththe hymns ourfathers loved, The psalms of ancient days. 6 Yes on, through life's long path, Still chanting as ye go, From youth to age, by night and day, In gladness and in woe.

7 Still lift your standard high, Still march in firm array. As warriors through the darkness toil Till dawns the golden day.

8 At last the march shall end, The wearied ones shall rest, The pilgrims find their Father's home, Jerusalem the blest.

Unison.

9 Then on, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks, and sing: Your orient banner wave on high. The Cross of Christ your King. Unison.

Praise him who reigns on high.
 The Lord whom we adore,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God for evermore. Amen.

SUITABLE FOR USE IN PROCESSION



AVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to thee,
 Deep in adoration
 Bending low the knee.
 Thou for our redemption
 Cam'st on earth to die;
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great and ever greater
 Are thy mercies here;
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there;
 Where no pain, nor sorrow,
 Toil, nor care, is known,
 Where the Angel-legions
 Circle round thy throne.

4 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Unison.

- 5 Brighter still and brighter
 Glows the western sun,
 Shedding all its gladness
 O'er our work that's done;
 Time will soon be over,
 Toil and sorrow past;
 May we, blessed Saviour,
 Find a rest at last.
- 6 Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by Saints before us,
 Journeying on to God;
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

7. Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with Angels sing.
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.
835

