



23rd February 2025 Second Sunday before Lent

♪ Hymn (589) ♪

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.

Francis Pott (1832-1909)

♪ Hymn (236) ♪

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That as You love, so may I love,
And do what You would do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until my will is one with Yours,
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Your heavenly fire.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with You the perfect life
Of Your eternity.

*Edwin Hatch (1835-1889) alt. the Editors © 1999
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♪ Hymn (666) ♪

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 Bethl'em's manger
was His only home,
and that He lived at
Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is come.

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.

I cannot tell
how He will win the nations,
how He will claim
His earthly heritage,
how satisfy
the needs and aspirations
of east and west,
of sinner and of sage.
But this I know,
all flesh shall see His glory,
and He shall reap
the harvest He has sown,
and some glad day
His sun will shine in splendour
when He the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is known.

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)

♪ Chant (600) ♪

Bless the Lord, my soul,
And bless God's holy name.
Bless the Lord, my soul,
Who leads me into life.

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♪ Hymn (594) ♪

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.

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.

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.

Be still, my soul:
the hour is hastening on
when we shall be forever 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.

Be still, my soul: begin the song of praise
on earth, believing, to thy Lord on high;
acknowledge Him
in all thy words and ways,
so shall He view thee
with a well pleased eye.
Be still, my soul: the Sun of life divine
through passing clouds
shall but more brightly shine.

Katharina A. von Schlegel (1697 - after 1768)
trans. Jane L. Borthwick (1813-1897)

♪ Hymn (507) ♪

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 Joseph Burns (b. 1938) © The Revd Edward J.
Burns*