Calvary Hymns November 14, 2021

Processional Hymn 665 All my hope on God is founded

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 Mortal pride and earthly glory,

sword and crown betray our trust;

though with care and toil we build them,

tower and temple fall to dust.

But God's power, hour by hour,

is my temple and my tower.

3 God's great goodness e'er endureth,

deep his wisdom, passing thought:

splendor, light and life attend him,

beauty springeth out of naught.

Evermore from his store

newborn worlds rise and adore.

4 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.

5 Still from earth 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.

*Robert Seymour Bridges, 1844-1930 (alt.)*

*Author: Joachim Neander, 1650-1680*

*Meter: 87. 87. 337*

Sequence 686 Come, thou fount of every blessing

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,

tune my heart to sing thy grace!

Streams of mercy never ceasing,

call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,

sung by flaming tongues above.

Praise the mount! Oh, fix me on it,

mount of God’s unchanging love.

2 Here I find my greatest treasure;

hither, by thy help, I’ve come;

and I hope, by thy good pleasure,

safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger

wandering from the fold of God;

he, to rescue me from danger,

interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor

daily I’m constrained to be!

Let thy goodness, like a fetter,

bind my wandering heart to thee:

prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,

prone to leave the God I love;

here’s my heart, oh, take and seal it,

seal it for thy courts above.

*Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790), alt.*

*Music: Nettleton, melody from A Repository of Sacred Music, Part II, 1813; harm. Gerre Hancock (b. 1934)*

*Meter: 87. 87. D*

Closing Hymn 571 All who love and serve your city

1 All who love and serve your city,

all who bear its daily stress,

all who cry for peace and justice,

all who curse and all who bless,

2 in your day of loss and sorrow,

in your day of helpless strife,

honor, peace and love retreating,

seek the Lord, who is your life.

3 In your day of wealth and plenty,

wasted work and wasted play,

call to mind the word of Jesus,

“I must work while it is day.”

4 For all days are days of judgment,

and the Lord is waiting still,

drawing near a world that spurns him,

offering peace from Calvary’s hill.

5 Risen Lord! shall yet the city

be the city of despair?

Come today, our Judge, our Glory;

be its name, “The Lord is there!”

*Words: Erik Routley (1917-1982), rev.*

*Music: Charlestown, melody from The Southern Harmony, 1835; harm. Alastair Cassels-Brown (b. 1927)*

*Meter: 87. 87*