The Hymn

Father, hear the prayer we offer:
not for ease that prayer shall be,
but for strength that we may ever
live our lives courageously.
Not for ever in green pastures
do we ask our way to be;
but the steep and rugged pathway
may we tread rejoicingly.
Not for ever by still waters
would we idly rest and stay;
but would smite the living fountains
from the rocks along our way.
Be our strength in hours of weakness,
in our wanderings be our guide;
through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side.

The Canticle
G Sumson
Magnificat in D

The Anthem
A L’Estrange
On Eagles’ Wings

Like an eagle that hovers o’er its young,
that spreads its wings to catch them,
and bears them on its outstretched span;
the angel of his presence saved me,
in his love and mercy he redeemed me.
He lifted me up and bore me all the days of old.
I will soar on wings like eagles’ wings,
I will run and not grow weary.
I will walk and not be faint,
I will soar on eagles’ wings.
He has lifted me up, out of the mirey clay,
he has put a new song in my mouth,
a hymn of praise to our God.

adapted from Deuteronomy 32.11;
Isaiah 40.31 & 63.9; Psalm 40

The Psalm (135)

Magnificavit Dominus facere nobiscum:
facti sumus lactantes.
The Lord hath done great things for us:
whereof we rejoice.

O praise the Lord, laud ye the Name of the Lord *
praise it, O ye servants of the Lord;
Ye that stand in the house of the Lord *
in the courts of the house of our God.
O praise the Lord, for the Lord is gracious *
O sing praises unto his Name, for it is lovely.
For why? the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself *
and Israel for his own possession.
For I know that the Lord is great *
and that our Lord is above all gods.
Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he in heaven,
and in earth * and in the sea, and in all deep places.
He bringeth forth the clouds from the ends of the world *
and sendeth forth lightnings with the rain,
bringing the winds out of his treasures.
He smote the first-born of Egypt *
both of man and beast.
He hath sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, O thou land of Egypt *
upon Pharaoh, and all his servants.
He smote divers nations * and slew mighty kings;
Sehon king of the Amorites, and Og the king of Basan *
and all the kingdoms of Canaan;
And gave their land to be an heritage *
even an heritage unto Israel his people.
Thy Name, O Lord, endureth for ever *
so doth thy memorial, O Lord,
from one generation to another.
For the Lord will avenge his people *
and be gracious unto his servants.
As for the images of the heathen, they are but silver
and gold * the work of men’s hands.
They have mouths, and speak not *
eyes have they, but they see not.
They have ears, and yet they hear not *
neither is there any breath in their mouths.
They that make them are like unto them *
and so are all they that put their trust in them.
Praise the Lord, ye house of Israel *
praise the Lord, ye house of Aaron.
Praise the Lord, ye house of Levi *
ye that fear the Lord, praise the Lord.
Praised be the Lord out of Sion *
who dwelleth at Jerusalem.