

Hymns, Collect and Readings

9th January 2022

Baptism of Christ / Epiphany 1

First Hymn

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
announces that the Lord is nigh;
awake, and hearken, for he brings
glad tidings of the King of kings.

Then cleansed be ev'ry breath from sin:
make straight the way for God within;
prepare we in our hearts a home,
where such a mighty guest may come.

For thou art our salvation, Lord,
our refuge and our great reward;
without thy grace we waste away,
like flowe'rs that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
and bid the fallen sinner stand;
shine forth and let thy light restore
earth's own true loveliness once more.

All praise, eternal Son, to thee
whose advent doth thy people free,
whom with the Father we adore
and Holy Ghost for evermore.

Charles Coffin (1676-1749)

Collect

**Heavenly Father,
at the Jordan you revealed Jesus as
your Son: may we recognise him as our
Lord and know ourselves to be your
beloved children; through Jesus Christ
our Saviour. Amen.**

First Reading

Isaiah 43.1-7

But now, this is what the LORD says—
he who created you, Jacob, he who
formed you, Israel: "Do not fear, for I
have redeemed you; I have summoned
you by name; you are mine. When you
pass through the waters, I will be with
you; and when you pass through the
rivers, they will not sweep over you.
When you walk through the fire, you
will not be burned; the flames will not
set you ablaze. For I am the LORD your
God, the Holy One of Israel, your
Saviour; I give Egypt for your ransom,
Cush and Seba in your stead. Since you
are precious and honoured in my sight,
and because I love you, I will give
people in exchange for you, nations in
exchange for your life. Do not be afraid,
for I am with you; I will bring your
children from the east and gather you
from the west. I will say to the north,
'Give them up!' and to the south, 'Do
not hold them back.' Bring my sons
from afar and my daughters from the
ends of the earth— everyone who is
called by my name, whom I created for
my glory, whom I formed and made."

Gradual Hymn

God is working this purpose out,
as year succeeds to year;
God is working this purpose out,
and the time is drawing near;
nearer and nearer draws the time,
the time that shall surely be:
when the earth shall be filled with the
glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

From the east to the utmost west,
Wherever foot has trod,
Through the mouths of his messengers
Echoes forth the voice of God:
"Listen to me, ye continents,
ye islands, give ear to me,
that the earth shall be filled with the
glory of God
as the waters cover the sea."

How can we do the work of God,
how prosper and increase
harmony in the human race
and the reign of perfect peace?
What can we do to urge the time,
the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled with the
glory of God
as the waters cover the sea?

March we forth in the strength of God,
His banner is unfurled,
let the light of the gospel shine
in the darkness of the world.
Strengthen the weary, heal the sick
and set every captive free,
that the earth shall be filled with the
glory of God
as the waters cover the sea?

All our efforts are nothing worth
unless God bless the deed.
Vain our hope for the harvest-tide
till he brings to life the seed.
Yet ever nearer draws the time,
the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled with the
glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

Arthur Campbell Ainger (1894)

Gospel Reading

Luke 3.15-17, 21-22

The people were waiting expectantly and were all wondering in their hearts if John might possibly be the Messiah. John answered them all, "I baptise you with water. But one who is more powerful than I will come, the straps of whose sandals I am not worthy to untie. He will baptise you with the Holy Spirit and fire. His winnowing fork is in his hand to clear his threshing floor and to gather the wheat into his barn, but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

When all the people were being baptised, Jesus was baptised too. And as he was praying, heaven was opened and the Holy Spirit descended on him in bodily form like a dove. And a voice came from heaven: "You are my Son, whom I love; with you I am well pleased."

Offertory Hymn

Hail to the Lord's anointed,
great David's greater son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
his reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
to set the captive free;
to take away transgression,
and rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
to those who suffer wrong;
to help the poor and needy,
and bid the weak be strong;
to give them songs for sighing,
their darkness turn to light,
whose souls, condemned and dying,
were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers
upon the fruitful earth,
and love, joy, hope, like flowers,
spring in his path to birth:
before him on the mountains
shall peace the herald go;
and righteousness in fountains
from hill to valley flow.

Kings shall bow down before him,
and gold and incense bring;
all nations shall adore him,
his praise all people sing:
to him shall prayer unceasing
and daily vows ascend;
his kingdom still increasing,
a kingdom without end.

O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
he on his throne shall rest,
from age to age more glorious,
all-blessing and all-blest;
the tide of time shall never
his covenant remove;
his name shall stand for ever,
that name to us is love.

James Montgomery (1821)

Final Hymn

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven!
To his feet thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him still the same as ever,
slow to chide and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

Father-like, he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows;
in his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore him;
ye behold him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space.

Praise him! Praise him!

Praise him! Praise him!

Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)