

November 10th, 2021

Choral Prelude: T. Frederick H. Candlyn – *King of Glory*

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
and that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
and the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
and alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
in my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
to enroll Thee:
even eternity's too short
to extol Thee.

All verses

1 Take my life, and let it be con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2 Take my voice, and let me sing al - ways, on - ly, for my King;

take my mo - ments and my days, let them flow in cease - less praise.
take my in - tel - lect, and use ev - ery power as thou shalt choose.

Take my hands, and let them move at the im - pulse of thy love;
Take my will, and make it thine; it shall be no long - er mine.

take my heart, it is thine own; it shall be thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

Alternative tune: *Aberystwyth*, 699.

Words: Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), alt.
Music: *Hollingside*, John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

vv. 1-2

1 God of grace and God of glo - ry, on thy peo - ple pour thy power;
 2 Lo! the hosts of e - vil round us scorn thy Christ, as - sail his ways!
 3 Cure thy chil - dren's war - ring mad - ness, bend our pride to thy con - trol;
 4 Save us from weak res - ig - na - tion to the e - vils we de - plore;

crown thine an - cient Church's sto - ry; bring her bud to glo - rious flower.
 From the fears that long have bound us free our hearts to faith and praise:
 shame our wan - ton, self - ish glad - ness, rich in things and poor in soul.
 let the gift of thy sal - va - tion be our glo - ry ev - er - more.

Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age, for the fac - ing of this
 grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age for the liv - ing of these
 Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age, lest we miss thy king - dom's
 Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age, serv - ing thee whom we a -

hour, for the fac - ing of this hour.
 days, for the liv - ing of these days.
 goal, lest we miss thy king - dom's goal.
 dore, serv - ing thee whom we a - dore.

Alternative tune: *Mannheim*, 595.

Words: Harry Emerson Fosdick (1878-1969), alt.
 Music: *Cwm Rhondda*, John Hughes (1873-1932)