

This Hymn will follow the Bishop's Address

PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of
creation;

O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and
salvation;

All ye who hear,

Now to His temple draw near,

Joining in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, Who o'er all things so wondrously
reigneth,

Shieldeth thee gently from harm, or when fainting
sustaineth :

Hast thou not seen

How thy heart's wishes have been

Granted in what He ordaineth.

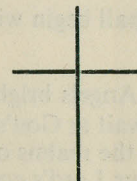
Praise to the Lord, Who doth prosper thy work and
defend thee,

Surely His goodness and mercy shall daily attend thee,

Ponder anew

What the Almighty can do,

If to the end He befriend thee.



GREAT SAMPFORD with HEMPSTEAD

INSTITUTION

of the Reverend

JOHN REGINALD RYECART

by

THE RIGHT REVEREND

THE LORD BISHOP OF COLCHESTER

and

INDUCTION

by

THE ARCHDEACON OF COLCHESTER

at St Andrew's Church, Hempstead

on

Saturday, 17th December, 1960

at 3 p.m.

The Service shall begin with this Hymn

YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's Face,
His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing:
Take what He gives
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou my part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be fill'd with praise.

This Hymn will precede the Bishop's Address

THE Church of God a kingdom is,
Where Christ in power doth reign;
Where spirits yearn till, seen in bliss,
Their Lord shall come again.

Glad companies of saints possess
This Church below, above :
And God's perpetual calm doth bless
Their paradise of love.

An altar stands within the shrine
Whereon, once sacrificed,
Is set, immaculate, divine,
The Lamb of God, the Christ.

There rich and poor, from countless lands,
Praise God on mystic rood :
There nations reach forth holy hands
To take God's holy food.

There pure life-giving streams o'erflow
The sower's garden-ground :
And faith and hope fair blossoms show,
And fruits of love abound.

O King, O Christ, this endless grace
To us and all men bring,
To see the vision of Thy face
In joy, O Christ, our King.