

HYMN 368

Thou to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesu, as we meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care,
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransom'd, cleansèd, heal'd,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardon'd at Thy judgment-seat.
Amen.

Collection

Presentation and Dedication of Plate

Prayers

Blessing

INSPECTION OF CHURCH AND PLATE



Harveian Society of London

1831-1931

Pilgrimage to the Tomb

OF

WILLIAM HARVEY

1578-1657

HEMPSTEAD CHURCH

JUNE 13th, 1931

HYMN 165

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame.
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the Same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Introductory Prayers

Lectionary from Holy Scripture

HYMN 298

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
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;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
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;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gather'd in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Amen.

Address by

THE LORD BISHOP OF COLCHESTER

(The Right Rev. T. A. CHAPMAN, D.D.)