

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 495

*Hail! Thou once despised Jesus*

IN BABILONE



1 Hail, thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal - i -  
 2 Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, all our sins on  
 3 Je - sus, hail! en - throned in glo - ry, there for ev - er  
 \*4 Wor - ship, hon - or, power, and bless - ing thou art wor - thy



le - an King! Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us;  
 thee were laid: by al - might - y love a - noint - ed,  
 to a - bid; all the heaven - ly hosts a - dore thee,  
 to re - ceive; high - est prais - es, with - out ceas - ing,



thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. Hail, thou u - ni - ver - sal  
 thou hast full a - tone - ment made. All thy peo - ple are for -  
 seat - ed at thy Fa - ther's side. There for sin - ners thou art  
 right it is for us to give. Help, ye bright an - gel - ic



Sa - vior, bear - er of our sin and shame! By thy mer - it  
 giv - en through the vir - tue of thy blood: o - pened is the  
 plead - ing: there thou dost our place pre - pare; ev - er for us  
 spi - rits, all your no - blest an - thems raise; help to sing our



we find fa - vor: life is giv - en through thy Name  
 gate of hea - ven, re - con - ciled are we with God.  
 in - ter - ced - ing, till in glo - ry we ap - pear.  
 Sa - vior's mer - its, help to chant Em - man - uel's praise!

Words: John Bakewell (1721-1819) and Martin Madan (1726-1790), alt. Music: *In Babilone*, melody from *Oude en Nieuwe Hollantse Boerenlities en Contradanseu*, 1710; harm. Roy. F. Kehl (b. 1935).



1 O Love of God, how strong and true, e - ter - nal  
 2 O wide - em - brac - ing, won - drous Love, we read thee  
 3 We read thee best in him who came to bear for  
 4 We read thy power to bless and save e'en in the



and yet ev - er new; un - com - pre - hend - ed and un -  
 in the sky a - bove; we read thee in the earth be -  
 us the cross of shame, sent by the Fa - ther from on  
 dark - ness of the grave; still more in re - sur - rec - tion



bought, be - yond all know - ledge and all thought.  
 low, in seas that swell and streams that flow.  
 high, our life to live, our death to die.  
 light we read the full - ness of thy might.

Words: Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

Music: *Dunedin*, Vernon Griffiths (b. 1894)

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1 All who love and serve your ci - ty, all who  
 2 in your day of loss and sor - row, in your  
 3 In your day of wealth and plen - ty, wast - ed  
 4 For all days are days of judg - ment, and the  
 5 Ris - en Lord! shall yet the ci - ty be the



1 bear its dai - ly stress, all who cry for  
 2 day of help - less strife, hon - or, peace, and  
 3 work and wast - ed play, call to mind the  
 4 Lord is wait - ing still, draw - ing near a  
 5 ci - ty of de - spair? Come to - day, our



1 peace and jus - tice, all who curse and all who bless,  
 2 love re - treat - ing, seek the Lord, who is your life.  
 3 word of Je - sus, "I must work while it is day."  
 4 world that spurns him, of - fering peace from Cal - vary's hill.  
 5 Judge, our Glo - ry; be its name, "The Lord is there!"

Words: Erik Routley (1917-1982), rev.

Music: *Charlestown*, melody from *The Southern Harmony*, 1835

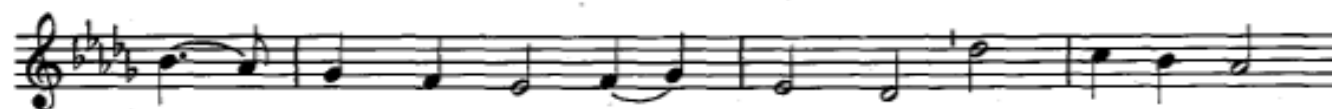
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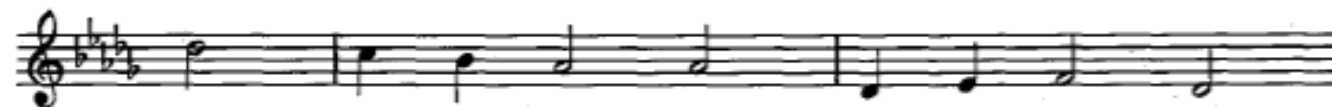
1 Lord Christ, when first thou cam'st to earth, up - on a cross they  
 2 O awe - ful Love, which found no room in life where sin de -  
 3 New ad - vent of the love of Christ, shall we a - gain re -  
 4 O wound-ed hands of Je - sus, build in us thy new cre -



bound thee, and mocked thy sav - ing king - ship then  
 nied thee, and, doomed to death, must bring to doom  
 fuse thee, till in the night of hate and war  
 a - tion; our pride is dust, our vaunt is stilled,



by thorns with which they crowned thee: and still our wrongs  
 the powers which cru - ci - fied thee, till not a stone  
 we per - ish as we lose thee? From old un - faith  
 we wait thy rev - e - la - tion: O love that tri -



may weave thee now new thorns to pierce that  
 was left on stone, and all those na - tions'  
 our souls re - lease to seek the king - dom  
 umphs o - ver loss, we bring our hearts be -



stead - y brow, and robe of sor - row round thee.  
 pride, o'er-thrown, went down to dust be - side thee!  
 of thy peace, by which a - lone we choose thee.  
 fore thy cross, to fi - nish thy sal - va - tion.

Words: Walter Russell Bowie (1882-1969), alt.

Music: *Mit Freuden zart*, melody from "Une pastourelle gentille," 1529; adapt. *Pseaumes cinquante de David*, 1547, and *Kirchengeseng darinnen die Heubtartikel des Christlichen Glaubens gefasset*, 1566

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