

HYMNS FOR EPIPHANY 2020

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning.
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

As with gladness men of old

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Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

As their precious gifts they laid
At thy manger roughly made,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation.
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

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Star of the East, the horizon adorning.
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Alleluyas to our King.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed!

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 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.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore him, the Lord is his name!

Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on his heart he will bear it for thee.
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy
prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

Kings shall fall 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 every 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.

These, though we bring them in trembling and
fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling and hope for our fear.

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Kneel and adore him, the Lord is his name!