

Hymns for the Third Sunday in Lent

Offertory Hymn

“Only begotten, Word of God eternal” (*Rouen*)



1 On - ly - be - gott - en, Word of God e -
 2 This is thy tem - ple; here thy pres - ence -
 3 Here in our sick - ness heal - ing grace a -
 *4 Hal - lowed this dwell - ing where the Lord a -
 5 Lord, we be - seech thee, as we throng thy
 6 God in three Per - sons, Fa - ther ev - er -



1 ter - nal, Lord of cre - a - tion, mer - ci - ful and
 2 cham - ber; here may thy ser - vants, at the mys - tic
 3 bound - eth, light in our blind - ness, in our toil re -
 4 bid - eth, this is none o - ther than the gate of
 5 tem - ple, by thy past bless - ings, by thy pres - ent
 6 last - ing, Son co - e - ter - nal, ev - er - bless - ed



1 might - y, hear now thy ser - vants when their joy - ful
 2 ban - quet, hum - bly a - dor - ing, take thy Bo - dy
 3 fresh - ment: sin is for - giv - en, hope o'er fear pre -
 4 hea - ven; strang - ers and pil - grims, seek - ing homes e -
 5 boun - ty, fa - vor thy chil - dren, and with ten - der
 6 Spi - rit, thine be the glo - ry, praise, and a - dor -



1 voic - es rise to thy pres - ence.
 2 bro - ken, drink of thy chal - ice.
 3 veil - eth, joy o - ver sor - row.
 4 ter - nal, pass through its por - tals.
 5 mer - cy hear our pe - ti - tions.
 6 a - tion, now and for ev - er.

Words: Latin, ca. 9th cent.; tr. Maxwell Julius Blacker (1822-1888). Music: *Rouen*, melody from *Vesperale*, 1746; harm. Healey Willan (1880-1968).

Hymn after the Ablutions

“Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face” (*Nyack*)



1 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
2 Here would I feed up - on the Bread of God;
3 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
4 Mine is the sin, but thine the right - eous - ness;



here would I touch and han - dle things un - seen;
here drink with thee the roy - al Wine of heaven;
an - oth - er arm save thine to lean up - on;
mine is the guilt, but thine the cleans - ing Blood.



here grasp with firm - er hand e - ter - nal grace,
here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load,
it is e - nough, my Lord, e - nough in - deed;
Here is my robe, my re - fuge, and my peace;



and all my wea - ri - ness up - on thee lean.
here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - given.
my strength is in thy might, thy might a - lone.
thy Blood, thy right - eous - ness, O Lord, my God.

Words: Horatius Bonar (1808-1889). Music: *Nyack*, Warren Swenson (b. 1937). Copyright © 1970, Warren Swanson.