

Entrance: Faith of our Fathers *(Frederick William Faber 1814-63)*

Faith of our Fathers! living still in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword: oh, how our hearts beat high with joy whene'er we hear that glorious word.

Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith! We will be true to thee till death, we will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, were still in heart and conscience free: how sweet would be their children's fate, if they, like them, could die for thee!

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers shall win our country back to thee: and through the truth that comes from God we all shall then indeed be free.

Faith of our Fathers! we will love both friend and foe in all our strife: and preach thee too, as love knows how, by kindly words and virtuous life:

Preparation of the Gifts: Sing of Christ *(William Josiah Irons 1812-83)*

Sing of Christ, proclaim his glory, sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story, to the former days belong.
All around the clouds are breaking, soon the storms of time shall cease; in God's likeness, people, walking, know the everlasting peace.

O what glory, far exceeding all that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts for ages pleading never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it, there on high our welcome waits; ev'ry humble spirit shares it, Christ has passed th' eternal gates.

Life eternal! Heaven rejoices: Jesus lives who once was dead:
shout with joy, O deathless voices! Child of God, lift up your head! Patriarchs from distant ages, saints all longing for their heaven, prophets, psalmists, seers and sages, all await the glory giv'n.

Life eternal! O what wonders crowd on faith, what joy unknown,
when amid earth's closing thunders, saints shall stand before the throne! O to enter that bright portal, see that glowing firmament,
know, with you, O God immortal, Jesus Christ whom you have sent!

Communion: He who would valiant be *(John Bunyan 1628-88)*

He who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster, let him in constancy follow the Master there's no discouragement shall make him once relent his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round with dismal stories, do but themselves confound; his strength the more is. No foes shall stay his might though he with giants fight; he will make good his right to be a pilgrim.