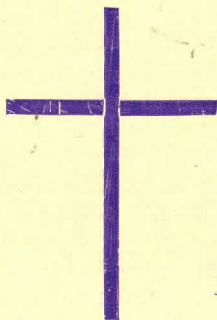


**Hope Baptist Church
Hebden Bridge**



BROADCAST SERVICE

Sunday, August 28th, 1949

9-30—10-15 a.m.

Minister : Rev. W. S. DAVIES

Organist : Mr. Albert Schofield

Choirmaster : Mr. Sydney Smith

Call to Worship

INVOCATION, CONFESSION, LORD'S PRAYER

Hymn I

Tune—Lydia

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.
Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

THE LESSON:

Philippians iii, 7-16, iv. 4-8

Hymn II

Tune—Crimond

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

ADDRESS

Hymn III

Tune—Rest

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Breathe through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm! Amen.

PRAYERS

Hymn IV

Tune—Dalehurst

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

BENEDICTION