

PEACE THANKSGIVING,
July 4th, 1919.

Bakewell Parish Church
United Service.

Psalms and Hymns.

Processional.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, His praise forthtell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and Glory evermore. Amen.

PSALM CIII.

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul : and all that is within me
praise his hyly name.

2 Praise the Lord, O my soul : and forget not all his
benefits ;

3 Who forgiveth all thy sin : and healeth all thine infirm-
ities.

4 Who saveth thy life from destruction ; and crowneth
thee with mercy and lovingkindness.

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things : making the
young and lusty as an eagle.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgement ; for
all them that are oppressed with wrong.

7 He shewed his ways unto Moses : his works unto the
children of Israel.

8 The Lord is full of compassion and mercy : long-suffer-
ing, and of great goodness.

9 He will not alway be chiding : neither keepeth he his
anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins : nor rewarded
us according to our wickednesses.

11 For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the
earth : so great is his mercy also toward them that fear him.

12 Look how wide also the east is from the west : so far
hath he sent our sins from us.

13 Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children : even so
is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth whereof we are made : he remembereth
that we are but dust.

15 The days of man are but as grass : for he flourisheth as a flower of the field.

16 For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone : and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear him : and his righteousness upon children's children ;

18 Even upon such as keep his covenant : and think upon his commandments to do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his seat in heaven : and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 O praise the Lord, ye angel of his, ye that excel in strength : ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his words.

21 O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts : ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

22 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion : praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

PSALM C.

○ BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands : serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God : it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise : be thankful unto him, and speak good of his Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting : and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

National Anthem.

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix ;
O save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour ;
Long may he reign ;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blesséd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
An free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest Heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heav'n adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.

Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia.

O blest communion! fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the air the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Alleluia! Amen.

Recessional.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the Same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last
And our eternal home. Amen.

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