

ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL



COMMEMORATION SERVICE
of the
FOUNDER AND BENEFACTORS
of the SCHOOL



Bakewell Parish Church
June 29th, 1968

ORDER OF SERVICE

CHOIR PROCESSION.

BISHOPS' PROCESSION.

INTROIT. (CHOIR).

O Come, Ye Servants of the Lord Christopher Tye.

BIDDING PRAYER.

PSALM 127. NISI DOMINUS

EXCEPT the Lord build the house : their labour is but lost that build it.
Except the Lord keep the city : the watchman waketh but in vain.

It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest,
and eat the bread of carefulness : for so he giveth his beloved sleep.

Lo, children and the fruit of the womb : are an heritage and gift that
cometh of the Lord.

Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant : even so are the young
children.

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them : they shall not be
ashamed, when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

LESSON Philippians 4, 1, 4-9.

The Head Girl.

HYMN

HOLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee ;
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and mighty !
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity !

2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! All the Saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea ;
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and mighty !
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity !

CREED.

LITANY OF PRAYERS :

For the Founder, Benefactors and the School.

ANTHEM : THE CHOIR.

O Praise the Lord. J. S. Bach.

Will the congregation please stand at the end of the Anthem.

ADDRESS :

The Bishop of Repton
(The Rt. Rev. W. Warren Hunt)

COLLECTION HYMN.

- 1 **T**HE strain up raise of joy and praise, Alleluya !

To the glory of their King shall the ransomed people sing
And the choirs that dwell on high shall re-echo through the sky.
Alleluya ! Alleluya !

- 2 They, through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home. Alleluya !
The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say Alleluya ! Alleluya !

- 3 Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on pinions light.
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluya !

- 4 Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious forests, sing Alleluya !

- 5 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say Alleluya ! Alleluya !
Then let the beast of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again Alleluya ! Alleluya !

- 6 Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous Alleluya !
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus Alleluya !
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluya !
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply Alleluya !

7 To God, who all creation made, the frequent hymn be duly paid,
Alleluya ! Alleluya !

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of all things loves,
Alleluya !

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ himself approves,
Alleluya !

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Alleluya !

And children's voices echo, answer making, Alleluya !

8 Now from all men be outpoured, Alleluya to the Lord;

With Alleluya evermore. The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One. Alleluya ! Alleluya ! Alleluya !

THE BLESSING