



ADELAIDE FRINGE  
21 FEBRUARY - 23 MARCH 2025

# FESTIVAL OF HYMNS

1PM SUNDAY 16TH MARCH, 2025  
CATHEDRAL OF ST FRANCIS XAVIER  
WAKEFIELD STREET, ADELAIDE

ORGANIST, JAMES LLOYD

1 HOUR DURATION | FREE ADMISSION

## Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

**P**RAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;  
to his feet your tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
evermore his praises sing.  
Alleluia, alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour  
to his people in distress.  
Praise him, still the same as ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Alleluia, alleluia!  
Glorious in his faithfulness!

Father-like he tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame he knows.  
In his hand he gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia, alleluia!  
Widely yet his mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore him;  
you behold him face to face.  
Sun and moon, bow down before him,  
dwellers all in time and space.  
Alleluia, alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace!

*"Praise, my soul, the King of heaven" is a Christian hymn. Its text, which draws from Psalm 103, was written by Anglican divine, Henry Francis Lyte. First published in 1834, it endures in modern hymnals to a setting written by John Goss in 1868 and remains one of the most popular hymns in English-speaking denominations.*

Words: Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847 alt.  
Music: Praise, My Soul, 87.87.87, John Goss, 1800-80. TUNE: LAUDA ANIMA

**Immortal, invisible, God only wise**

**I**MMORTAL, invisible, God only wise  
In light inaccessible  
hid from our eyes,  
Most blessed, most glorious,  
the Ancient of Days,  
Almighty, victorious,  
Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,  
Nor wanting, nor wasting,  
Thou rulest in might;  
Thy justice, like mountains,  
high soaring above  
Thy clouds, which are fountains  
of goodness and love.

To all, life Thou givest,  
to both great and small;  
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;  
We blossom and flourish  
as leaves on the tree,  
And wither and perish –  
but naught changeth Thee.

Great Father of glory,  
pure Father of light,  
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;  
All praise we would render;  
O help us to see  
Tis only the splendor  
of light hideth Thee!

*"Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise" is a Christian hymn with words by the Free Church of Scotland minister, Walter Chalmers Smith, usually sung to the tune, "St. Denio", originally a Welsh ballad tune, which became a hymn (under the name "Palestrina") in Canadian y Cyssegr ("Hymns of the Sanctuary", 1839) edited by John Roberts (1822–1877).*

## The Servant Song

WILL you let me be your servant,  
Let me be as Christ to you;  
Pray that I may have the grace to  
Let you be my servant, too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,  
We are trav'lers on the road;  
We are here to help each other  
Walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you  
In the night-time of your fear;  
I will hold my hand out to you,  
Speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;  
When you laugh I'll laugh with you.  
I will share your joy and sorrow  
'Til we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven  
We shall find such harmony,  
Born of all we've known together  
Of Christ's love and agony

Text: Richard Gillard. Words & Music: 1977 Universal Music - Brentwood Benson Publishing.  
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### Solo piece

I Vow to Thee, My Country

*Lyrics: Sir Cecil Spring Rice (1859–1918)*

*Music: Gustav Holst (1874–1934), Thaxted*

*Public Domain*

## The Lord's my Shepherd

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 in death's dark vale,  
yet will I fear no 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 forevermore  
my dwelling place shall be.

*Crimond (The Lord's my Shepherd) was first published in The Northern Psalter (1872), where the tune was attributed to David Grant (b. Aberdeen, Scotland, 1833; d. Lewisham, London, England, 1893), who arranged many of the tunes in that collection. However, in 1911 Anna B. Irvine claimed that Crimond had been composed by her sister, Jessie Seymour Irvine (b. Dunnottar, Kincardineshire, Scotland, 1836; d. Aberdeen, Scotland, 1887), who had given it to Grant to be harmonized. Irvine's authorship is generally accepted today. Crimond became very popular after it was used at the wedding of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip in 1947. Named after the town of Crimond in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, the tune is considered by many to be among the finest of all Scottish psalm tunes.*

## The day you gave us, Lord, is ended

THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
the darkness falls at thy behest;  
to thee our morning hymns ascended,  
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy church, unsleeping  
while earth rolls onward into light,  
through all the world her watch is keeping  
and rests not now by day nor night.

As over each continent and island  
the dawn leads on another day,  
the voice of prayer is never silent,  
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
our brethren beneath the western sky,  
and hour by hour fresh lips are making  
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,  
like Earth's proud empires, pass away;  
thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
till all thy creatures own thy sway.

*“The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended” is a Christian hymn written by the Anglican hymnodist the Rev John Ellerton (1826–1893) in 1870 for its inclusion in A Liturgy for Missionary Meetings. It is often sung to the tune of St Clement and its theme focusses on the worldwide fellowship of the church and its continual offering of prayer and praise to God.*

*The hymn was selected to be sung as part of the celebrations for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897 and was also sung at the Hong Kong handover ceremony a century later. It was also sung at the funeral of Queen Elizabeth II on 19th September 2022.*

Text: 98 98; John Ellerton, 1826-1893, alt. Music: Clement C. Scholefield, 1839-1904.  
Tune: ST. CLEMENT, Clement Scholefield, John Ellerton

### Solo Piece

Variations on Nabucco: Va Pensiero

(Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves), Verdi

## Love divine, all loves excelling

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,  
joy of heav'n to earth come down,  
fix in us Thy humble dwelling;  
all Thy faithful mercies crown!  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
visit us with Thy salvation;  
enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver;  
let us all Thy life receive;  
suddenly return and never,  
nevermore Thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
serve Thee as Thy hosts above;  
pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then, Thy new creation;  
pure and spotless let us be;  
let us see Thy great salvation  
perfectly restored in Thee.  
Changed from glory into glory,  
till in heav'n we take our place,  
till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

*'Blaenwern' is a Welsh Christian hymn tune composed by William Penfro Rowlands (1860-1937). The tune is named after Blaenwern Farm near Tufton, Pembrokeshire, where Rowlands sent his son from Porth to stay with friends of the family to convalesce as it was thought the fresh air would assist his recovery: he named the tune in honour of them. The tune was also used for 'Love Divine, All Loves Excelling' at the funeral of former British Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher in 2013, the wedding of Princess Eugenie and Jack Brooksbank in 2018 and the funeral of Queen Elizabeth II in 2022.*

Charles Wesley 1707-1788.  
Tune: BLAENWERN

## Guide me, O thou great Redeemer

**G**UIDE me, O thou great Redeemer,  
pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
hold me with thy powerful hand:  
bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore,  
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
whence the healing stream doth flow;  
let the fire and cloudy pillar  
lead me all my journey through:  
strong deliverer, strong deliverer,  
be thou still my strength and shield;  
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
bid my anxious fears subside;  
death of death, and hell's destruction,  
land me safe on Canaan's side:  
songs of praises, songs of praises,  
I will ever give to thee,  
I will ever give to thee.

*This hymn is indelibly associated with Welsh Male Choirs, by its later linkage with the famous 'Cwm Rhondda' tune (composed 1907 by John Hughes). It has been heard at numerous rugby matches from the Welsh supporters! And it does have a repeated high note at the end of each verse, marvellously suited to male tenor voices, but a bit stretching for some others! Yet the tune has been a much-loved way of expressing our praise for the God who guides to safety.*

Text: 87 87 87 7; William Williams, 1717-1791; tr. from the Welsh by Peter Williams, 1727-1796, and William Williams. Music: John Hughes, 1873-1932.  
TUNE: CWM RHONDDA

## Solo Piece

### It Is Well with My Soul

*Lyrics: Horatio G. Spafford (1828–1888)*

*Music: Philip P. Bliss (1838–1876)*

*Public Domain*



## Dear Lord and Father of mankind

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,  
forgive our foolish ways:  
re clothe us in our rightful mind;  
    in purer lives your service find,  
in deeper reverence praise,  
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, obey his word:  
'Rise up and follow me,  
rise up and follow me!'

O sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
when Jesus shared on bended knee  
    the silence of eternity  
interpreted by love,  
interpreted by love!

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 your peace,  
the beauty of your peace.

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

## Crown Him with many crowns

CROWN Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne;  
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns  
All music but its own!  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of Love:  
Behold His hands and side;  
Rich wounds yet visible above  
In beauty glorified:  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his burning eye  
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time.  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime.  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.

M. Bridges (1800-94), Godfrey Thring 1823-1903; TUNE: DIADEMATA

## Solo Piece

You raise me up, Composed by Rolf Løvland

*Rolf Løvland composed an instrumental piece in 2001 and titled it "Silent Story". He later approached Irish novelist and songwriter Brendan Graham to write the lyrics to his melody, after reading Graham's novels. The song was performed for the very first time at the funeral of Løvland's mother.*

## All creatures of our God and king

**A**LL creatures of our God and king  
Lift up your voices and with us sing  
Alleluia, alleluia  
Thou burning with golden beam  
Thou silver moon with softer gleam  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,

Thou rushing wind that art so strong  
Ye clouds that sail in heav'n a long  
Alleluia, alleluia  
Thou rising morn in praise rejoice  
Ye light of evening find a voice  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,

Thou flowing water pure and clear  
Make music for thy Lord to hear  
Alleluia, alleluia  
Thou fire so masterful and bright  
That gives to man both warmth and light  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,

*The words of the hymn were initially written by St. Francis of Assisi in 1225 in the Canticle of the Sun poem, which was based on Psalm 148. The words were translated into English by William Draper, who at the time was rector of a Church of England parish church at Adel near Leeds. Draper paraphrased the words of the Canticle and set them to music. It is not known when Draper first wrote the hymn but it was between 1899 and 1919. Draper wrote it for his church's children's Whitsun festival celebrations and it was later published in 1919 in the Public School Hymn Book. The hymn is currently used in 179 different hymn books.*

Text: Laudato si', mi Signor, Francis of Assisi, 1182-1226. Tr. William H. Draper, 1855-1933, alt. © J. Curwen and Sons.  
Tune: LASST UNS ERFREUEN

## All things bright and beautiful

**A**LL things bright and beautiful,  
all creatures great and small,  
all things wise and wonderful,  
the Lord God made them all.

Each little flow'r that opens,  
each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,  
the river running by,  
the sunset and the morning  
that brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,  
the pleasant summer sun,  
the ripe fruits in the garden:  
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
and lips that we might tell  
how great is God Almighty,  
who has made all things well.

*This hymn was first published in 1848 in Mrs Cecil Alexander's Hymns for Little Children. It consists of a series of stanzas that elaborate upon the clause of the Apostles' Creed that describes God as "maker of heaven and earth", and has been described as asserting a creationist view of the natural world.*

Text: Cecil Frances Alexander (1848) Composer: William Henry Monk, (1887)  
Tune: All things bright 76 76 with refrain

## Firmly I believe and truly

**F**IRMLY I believe and truly  
God is Three and God is One;  
and I next acknowledge duly  
manhood taken by the Son.

And I trust and hope most fully  
in that manhood crucified;  
and each thought and deed unruly  
do to death, as he has died.

Simply to his grace and wholly  
light and life and strength belong,  
and I love supremely, solely,  
him the holy, him the strong.

And I hold in veneration,  
for the love of him alone,  
Holy Church as his creation,  
and her teachings as his own.

Adoration ay be given,  
with and through the angelic host,  
to the God of earth and heaven,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*The text of this hymn about the Trinity is from a section of the poem by English Anglican-turned-Roman-Catholic theologian priest and later cardinal, John Henry Newman (aka Saint John Henry Newman – 1808-1890).*

J H Newman (1801-90). TUNE: DRAKES BROUGHTON

## Solo Piece

### Battle Hymn of the Republic

*Lyrics: Julia Ward Howe (1819–1910)*

*Music: Traditional, John Brown's Body*

*Public Domain*

## Abide with me

**A**BIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;  
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.  
Change and decay in all around I see.  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour.  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,  
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;  
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

*According to some sources, William H. Monk (PHH 332) wrote EVENTIDE for Lyte's text in ten minutes. As the story goes, Monk was attending a hymnal committee meeting for the 1861 edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern of which he was music editor. Realizing that this text had no tune, Monk sat down at the piano and composed EVENTIDE. The hymn was then published in that edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern. The tune has always been associated with this text. EVENTIDE is a modest tune, much loved in the Christian church. Though often used for solemn occasions, the tune must not be sung too slowly.*

## Amazing grace

AMAZING grace how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost, but now I'm found  
Was blind but now I see

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear  
And grace my fears relieved  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed

Through many dangers, toils, and snares  
I have already come  
This grace that brought me safe thus far  
And grace will lead me home

When we've been here ten thousand years  
Bright, shining as the sun  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun

*"Amazing Grace" is a Christian hymn published in 1779 with words written in 1772 by English Anglican clergyman and poet John Newton (1725–1807). It is an immensely popular hymn, particularly in the United States, where it is used for both religious and secular purposes. With the message that forgiveness and redemption are possible regardless of sins committed and that the soul can be delivered from despair through the mercy of God, "Amazing Grace" is one of the most recognisable songs in the English-speaking world. American historian Gilbert Chase writes that it is "without a doubt the most famous of all the folk hymns" and Jonathan Aitken, a Newton biographer, estimates that the song is performed about 10 million times annually.*

## Thine be the glory

**T**HINE be the glory,  
risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory  
thou o'er death hast won;  
angels in bright raiment  
rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes  
where thy body lay.

**Thine be the glory,  
risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory  
thou o'er death hast won.**

Lo! Jesus meets us,  
risen from the tomb;  
lovingly he greets us,  
scatters fear and gloom;  
let the Church with gladness  
hymns of triumph sing,  
for her Lord now liveth;  
death hath lost its sting.

No more we doubt thee,  
glorious Prince of life;  
life is nought without thee:  
aid us in our strife;  
make us more than conquerors,  
through thy deathless love:  
bring us safe through Jordan  
to thy home above.

*"Thine Be the Glory" is sung to the hymn tune Maccabaeus. The tune was originally written by the German-British composer George Frideric Handel. The chorus is sung three times, and its final rendition is accompanied by a military side drum. Handel was confident that the tune would prove popular, and claimed to the music historian John Hawkins that "You will live to see it a greater favourite with the people than my other fine things."*