

City of



Lincoln

**A CIVIC SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING AND
DEDICATION**

The Parish Church of St. John The Baptist
Ermine, Lincoln

Sunday 18th July, 1976 at 6.30 p.m.

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF LINCOLN
(Councillor and Mrs. C. P. Robinson)

and the

CITY SHERIFF AND HIS LADY
(Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Thimbleby)

Members of the City Council
and Chief Officials

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of Truth, lift every Christian soul!

Lift every gift that thou thyself hast given:
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven;
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

Then, as the trumpet-call in after years,
'Lift up your hearts!' rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond with full accord,
'We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!'

The Sermon: The Mayor's Chaplain (The Venerable R. W. Dudman)

Hymn: 'Thy Kingdom Come!' on bended knee the passing ages pray'

'Thy Kingdom come! on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that Kingdom's day:

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad:
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

(A collection will be taken during this Hymn)

All kneel for the Blessing:

Members of the Congregation are asked to remain standing until the Civic Party and Choir have left the Church.

All are invited for refreshment after the Service, to be served in the Church Hall.

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye 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.

Reading: Isaiah 40: 21 to end.
The City Sheriff.

We will stand and say together Psalm 145:

I will exalt you, O God my King,
and bless your Name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless you,
and praise your Name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;
there is no end to his greatness.

One generation shall praise your works to another,
and shall declare your power.

I will ponder the glorious splendor of your majesty,
and all your marvelous works.

Men shall speak of the might of your wondrous acts;
and I will tell of your greatness.

They shall publish the remembrance of your great goodness;
they shall sing of your righteous deeds.

The Lord is gracious and compassionate,
slow to anger, and of great kindness.

The Lord is loving to every man;
and his compassion is over all his works.

All your works praise you, O Lord:
and your faithful servants bless you.

They make known the glory of your kingdom,
and speak of your power;

That men may know of your power,
and the glorious splendor of your kingdom.

Your kingdom is an everlasting kingdom;
your dominion endures throughout all ages.

The Lord is faithful in all his words,
and merciful in all his deeds.

The Lord upholds all those who fall;
he lifts up those who are bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon you, O Lord:
and you give them their food in due season.

You open wide your hand,
and satisfy the needs of every living creature.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways,
and loving in all his works.

The Lord is near to all who call upon him,
to all who call upon him faithfully.

He fulfills the desire of those who fear him;
he hears their cry, and helps them.

The Lord preserves all those who love him;
but he destroys all the wicked.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord;
let all flesh bless his holy Name,
for ever and ever.

AMEN.

The Prayers

Hymn: 'He Who Would Valiant Be'

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.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

Reading: John 13: 1 to 14

The Right Worshipful the Mayor

We will stand and say together 'Hail, gladdening Light'

Hail, gladdening Light, of his pure glory poured
Who is the immortal Father, heavenly, blest,
Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ our Lord!

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit divine.

Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung
With undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, giver of life, alone:
Therefore in all the world thy glories, Lord, thy own.

The Apostles' Creed

I believe in God, the Father almighty,
creator of heaven and earth.

I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord,
He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit
and born of the Virgin Mary.

He suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died, and was buried.
He descended to the dead.

On the third day he rose again.
He ascended into heaven,
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.
He will come again to judge the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the holy catholic Church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting,

AMEN.

Intercessions:

Hymn: 'Lift Up Your Hearts'

'Lift up your hearts!' We lift them, Lord, to thee;
Here at thy feet none other may we see:
'Lift up your hearts!' E'en so, with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of Light, lift all our hearts to-day!

The congregation are asked to stand as the Civic party enter and take their seats.

Opening Sentence:

Praise the Lord, O my soul,
and let all that is within me praise
His holy name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul,
and forget not all his benefits.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, yea,
while I have any being
I will praise the Lord.

Let us kneel and together thank God for all of His great mercies:—

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, We thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks For all thy goodness and loving-kindness To us, and to all men; We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; But above all, for thine inestimable love In the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; For the means of grace, And for hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, That our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, And that we shew forth thy praise, Not only with our lips, but in our lives; By giving up ourselves to thy service, And by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end, *AMEN.*

Hymn: 'Praise My Soul The King of Heaven'

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers 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 hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely as his mercy flows;