

Box A32

The Provincial Council for N.S.W.
of the
Heralds of the King



Annual Service
and Sunday School
Children's Rally

St. Andrew's Cathedral
George Street, Sydney

Sunday, 13th May, 1956

After a Procession from Hyde Park commencing at 2.15 p.m.

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Order of Service

HYMN.—FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS (Aurelia)

From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And man alone is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of GOD are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll:
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

PRAYERS.

Rev. W. H. S. Childs

+ In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Let us remember (in silence) that we are in the Presence of God, the King, Immortal, Invisible, the Father of All, the only wise God; unto Whom be honour and glory for ever and ever.

V. O Lord, open Thou our lips.

R. **And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.**

V. O God, make speed to save us.

R. **O Lord, make haste to help us.**

V. Glory be to Father, and to the Son;
and to the Holy Ghost;

R. **As it was in the beginning, is now
and ever shall be: world without end.
Amen.**

V. Praise ye the Lord.

R. **The Lord's Name be praised.**

PSALM 23.—THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. (Crimmond)

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,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

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

My table Thou has 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.

THE LESSON—Matthew xviii-xx.

Rev. John Anderson.

HYMN.—WE ARE CHRIST'S OWN SOLDIERS (Warfare)

We are Christ's own soldiers,
Heralds of the King;
Gladly we would serve Him,
And His praises sing.

We are His own children,
And for us He died;
His most Holy Spirit
Shall our footsteps guide.

PRESENTATION OF THE CHAIRMAN'S BANNER

We can bear His banners,
Lift them far and wide:
Tell the little children
Christ for them has died.

Speed the Gospel story
Over land and sea,
Till the Church's battle
Ends in victory.

I Believe

LET US PRAY

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father,

. . . . For ever and ever. Amen.

V. Tell it out among the nations.

R. **That the Lord is King.**

Let us pray together in the words of the "Heralds" prayer.

O Heavenly Father: Who hast made known to us in Jesus Christ: the love with which Thou lovest us: And all mankind: Help us to be thy faithful Heralds and to spread the knowledge of Thy Kingdom in all the world: That all nations may own Thee as their King; Through Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Let us together thank God for allowing us to share in this holy work:

O Lord, we thank Thee for the high honour granted to us: that we are Heralds of Thy grace. Help us to show forth our thankfulness: by striving to make the glad tidings known: through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

V. The Lord be with you.

R. **And with thy spirit.**

V. Let us bless the Lord.

R. **Thanks be to God.**

HYMN.—FAITH OF OUR FATHERS (Traditional)

Faith of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

CHORUS:

Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death.
We will be true to Thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience
free;

How blest would be their children's fate,
Though they, like them, should die
for thee.

CHORUS:

Onward we are marching,
And our foes are strong;
We must pray for courage
To resist the wrong.

For we are true soldiers
Of His Holy Name,
And the Cross of Jesus
Must not suffer shame.

We must watch and wrestle
'Gainst the powers of sin,
That the foes of Jesus
May not enter in.

Onward, then, rejoicing,
Heralds of the King!
Gladly we would serve Him
And His praises sing.

Faith of our fathers! God's great power
Shall soon all nations win for thee;
And through the truth that comes from
God
Mankind shall then indeed be free.

CHORUS:

Faith of our fathers; we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:

CHORUS:

ADDRESS—The Very Rev. E. A., PITT, M.A. (Dean of Sydney)

HYMN FOR MY SAKE AND THE GOSPELS GO (O King of Kings)

During the singing of this Hymn the Offerings of the congregation and the Children's Lenten Offering will be received.

"For My sake and the Gospel's, go
And tell Redemption's story";
His heralds answer, "Be it so,
And Thine Lord, all the glory!"
They preach His Birth, His Life, His
Cross,
The love of His Atonement
For whom they count the world but loss,
His Easter, His Enthronement.

Hark, Hark, the trump of Jubilee
Proclaims to every nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation:
As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heavenly days spring through the
gloom
Breaks on the night of ages.

Still on and on the anthems spread
Of Hallelujah voices,
In concert with the holy Dead
The warrior Church rejoices;
Their snow-white robes are washed in
blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the Paradise of GOD
One triumph song are singing.

He comes, Whose Advent Trumpet
drowns
The last of Time's evangels
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns
The Lord of Saints and Angels:
O Life, Light, Love the great I AM,
Triune, Who changest never,
The Throne of GOD and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine for ever.

+ THE BLESSING

The Right Rev. Bishop S. H. DAVIES, M.A.

HYMN.—TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY (The Old Story)

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defil'd.

CHORUS:

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
GOD'S remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget too soon;
The "Early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

CHORUS:

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

CHORUS:

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear,
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

CHORUS:

Have "THE HERALD", Your Own A.B.M. Children's Paper, posted to your home.
Send this to BOX 73, P.O. BURWOOD with 3/6.

NAME

ADDRESS

Here is my 3/6. Please post me THE HERALD every month.