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THANKSGIVING

- Member* Let us offer our thanks to God
For all who have sought for truth, or have rejoiced in beauty, and have handed down
to us a great inheritance of art, and music, and literature, and science
- All* Thanks be to God
- Member* For all who have fought against evil and oppression, against lies and ignorance and
disease, and have given themselves to serve their fellows
- All* Thanks be to God
- Member* Above all, for the gift of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and
for whatever we know of his presence and power in our own lives
- All* Thanks be to God

CONFESSION

- Member* Let us make our confession to God
Lord Jesus Christ, who hast called us to be thy soldiers and servants, forgive us all
those things in our lives which make us unworthy to follow thee. Forgive us that
the evil we condemn in others is so often found in ourselves
- All* Have mercy upon us and forgive us
- Member* O Lord our God, who art always at work in the lives of men and nations, and hast
set us among so many difficulties and opportunities, forgive us that we have done so
little for thee and thy cause, and help us to serve thee better in the days to come
- All* Have mercy upon us and give us thy strength

INTERCESSION

- Member* Let us remember some of the many people who need a place in our prayers
Almighty God, Father of all men, we pray for our friends, for our homes, and for all
those with whom we work
Lord, hear our prayer
- All* And let our cry come unto thee
- Member* We pray too, O God, for thy followers all over the world who are fighting against
ignorance and sin, against evil and disease, and for all whom they are trying to help.
We pray especially for those who have found no joy or purpose in life
Lord, hear our prayer
- All* And let our cry come unto thee

DEDICATION

- Member* Let us offer ourselves to God
Let us ask him to purge out of our lives all that hinders him from working in us
and through us; to make us whole-hearted, unselfish, and strong, Christ's faithful
soldiers and servants unto our lives' end
- All* Lord, take my lips and speak through them
Take my hands and work through them
Take my mind and think through it
Take my heart and fill it with love for thee. Amen.

COUNTER ATTACK

WESTHILL TRAINING COLLEGE

SEELY OAK

BIRMINGHAM, 29.

September 1949

I am very glad you are going to share in these broadcasts. Your group may not be a very large one, or you may listen by yourself or with your family at home; but there are thousands of other young people listening with you in towns and villages all over England, and each of the churches from which the broadcasts come will be filled with members of clubs and uniformed organizations of all kinds.

Clubs sometimes listen in their main club-room, and find it a good idea to arrange the chairs in a semi-circle facing a picture, a vase of flowers, or a cross. In other clubs a group of members get together round a wireless set in a small room, or they listen with their leader round the fire in someone's home.

But wherever you are, we are counting on you to share in the programmes by joining in the hymns and prayers. And, by the way, do try and listen to *all* of them, because they will be like a serial story, with one chapter leading on to the next.

At the end of each programme I shall give you one or two questions 'to start you talking'.

If you want to write to me about anything I say in the broadcasts, I shall be very glad to hear from you.

Bryan H. Reed.

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION

October 9

'BATTLEFIELD'

Birkenhead

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| <p>1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him!</p> <p>Praise the everlasting King.</p> | <p>3 Fatherlike he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise him! Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him!</p> <p>Widely as his mercy flows.</p> |
| <p>2 Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Praise him! Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him!</p> <p>Glorious in his faithfulness.</p> | <p>4 Angels in the height, adore him;
Ye behold him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise him! Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him!</p> <p>Praise with us the God of grace.</p> |

1 Rise up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things;
Give heart and soul and mind
and strength
To serve the King of kings.

3 Rise up, O men of God!
The Church for you doth wait:
Her strength shall make your
spirit strong,
Her service make you great.

2 Rise up, O men of God!
His Kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

4 Lift high the Cross of Christ!
Tread where his feet have trod;
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

From 'Enlarged Songs of Praise', by permission of W. P. Merrill and the Oxford University Press.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son;

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may overcome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

November 13

'RESISTANCE MOVEMENT'

Ilminster

- 1 Immortal, 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.
- 2 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.

- 3 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 nought changeth thee.
- 4 Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render; O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

From 'Enlarged Songs of Praise', by permission of the estate of the late W. Chalmers Smith and the O.U.P.

- 1 Fight the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.
- 2 Run the straight race through God's good grace;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face,
Life with its path before thee lies;
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide,
His boundless mercy will provide;
Lean, and thy trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is thy life, and Christ thy love.
- 4 Faint not, nor fear, his arm is near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

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| 1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! | 3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! |
| 2 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! | 4 Just as I am — thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down —
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! |

December 11 'COUNTER ATTACK' East Dereham

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| 1 Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song. | 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor. |
| 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield. | 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. |
| 1 Still the night, holy the night!
Sleeps the world; hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare
Watch o'er the child beloved and fair,
Sleeping in heavenly rest. | 2 Still the night, holy the night!
Son of God, O how bright
Love is smiling from thy face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,
Saviour, since thou art born! |

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| 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing. | 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its babel sounds
The blessed angels sing. |
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- 3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

January 8

'OBJECTIVE'

Bromsgrove

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| 1 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. | 3 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. |
| 2 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. | 4 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be. |
| 1 And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills? | 2 Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land. |

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| 1 Fill thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and thy ways. | 3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean. |
| 2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part: | 4 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with thee. |

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February 12

'BATTLE SCHOOL'

Spennymoor

- 1 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation;
Come, ye who hear,
Brothers and sisters, draw near,
Praise him in glad adoration.
- 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth;
Hast thou not seen?
All that is needful hath been
Granted in what he ordaineth.
- 3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
He who with love doth befriend thee.
- 4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before him!
Let the amen
Sound from his people again:
Gladly for ay we adore him!

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| 1 Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather,
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim. | 2 Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim. |
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- 3 Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

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| 1 City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime. | 3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth! |
| 2 One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest song,
One King omnipotent. | 4 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharm'd upon the eternal rock
The eternal City stands. |

6

March 12

'TOTAL VICTORY'

Luton

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| 1 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of glory pass;
The Cross is in the field. | 3 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong;
To Christ shall every nation bow,
And sing with you this song: |
| 2 Ye armies of the living God,
Ye warriors of Christ's host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post. | 4 Uplifted are the gates of brass;
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass:
The cross hath won the field. |
| 1 Rejoice, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up
your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice. | 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up
your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice. |
| 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up
your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice. | 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up
your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice. |
| 1 O God of truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death. | 3 But can we fight for truth and God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin?
He who would wage that war on earth
Must first be true within. |
| 2 Set up thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with thee to smite the lies
That vex thy groaning earth. | 4 Then, God of truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there. |
| 5 So, tried in thy refining fire,
From every lie set free,
In us thy perfect truth shall dwell,
And we may fight for thee. | |

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