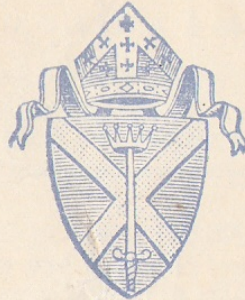


DIOCESE OF ST. ALBANS



PILGRIMAGE OF YOUTH  
TO THE  
ABBAY CHURCH AND SHRINE  
OF  
SAINT ALBAN

Easter Monday, April 10th, 1944

See page seven for notes on the  
Life of Saint Alban - - - -

## THE PILGRIM SERVICE

At 3.15 p.m., when the Organist begins to play, the Fellowships shall assemble in the seats in the Nave.

At 3.30 p.m. the Clergy will enter and Bishop Heywood will ascend the pulpit and begin the service by calling us to silence and prayer.

### HYMN (E.H. 453 A. & M. 208)

O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace,  
Eternal source of love,  
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts  
With fire from heaven above.

As Thou dost join with holiest bonds  
The Father and the Son,  
So fill Thy saints with mutual love  
And link their hearts in one.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
Eternal glory be from man,  
And from the Angel-host.

After Bishop Heywood has preached the sermon we shall say :

### THE APOSTLES' CREED

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth ; And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate ; Was crucified, dead, and buried ; He descended into hell ; The third day He rose again from the dead ; He ascended into heaven ; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost ; The holy Catholick Church ; The Communion of Saints ; The Forgiveness of sins ; The Resurrection of the body ; And the life everlasting. Amen.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

V. Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ have mercy upon us.

Lord have mercy upon us.

**THE LORD'S PRAYER**

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread ; And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us ; And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil. Amen.

V. O Lord, shew thy mercy upon us.

R. And grant us thy salvation.

V. O Lord, save the King.

R. And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee.

V. Endue thy Ministers with righteousness.

R. And make thy chosen people joyful.

V. O Lord, save thy people.

R. And bless thine inheritance.

V. Give peace in our time, O Lord.

R. Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God.

V. O God, make clean our hearts within us.

R. And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

**THE COLLECT FOR EASTER DAY**

Almighty God, who through thine only-begotten Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life ; We humbly beseech thee, that, as by thy special grace preventing us thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect ; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end., Amen.

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed ; Give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give ; that both our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies may pass our time in rest and quietness ; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

The prayer for the Fellowships shall be said all together :

O God our Father who hast called us into the fellowship of thy Church, fill us, we pray thee, with thy love, that in obedience to thy laws we may sustain our service to each other and live our lives courageously, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

**HYMN (E.H. 625 A. & M. 135 S.P. 147)**

The strife is o'er, the battle done ;  
Now is the Victor's triumph won ;  
O let the song of praise be sung :

Alleluya !

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,  
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed ;  
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst :

Alleluya !

On the third morn he rose again,  
Glorious in majesty to reign ;  
O let us swell the joyful strain :

Alleluya !

He brake the age-bound chains of hell,  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;  
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell :

Alleluya !

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,  
From death's dread sting thy servants free,  
That we may live, and sing to thee :

Alleluya !

After the Blessing of the Pilgrim Badges at the Nave Altar the Pilgrimage to the Shrine will begin. The Congregation will leave its seats, proceed eastward, through Nave Sanctuary, north and south sides, keeping to their respective processional doors, through the Choir, by the High Altar, past the Shrine (where the offerings of Polished Silver Money will be made in basons set there for the purpose) to the Lady Chapel, where each Pilgrim will receive a Badge. Then the north-side file shall turn left and the south-side file turn right, and by the Choir Aisles and Transepts return to assemble before the High Altar for the Blessing.

**HYMN FOR THE PROCESSION (E.H. 641, S.P. 202)**

For all the Saints who from their labours rest,  
Who thee by faith before the world confest,  
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluya !

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might ;  
Thou Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;  
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.

Alleluya !

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluya !

O blest communion ! fellowship divine !  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;  
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluya !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluya !

The golden evening brightens in the west ;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest :  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluya !

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;  
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array :  
The King of glory passes on his way.

Alleluya !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluya !

#### HYMN BEFORE THE BLESSING (E.H. 519)

(Tune—Alleluya Easter Hymn)

Ye watchers and ye holy ones,  
Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,  
Raise the glad strain, Alleluya !  
Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,  
Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,  
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya !

O higher than the Cherubim,  
More glorious than the Seraphim,  
Lead their praises, Alleluya !  
Thou Bearer of the eternal Word,  
Most gracious, magnify the Lord,  
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya !

Respond, ye souls in endless rest,  
Ye Patriarchs and Prophets blest,  
Alleluya, Alleluya !  
Ye holy Twelve, ye Martyrs strong,  
All Saints triumphant, raise the song,  
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya !

O friends, in gladness let us sing,  
Supernal anthems echoing,  
Alleluya, Alleluya !  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya !

V. So among the Roses of the Martyrs

R. Brightly shines Saint Alban

Let us pray

Glory be to thee, Almighty God, for this sanctuary built to the praise of thy holy Name in honour of blessed Alban thy Martyr ; Grant that we may here so witness to our faith, that encouraged by his example and rejoicing in his fellowship, we may enter with him into the fulness of thine unending joy ; Through the merits of Christ Jesus our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

V. I am called Alban.

R. And I worship and adore the true and living God, who created all things.

Blessing by the Lord Bishop of St. Albans.

#### THE STRONG TOWER OF FAITH PROCLAIMS THE VICTORY OF CHRIST AND HIS MARTYR ALBAN,

Your first view when you come as a pilgrim to the Cathedral and Abbey Church of Saint Alban will be, its four-square tower, gleaming in the sunlight or defiant in the storm. Its dark rose-red gives it an unique aspect. It has stood there for nearly nine hundred years ; the bricks of which it is built must be nearly twice as old, and they are purposeful bricks which proclaim a true parable.

When British-born Alban returned from Rome, he lived, a person of substance and an officer of the Imperial Army, in the highly civilised municipium of Verulamium, one of the chief cities of Roman Britain, with its theatre and courts and markets and constant traffic. He was a generous-hearted pagan, and kept open house for strangers.

So it came to pass in the year 304 that a Christian priest, known to tradition by the name of Amphibalus, sought refuge in Alban's house, when Diocletian's edict against the followers of Jesus reached these shores. Alban marked his guest's piety, and at last asked, "To whom do you pray ?" "I pray to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and if you follow him," said the priest, "you will suffer, and perhaps be slain." "That is no faith for me," said Alban, and angrily left him to his prayers.

That night Alban dreamed, and told the priest : " I saw a man descend from heaven, and a great crowd of other men seized him and stretched him on a cross ; I saw them take his lifeless body from the cross and lay it in a sepulchre. But, oh wonder, this corpse comes back to life, and an innumerable company of men in white robes follow this conqueror of death."

Full of joy, the priest completed Alban's instruction, and at his request baptised him.

But now the soldiers had discovered the priest's hiding-place and stood at the gate. Alban quickly changed clothes with the priest, sending him out to safety, and then, wearing the priest's cloak, gave himself up to the guard.

Brought before the judge, Alban confessed his faith, and neither persuasion, threats, nor scourging would turn him. The judge, angry and bewildered, demanded his name, in case he should be mistaken. " I am called Alban," was the reply, " and I worship and adore the true and living God who created all things."

So, as he obstinately refused to sacrifice to the pagan gods, he was condemned to death, and was cast out of the proud city of Verulamium, as a dog unfit to live.

With a great concourse of people following so notable a prisoner, Alban crossed the little Ver, and was led up the hill, which was clothed with roses and all kinds of flowers, and was beheaded on its summit, where the tower now stands, a place, as Bede describes, worthy from its lovely appearance to be the scene of a martyr's sufferings. When peaceable times returned a church was built in honour of the protomartyr of Britain, and round the church a new city grew, while the proud pagan city fell into ruins and became a haunt of robbers and bandits.

Afterwards, in 793, King Offa, to expiate a crime, founded an Abbey, to take the place of the first church, and you may see some of the Saxon pillars in the triforium of the transepts of the present church. The later Saxon Abbots plundered the site of Verulamium and brought its old flat Roman bricks to Alban's Church on the opposite hill.

So it came to pass that when Paul de Caen, the first Norman Abbott, came over with William the Conqueror, he found ready to his hand materials for his huge design, and used those ancient bricks from the ruinous pagan city to crown the city of God, and to proclaim from that day to this the victory of Christ, conqueror of death, and the honour of Alban His martyr.