

# HYMN

O worship the King,  
All glorious above ;  
O gratefully sing  
His power and His love :  
Our shield and defender,  
The ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour,  
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,  
O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light,  
Whose canopy space ;  
His chariots of wrath  
The deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path  
On the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store  
Of wonders untold,  
Almighty ! Thy power  
Hath founded of old,  
Hath stablished it fast  
By a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast,  
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care  
What tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air,  
It shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills,  
It descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils  
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust,  
Nor find Thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies how tender,  
How firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend !

O measureless Might !  
Ineffable Love !  
While angels delight  
To hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation,  
Though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration  
Shall lispen to Thy praise. Amen.

## LUTON PARISH CHURCH

SEVENTY  
NINTH  
SEASON

LUTON  
CHORAL  
SOCIETY

SECOND  
SUBSCRIPTION  
CONCERT

## Song of Thanksgiving

R. Vaughan Williams

and

## These things shall be

John Ireland

BETTY DOLEMORE  
*Soprano*

REDVERS LLEWELLYN  
*Baritone*

REV. R. I. CLARK  
*Narrator*

DR. G. THALBEN-BALL  
*Organ*

ARTHUR E. DAVIES  
*Conductor*

Wednesday, Feb. 15th, 1950  
at 7.30 p.m., doors open 7.0 p.m.

Programme 2 / -

## PRAYERS

### SONG OF THANKSGIVING

R. Vaughan Williams

BETTY DOLEMORE

REV. R. I. CLARK

BOYS OF THE CHURCH CHOIR AND FULL CHORUS

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

Blessed art thou, O Lord God of our fathers; and to be praised and exalted above all for ever.

And blessed is thy glorious and holy Name; and to be praised and glorified above all for ever.

Blessed art thou in the temple of thine holy glory; and to be praised and exalted above all for ever.

Blessed art thou on the glorious throne of thy kingdom, and to be praised and glorified above all for ever.

*Song of the Three Holy Children*, vv. 29, 30, 31, 33.

SPEAKER

O God, thy arm was here, and not to us, but to thy arm alone ascribe we all. Take it, God, for it is none but thine.

*Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 8.*

CHORUS

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power and the glory.

Thine is the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and earth is thine.

Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.

*I Chronicles XXIX, v. 2.*

SOPRANO SOLO

O give thanks unto the Lord because he is gracious: for his mercy endureth for ever.

*Song of the Three Holy Children*, v. 67.

SPEAKER AND CHORUS

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to comfort all that mourn; to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

*Isaiah, LXI, vv. 1, 2, 3.*

CHORUS

Go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones.

Lift up a standard for the people. Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the ends of the world—say ye, "Behold thy salvation cometh, Behold, his reward is with him and his work before him."

\* Reprinted from "Puck of Pook's Hill," by permission of Mrs. George Bambridge.

And they shall call them the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord; and thou shalt be called "Sought Out," a city not forsaken.

*Isaiah, LXII, vv. 10, 11, 12.*

SPEAKER

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations.

And they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

*Isaiah, LXI, v. 4.*

SPEAKER

Violence shall be no more heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

CHORUS

But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

*Isaiah, LX, v. 18.*

CHILDREN'S VOICES

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee Our love and toil in the years to be; When we are grown and take our place As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all, O help thy children when they call. That they may build from age to age An undefiled heritage.

CHORUS

Teach us the strength that cannot seek, By deed, or thought, to hurt the weak; That, under thee, we may possess Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things, The mirth that has no bitter springs; Forgiveness free of evil done, And love to all men 'neath the sun.

ALL VOICES

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride, For whose dear sake our fathers died; O Motherland, we pledge to thee, Head, heart and hand through the years to be.

*Rudyard Kipling.\**

SOPRANO SOLO

The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

*Isaiah, LX, v. 20.*

## BARITONE SOLOS

(a) Et in spiritum sanctum (B minor Mass)

(b) Hiawatha's Vision (Hiawatha)

(c) The Donkey

## REDVERS LLEWELLYN

Bach

Coleridge-Taylor

Richard Hageman

## ORGAN SOLO

## DR. G. THALBEN-BALL

## NON NOBIS, DOMINE

Roger Quilter

## ZADOK THE PRIEST

Handel

## FULL CHORUS

HYMN—see back of Programme. During the singing of this Hymn a Silver Collection will be taken

## FESTIVAL TE DEUM

R. Vaughan Williams

## FULL CHORUS

## ORGAN SOLO

## DR. G. THALBEN-BALL

## LOOK DOWN AND HEARKEN (RINALDO)

Handel

## CHORUS (Unaccompanied)

## SOPRANO SOLOS

(a) Ave Maria

(b) Morning Hymn

## BETTY DOLEMORE

Bach (Arr. Gounod)

George Henschel

## THESE THINGS SHALL BE

## REDVERS LLEWELLYN AND FULL CHORUS

Say, heart, what will the future bring  
To happier men when we are gone?  
What golden days shall dawn for them,  
Transcending all we gaze upon?  
They shall be simple in their homes,  
And splendid in their public ways,  
Filling the mansions of the state  
With music and with hymns of praise.

These things shall be! A loftier race  
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise  
With flame of freedom in their souls  
And light of science in their eyes.  
In aisles majestic, halls of pride,  
In gardens, groves, and galleries,  
Manhood and age and youth shall meet  
To grow by converse inly wise.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,  
Not to shed human blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm  
On earth and fire and sea and air.  
New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,  
And mightier music thrill the skies,  
And every life a song shall be,  
When all the earth is paradise.

Nation with nation, land with land  
Inarmed shall live as comrades free;  
In every brain and heart shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.  
These things—they are no dream—shall be  
For happier men when we are gone:  
Those golden days for them shall dawn,  
Transcending all we gaze upon.

John Addington Symonds

## BLESSING