

4. Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes where Thy body lay.
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won!

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom:
Let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won!

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is nought without Thee: aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors through Thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won!

*Everyone is invited to The Parish Centre
after this service for refreshments and to
meet Michael and Anthea Hill.*

The Parish Church of St. Leonard Chesham Bois

THE LICENSING

OF THE
Reverend Michael A. Hill

AS
Priest-in-Charge

OF THE PARISH OF
Chesham Bois

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND
The Lord Bishop of Buckingham
ON
Tuesday, 6th December, 1983

AT 8.15 P.M.

1. Lo, He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Those dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears:
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture, with what rapture, with what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen: let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down.

2. O Breath of life, come sweeping through us,
Revive Thy church with life and power;
O Breath of life, come, cleanse, renew us,
And fit Thy church to meet this hour.

O Wind of God, come bend us, break us,
Till humbly we confess our need:
Then in Thy tenderness remake us,
Revive, restore; for this we plead.

O Breath of love, come breathe within us,
Renewing thought and will and heart:
Come, Love of Christ, afresh to win us,
Revive Thy church in every part.

Revive us, Lord! is zeal abating
While harvest fields are vast and white?
Revive us, Lord, the world is waiting.
Equip Thy church to spread the light.

3. O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus — the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
And sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.