

R. Deames

ORDER OF SERVICE TO COMMEMORATE
THE RESTORATION OF THE
MOOT HALL, ELSTOW

ABBAY CHURCH, ELSTOW

Thursday 31st May, 1951

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ABBAY CHURCH, ELSTOW

Conducted by the Vicar : REV. S. V. HARTLEY, M.A.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

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.

Who so 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.

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.

John Bunyan.

Sentence : " My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage—My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder."

Mr. Valiant's Will in Pilgrim's Progress

Bidding.

Let us pray. Our Father, which art in heaven, etc.

Minister. O Lord open thou our lips.

People. And our mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

Minister. O God, make speed to save us.

People. O Lord, make haste to help us.

Minister. Praise ye the Lord.

People. The Lord's name be praised.

PSALM 23

Brother James' Air.

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.
He leadeth me, he leadeth me, the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again, and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of Blessedness E'en for his own Name's sake.

Within the paths of Blessedness E'en for his own Name's sake.

Yea, though I pass thro' Shadowed vale, yet will I fear no ill :

For thou art with me, and thy rod and staff me comfort still.
Thy rod and staff me comfort still, me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished in presence of my foes,
My head with oil Thou dost anoint, and my cup overflows.
My head Thou dost with oil anoint, and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life will surely follow me ;
And in my father's heart alway my dwelling place shall be.
And in my heart for evermore Thy dwelling place shall be.

LESSON

Reader : REV. J. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.
Minister of Bunyan Meeting Bedford

Hebrews XI, verses 32-40.

HYMN.

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride,
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much :
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage ;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan.

Let us pray.

Minister. O Lord, send us help from Thy Holy place ;

People. And ever more defend us.

Minister. Be unto us a tower of strength.

People. From the face of our enemy.

Minister. O Lord, hear our prayer.

People. And let our cry come unto thee.

Prayers and Thanksgiving

GENERAL THANKSGIVING, *to be said by all*

“ Almighty God, father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men ; We bless thee for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life ; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our

Lord Jesus Christ ; for the means of grace and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful and that we shew forth thy praises not only with our lips, but within our lives ; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days ; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. *Amen.*"

THE GRACE

HYMN : " Jerusalem."

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 ?

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.

W. Blake.

Address :

THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD

HYMN of the " Holy Wars."

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.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy guide ;
His boundless mercy will provide ;
Trust, and thy trusting Soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
Only believe, and thou shall see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.

BLESSING

THE LORD BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS

RECESSIONAL.

Praise my soul, the King of Heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for his grace and favour,
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In his hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels help us to adore Him ;
Ye behold him face to face ;
Sun and moon bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! praise with us the God of grace.

H. F. Lyte.

The Choir and Clergy will, at the conclusion of the Service, leave by the West Door, in procession to the Moot Hall, followed by the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Council.

The Congregation are requested to remain in their places until they have left.

At the Moot Hall the Vice-Chairman of the Council will invite the Chairman of the Council on behalf of the County formally to open the building and call upon the County Architect to hand to him the key for that purpose, made and presented by County Councillor W. T. Hobkirk, in a casket made from oak taken from the Moot Hall, together with a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress*.