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| **4**  **For all the Saints**  Words by Bishop W. Walsham How. Tune "Sine Nomine" by Ralph Vaughan Williams:  to which the Church Brampton verse is added  1. For all the saints, who from their labours rest,  Who thee by faith before the world confessed,  Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed. Alleluia, Alleluia!  2. 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. Alleluia, Alleluia!  3. 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. Alleluia, Alleluia!  4. O blest communion, fellowship divine!  We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia, Alleluia!  Botolph, our Saint, Abbot of Ikanhoe,  His blessèd name may we forever know,  For his good works so many years ago. Alleluia, Alleluia!  5. 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. Alleluia, Alleluia!  6. The golden evening brightens in the west;  Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;  Sweet is the calm of paradise the blessed. Alleluia, Alleluia!  7. But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  The King of glory passes on his way. Alleluia, Alleluia!  8. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  And singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost: Alleluia, Alleluia! | **Hymns for Saint Botolph’s Day**  Patronal Festival 17th June  **Lord Jesus, our eternal King**  Words by The Revd. Timothy L'Estrange,  Tune: "St. Botolph" by Gordon Slater  1. Lord Jesus, our eternal King**,**  In whom our souls find rest,  May we for ever stand and sing,  With all thy loved ones blest.  2. When from this bond of toil released,  Our hearts to thee ascend,  Grant us to know thy perfect peace,  And joys that never end.  3. We praise thee for our patron's name,  Who all thy works confessed;  To whom thy weary people came,  And reborn faith professed.  4. His holy wisdom praised by all,  May we through faith now see,  And when from heaven we hear the call,  With Botolph rest in thee.  5. All glory to the Father raise,  As Botolph here confessed.  With glory to the Son, and praise;  And to the Spirit blessed. |

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| **2**  **Jesus, to you we bring our praise**  Words by Richard Howlett-Jones, 1998  Tune: "Fulda" by William Gardiner  1. Jesus, to you we bring our praise  For Botolph's still-enduring name:  A beacon shining from this church  Through open doors with steady flame.  2. We celebrate his hardy faith  Which steeled his journeys as he strode  Through many a distant wilderness,  And preached that faith along the road.  3. We celebrate him for his church  And school he built above the tide;  His mission to his followers,  A faithful teacher at their side.  4. Remembering that still quiet place,  We offer here our churchyard's ease  For thoughts of God and loved ones past,  Among the flowers and the trees.  5. So may this church bring hope to all  Who enter here for thought and prayer,  A witness, Jesus, to your love,  To all your mercy and your care. | **3**  **St. Botolph sought a desert spot**  Words by Jane Dansie  Tune: "St Fulbert"  1. St. Botolph sought a desert spot  And found a lonely mound,  He opened there a house of prayer  And made it holy ground.  2. He lived a humble, quiet life,  From crowded scenes apart;  Yet others often sought him out  To share his joy of heart.  3. The fight for right is sometimes seen  As battles with the sword,  But quiet strength can win the day,  When given to the Lord.  4. Wherever we may find ourselves  In strange or well-known place,  May seekers find us keen to share  Our knowledge of God's grace. |