



*Official Blessing*

*and*

*Opening*

*OF THE EXTENSIONS TO*

*St. Alban's Church,*

*CHADDESSEN*

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*TUESDAY, 13th SEPTEMBER, 1966*

*by*

*HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP of NOTTM.*

*(The Right Rev. E. Ellis, D.D., Ph.,D.)*

*The Congregation gather outside the Church.*

*The Blessing will be conducted in Latin as the official English version has not yet been approved.*

*Here is a translation:—*

## BLESSING OUTSIDE THE CHURCH:

*The Church is empty and the doors closed.*

*The Bishop arrives, preceded by Cross and Acolytes and, standing by the doorway he sings:*

O Lord, come to my aid.

O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

*The Bishop takes Holy Water and sprinkles the walls of the Church. Meanwhile the Choir sings:*

*Ant:*

The House of the Lord is set upon a firm foundation of rock.

*Ps. 86*

His own building amidst the inviolate hills the Lord loves Sion's walls better than any other home in Israel. How high a boast, city of God, is made for thee, Mine it is to reckon the folk of Egypt, of Babylon, too, among my citizens! Philistines, Tyrians, Ethiopians, all must claim Sion as their birth-place; None was ever born, the proverb shall run, that did not take his birth from her; it was the most High, none other, that founded her. This was their birth-place, the Lord shall write over the muster-roll of the nations; nor any but shall tell her praises in festal song each claiming from her its origin.

*The Bishop standing in the doorway intones:*

*Bishop:* The Lord be with you.

*All reply:* And with you.

*Let us pray:*

O Almighty and everlasting God, always at hand to lend aid and to accomplish all things in every part of your kingdom, Graciously hear our prayers and guard this house which you have founded. Let not the malice of our enemy lie in wait here, but rather, by the power of the Holy Spirit, may you be freely served here with integrity and devotion.  
Through Our Lord Jesus Christ.

*All reply:* Amen.

## BLESSING INSIDE THE CHURCH:

*The doors of the Church are opened and, the Bishop, taking his crozier, enters the Church.*

*THE LITANY OF THE SAINTS is said or sung while the Bishop and people take their places in the Church.*

*When the Litany is finished, the Bishop stands and sings:*

*Let us pray:*

Be glorified in your saints, O Lord our God, and take your place in this church which has been built for you: so that You who accomplish everything in your adopted children, may be ever praised by the children of your inheritance.

Through Our Lord Jesus Christ.

*All reply:* Amen.

*The Bishop takes Holy Water and sprinkles the inside walls of the Church.*

*Meanwhile the Choir sings:*

*Ant:*

This is the strongly built house of the Lord; it stands upon a firm foundation of rock.

*Ps. 121*

Welcome sound, when I heard them saying, We will go into the Lord's house! And now our feet are set firmly in those courts of thine, Jerusalem; Jerusalem built as a city should be built that is one in fellowship. There the tribes meet, the Lord's own tribes, to give praise, as Israel is ever bound, to the Lord's name, there the thrones are set for judgement, thrones for the house of David. Pray for all that brings Jerusalem peace! May all who love thee dwell at ease! Let there be peace within thy ramparts, ease in thy strongholds! For love of my brethren and my familiar friends, peace is still my prayer for thee: remembering the house of the Lord our God, for thy happiness I plead.

*Then the Bishop sprinkles the floor of the Church with Holy Water in the form of a Cross, starting from the altar, down the centre aisle and to the right and left of the main door.*

*Ant:*

This is certainly the house of God and the gate of Heaven.

*Ps. 83*

Lord of hosts, how I love thy dwelling place! For the courts of the Lord's house, my soul faints with longing. The living God! at his name my heart, my whole being thrills with joy. Where else should the sparrow find a home, the dove a nest for her brood, but at thy altar, Lord of hosts, my king and my God?

How blessed, Lord, are those who dwell in thy house! They will be ever praising thee. How blessed is the man who finds his strength in thee! Where there are hearts set on pilgrimage, the parched ravine turns into a water course at their coming, new-clad by the bounty of returning rain. So, at each

stage refreshed, they will reach Sion, and have sight there of the God who is above all Gods.

Lord of hosts, listen to my prayer; God of Israel grant me audience! God, ever our protector, do not disregard us now! look favourably upon him whom thou hast anointed! Willingly would I give a thousand of my days for one spent in thy courts! Willingly reach but the threshold of my God's house, so I might dwell no more in the abode of sinners! Sun to enlighten, shield to protect us, the Lord God has favour, has honour to bestow. To innocent lives he will never refuse his bounty; Lord of hosts, blessed is the man who puts his confidence in thee.

*The Bishop facing the people intones:*

The Lord be with you.

*All reply:* And with you.

*Let us pray:*

O God, since you make holy every place which is dedicated to you, pour out your grace upon this house of prayer, so that everyone who calls upon you in this place may experience your merciful help. Through Our Lord Jesus Christ.

*All reply:* Amen.

*Ant:*

O God, the work that you did when you dwelt in our midst, confirm it now.

*Ps. 95*

Sing the Lord a new song; in the Lord's honour, let the whole earth make melody! Sing to the Lord, and bless his name; day after day never cease to bear record of his power to save. Publish his glory among the heathen; his wonderful acts for all the

world to hear. How great is the Lord, how worthy of honour! What other god is to be feared as he? They are but fancied gods the heathen calls divine; the Lord, not they, made the heavens. Honour and beauty are his escort; worship and magnificence the attendants of his shrine. Tribes of the heathen, make your offering to the Lord, an offering of glory to the Lord's name; bring sacrifice, come into his courts, worship the Lord in holy array. Before the Lord's presence let the whole earth bow in reverence; tell the heathen, the Lord is king now, he has put the world in order, never to be thrown into confusion more; he will give the nations a just award. Rejoice heaven, and let earth be glad; let the sea, and all the sea contains, give thunderous applause. Smiling the fields and all the burden they bear; no tree in the forest but will sing for joy to greet it. Lord's coming. He comes to rule the earth; brings the world justice, to every race of men its due award.

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CHOIR

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THEN FOLLOWS THE MASS OF  
CONCELEBRATION

*At the end of the Mass the Bishop will give his blessing  
to the assembled congregation*



**HYMNS to be sung during MASS:**

*At the Offertory:*

Now Jesus Christ's true Flesh and Blood  
Will be our sacrifice divine,  
The same at Mass as on the Cross,  
Though under forms of bread and wine.

We offer, then, this Sacrifice  
Thee, our Creator to adore,  
To thank Thee for thy gracious gifts,  
And praise thy name for evermore.

We pray for pardon and for grace  
To change the lives that we have led,  
And beg Thee for thy Jesus' sake  
To bless the living and the dead.

*Hymns to be sung during the distribution of  
Holy Communion:*

O Bread of Heaven, beneath this veil  
Thou dost my very God conceal:  
My Jesus, dearest treasure, hail;  
I love Thee and adoring, kneel;  
Each loving soul by Thee is fed  
With Thy own Self in form of bread.

O Food of life, Thou who dost give  
The pledge of immortality;  
I live; no, 'tis not I that live,  
God gives me life, God lives in me.  
He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,  
And every grief with joy repays.

O bond of love, that dost unite  
The servant to his loving Lord;  
Could I dare live, and not requite  
Such love — then death were meet reward.  
I cannot live unless to prove  
Some love for such unmeasur'd love.

Beloved Lord, in Heaven above  
There, Jesus, Thou awaitest me;  
To gaze on Thee with changeless love;  
Yes, thus, I hope, thus shall it be:  
For how can He deny me Heaven  
Who here on earth Himself hath given.

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Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast;  
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest;  
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,  
Wash me with water flowing from thy side.

Strength and protection may thy Passion be;  
O Blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;  
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;  
So shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign;  
In death's dread moments make me only thine;  
Call me, and bid me come to thee on high,  
When I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.



*Hymn to be sung after Mass:*

Faith of our fathers, living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:  
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!  
    **Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!**  
    We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers chained in prisons dark,  
Were still in heart and conscience free:  
How sweet would be their children's fate,  
If they like them could die for thee!  
    **Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!**  
    We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, Mary's prayers  
Shall win our country back to thee;  
And through the truth that comes from God  
England shall then indeed be free.  
    **Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!**  
    We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife,  
And preach thee too, as love knows how  
By kindly words and virtuous life.  
    **Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!**  
    We will be true to thee till death.

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