Following hymns recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.







Will you come and follow me

- 1 Will you come and follow me if I but call your name?
 Will you go where you don't know and never be the same?
 Will you let my love be shown, will you let my name be known, will you let my life be grown, in you and you in me?
- Will you leave yourself behind if I but call your name?
 Will you care for cruel and kind and never be the same?
 Will you risk the hostile stare should your life attract or scare?
 Will you let me answer prayer in you and you in me?
- Will you let the blinded see if I but call your name?
 Will you set the prisoners free and never be the same?
 Will you kiss the leper clean, and do such as this unseen, and admit to what I mean in you and you in me?
- Will you love the 'you' you hide if I but call your name?
 Will you quell the fear inside and never be the same?
 Will you use the faith you've found to reshape the world around, through my sight and touch and sound in you and you in me?
- 5 Lord, your summons echoes true when you but call my name. Let me turn and follow you and never be the same. In your company I'll go where your love and footsteps show. Thus I'll move and live and grow in you and you in me.

All my hope on God is founded

- 1 All my hope on God is founded;
 He doth still my trust renew.
 Me through change and chance
 he guideth,
 Only good and only true.
 God unknown,
 He alone
 Calls my heart to be his own.
- God's great goodness ay endureth,
 Deep his wisdom, passing thought:
 Splendour, light, and life attend him,
 Beauty springeth out of nought.
 Evermore,
 From his store
 New-born worlds rise and adore.
- Daily doth the almighty giver
 Bounteous gifts on us bestow;
 His desire our soul delighteth,
 Pleasure leads us where we go.
 Love doth stand
 At his hand;
 Joy doth wait on his command.
- 4 Still from man to God eternal Sacrifice of praise be done, High above all praises praising For the gift of Christ his Son. Christ doth call One and all:

 Ye who follow shall not fall.

Meine Hoffnung stehet feste Joachim Neander (1650-1680) paraphrased Robert Bridges (1844-1930)