

## First hymn:

When morning gilds the skies,  
my heart awaking cries,  
may Jesus Christ be praised:  
alike at work and prayer  
to Jesus I repair;  
may Jesus Christ be praised.

The night becomes as day,  
when from the heart we say,  
may Jesus Christ be praised:  
the powers of darkness fear,  
when this sweet chant they hear,  
may Jesus Christ be praised.

In heaven's eternal bliss  
the loveliest strain is this,  
may Jesus Christ be praised:  
let air, and sea, and sky  
from depth to height reply,  
may Jesus Christ be praised.

Be this, while life is mine,  
my canticle divine,  
may Jesus Christ be praised:  
be this the eternal song  
through all the ages on,  
may Jesus Christ be praised.

*German 19<sup>th</sup> Century*

*Laudes Domini*

## Offertory hymn:

Love is his word, love is his way,  
feasting with all, fasting alone,  
living and dying, rising again,  
love, only love, is his way.

*Richer than gold is the love of my Lord,  
better than splendour and wealth.*

Love is his way, love is his mark,  
sharing his last Passover feast,  
Christ at the table, host to the Twelve,  
love, only love, is his mark.

Love is his mark, love is his sign,  
bread for our strength, wine for our joy,  
'This is my body, this is my blood.'  
Love, only love, is his sign.

Love is his sign, love is his news,  
'Do this,' he said, 'lest you forget  
all my deep sorrow, all my dear blood.'  
Love, only love, is his news.

Love is his news, love is his name,  
we are his own, chosen and called,  
family, brethren, cousins and kin.  
Love, only love, is his name.

Love is his name, love is his law,  
hear his command, all who are his,  
'Love one another, I have loved you.'  
Love, only love, is his law.

Love is his law, love is his word:  
love of the Lord, Father and Word,  
love of the Spirit, God ever one,  
love, only love, is his word.

*L. Connaughton (1917-1979) Tune: Cresswell*

## **Final Hymn**

King of glory, King of peace,  
I will love thee;  
and, that love may never cease,  
I will move thee.  
Thou hast granted my request,  
thou hast heard me;  
thou didst note my working breast,  
thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art,  
I will sing thee,  
and the cream of all my heart  
I will bring thee.  
Though my sins against me cried,  
thou didst clear me,  
and alone, when they replied,  
thou didst hear me.

Sev'n whole days, not one in sev'n,  
I will praise thee;  
in my heart, though not in heav'n,  
I can raise thee.  
Small it is, in this poor sort  
to enrol thee:  
e'en eternity's too short  
to extol thee.

*G. Herbert (1593-1633) Tune: Gwalchmai*