

First hymn

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
he whose word cannot be broken
formed thee for his own abode:
on the Rock of Ages founded,
what can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

Saviour, if of Sion's city
I through grace a member am,
let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
all his boasted pomp and show;
solid joys and lasting treasure
none but Sion's children know.

J. Newton (1725-1807)

Tune: Austria

See, the streams of living waters,
springing from eternal love,
well supply thy sons and daughters,
and all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
never fails from age to age.

*After the Reading the Choir will sing verses from Psalm 48
all join in the response:*

Great is the Lord and highly to be praised

At the end please stand for the Alleluia

Offertory hymn:

Love divine, all loves excelling
joy of heaven, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
pure unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all thy grace receive;
suddenly return, and never,
never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above;
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation:
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation,
perfectly restored in thee;
changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley (1707-88) Music: Blaenwern

Final Hymn

*Walk with me oh my Lord
through the darkest night and brightest day.
Be at my side O Lord,
hold my hand and guide me on my way.*

Sometimes the road seems long
my energy is spent.
Then, Lord, I think of you
and I am given strength.

Stones often bar my path
and there are times I fall,
but you are always there
to help me when I call.

Just as you calmed the wind
and walked upon the sea,
conquer, my living Lord,
the storms that threaten me.

Help me to pierce the mists
that cloud my heart and mind
so that I shall not fear
the steepest mountain-side.

As once you helped the lame
and gave sight to the blind,
help me when I'm downcast
to hold my head up high.

Estelle White