

First hymn

Alleluia, sing to Jesus,
his the sceptre, his the throne;
alleluia, his the triumph,
his the victory alone:
hark the songs of peaceful Sion
thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation,
hath redeemed us by his blood.

Alleluia, not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now;
alleluia, he is near us,
faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received him
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget his promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

Alleluia, Bread of Angels,
thou on earth our food, our stay;
alleluia, here the sinful
flee to thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
where the songs of all the sinless
sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia, King eternal,
thee the Lord of lords we own;
alleluia, born of Mary,
earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne;
thou within the veil hast entered,
robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
thou on earth both Priest and Victim
in the Eucharistic Feast.

W.C. Dix (1837-98) Tune: Hyfrydol

Psalm Response

The Lord is my shepherd there is nothing I shall want

Offertory hymn:

Faithful shepherd, feed me
in the pastures green;
faithful shepherd, lead me
where thy steps are seen.

Hold me fast, and guide me
in the narrow way;
so, with thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

Daily bring me nearer
To the heavenly shore;
May my faith grow clearer,
May I love thee more.

Hallow every pleasure,
every gift and pain;
be thyself my treasure,
though none else I gain.

Day by day prepare me
as thou seest best
then let angels bear me
to thy promised rest.

Final Hymn

O for a thousand tongues to sing
my dear Redeemer's praise,
the glories of my God and King,
the triumphs of his grace!

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
that bids our sorrows cease;
'tis music in the sinner's ears,
'tis life and health and peace.

He speaks; and, listening to his voice,
new life the dead receive,
the mournful broken hearts rejoice,
the humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
your loosened tongues employ;
ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
and leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my God,
assist me to proclaim
and spread through all the earth abroad
the honours of thy name.

C. Wesley (1701-88)