

First Hymn

and in great humility:

Refrain

Thou didst leave thy
throne and thy kingly
crown
when thou camest to earth
for me;
but in Bethlehem's home
there was found no room
for thy holy nativity:
*O come to my heart, Lord
Jesus;
there is room in my heart
for thee.*

Thou camest, O Lord, with
the living word
that should set thy people
free;
but with mocking scorn
and with crown of thorn
they bore thee to Calvary:
Refrain

Heaven's arches rang
when the angels sang,
proclaiming thy royal
degree;
but in lowly birth didst
thou come to earth,

When all heaven shall ring,
and her choirs shall sing,
at thy coming to victory,
let thy voice call me home,
saying, 'Yet there is room,
there is room at my side
for thee.' *Refrain*

*E. Elliott (1836-97)
Margaret NEH 465*

Music:

Responsorial Psalm

The choir sings five verses from Psalm 16. The response to the Psalm is

In your presence, O Lord, is the fullness of joy

Offertory Hymn

Ye holy angels bright,
who wait at God's right hand,
or through the realms of light
fly at your Lord's command:
assist our song, for else the theme
too high doth seem
for mortal tongue.

Ye blessed souls at rest,
who ran this earthly race,

Ye saints, who toil below,
adore your heavenly King,
and onward as ye go
some joyful anthem sing.
Take what he gives and praise
him still,
through good or ill,
who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou thy part,
triumph in God above:
and with a well-tuned heart

and now, from sin released,
behold the Saviour's face:
God's praises sound, as in his sight
with sweet delight
ye do abound.

Possible Communion Hymn

Strengthen for service, Lord, the hands
that holy things have taken;
let ears that now have heard thy songs
to clamour never waken.

Lord, may the tongues which 'holy' sang
keep free from all deceiving;
the eyes which saw thy love be bright,
thy blessed hope perceiving.

The feet that tread thy holy courts
from light do thou not banish;
the bodies by thy body fed
with thy new life replenish.

Syrian 4th Century

Music: Ach Gott Und Herr

Final Hymn

From heaven you came, helpless babe,
entered our world, your glory veiled,
not to be served, but to serve,
and give your life that we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King,
he calls us now to follow him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears
my heavy load he chose to bear;
his heart with sorrow was torn,
"Yet not my will, but yours," he said.

This is our God ...

Come, see his hands and his feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails
surrendered.

This is our God ...

So let us learn how to serve
and in our lives enthrone him,
each other's needs to prefer,
for it is Christ we're serving.

This is our God ... G. Kendrick (words & music)