

First Hymn

Jesu, lover of my soul,
let me to thy bosom fly
while the nearer waters roll,
while the tempest still is high:
hide me, O my Saviour, hide
till the storm of life is past;
safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
hangs my helpless soul on thee;
leave, ah, leave me not alone,
still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
all my help from thee I bring;
cover my defenceless head
with the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
grace to cover all my sin;
let the healing streams
abound,
make and keep me pure
within.
Thou of life the fountain art,

We remain seated as the Choir sings Psalm 112 in 6 sections. This response is used:

Blessed are those who fear the Lord.

Offertory Hymn

O Christ the same through all our story's
pages,
our loves and hopes, our failures and our
fears;
eternal Lord, the King of all the ages,
unchanging still, amid the passing years:
O living word, the source of all creation,
who spread the skies, and set the stars
ablaze,
O Christ the same, who wrought man's whole
salvation,
we bring our thanks for all our yesterdays.!

O Christ the same, the friend of sinners,
sharing

Our inmost thoughts, the secrets none can
hide,
Still as of old upon your body bearing
The marks of love, in triumph glorified:
O Son of Man, who stooped for us from
heaven,
O Prince of life, in all your saving power,
O Christ the same, to whom our hearts are
given,
We bring our thanks for this the present hour.

O Christ the same, secure within whose
keeping
our lives and love, our days and years
remain,
our work and rest, our waking and our
sleeping,
our calm and storm, our pleasure and our
pain:
O Lord of love, for all our joys and sorrows,
for all our hopes, when earth shall fade and
flee,
O Christ the same, for all our brief
tomorrows,
we bring our thanks for all that is to be.

Timothy Dudley-Smith b. 1926 Music: Londonderry

Possible Communion Hymn

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,
and drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
my shield and hiding-place,

my never ending treasury filled
with boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my shepherd, brother, friend,
my prophet, priest, and King,
my Lord, my life, my way, my end,
accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then would I thy love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of thy name
refresh my soul in death.

Final Hymn

Christ is the King, O friends rejoice!
Brothers and sisters, with one voice
make all men know he is your choice:
Alleluia!

The first Apostles round them drew
thousands of faithful men and true,
sharing a faith for ever new:
Alleluia!

Then magnify the Lord and raise
anthems of joy and holy praise
for Christ's brave saints of ancient days:
Alleluia!

O Christian women, Christian men,
all the world over, seek again
The Way disciples followed then:
Alleluia!

Christ through all the ages is the same;
place the same hope in his great name,

with the same faith his word proclaim:
Alleluia!

Let love's unconquerable might
God's people everywhere unite
in service to the Lord of light:
Alleluia!

Words: George Bell 1883-1958 Tune: Vulpius

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