

First Hymn

Rejoice! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
mortals, give thanks and sing;
and triumph evermore:
lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
the God of truth and love;
when he had purged our stains,
he took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, etc.

His kingdom cannot fail;
he rules o'er earth and heaven;
the keys of death and hell
are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, etc.

He sits at God's right hand
till all his foes submit,
and bow to his command,
and fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, etc.

Charles Wesley 1707-88

Music Gopsal

We remain seated as the Choir sings Psalm 103 in 3 sections. This response is used:

The Lord has compassion on his children.

Offertory Hymn

Take my life and let it be
consecrated, Lord, to thee;
take my moments and my days,
let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
at the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
swift and purposeful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
always, only, for my King.
Take my intellect, and use
every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine:
it shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart; it is thine own:
it shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
at thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
ever, only, all for thee.

F.R. Havergal (1836-79)

Tune: Nottingham

Possible Communion Hymn

Sweet Sacrament divine,
Hid in thine earthly home,
Lo, round thy lowly shrine,
With suppliant hearts we come;
Jesu, to thee our voice we raise
In songs of love and heartfelt praise:
sweet Sacrament divine.

Sweet Sacrament of rest,
ark from the ocean's roar,
within thy shelter blest
soon may we reach the shore;
save us, for still the tempest raves,
save, lest we sink beneath the waves:
sweet Sacrament of rest.

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.

Sweet Sacrament of peace,
dear home for every heart,
where restless yearnings cease
and sorrows all depart;
there in thine ear all trustfully
we tell our tale of misery:
sweet Sacrament of peace.

Sweet Sacrament divine,
earth's light and jubilee,
in thy far depths doth shine
thy Godhead's majesty;
sweet light, son shine on us, we pray
that earthly joys may fade away;
sweet Sacrament divine.

Music: Divine Mysteries
Words: Francis Stanfield 1835-1914

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