

First Hymn

Judge eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
with thy living fire of judgement
purge this realm of bitter things:
solace all its wide dominion
with the healing of thy wings.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavour;
cleave our darkness with thy sword;
feed the faithless and the hungry
with the richness of thy word:
cleanse the body of this nation
through the glory of the Lord.

Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)

Tune: Regent Square

Still the weary folk are pining
for the hour that brings release:
and the city's crowded clangour
cries aloud for sin to cease;
and the homesteads and the woodlands
plead in silence for their peace.

We remain seated as the Choir sings Psalm 113 in 4 sections. This response is used:

Praise, O Praise the name of the Lord

Offertory Hymn

Lord, for the years your love has kept and guided,
urged and inspired us, cheered us on our way,
sought us and saved us, pardoned and provided,
Lord of the years, we bring our thanks today.

Lord, for that word, the word of life which fires us,
speaks to our hearts and sets our souls ablaze,
teaches and trains, rebukes us and inspires us,
Lord of the word, receive your people's praise.

Lord, for our land, in this our generation,
spirits oppressed by pleasure, wealth and care;
for young and old, for commonwealth and nation,
Lord of our land, be pleased to hear our prayer.

Lord, for our world; when we disown and doubt him,
loveless in strength, and comfortless in pain;
hungry and helpless, lost indeed without him,
Lord of the world, we pray that Christ may reign.

Lord, for ourselves; in living power remake us,
self on the cross and Christ upon the throne;
past put behind us, for the future take us,
Lord of our lives, to live for Christ alone.

Timothy Dudley-Smith b 1926

Tune: Lord of the Years

Communion Hymn

Teach me, my God and King,
in all things thee to see;
and what I do in anything
to do it as for thee.

A man that looks on glass,
on it may stay his eye;
or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
and then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake;
nothing can be so mean
which, with this tincture, "for thy sake,"
will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
makes drudgery divine;
who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
that turneth all to gold;
for that which God
doth touch and own
cannot for less be told.

George Herbert 1593-1633

Music: Sandys

Final Hymn

Father, Lord of all creation,
ground of being, life and love;
height and depth beyond description,
only life in you can prove:
you are mortal life's dependence:
thought, speech, slight are ours by grace;
yours is every hour's existence,
sovereign Lord of time and space.

Jesus Christ, the man for others,
we, your people, make our prayer:
give us grace to love as brothers
all whose burdens we can share.
Where your name binds us together
you, Lord, Christ, will surely be;
where no selfishness can sever
there your love may all men see.

Holy Spirit, rushing, burning
wind and flame of Pentecost,
fire our hearts afresh with yearning
to regain what we have lost.
May your love unite our action,
nevermore to speak alone:
God, in us abolish faction,
God, through us your love make known.