

First Hymn

Jesus, 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.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
more than all in thee I find:
raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
false and full of sin I am,
thou art full of truth and grace.

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,
freely let me take of thee,
spring thou up within my heart,
rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley 1707-88 Tune: Aberystwyth

The Choir sings from Psalm 84 in four sections. This response is used:

How lovely is your dwelling place

Offertory Hymn

Just as I am, without one plea
but that thy blood was shed for me,
and that thou bidst me come to thee,
O lamb of God, I come,

Just as I am, though tossed about
with many a conflict, many a doubt,
fightings within, and fears without,
O lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
sight, riches, healing of the mind,
yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
because thy promise I believe,
O lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am (thy love unknown
has broken every barrier down),
now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
the breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
here for a season, then above,
O lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott 1789-1871

Tune: Saffron Walden

Communion Hymn

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.

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

And can it be that I should gain
an interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

Repeat last two lines.

'Tis myst'ry all! Th'Immortal dies:
who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
to sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
let angel minds inquire no more.

He left his Father's throne above
so free, so infinite his grace;
emptied himself of all but love,
and bled for Adam's helpless race;
'tis mercy all, immense and free;
for, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
fast bound in sin and nature's night;
thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
my chains fell off, my heart was free;
I woke, went forth, and followed thee.

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