

First hymn:

God is working his purpose out as year succeeds to year,
God is working his purpose out and the time is drawing near;
nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

From utmost east to utmost west where'er man's foot hath trod,
by the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God,
'Give ear to me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear to me,
that the earth may be filled with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.'

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
the brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the Prince of peace?
What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

March we forth in the strength of God
with the banner of Christ unfurled,
that the light of the glorious gospel of truth
may shine throughout the world;
fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
that the earth may be filled with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses the deed;
vainly we hope for the harvest-tide till God gives life to the seed;
yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

The Choir sing verses form Psalm 40 – we all sign the response
Let all who seek you rejoice in you and be glad

Offertory hymn:

At the name of Jesus
every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him
king of glory now;
'tis the Father's pleasure
we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty word.

At his voice creation
sprang at once to sight,
all the angel faces,
all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations,
stars upon their way,
all the heavenly orders,
in their great array.

Humbled for a season,
to receive a name
from the lips of sinners
unto whom he came,
faithfully he bore it
spotless to the last,
brought it back victorious,

Bore it up triumphant
with its human light,
through all ranks of creatures,
to the central height,
to the throne of Godhead,
to the Father's breast;
filled it with the glory
of that perfect rest.

In your hearts enthrone him;
there let him subdue
all that is not holy,
all that is not true:
he is God the Saviour,
he is Christ the Lord,
ever to be worshipped,
trusted, and adored.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
shall return again,
with his Father's glory,
with his angel train;
for all wreaths of empire
meet upon his brow,
and our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

Caroline Noel 1817-77Tune: Evelyns

when from death he passed:

Jesus calls us! O'er the tumult
of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
saying, "Christian, follow me;"

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
by the Galilean lake,
turned from home and toil and kindred,
leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
of the vain world's golden store,
from each idol that would keep us,
saying, "Christian, love me more."

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,

Communion Hymn

In our joys and in our sorrows,
days of toil and hours of ease,
still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
that we love him more than these.

Jesus calls us! By thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear thy call,
give our hearts to thine obedience,
serve and love thee best of all.

Mrs C.F.Alexander Music: St Andrew

Final Hymn

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

*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 ...

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