

First hymn:

Come down, O Love divine,
seek thou this soul of mine,
and visit it with thine own
ardour glowing.

O Comforter, draw near,
within my heart appear,
and kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,
till earthly passions turn
to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
and let thy glorious light
shine ever on my sight,
and clothe me round, the while my
path illuming.

Let holy charity
mine outward vesture be,
and lowliness become mine
inner clothing;
true lowliness of heart,
which takes the humbler part
and o'er its own shortcomings
weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong
with which the soul will long
shall far outpass the power of
human telling;
for none can guess its grace,
till he become the place
wherein the Holy Spirit makes
his dwelling.

Bianco da Siena (d. 1434) Tune: Down Ampney

The Choir sing verses from Psalm 95– we all sign the response

O come let us worship and bow down and kneel before our Maker

Offertory hymn:

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
lay down, thou weary one, lay down
thy head upon my breast.'

I came to Jesus as I was,
weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
and he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold I freely give

I heard the voice of Jesus say
'I am this dark world's light;
look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
and all thy day be bright.'
I looked to Jesus, and I found
in him my star, my sun;
and in that light of life I'll walk
till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar 1808-89 Tune Kingsfold

the living water, thirsty one;
stoop down and drink and live:
I came to Jesus, and I drank
of that life-giving stream;
my thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
and now I live in him.

Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
for thy flesh is meat indeed;
ever may our souls be fed
with this true and living bread;
day by day with strength supplied
through the life of him who died.

Communion Hymn

Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
this blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
to thy cross we look and live:
Jesus may we ever be
grafted, rooted, built in thee.

Josiah Conder 1789 – 1855 Tune Bread of Heaven

NEH 276 (ii)

Final Hymn

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
he whose word cannot be broken
formed thee for his own abode:
on the Rock of Ages founded,
what can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
springing from eternal love,
well supply thy sons and daughters,
and all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,

never fails from age to age.

Saviour, if of Sion's city
I through grace a member am,
let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
all his boasted pomp and show;
solid joys and lasting treasure
none but Sion's children know.

J. Newton (1725-1807)

Tune: Austri

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