

First Hymn

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
this our song shall ever be;
for we have no hope nor saviour
if we have not hope in thee.

All for Jesus! Thou wilt give us
strength to serve thee hour by hour:
none can move us from thy presence
while we trust thy love and power.

All for Jesus! At thine altar
thou dost give us sweet content;
there, dear Saviour, we receive thee
in thy holy sacrament.

The Choir verses from Psalm 119 in four sections - we all sing the response

Lead me, O Lord, in the path of your commandments

Offertory hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
whose trust, ever child-like, no cares could destroy,
be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,

All for Jesus! Thou has loved us,
all for Jesus! Thou has died,
All for Jesus! Thou art with us,
all for Jesus, glorified!

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
This the Church's song shall be,
till at last the flock is gathered
one in love, and one in thee.

W. Sparrow-Simpson 1859-1952 Tune: All for Jesus

be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

J. Struther (1901-1953) Tune: Slane

Communion 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

Final Hymn

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
onward, Christians, onward go;
bear the toil, maintain the strife,
strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
join the war, and face the foe;
will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your captain's power?

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
soon shall every tear be dry:
let not fears your course impede;
great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
march in heavenly armour clad;
fight, nor think the battle long:
soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then in battle move;
more than conquerors ye shall prove:
though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.