

First hymn:

O for a thousand tongues to sing
my dear Redeemer's praise,
the glories of my God and King,
the triumphs of his grace!

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
that bids our sorrows cease;
'tis music in the sinner's ears,
'tis life and health and peace.

He speaks; and, listening to his voice,
new life the dead receive,
the mournful broken hearts rejoice,
the humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
your loosened tongues employ;
ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
and leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my God,
assist me to proclaim
and spread through all the earth abroad
the honours of thy name.

C. Wesley (1701-88)

Psalm

*We remain seated as the Choir sings in 4 sections from the Book of Lamentation Ch
3. The congregation join in the response:*

The Lord is good to those who wait for him

The Gospel acclamation is:

Your words are spirit, Lord, and they are life:
you have the message of eternal life.

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

At Communion if you wish to receive from the chalice – the common cup – please come to the front centre. If you would rather have the host intincted in the wine by the Priest, please come to the Lady Chapel (by ramp).

Communion Hymn

Immortal Love for ever full,
for ever flowing free,
for ever shared, for ever whole,
a never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
all other names above;
love only knoweth whence it came
and comprehendeth love.
We may not climb the heavenly steeps
to bring the Lord Christ down;
in vain we search the lowest deeps,
for him no depths can drown:

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
a present help is he;
and faith has still its Olivet,
and love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
is by our beds of pain;
we touch him in life's throng and press,
and we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
our lips of childhood frame;
the last low whispers of our dead
are burdened with his name.

Alone, O Love ineffable,
thy saving name is given;
to turn aside from thee is hell,
to walk with thee is heaven.

John Whittier

Final 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 beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
always, only, for my King;
take my lips, and let them be

filled with messages from thee

Take my silver and my gold;
not a mite would I withhold;
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 (1836-1879) Tune: Nottingham