

First Hymn

O worship the King
all glorious above;
O gratefully sing
his power and his love:
our shield and defender
the Ancient of days,
pavilioned in splendour
and girded with praise.

O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
whose robe is the light,
whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath
the deep thunder-clouds form,
and dark is his path
on the wings of the storm.

This earth, with its store
of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
hath founded of old:
hath stablished it fast
by a changeless decree,
and round it hath cast,
like a mantle, the sea.

O measureless Might,
ineffable Love,
while angels delight
to hymn thee above,
thy humbler creation,
though feeble their lays,
with true adoration
shall sing to thy praise.

R. Grant (1779-1838)

Tune: Hanover

Reading

A reading from the letter of St Paul to the Galatians (6. 7 – 16)

Responsorial Psalm

The choir sings in four sections from Psalm 66. The response is

O be joyful in God, all the earth, sing the glory of his name

Gospel acclamation

May the peace of Christ reign in your hearts,
Because it is for this that you were called together
as parts of one body.

Gospel

The Gospel according to Luke (10. 1 – 11, 16 – 20)

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

Peace, perfect peace, is the gift of Christ our Lord.
Peace, perfect peace, is the gift of Christ our Lord.
Thus, says the Lord will the world know my friends.
Peace, perfect peace, is the gift of Christ our Lord.

Love, perfect love...

Hope, perfect hope...

Faith, perfect faith...

Joy, perfect joy...

Final Hymn

Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
my daily labour to pursue;
thee, only thee, resolved to know,
in all I think or speak or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
in all my works thy presence find,
and prove thy good and perfect will.

Preserve me from my calling's snare,
and hide my simple heart above,
above the thorns of choking care,
the gilded baits of worldly love.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
whose eyes my inmost substance see,
and labour on at thy command,
and offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,

and every moment watch and pray,
and still to things eternal look,
and hasten to thy glorious day;

For thee delightfully employ
whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
and run my course with even joy,
and closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley 1707-88

Tune: Song 34

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