

## First Hymn

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
let me to thy bosom fly  
while the nearer waters roll,  
while the tempest still is high:  
hide me, O my Saviour, hide  
till the storm of life is past;  
safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
all my help from thee I bring;  
cover my defenceless head  
with the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
more than all in thee I find:  
raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
false and full of sin I am,  
thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
grace to cover all my sin;  
let the healing streams abound,  
make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
freely let me take of thee,  
spring thou up within my heart,  
rise to all eternity.

*Charles Wesley 1707-88 Tune: Aberystwyth*

## Reading

*A reading from the Book of Ecclesiasticus (35.12-17)*

*The Choir sings from Psalm 84 in four sections. This response is used:*

**How lovely is your dwelling place**

## Gospel acclamation

Speak, Lord, your servant is listening :  
you have the message of eternal life

## Gospel

*Hear the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to St Luke  
(18-9-14)*

## 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**

King of glory, King of peace, I will love thee;  
and, that love may never cease, I will move thee.  
Thou hast granted my request,  
thou hast heard me;  
thou didst note my working breast,

thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art, I will sing thee,  
and the cream of all my heart I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,  
thou didst clear me,  
and alone, when they replied,  
thou didst hear me.

Sev'n whole days, not one in sev'n, I will praise thee;  
in my heart, though not in heav'n, I can raise thee.

Small it is, in this poor sort  
to enrol thee:

e'en eternity's too short

to extol thee.     *G. Herbert (1593-1633)    Tune: Gwalchmai*

## Final Hymn

And can it be that I should gain  
an interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died he for me, who caused his pain?  
For me, who him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! How can it be  
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

*Repeat last two lines.*

'Tis myst'ry all! Th'Immortal dies:  
who can explore his strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
to sound the depths of love divine!  
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,  
let angel minds inquire no more.

He left his Father's throne above  
so free, so infinite his grace;  
emptied himself of all but love,

and bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'tis mercy all, immense and free;  
for, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
my chains fell off, my heart was free;  
I woke, went forth, and followed thee.

No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!  
Alive in him, my living Head,  
and clothed in righteousness divine,  
bold I approach the eternal throne,  
and claim the crown, through Christ my own.

*C. Wesley (1707-88)*

*Music: Sagina*

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