

## 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.

### **Communion Hymn**

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.

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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