

First hymn

The head that once was crowned
with thorns
is crowned with glory now:
a royal diadem adorns
the mighty victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
is his, is his by right,
the King of kings, and Lord of lords,
and heaven's eternal light;

The joy of all who dwell above,
the joy of all below,
to whom he manifests his love,
and grants his name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
with all its grace, is given:
their name an everlasting name,
their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
they reign with him above;
their profit and their joy to know
the mystery of his love.

The cross he bore is life and health,
though shame and death to him;
his people's hope, his people's wealth,
their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly 1769-1854

Music: St Magnus

The Choir sing Psalm 23 - we all sing the response

The Lord is my shepherd: there is nothing I shall want

Faithful shepherd, feed me
in the pastures green;
faithful shepherd, lead me
where thy steps are seen.

Hold me fast, and guide me
in the narrow way;
so, with thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

Hallow every pleasure,
every gift and pain;
be thyself my treasure,
though none else I gain.

Day by day prepare me
as thou seest best,
then let angels bear me
to thy promised rest.

T B Pollock 1836-96

Daily bring me nearer
To the heavenly shore;
May my faith grow clearer,
May I love thee more.

Communion Hymn

Love divine, all loves excelling
joy of heaven, to earth come
down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
pure unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all thy grace receive;
suddenly return, and never,
never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above;
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Happy are they, they that love God,
whose hearts have Christ confest,
who by his cross
 have found their life,
and 'neath his yoke their rest.

Finish then thy new creation:
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation,
perfectly restored in thee;
changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley (1707-88) Music: Blaenwern

Final Hymn

Sad were our lot, evil this earth,
did not its sorrows prove
the path whereby the sheep may find
the fold of Jesus' love.

Then shall they know,
 they that love him,
how all their pain is good;
and death itself cannot unbind
their happy brotherhood.

Robert Bridges 1844 – 1930 Binchester

Glad is the praise,
 sweet are the songs,
when they together sing;
and strong the prayers
 that bow the ear
of heaven's eternal King.

Christ to their homes giveth his peace,
and makes their loves his own:
but ah, what tares the evil one
hath in his garden sown!

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