

First Hymn

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him still the same for ever,
slow to chide and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows;
in his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
ye behold him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before him
dwellers all in time and space.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

H.F. Lyte (1793-1847) Tune: Praise my soul

The Choir sing Psalm 145 - we all sing the response

I will bless you and praise you for ever

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

Jesu, 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

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 Music: Aberystwyth

with the shadow of thy wing.

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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