

First Hymn

Alleluia, sing to Jesus,
his the sceptre, his the throne;
alleluia, his the triumph,
his the victory alone:
hark the songs of peaceful Sion
thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation,
hath redeemed us by his blood.

Alleluia, not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now;
alleluia, he is near us,
faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received him
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget his promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

Alleluia, Bread of Angels,
thou on earth our food, our stay;
alleluia, here the sinful
flee to thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
where the songs of all the sinless
sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia, King eternal,
thee the Lord of lords we own;
alleluia, born of Mary,
earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne;

thou within the veil hast entered,
robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
thou on earth both Priest and Victim
in the Eucharistic Feast.

W.C. Dix (1837-98) Tune: HYFRYDOL

Psalm

The Choir sings from Psalm 145 in four sections; this response is used:

I will bless you and praise you for ever, O God my King.

Offertory hymn

Let all mortal flesh keep silence
and with fear and trembling stand;
ponder nothing earthly-minded,
for with blessing in his hand
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary,
as of old on earth he stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture -
in the body and the blood -
he will give to all the faithful
his own self for heavenly food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven
spreads its vanguard on the way,
as the Light of light descendeth
from the realms of endless day,
that the powers of hell may vanish
as the darkness clears away.

At his feet the six-winged seraph,
cherubim with sleepless eye,
veil their faces to the Presence,
as with ceaseless voice they cry,
Alleluia, alleluia,
alleluia! Lord most high.

Liturgy of St James Tr. G. Moultrie (1829-85) Music: PICARDY

Communion Hymn

Longing for light, we wait in darkness,
longing for truth, we turn to you.
Make us your own, your holy people,
light for the world to see.

*Christ be our light!
Shine in our hearts.
Shine through the darkness.
Christ be our light!
Shine in your Church gathered today.*

Longing for peace, our world is troubled.
Longing for hope, many despair.
Your word alone has power to save us.
Make us your living voice.

Longing for food, many are hungry.
Longing for water, still many thirst.
Make us your bread, broken for others,
shared until all are fed.

Longing for shelter, many are homeless.
Longing for warmth, many are cold.
Make us your building, sheltering others
walls made of living stone.

Many the gifts, many the people,
many the hearts that yearn to belong.
Let us be servants to one another,
making your kingdom come.

Words and Music: Bernadette Farrell (b. 1967)

Final Hymn

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
 strong Deliverer,
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death, and hell's destruction
land me safe on Canaan's side:
 songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

W. Williams (1717-91) Tr. Peter Williams (1727-96) et al.

Tune: CWM RHONDDA