

# ALL HALLOWS CHURCH



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**Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> July  
6.00pm**

## **Welcome and Opening Prayer**

### **Hymns**

1 O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder  
consider all the works thy hand hath made,  
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,  
thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Chorus Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee,  
'How great thou art! How great thou art!'  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee,  
'How great thou art! How great thou art!'*

2 When through the woods and forest glades I wander  
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;  
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:

3 And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,  
sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,  
that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
he bled and died to take away my sin:

4           When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
            and take me home — what joy shall fill my heart!  
            Then shall I bow in humble adoration  
            and there proclaim, 'My God, how great thou art!'

*Stuart K. Hine (1899–1989) © 1953 The Stuart Hine Trust / Kingsway Communications Ltd*

1           When peace like a river, attendeth my way,  
            When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
            Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know[b]  
            It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Chorus *It is well, (it is well), with my soul, (with my soul)*  
*It is well, it is well, with my soul.*

2           Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
            Let this blest assurance control,  
            That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
            And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3           My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!  
            My sin, not in part but the whole,  
            Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more,  
            Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4           For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:  
            If Jordan above me shall roll,  
            No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life,  
            Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

5           But Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,  
            The sky, not the grave, is our goal;  
            Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!  
            Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul.

6           And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
            The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
            The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
            A song in the night, oh my soul!

*Words: Horatio Spafford, music: Philip Bliss (1873)*

*The final line of each verse is repeated:*

1           Dear Lord and Father of mankind, forgive our foolish ways;  
            re-clothe us in our rightful mind, in purer lives thy service find,  
            in deeper reverence praise.

- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard, beside the Syrian sea,  
the gracious calling of the Lord, let us, like them, without a word  
rise up and follow thee.
- 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee! O calm of hills above,  
where Jesus knelt to share with thee the silence of eternity,  
interpreted by love!
- 4 Drop thy still dews of quietness, till all our strivings cease;  
take from our souls the strain and stress, and let our ordered lives confess  
the beauty of thy peace.
- 5 Breathe through the heats of our desire thy coolness and thy balm;  
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still small voice of calm.

*John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892)*

## 1<sup>st</sup> Poem / Reading

### Hymns

- 1 I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard my people cry.  
All who dwell in dark and sin my hand will save.  
I, who made the stars of night, I will make their darkness bright.  
Who will bear my light to them? Whom shall I send?

*Chorus Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord? I have heard you calling in the night.  
I will go, Lord, if you lead me. I will hold your people in my heart.*

- 2 I, the Lord of snow and rain, I have borne my people's pain.  
I have wept for love of them. They turn away.  
I will break their hearts of stone, give them hearts for love alone.  
I will speak my word to them. Whom shall I send?
- 3 I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will tend the poor and lame.  
I will set a feast for them. My hand will save.  
Finest bread I will provide till their hearts be satisfied.  
I will give my life to them. Whom shall I send?

*Daniel L. Schutte (b. 1947) Words and Music: © 1981 OCP. Published by OCP, USA*

- 1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day, *Alleluia.*  
our triumphant holy day, *Alleluia.*  
who did once, upon the cross, *Alleluia.*  
suffer to redeem our loss. *Alleluia.*

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, *Alleluia*.  
unto Christ, our heavenly King, *Alleluia*.  
who endured the cross and grave, *Alleluia*.  
sinners to redeem and save. *Alleluia*.

3 But the pains that he endured, *Alleluia*.  
our salvation have procured; *Alleluia*.  
now above the sky he's King, *Alleluia*.  
where the angels ever sing. *Alleluia*.

*Lyra Davidica (1708) and others*

1 From heaven you came, helpless babe,  
entered our world, your glory veiled;  
not to be served, but to serve,  
and give your life that we might live.

*Chorus This is our God, the Servant King,  
he calls us now to follow him,  
to bring our lives as a daily offering  
of worship to the Servant King.*

2 There in the garden of tears,  
my heavy load he chose to bear;  
his heart with sorrow was torn,  
'Yet not my will but yours,' he said.

3 Come, see his hands and his feet,  
the scars that speak of sacrifice,  
hands that flung stars into space  
to cruel nails surrendered.

4 So let us learn how to serve,  
and in our lives enthrone him;  
each other's needs to prefer,  
for it is Christ we're serving.

*Graham Kendrick (b. 1950)*

*Words and Music: © 1983, Administered by Kingswaysongs, a division of David C Cook*

**Choir item** Howard Goodall: The Lord is my Shepherd

## Hymn

1 One more step along the world I go,  
one more step along the world I go;  
from the old things to the new,  
keep me travelling along with you:

*Chorus And it's from the old I travel to the new;  
keep me travelling along with you.*

2 Round the corners of the world I turn,  
more and more about the world I learn;  
all the new things that I see  
you'll be looking at along with me.

3 As I travel through the bad and good,  
keep me travelling the way I should;  
where I see no way to go,  
you'll be telling me the way, I know.

4 Give me courage when the world is rough,  
keep me loving though the world is tough;  
leap and sing in all I do,  
keep me travelling along with you.

5 You are older than the world can be,  
you are younger than the life in me;  
ever old and ever new,  
keep me travelling along with you.

*Sydney Carter (1915–2004) Words and Music: © 1971, Stainer & Bell Ltd.*

## **Reading / Poem**

### **Hymns**

1 Morning has broken, like the first morning;  
blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!  
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

2 Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,  
like the first dewfall on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

3 Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning  
born of the one light Eden saw play!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's re-creation of the new day!

*Eleanor Farjeon (1881–1965) Words: © Gervaise Farjeon,  
from The Children's Bells (OUP), David Higham Associates Ltd*

- 1 How deep the Father's love for us, how vast beyond all measure,  
that he should give his only Son to make a wretch his treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss; the Father turns his face away,  
as wounds which mar the chosen One bring many souls to glory.
- 2 Behold the man upon a cross, my sin upon his shoulders;  
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice call out among the scoffers.  
It was my sin that held him there, until it was accomplished;  
his dying breath has brought me life — I know that 'it is finished.'
- 3 I will not boast in anything, no gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
but I will boast in Jesus Christ, his death and resurrection.  
Why should I gain from his reward? I cannot give an answer;  
but this I know with all my heart, his wounds have paid my ransom.

*Stuart Townend (b. 1963)*

*Words and Music: © 1995, Administered by Kingswaysongs, a division of David C Cook*

## **Prayers and Reflection**

### **Hymns**

- 1 Lord, the light of your love is shining,  
in the midst of the darkness shining:  
Jesus, Light of the world, shine upon us;  
set us free by the truth you now bring us:  
shine on me, shine on me.

*Chorus Shine, Jesus, shine, fill this land with the Father's glory;  
blaze, Spirit, blaze, set our hearts on fire.  
Flow, river, flow, flood the nations with grace and mercy;  
send forth your word, Lord, and let there be light!*

- 2 Lord, I come to your awesome presence,  
from the shadows into your radiance;  
by the blood I may enter your brightness:  
search me, try me, consume all my darkness:  
shine on me, shine on me.
- 3 As we gaze on your kingly brightness  
so our faces display your likeness,  
ever changing from glory to glory:  
mirrored here, may our lives tell your story:  
shine on me, shine on me.

*Graham Kendrick (b. 1950)*

*Words and Music: © 1987, Graham Kendrick / Make Way Music Ltd*

1 I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
and I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
and I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth;  
at Bethlehem I had my birth.

Chorus *Dance, then, wherever you may be;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,  
and I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,  
and I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.*

2 I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,  
but they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me.  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John —  
they came with me and the Dance went on.

3 I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;  
the holy people said it was a shame.  
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high,  
and they left me there on a cross to die.

4 I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black —  
it's hard to dance with the devil on your back.  
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone;  
but I am the Dance, and I still go on.

5 They cut me down and I leapt up high;  
I am the life that'll never, never die;  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me —  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

*Sydney Carter (1915–2004) Words and Music: © 1963, Stainer & Bell Ltd*

## Poem / Reading

### Hymns

1 O Jesus, I have promised to serve thee to the end;  
be thou for ever near me, my Master and my Friend:  
I shall not fear the battle if thou art by my side,  
nor wander from the pathway if thou wilt be my guide.

2 O let me feel thee near me: the world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle, the tempting sounds I hear;  
my foes are ever near me, around me and within;  
but, Jesus, draw thou nearer, and shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear thee speaking in accents clear and still

above the storms of passion, the murmurs of self-will;  
O speak to reassure me, to hasten or control;  
O speak, and make me listen, thou guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, thou hast promised to all who follow thee,  
that where thou art in glory there shall thy servant be;  
and, Jesus, I have promised to serve thee to the end:  
O give me grace to follow, my Master and my Friend.

5 O let me see thy foot-marks, and in them plant mine own;  
my hope to follow duly is in thy strength alone:  
O guide me, call me, draw me, uphold me to the end;  
and then in heaven receive me, my Saviour and my Friend.

*John Ernest Bode (1816–1874)*

1 The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
the darkness falls at thy behest;  
to thee our morning hymns ascended,  
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,  
while earth rolls onward into light,  
through all the world her watch is keeping,  
and rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island  
the dawn leads on another day,  
the voice of prayer is never silent,  
nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking  
our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
and hour by hour fresh lips are making  
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord: thy throne shall never,  
like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
till all thy creatures own thy sway.

*John Ellerton (1826–1893)*

## **Final Prayer & Blessing**

### **Organ Voluntary** Lefebure~Wely: March in F

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