

Hymns and Songs – Sunday 18th October, 2020

We have a gospel to proclaim,
Good news for all throughout the earth;
The gospel of a Saviour's name:
We sing His glory, tell His worth.

Tell of His birth at Bethlehem,
Not in a royal house or hall
But in a stable dark and dim:
The Word made flesh, a light for all.

Tell of His death at Calvary,
Hated by those He came to save;
In lonely suffering on the cross
For all He loved His life He gave.

Tell of the glorious Easter morn:
Empty the tomb, for He was free.
He broke the power of death and hell
That we might share His victory.

Tell of His reign at God's right hand,
By all creation glorified;
He sends His Spirit on His Church
To live for Him, the Lamb who died.

Now we rejoice to name Him King:
Jesus is Lord of all the earth.
This gospel message we proclaim:
We sing His glory, tell His worth.

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
Let me be as Christ to you;
Pray that I may have the grace
To let you be my servant, too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
We're together on this road;
We are here to help each other
Walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
In the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
Speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping,
When you laugh I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
Till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven
We shall find such harmony,
Born of all we've known together
Of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
Let me be as Christ to you;
Pray that I may have the grace
To let you be my servant, too.

Richard Gillard © 1977

Communion

Either

Beauty for brokenness, hope for despair,
Lord, in Your suffering world this is our prayer:
Bread for the children, justice, joy, peace;
Sunrise to sunset, Your kingdom increase!

Shelter for fragile lives, cures for their ills,
Work for the craftsman, trade for their skills;
Land for the dispossessed, rights for the weak,
Voices to plead the cause of those who can't speak.

*God of the poor, friend of the weak,
Give us compassion we pray:
Melt our cold hearts, let tears fall like rain;
Come, change our love from a spark to a flame*

Refuge from cruel wars, havens from fear,
Cities for sanctuary, freedoms to share;
Peace to the killing-fields, scorched earth to green,
Christ for the bitterness, His cross for the pain.

Rest for the ravaged earth, oceans and streams
Plundered and poisoned – our future, our dreams.
Lord, end our madness, carelessness, greed;
Make us content with the things that we need.

Lighten our darkness, breathe on this flame
Until Your justice burns brightly again;
Until the nations learn of Your ways,
Seek Your salvation and bring You their praise.

Graham Kendrick © 1993

or

If ye love me, keep my commandments,
And I will pray the Father,
and he shall give you another comforter,
that he may abide with you for ever,
ev'n the spirit of truth.