

Hymns and Songs – 12th September, 2021

O praise ye the Lord!

Praise Him in the height;
Rejoice in His word,
Ye angels of light;
Ye heavens adore Him
By whom ye were made,
And worship before Him
In brightness arrayed.

O praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
Ye sons of new birth;
Praise Him who hath brought you
His grace from above,
Praise Him who hath taught you
To sing of His love.

O praise ye the Lord,
All things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord,
Re-echo around:
Loud organs, His glory
Forthtell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story
Of what He hath done.

O praise ye the Lord!
Thanksgiving and song
To Him be outpoured
All ages along;
For love in creation,
For heaven restored,
For grace of salvation,
O praise ye the Lord!

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, many still 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.

Bernadette Farrell © 1993

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.

*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.*

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.

Come see His hands and His feet,
The scars that speak of sacrifice;
Hands that flung stars into space
To cruel nails surrendered.

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 © 1983

For Outside

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 acceptable will.

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.

Bible Verse: Ephesians 2:10

“For we are God’s handiwork, created in Christ Jesus to do good works”

Reflection Questions

- What are the things you do that make you feel most fully alive/ where you feel “this is what I am made for?”
- What has been some of the good that has come from those things? How have others gained from those things? How has God been praised?
- Looking forwards, how might your gifts, skills, work, passions (God’s handiwork) be used to do good this week or this month or this year?