

Hymn #559 *Blessed Jesus, At Your Word*

Blessed Jesus, at your word
we are gathered all to hear you.
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
now to seek and love and fear you.
By your gospel pure and holy,
teach us, Lord to love you solely.

All our knowledge, sense, and sight
lie in deepest darkness shrouded
till your Spirit breaks our night
with your beams of truth unclouded.
You alone to God can win us,
you must work all good within us.

Glorious Lord, yourself impart!
Light of light, from God proceeding,
open lips and ears and heart,
help us by your Spirit's leading.
Hear the cry your church now raises;
Lord, accept our prayers and praises!

Offertory Hymn #439

Blest Are the Pure in Heart

Blest are the pure in heart,
for they shall see our God;
the secret of the Lord is theirs,
their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, who left the heavens
our life and peace to bring,
to dwell in lowliness with us,
our pattern and our King.

still to the lowly soul
his presence doth impart,
and for a dwelling and a throne
chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we thy presence seek;
may ours this blessing be:
give us a pure and lowly heart,
a temple fit for thee.

Communion Hymn #551

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

My faith looks up to thee,
thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.
Now hear me while I pray;
take all my guilt away.
O let me from this day
be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
strength to my fainting heart,
my zeal inspire.
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
pure, warm, and changeless be,
a living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
and griefs around me spread,
be thou my guide;
bid darkness turn to day,
wipe sorrow's tears away,
nor let me every stray
from thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
when death's cold sullen stream
shall o'er my roll,
blest Saviour, then, in love,
fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
a ransomed soul.

Hymn #386

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the cross of Christ, my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.