

Opening Hymn #385

Worship the Lord in the Beauty

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
bring, and adore him: the Lord is his name!

Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
high on his heart he will bear it for thee,
comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
of the poor wealth thou canst reckon as thine;
truth is its beauty and love in its tenderness,
these are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

These though we bring them
in trembling and fearfulness,
he will accept for the name that is dear
mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

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Offertory Hymn #35 Wash, O God, Our Sons and Daughters

Wash, O God, our sons and daughters
where your cleansing waters flow.
Number them among your people,
bless as Christ blessed long ago.
Weave them garments bright and sparkling;
compass them with love and light.
Fill, anoint them; send your Spirit,
holy dove and heart's delight.

We who bring them long for nurture;
by your milk may we be fed.
Let us join your feast, partaking
cup of blessing, living bread.
God, renew us; guide our footsteps;
free from sin and all its snares,
one with Christ in living, dying,
by your Spirit, children, heirs.

O how deep your holy wisdom!
Unimagined, all your ways!
To your name be glory, honour!
With our lives, we worship, praise!
We your people stand before you,
water-washed and Spirit-born.
By your grace, our lives we offer.
Re-create us; God, transform!

Communion Hymn #249 Wind Who Makes All Winds That Blow

Wind who makes all winds that blow—
gusts that bend the saplings low,
gales that heave the sea in waves,
stirrings in the mind's deep caves—
aim your breath with steady power
on your church, this day, this hour.
Raise, renew the life we've lost,
Spirit God of Pentecost.

Fire who fuels all fires that burn—
suns around which planets turn,
beacons marking reefs and shoals,
shining truth to guide our souls—
come to us as once you came;
burst in tongues of sacred flame!
Light and power, might and strength,
fill your church, its breadth and length.

Holy Spirit, wind and flame,
move within our mortal frame.
Make our hearts an altar pyre;
kindle them with your own fire.
Breathe and blow upon that blaze
till our lives, our deeds and ways
speak that tongue which every land
by your grace shall understand.

Closing Hymn #601 God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending

God, whose giving knows no ending,
from your rich and endless store—
nature's wonder, Jesus' wisdom,
costly cross, grave's shattered door—
gifted by you, we turn to you,
offering up ourselves in praise;
thankful song shall rise forever,
gracious Donor of our days.

Skills and time are ours for pressing
toward the goals of Christ, your Son:
all at peace in health and freedom,
races joined, the church made one.
Now direct our daily labour,
lest we strive for self alone.
Born with talents, make us servants
fit to answer at your throne.

Treasure, too, you have entrusted,
gain through powers your grace conferred,
ours to use for home and kindred,
and to spread the gospel word.
Open wide our hands in sharing,
as we heed Christ's ageless call,
healing, teaching, and reclaiming,
serving you by loving all.

