

## HYMNS FOR 17 MARCH

### 624 – O Thou Who Camest from Above

O thou who camest from above  
the pure celestial fire to impart,  
kindle a flame of sacred love  
on the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn  
with inextinguishable blaze,  
and trembling to its source return  
in humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
to work and speak and think for thee;  
still let me guard the holy fire  
and still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,  
my acts of faith and love repeat,  
till death thy endless mercies seal,  
and make the sacrifice complete.

Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788).

Music: Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876).

### 500 – Sister, Let Me Be Your Servant

Sister, let me be your servant,  
let me be as Christ to you;  
pray that I might have the grace to  
let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,  
fellow travellers on the 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, let me be your servant,  
let me be as Christ to you;  
pray that I might have the grace to  
let you be my servant too.

*Text: Richard Gillard (1953-).*

*Music: Melody Richard Gillard (1953-); arr. Betty Carr Pulkingham (1928-2019).*

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#### 431 – Take Up Your Cross, the Saviour Said

Take up your cross, the Saviour said,  
if you would my disciple be;  
deny yourself, the world forsake,  
and humbly follow after me.

Take up your cross, let not its weight  
fill your weak soul with vain alarm;  
his strength shall bear your spirit up,  
and brace your heart and nerve your arm.

Take up your cross, nor heed the shame,  
and let your foolish pride be still;  
your Lord for you endured to die  
upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.

Take up your cross, then, in his strength,  
and calmly every danger brave:  
'twill guide you to a better home,  
and lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up your cross and follow Christ,  
nor think till death to lay it down;  
for only those who bear the cross  
may hope to wear the glorious crown.

*Text: Charles William Everest (1814-1877).*

*Music: Melody Lochamer Liederbuch, 1450?, alt.; harm. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-1847), alt.;  
desc. Alan Gray (1855-1935). Desc. © Cambridge University Press.*