

HYMNS FOR 31 AUGUST

10.30am

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To the name of our salvation,
laud and honour let us pay,
which for many a generation
hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
but with holy exultation
we may sing aloud today.

Jesus is the name we treasure,
name beyond what words can tell;
name of gladness, name of pleasure,
ear and heart delighting well;
name of sweetness, passing measure,
saving us from sin and hell.

'Tis the name that whoso preaches
speaks like music to the ear;
who in prayer this name beseeches
finds its comfort ever near;
who its perfect wisdom reaches,
heavenly joy possesses here.

Jesus is the name exalted
over every other name;
in this name, whene'er assaulted,
we can put our foes to shame:
strength to them that else had halted,
eyes to blind and feet to lame.

Therefore we in love adoring,
this most blessed name revere,
holy Jesus, thee imploring
so to write it in us here
that, hereafter heavenward soaring,
we may sing with angels there.

Text: Latin (Gloriosi salvatoris, 15th cent.); tr. J. M. Neale, (1818-1866), alt.

Music: Kaspar Ett (1788-1847), Cantica Sacra, Munich, 1840; desc. Gerald Manning (1943-) ©.

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Jesus calls us here to meet him,
as through word and song and prayer
we affirm God's promised presence
where his people live and care.
Praise the God who keeps his promise;
praise the Son who calls us friends;
praise the Spirit who, among us,
to our hopes and fears attends.

Jesus calls us to confess him
Word of life and Lord of all,
sharer of our flesh and frailness,
saving all who fail or fall.
Tell his holy human story;
tell his tales that all may hear;
tell the world that Christ in glory
came to earth to meet us here.

Jesus calls us to each other:
found in him are no divides.
Race and class and sex and language –
such are barriers he derides.
Join the hand of friend and stranger;
join the hands of age and youth;
join the faithful and the doubter
in their common search for truth.

Jesus calls us to his table
rooted firm in time and space,
where the church in earth and heaven
finds a common meeting place.
Share the bread and wine, his body;
share the love of which we sing;
share the feast for saints and sinners
hosted by our Lord and King.

Text: John Bell (b. 1949) & Graham Maule (1958 – 2019).

Music: Melody Gaelic trad.; adapt. and arr. The Iona Community (Scotland).

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Where cross the crowded ways of life,
where cries of tribe and race resound,
amid the noise of selfish strife,
O Christ, your word of love is found.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
on shadowed thresholds, dark with fears,
from paths where hide the lures of greed,
we catch the vision of your tears.

From children's wounded helplessness,
from men and women's grief and toil,
from famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
your heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for you
still holds the freshness of your grace;
yet long the multitudes to view
the strong compassion of your face.

O Jesus, from the mountainside,
make haste to heal these hearts of pain.
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

till all the world shall learn your love,
and follow where your feet have trod;
till glorious from your heaven above
shall come the city of our God.

*Text:: Frank Mason North (1850-1935), alt. © The Sisterhood of St. John the Divine.
Music: William Gardiner (1770-1853), Sacred Melodies, 1815.*