Processional Hymn #8 Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun

Awake, my soul, and with the sun thy daily stage of duty run; shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise to pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past, and live this day as if thy last; improve thy talent with due care; for the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere, thy conscience as the noonday clear; think how all-seeing God thy ways and all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, and with the angels bear thy part, who all night long unwearied sing glory to the eternal King.

Gradual Hymn #467 Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I Go

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 your wisdom hath assigned O let me cheerfully fulfill, in all my works thy presence find, and prove thy good and perfect 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.

Offertory Hymn #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 thy cross, then in his strength, and calmly 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.

Communion Hymn #93 You Servants of the Lord

You servants of the Lord, each in your calling wait, observant of His heavenly Word, and watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright, and trim the golden flame; attentive stand, as in his sight, for awesome is his name.

Watch; 'tis your Lord's command, and while we speak, he's near; mark the first signal of his hand, and ready all appear.

How happy shall we be if in his service found!
We shall our Lord with rapture see and be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread with his own royal hand, and raise each faithful servant's head amid the angelic band.

Recessional Hymn #438 O Jesus, I Have Promised

O Jesus, I have promised to serve thee to the end; be thou forever near me, my Master and my Friend. I shall not fear the battle if thou art by my side, nor wander from the pathway if thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel thee near me: the world is ever near; I see the sights that dazzle, the tempting sounds I hear; my foes are ever near me, around me and within; but, Jesus, draw thou nearer and shield my soul from sin.

O Jesus, thou hast promised to all who follow thee, that where thou art in glory there shall thy servant be; and, Jesus, I have promised to serve thee to the end! O give me grace to follow, my Master and my Friend.

O let me see thy footmarks and in them plant mine own: my hope to follow duly is in thy strength alone, O guide me, call me, draw me, uphold me to the end; and then in heaven receive me, my Saviour and my Friend.