

## HYMNS FOR 7 SEPTEMBER

9.15am

585

Lord, whose love in humble service  
bore the weight of human need,  
who upon the cross, forsaken,  
worked your mercy's perfect deed:  
we, your servants, bring the worship  
not of voice alone, but heart,  
consecrating to your purpose  
every gift that you impart.

Still your children wander homeless;  
still the hungry cry for bread;  
still the captives long for freedom;  
still in grief we mourn our dead.  
As you, Lord, in deep compassion  
healed the sick and freed the soul,  
by your Spirit send your power  
to our world to make it whole.

As we worship, grant us vision,  
till your love's revealing light  
in its height and depth and greatness,  
dawns upon our quickened sight,  
making known the needs and burdens  
your compassion bids us bear,  
stirring us to ardent service,  
your abundant life to share.

*Text: Albert Frederick Bailey (1901-1984), alt. © 1961 Oxford University Press.*

*Music: Melody The Sacred Harp, Mason, 1844; attrib. Benjamin Franklin White (1800-1879); arr. © 1978 Lutheran Book of Worship.  
Reprinted by permission of Augsburg Fortress.*

445

God the Creator, you in love made me  
who once was nothing, but now have grown.  
I bring the best of all my life offers;  
for you I share whatever I own.

O Christ the Saviour, you in love called me  
who once was no one lost and alone.  
I pledge to go wherever you summon,  
making your will and purpose my own.

O God the Spirit, you in love move me  
who once was nowhere and felt unknown.  
I know my need of you for companion:  
all things can change when not on my own.

And with the people summoned together  
to be the church in which faith is sown,  
I make my promise to live for Jesus  
and let the world know all are his own.

*Text: John L. Bell (1949- ),  
Music: Melody Gaelic trad.; arr The Iona Community (Scotland)  
Text and arr. © 1989 WGRG The Iona Community (Scotland)  
Used by permission of G.I.A. Publications, Inc., exclusive agent.*

#### **435**

Take my life, and let it be  
consecrated, Lord, to thee;  
take my moments and my days,  
let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
at the impulse of thy love;  
take my feet, and let them be  
swift and purposeful for thee.

Take my lips, and let them be  
filled with messages from thee;  
take my intellect, and use  
every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;  
it shall be no longer mine;  
take my heart, it is thine own;  
it shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love: my Lord, I pour  
at thy feet its treasure store;  
take myself, and I will be  
ever, only, all for thee.

*Text: Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).  
Music: composer unknown.*

#### **11am**

**585 as per 9.15am above**

#### **529**

God, my hope on you is founded;  
you my faith and trust renew:  
through all change and chance you guide me,  
only good and only true.  
God unknown, you alone  
call my heart to be your own.

Human pride and earthly glory,  
sword and crown, betray our trust;  
though with care and toil we build them,  
tower and temple fall to dust.  
But your power, hour by hour,  
is my temple and my tower.

Daily does the almighty Giver  
bounteous gifts on us bestow;  
God's desire for us delights us,  
pleasure leads us where we go.  
Here at hand, love takes stand,  
joy awaits God's sure command.

God's great goodness lasts forever,  
deepest wisdom, passing thought:  
splendour, light, and life attending,  
beauty springing out of naught.  
Evermore from God's store  
newborn worlds rise and adore.

Still from earth to God eternal  
sacrifice of praise be done,  
high above all praises praising  
for the gift of Christ the Son.  
Christ, you call one and all;  
those who follow shall not fall.

*Text: Joachim Neander (1650-1680); tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), alt.*

*Tr. © Oxford University Press. Alt. with permission.*

*Music: Herbert Howells (1892-1983). © Novello & Co., Ltd. Reprinted by permission of Shawnee Press, Inc. (ASCAP).*

**435 as per 9.15am above**