

## HYMNS FOR 14 September

9.15am

418

*Refrain*

Draw the circle wide.  
Draw it wider still.  
Let this be our song,  
no one stands alone,  
standing side by side,  
draw the circle wide.

God the still-point of the circle,  
'round whom all creation turns;  
nothing lost, but held forever,  
in God's gracious arms.

*Refrain*

Let our hearts touch far horizons,  
so encompass great and small;  
let our loving know no borders,  
faithful to God's call.

*Refrain*

Let the dreams we dream be larger,  
than we've ever dreamed before;  
let the dream of Christ be in us,  
open every door.

*Refrain*

*Text and music: Gordon Light (1944- ). © 1994 Common Cup Company.*

386

When I survey the wondrous cross  
on which the Prince of Glory died,  
my richest gain I count but loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
save in the cross of Christ, my God:  
all the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Text: Isaac Watts (1674-1748).*

*Music: Melody Psalmody in Miniature, Second Supplement, 1780?;  
harm. Edward Miller (1731-1807); desc. David R. Riley (1947-2017) ©.*

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.*

**11am**

**539**

Come, O thou Traveller unknown,  
whom still I hold, but cannot see!  
My company before is gone,  
and I am left alone with thee.  
With thee all night I mean to stay  
and wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am;  
my misery and sin declare.  
Thyself hast called me by my name;  
look on thy hands and read it there.  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
but confident in self-despair!  
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak;  
be conquered by my instant prayer.  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,  
and tell me if thy name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Thou diedst for me,  
I hear thy whisper in my heart.  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
pure, universal Love thou art.  
To me, to all, thy mercies move;  
thy nature and thy name is Love.

*Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788).*

*Music: Henry Carey (1687?-1743), alt.*

**386 & 431 as per 9.15 above**