

HYMNS FOR 25 JANUARY

9.15am

156

The people that in darkness sat
a glorious light have seen;
the light has shined on them who long
in shades of death have been.

To hail thee, Sun of Righteousness,
the gathering nations come;
they joy as when the reapers bear
their harvest treasures home.

For thou their burden dost remove,
and break the tyrant's rod,
as in the day when Midian fell
before the sword of God.

For unto us a child is born,
to us a Son is given,
and on his shoulders ever rests
all power in earth and heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
the everlasting Lord,
the Wonderful, the Counselor,
the God by all adored.

Lord Jesus, reign is us, we pray,
and make us yours alone,
who with the Father ever art
and Holy spirit, one.

*Text: John Morison (1750-1798).
Music: Scottish Psalter, 1615.*

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.*

432

Jesus calls us! O'er the tumult
of our life's wild, restless sea,
day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
saying, "Christian, follow me!"

As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
by the Galilean lake,
turned from home and toil and kindred,
leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
of the vain world's golden store,
from each idol that would keep us,
saying, "Christian, love me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
days of toil and hours of ease,
still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

Jesus calls us! By thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
give our hearts to thine obedience,
serve and love thee best of all.

*Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895).
Music: John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876).*

11am

156 & 432 as above

159

Brightest and best of the stars of the morning,
dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
star of the east, the horizon adorning,
guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
vainly with gifts would his favour secure,
richer by far is the heart's adoration,
dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the stars of the morning,
dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
star of the east, the horizon adorning,
guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Text: Reginald Heber (1783-1826), alt.

*Music: Healy Willan (1880-1968). © 1994 Waterloo Music Co. Ltd.
Descant Donald Hunt (b.1985) and Patrick Wedd (1948-2019)*