

March 22/26 Hymns

9:15 Service

**#649**

Breathe on me, breath of God;  
fill me with life anew,  
that I may love what thou dost love,  
and do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
until my heart is pure,  
until my will is one with thine  
to do and to endure.

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
till I am wholly thine,  
until this earthly part of me  
glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, breath of God:  
so shall I never die,  
but live with thee the perfect life  
of thine eternity.

Text: Edwin Hatch (1835-1889).  
Music: Robert Jackson (1840-1914).

Trentham

**#59**

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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#### #454

Revive thy work, O Lord,  
thy mighty arm make bare;  
speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
and make thy people hear.

Revive thy work, O Lord,  
disturb this sleep of death;  
quicken the smoldering embers now  
by thine almighty breath.

Revive thy work, O Lord,  
create soul-thirst for thee;  
and hungering for the bread of life  
O may our spirits be.

Revive thy work, O Lord,  
exalt thy precious name;  
and, by the Holy Ghost sent down,  
our love for thee inflame.

Revive thy work, O Lord,  
and give refreshing showers.  
The glory shall be all thine own,  
the blessing, Lord, be ours.

Text: Albert Midlane (1825-1909), alt. Music: Charles Lockhart (1738?-1815). Carlisle

11:00 Service

#454 Above

#78

Deck yourself, my soul, with gladness;  
leave the gloomy haunts of sadness.  
Come into the daylight's splendour,  
there with joy your praises render  
to the Lord whose grace unbounded  
has this royal banquet founded;  
though all other powers excelling,  
with my soul he makes his dwelling.

Lord, I bow before you lowly,  
filled with joy most deep and holy,  
as with trembling awe and wonder  
all your mighty works I ponder—  
how, by mystery surrounded,  
depths no one has ever sounded,  
none may dare to pierce unbidden  
secrets that in you are hidden.

Shining Sun, my life you brighten;  
Radiance, you my soul enlighten.  
Joy, the best of all our knowing,  
Fountain, swiftly in me flowing:  
at thy feet I kneel, my Maker—  
let me be a fit partaker  
of this sacred food from heaven,  
for our good, your glory, given.

Jesus, bread of life, I pray you,  
let me gladly here obey you;  
never to my hurt invited,  
always by your love delighted:  
from this banquet let me measure,  
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;  
through the gifts your hands have given,  
let me be your guest in heaven.

Text: Johann Frank (1618-1677); tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878);  
rev. Hymns for Today's Church © 1982 Hope Publishing Co.  
Music: Melody Johann Crüger (1589-1662); harm. The English Hymnal, 1906.

Schmücke Dich

#456

He comes to us as one unknown,  
a breath unseen, unheard;  
as though within a heart of stone,  
or shriveled seed in darkness sown,  
a pulse of being stirred.

He comes when souls in silence lie  
and thoughts of day depart,  
half-seen upon the inward eye,  
a falling star across the sky  
of night within the heart.

He comes to us in sound of seas,  
the ocean's fume and foam;  
yet small and still upon the breeze,  
a wind that stirs the tops of trees,  
a voice to call us home.

He comes in love as once he came  
by flesh and blood and birth;  
to bear within our mortal frame  
a life, a death, a saving name  
for every child of earth.

He comes in truth when faith is grown;  
believed, obeyed, adored:  
the Christ in all the scriptures shown,  
as yet unseen, but not unknown,  
our Saviour, and our Lord.

Text: Timothy Dudley-Smith (1926-); first line from Albert Schweitzer (1875-1965),  
The Quest of the Historical Jesus, 1910. © 1984 Hope Publishing Co.  
Music: Melody of Nikolaus Herman (1480?-1561);  
adapt. and harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750).

Lobt Gott, ihr Christen