

Sunday 21 November 2021

Gathering Hymn (Willard F. Jabusch)

Keep on looking, go on seeking,
don't stop hoping, He will come.
Keep awake now, watch and pray now,
trust and see that He will come.
Shake off slumber, dawn is breaking,
come with full expectancy!
Years of longing, years of hoping,
all fulfilled when He will come.

Blessed angels, saints and sinners,
all rejoice to see this day.
Poor or wealthy, high or lowly,
all must help to clear His way.
Down among us He has chosen
here to taste our cup of life;
who would guess that He'd be coming
here to share both joy and strife?

Hearts will wonder, eyes must open,
ears shall catch his ev'ry word:
words of thunder, words of wisdom,
words like these were never heard.
Through the ages we've been waiting,
countless prayers above did fly;
Now he's coming here among us:
here to live and here to die.

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Offertory Hymn (Kevin Nichols[1929-2006])

In bread we bring you, Lord, our body's labour.
In wine we offer you our spirit's grief.
We do not ask you, Lord, who is my neighbour?
But stand united now, in one belief.
Oh, we have gladly heard your Word, your Holy
Word,
and now in answer, Lord, our gifts we bring.
Our selfish hearts make true, our failing faith
renew,
our lives belongs to you, our Lord and King.

The bread we offer you is blessed and broken,
and it becomes for us our spirit's food.
Over the cup we bring, your Word is spoken;
make it your gift to us, your healing blood.
Take all that daily toil, plants in our heart's poor
soil,
take all we start and spoil, each hopeful dream.
the chances we have missed, the graces we resist,
Lord, in thy Eucharist, take and redeem.

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Communion Hymn (Graham Kendrick)

From heaven you came, helpless babe,
entered our world, Your glory veiled;
not to be served but to serve,
and give your life that we might live.

***This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow him,
To bring our lives as a daily offering
Of worship to the Servant King.***

There in the garden of tears,
My heavy load He chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not my will but yours,' He said.

Come, see His hands and His feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve,
and in our lives enthrone Him;
each other's needs to prefer,
for it is Christ we're serving.

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Final Hymn (Patrick Lee)

Sing to the world of Christ our Sovereign Lord;
tell of His birth which brought new life to all.
Speak of his life, his love, his holy word;
let every nation hear and know his call.
Sing to the world of Christ our Sovereign Lord.

Sing to the world of Christ the Prince of peace, showing
to me the Father's loving care,
pleading that love should reign and wars might cease,
teaching we need the love of God to share.
Sing to the world of Christ the Prince of peace.

Sing to the world of Christ our steadfast
friend, off'ring himself to live the constant sign;
food for our souls until we meet life's end,
gives us his flesh for bread, his blood for wine.
Sing to the world of Christ our steadfast friend.

Sing to the world of Christ our Saviour King,
born that His death the world's release should win;
hung from a cross, forgiveness he could bring;
buried, he rose to conquer death and sin.
Sing to the world of Christ our Saviour King.

Sing to the world of Christ at God's right hand,
praise to the Spirit both have sent from heav'n;
living in us till earth shall reach its span,
time be no more, and Christ shall come again.
Sing to the world of Christ at God's right hand.

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