

Hymns – 25th May

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1 *God is Love: let heav'n adore
him;
God is Love: let earth rejoice;
let creation sing before him,
and exalt him with one voice.*

*He who laid the earth's
foundation,
he who spread the heav'ns
above,
he who breathes through all
creation,
he is Love, eternal Love.*

2 *God is Love: and he enfoldeth
all the world in one embrace;
with unfailing grasp he holdeth
every child of every race.
And when human hearts are
breaking
under sorrow's iron rod,
then they find that selfsame
aching
deep within the heart of God.*

3 *God is Love: and though with
blindness
sin afflicts the souls of all,
God's eternal loving-kindness
holds and guides us when we
fall.*

*Sin and death and hell shall
never
o'er us final triumph gain;
God is Love, so Love for ever
o'er the universe must reign.*

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1 City of God, how broad and far
outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen
are
of every age and clime:

2 One holy church, one army
strong,
one steadfast, high intent;
one working band, one harvest-
song,
one King omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech
come down
from man's primaeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire
grown
of freedom, love, and truth!

4 How gleam thy watch-fires
through the night
with never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and
bright,
to meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
in vain the drifting sands:
unharm'd upon the eternal Rock
the eternal city stands.

- 1 Jerusalem the golden,
with milk and honey blest,
beneath thy contemplation
sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O I know not
what joys await us there,
what radiancy of glory,
what bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
conjubilant with song,
and bright with many an angel,
and all the martyr throng;
the Prince is ever with them,
the daylight is serene,
the pastures of the blessèd
are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David;
and there, from care released,
the shout of them that triumph,
the song of them that feast;
and they, who with their leader
have conquered in the fight,
for ever and for ever
are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
the home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
that eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
to that dear land of rest;
who art, with God the Father
and Spirit, ever blest.

- 1 O Jesus, I have promised
to serve thee to the end;
be thou for ever near me,
my Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
if thou art by my side,
nor wander from the pathway
if thou wilt be my guide.
- 3 O let me hear thee speaking
in accents clear and still
above the storms of passion,
the murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
to hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
thou guardian of my soul.
- 4 O Jesus, thou hast promised
to all who follow thee,
that where thou art in glory
there shall thy servant be;
and, Jesus, I have promised
to serve thee to the end:
O give me grace to follow,
my Master and my Friend.
- 5 O let me see thy foot-marks,
and in them plant mine own;
my hope to follow duly
is in thy strength alone:
O guide me, call me, draw me,
uphold me to the end;
and then in heaven receive me,
my Saviour and my Friend.