

Hymns for Sunday 23rd October 2022

PROCESSIONAL

Let us build a house where love can dwell,
and all can safely live.

A place where saints and children tell
how hearts learn to forgive.

Built of hopes and dreams and visions,
rock of faith and vault of grace;
here the love of Christ shall end divisions:
all are welcome, all are welcome,
all are welcome in this place.

Let us build a house where prophets speak,
and words are strong and true,
where all God's children dare to seek
to dream God's reign anew.

Here the cross shall stand as witness,
and as symbol of God's grace;
here as one we claim the faith of Jesus:

Let us build a house where love is found
in water, wine and wheat,
a banquet hall on holy ground,
where peace and justice meet.
Here the love of God, through Jesus
is revealed in time and space,
as we share in Christ the feast that frees us:

Let us build a house where hands will reach
Beyond the wood and stone
to heal and strengthen, serve and teach,
and live the Word they've known.
Here the outcast and the stranger
bear the image of God's face;
let us bring an end to fear and danger:

Let us build a house where all are named,
their songs and visions heard
and loved and treasured, taught and claimed
as words within the Word.
Built of tears and cries and laughter,
prayers of faith and songs of grace,
let this house proclaim from floor to rafter:

BEFORE THE GOSPEL

Let love be real, in giving and receiving,
without the need to manage and to own;
a haven free from posing and pretending,
where every weakness may be safely known.
Give me your hand, along the desert pathway,
give me your love wherever we may go:

*As God loves us, so let us love each other,
with no demands, just open hands and space to grow.*

Let love be real, not grasping or confining,
that strange embrace that holds yet sets us free;
that helps us face the risk of truly living,
and makes us brave to be what we might be.
Give me your strength when all my words are weakness,
give me your love in spite of all you know:

*As God loves us, so let us love each other,
with no demands, just open hands and space to grow.*

Let love be real, with no manipulation,
no secret wish to harness or control;
let us accept each other's incompleteness,
and share the joy of learning to be whole.
Give me your hope through dreams and disappointments,
give me your trust when all my failings show:

*As God loves us, so let us love each other,
with no demands, just open hands and space to grow.*

OFFERTORY

I will sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me.
How he left His home in glory
for the cross of Calvary.

I was lost, but Jesus found me,
found the sheep that went astray,
threw his loving arms around me,
drew me back into His way.

I was bruised, but Jesus healed me;
faint was I from many a fall;
sight was gone, and fears possessed me,
but he freed me from them all.
Days of darkness still come o'er me,
sorrow's paths I often tread,
but the Saviour still is with me;
by his hand I'm safely led.

He will keep me till the river
rolls its waters at my feet;
then he'll bear me safely over,
where the loved ones I shall meet.
yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me,
sing it with the saints in glory,
gathered by the crystal sea.

HOLY COMMUNION

Choir – *We do not presume to come this table*

Beauty for brokenness, hope for despair,
Lord, in your suffering world this is our prayer.
Bread for the children, Justice, joy, peace,
sunrise to sunset, your kingdom increase!

Shelter for fragile lives, cures for their ills,
work for all people, trade for their skills;
land for the dispossessed, rights for the weak,
voices to plead the cause of those who can't speak

*God of the poor, friend of the weak,
give us compassion we pray:
melt our cold hearts, let tears fall like rain;
come, change our love from a spark to a flame.*

Refuge from cruel wars, havens from fear,
cities for sanctuary, freedoms to share.
Peace to the killing-fields, scorched earth to green,
Christ for the bitterness, his cross for the pain.

Rest for the ravaged earth, oceans and streams
plundered and poisoned-our future, our dreams.
Lord, end our madness, carelessness, greed;
make us content with the things that we need.

God of the poor...

Lighten our darkness, breathe on this flame
until your justice burns brightly again;
until the nations learn of your ways,
seek your salvation and bring you their praise.

God of the poor...

FINAL

How shall I sing that majesty which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie; sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around thy throne, O God most high;
ten thousand times ten thousand sound thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears, whilst I thy footsteps trace;
a sound of God comes to my ears, but they behold thy face.
They sing, because thou art their Sun; Lord, send a beam on me;
for where heaven is but once begun there alleluias be.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart, inflame it with love's fire;
then shall I sing and bear a part with that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold, with all my fire and light;
yet when thou dost accept their gold, Lord, treasure up my mite.

How great a being, Lord, is thine, which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line to sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore, a sun without a sphere;
thy time is now and evermore, thy place is everywhere.