

Sunday 20th September

Baptism and Confirmation

Hymn - 200 - God is here! As we his people

God is here! As we his people
meet to offer praise and prayer,
may we find in fuller measure
what it is in Christ we share.
Here, as in the world around us,
all our varied skills and arts
wait the coming of the Spirit
into open minds and hearts.

Here are symbols to remind us
of our lifelong need of grace;
here are table, font, and pulpit;
here the cross has central place.
Here in honesty of preaching,
here in silence, as in speech,
here, in newness and renewal,
God the Spirit comes to each.

Here our children find a welcome
in the Shepherd's flock and fold;
here as bread and wine are taken,
Christ sustains us, as of old;
here the servants of the Servant
seek in worship to explore
what it means in daily living
to believe and to adore.

Lord of all, of Church and Kingdom,
in an age of change and doubt,
keep us faithful to the gospel,
help us work your purpose out.
Here, in this day's dedication,
all we have to give, receive;
we, who cannot live without you,
we adore you! We believe!

Fred Pratt Green (1903 – 2000)
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Song – Be thou my vision

Be thou my vision O Lord of my heart,
nought be all else to me; save that thou art
thou my best thought in the day and the night
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word;
I ever with thee, and thou with me, Lord
thou my great Father and I thy true son,
thou in me dwelling and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight,
be thou my armour and be thou my might.
Be my soul's shelter and thou my high tower,
raise thou me heavenwards, O power of my
power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
thou my inheritance now and always,
thou and thou only, the first in my heart
high King of heaven, my treasure thou art.

O high King of heaven, when battle is done
grant heaven's joy to me, bright heaven's sun
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision thou ruler of all.

Hull / Byrne 30639

Hymn - 493 O Jesus, I have promised

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.

O let me feel thee near me:
the world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
the tempting sounds I hear;
my foes are ever near me,
around me and within;
but, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
and shield my soul from sin.

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.

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.

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.

John Ernest Bode (1816-1874)

Song – Oh Lord my God!

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee
how great thou art! How great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee
how great thou art! How great thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I
wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee
how great thou art! How great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee
how great thou art! How great thou art!

And when I think that God his Son no sparing,
sent him to die, I scarce can take it in.
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away my sin.

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee
how great thou art! How great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee
how great thou art! How great thou art!

When Christ shall come with shouts of
acclamation
and take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee
how great thou art! How great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee
how great thou art! How great thou art!

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