



St Paul's

## Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> October

**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 his 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!

**Lord, we long for you to move in power;**  
There's a hunger deep within our hearts,  
To see healing in the nations.  
Send your Spirit to revive us:

Heal the nations,  
Heal the nations,  
Heal the nations,  
Pour out your Spirit on this world.

Lord we hear your Spirit, coming closer,  
A mighty wave to break upon our world,  
Bringing justice, and forgiveness.  
God we cry to you, 'Revive us':

*Trish Morgan, Ray Goudie, Ian Townend,  
Dave Bankhead. © Thankyou Music 1986*

**From heav'n you came, helpless Babe,**  
enter'd 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.

*Graham Kendrick Thankyou Music 1983*

**Come down, O love divine,**  
Seek thou this soul of mine,  
And visit it with thine own ardour  
glowing;  
O Comforter, draw near,  
Within my heart appear,  
And kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,  
Till earthly passions turn,  
To dust and ashes in its heat  
consuming;  
And let thy glorious light,  
Shine ever on my sight,  
And clothe me round, the while my path  
illuminating.

Let holy charity,  
Mine outward vesture be,  
And lowliness become mine inner  
clothing;  
True lowliness of heart,  
Which takes the humbler part,  
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps  
with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,  
With which the soul will long,  
Shall far outpass the power of human  
telling;  
For none can guess its grace,  
Till Love create a place,  
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes a  
dwelling.

*Bianca da Siena*

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