



St Paul's

O Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever 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 footprints, 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

Sunday 29th August

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.
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.

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.
They sing because thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;
For where heaven is but once begun,
There alleluias be.

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.

Words: John Mason Music: Kenneth Naylor

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Bless the Lord, my soul,
And bless God's holy name.
Bless the Lord, my soul,
Who leads me into life.

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Be still, for the presence of the Lord,

The Holy One is here.
Come, bow before him now,
With reverence and fear.
In him no sin is found,
We stand on holy ground.
Be still, for the presence of the Lord,
The Holy One is here.
Be still, for the glory of the Lord,
Is shining all around.
He burns with holy fire,
With splendor he is crowned.
How awesome is the sight,
Our radiant King of light!
Be still, for the glory of the Lord,
Is shining all around.

Be still, for the power of the Lord,
Is moving in this place.
He comes to cleanse and heal,
To minister his grace.
No work too hard for him,
In faith receive from him.
Be still, for the power of the Lord,
Is moving in this place.

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**Behold the Lamb who bears our sins
away,**

Slain for us: and we remember,
The promise made that all who come in faith,
Find forgiveness at the cross.

*So we share in this bread of life,
And we drink of his sacrifice,
As a sign of our bonds of peace,
Around the table of the King.*

The body of our Saviour, Jesus Christ,
Torn for you: eat and remember,
The wounds that heal, the death that brings us
life,
Paid the price to make us one.

The blood that cleanses every stain of sin,
Shed for you: drink and remember,
He drained death's cup that all may enter in,
To receive the life of God.

And so with thankfulness and faith we rise To
respond: and to remember.
Our call to follow in the steps of Christ,
As his body here on earth.

*As we share in his suffering,
We proclaim: Christ will come again!
And we'll join in the feast of heaven,
Around the table of the King.*

*Stuart Townend with Keith and Kristyn Getty
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