

Hymns ~ Twenty Fourth Sunday

OPENING HYMN

My song is love unknown, my Saviour's love for me, love to the loveless shown that they might lovely be. O who am I, that for my sake, my Lord shall take frail flesh and die?

He came from his blest throne, salvation to bestow; but men made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know, but O my friend, my friend indeed, who at my need his life did spend!

Sometimes they strew his way, and his sweet praises sing; resounding all the day hosannas to their King; then 'Crucify!' is all their breath, and for his death they thirst and cry.

Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine, never was love, dear King, never was grief like thine. This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could gladly spend.

Samuel Crossman

OFFERTORY HYMN

Gifts of bread and wine, gifts we've offered, fruits of labour, fruits of love, taken, offered, sanctified, blessed and broken; words of one who died.

Take my body, take my saving blood. Gifts of bread and wine: Christ our Lord.

Through the Father, with the Spirit, one in union with the Son, For God's people, joined in prayer faith is strengthened by the food we share.

Take my body, take my saving blood. Gifts of bread and wine: Christ our Lord.

Christine McCann

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

‘My Jesus, I believe that you are present in this Holy Sacrament of the Altar.
I love you above all things and I passionately desire to receive you into my soul.
Since I cannot now receive you sacramentally, come spiritually into my soul so that
I may unite myself wholly to you now and forever.’ Amen
(based on prayer of St Alphonsus Liguori)

COMMUNION HYMN

Be still, and know I am with you, be still I am the Lord. I will not leave you orphans.
I leave you my world. Be one.

You fear the light may be fading, you fear to lose your way. Be still, and know I am near
you. I'll lead you to the day and the sun.

Be glad the day you have sorrow, be glad, for then you live. The stars shine only in
darkness, and in your need I give my peace.

Anne Scott

FINAL HYMN

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder, consider all the worlds thy hand has 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. (2)

And when I think that God, His Son not 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.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation and take me home, what joy shall fill
my heart; when I shall bow in humble adoration, and there proclaim; my God, how great
thou art.

Carl Boberg