

Wash me clean in that cool river;
wash my soul in the pure water.
Wash me clean in that cool river;
Lord, make me new.

Maggi Dawn (*b.* 1959)

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1 **We are marching in the light of God,**
we are marching in the light of God.
We are marching in the light of God,
we are marching in the light of God.
We are marching, oh,
we are marching in the light of God,
we are marching, oh,
we are marching in the light of God.

2 We are living in the love of God,
we are living in the love of God.
We are living in the love of God,
we are living in the love of God.
We are living, oh,
we are living in the love of God,
we are living, oh,
we are living in the love of God.

3 We are moving in the power of God,
we are moving in the power of God.
We are moving in the power of God,
we are moving in the power of God.
We are moving, oh,
we are moving in the power of God,
we are moving, oh,
we are moving in the power of God.

Original Xhosa:

Siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos'

Siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos'

Siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos'

Siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos'

Siya' hamba hamba, siyahamba,

hamba siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos'.

*Siya' hamba hamba, siyahamba,
hamba siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos!*

South African traditional

v. 1 Anders Nyberg (*b.* 1955)

vv. 2, 3 Andrew Maries (*b.* 1949)

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Glasgow G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

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- 1 **We believe in God the Father,**
 God Almighty, by whose plan
earth and heaven sprang to being,
 all created things began.
We believe in Christ the Saviour,
 Son of God in human frame,
virgin-born, the child of Mary
 upon whom the Spirit came.
- 2 Christ, who on the cross forsaken,
 like a lamb to slaughter led,
suffered under Pontius Pilate,
 he descended to the dead.
We believe in Jesus risen,
 heaven's King to rule and reign,
to the Father's side ascended
 till as judge he comes again.
- 3 We believe in God the Spirit;
 in one Church, below, above:
saints of God in one communion,
 one in holiness and love.
So by faith, our sins forgiven,
 Christ our Saviour, Lord and friend,
we shall rise with him in glory
 to the life that knows no end.

Timothy Dudley-Smith (*b.* 1926)

from the Apostles' Creed

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- 1 **We cannot care for you** the way we wanted,
 or cradle you or listen for your cry;
 but, separated as we are by silence,
 love will not die.

- 2 We cannot watch you growing into childhood,
 nor find a new uniqueness every day;
 but special as you would have been among us
 you still will stay.

- 3 We cannot know the pain or the potential
 which passing years would summon or reveal;
 but for that true fulfilment Jesus promised
 we hope and feel.

- 4 So through the mess of anger, grief, and tiredness,
 through tensions which are not yet reconciled,
 we give to God the worship of our sorrow
 and our dear child.

- 5 Lord, in your arms, which cradle all creation,
 we rest and place our baby beyond death,
 believing that *he* now, alive in heaven, *(she)*
 breathes with your breath.

John L. Bell (*b.* 1949)

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Words and Music: From *When Grief Is Raw* © 1996, WGRG, Iona Community,
Glasgow G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

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- 1 **We cannot measure how you heal**
or answer every sufferer's prayer,
yet we believe your grace responds
where faith and doubt unite to care.
Your hands, though bloodied on the cross,
survive to hold and heal and warn,
to carry all through death to life
and cradle children yet unborn.

- 2 The pain that will not go away,
the guilt that clings from things long past,
the fear of what the future holds,
are present as if meant to last.
But present too is love which tends
the hurt we never hoped to find,
the private agonies inside,
the memories that haunt the mind.

- 3 So some have come who need your help
and some have come to make amends
as hands which shaped and saved the world
are present in the touch of friends.
Lord, let your Spirit meet us here
to mend the body, mind, and soul,
to disentangle peace from pain
and make your broken people whole.

John L. Bell (*b.* 1949) and Graham Maule (*b.* 1958)

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3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

- 1 **We come from the mountains**, the valleys and plains,
the cities and farmlands awaiting the rains.
Our cultures are many, our tongues even more;
our colours the rainbow from God's artful store.
*In mission together we all join our hands,
in mission together throughout many lands.
With our hearts united our voices we raise
to God our Creator in glorious praise.*
- 2 Though different in culture and modes of our dress,
though strange seem our language we boldly confess
that we are united: one people, one voice.
We're God's own creation by God's sacred choice.
Refrain
- 3 In Christ we're united, all barriers fall;
there's no favoured gender, one family for all:
oppressed, rich, and needy, the weak and the strong;
one family, one people, to God all belong.

verses S. T. Kimbrough, Jr.

refrain Jorge Lockward

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- 1 **We come to you with no pretence,**
yet nourished by your grace.
We come as people needing love
within this time and place.
- 2 We come confessing all we are,
yet all we have to give.
We ask for your renewing power
to teach us how to live.
- 3 We need your spirit to be strong,
your risking, leaping faith,
that brings the love of God to bear
in every aching space.
- 4 Then from this point, restored, renewed,
we pledge to take your way;
to live responding to your call
with each succeeding day.

Andrew Pratt (*b.* 1948)

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<www.stainer.co.uk>

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- 1 **We do not hope to ease our minds**
by simple answers, shifted blame,
while Christ is homeless, hungry, poor,
and we are rich who bear his name.
As long as justice is a dream
and human dignity denied,
we stand with Christ; disturb us still
till every need is satisfied.
- 2 We cannot ask to live at peace
in comfort and security
while Christ is tried in Pilate's hall
and drags his cross to Calvary.
As long as hatred stifles truth
and freedom is betrayed by fear,
we stand with Christ; give us no peace
till his peace reigns in triumph here.
- 3 We will not pray to be preserved
from any depth of agony
while Christ's despairing cry rings out:
God, why have you abandoned me?
As long as we have hope to share
of life renewed beyond the pain,
we stand with Christ all through the night
till Easter morning dawns again.

Marnie Barrell (*b.* 1952)

The last line of each verse is repeated.

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Words: © Marnie Barrell

We do not presume to come to this table
trusting in our own righteousness.
Only by your grace and your love are we able,
only in your mercy we rest.
For you are the same Lord,
merciful and mighty,
and to worship you we come.
The blood and the body of Jesus your Son
may cleanse us all,
so we may live in him for evermore.

Liturgical text

This hymn can be sung as the Prayer of Humble Access during the Holy Communion Liturgy.

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **601**

Words: ©

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1 cantor: **We follow the Lord along the gradual road to heaven**
all: and know God's kingdom it will come.
cantor: We follow the Lord along the gradual road to heaven
all: and know God's kingdom it will come.
all: *We know this, we know this, we know God's kingdom*
it will come.

We know this, we know this, we know God's
kingdom it will come.

2 cantor: As long as we hope, there is a future for creation,
all: a future for the universe.
cantor: As long as we hope, there is a future for creation,
all: a future for the universe.

3 cantor: As long as we pray, there is a future for creation,
all: a future for the universe.
cantor: As long as we pray, there is a future for creation,
all: a future for the universe.

4 cantor: As long as we act, there is a future for creation,
all: a future for the universe.
cantor: As long as we act, there is a future for creation,
all: a future for the universe.

Original Lingala:

1 cantor: Na nzela na lola tokotambola malembe,
all: Malembe tokotambola.
cantor: Na nzela na lola tokotambola malembe,
all: Malembe tokotambola.

all: *Malembe, malembe, malembe tokotambola.*

Malembe, malembe, malembe tokotambola.

2 cantor: Na nzela na lola tokoyemba na esengo,
all: Malembe tokotambola.

3 cantor: Na nzela na lola tokoteya na esengo,
 all: Malembe tokotambola.

4 cantor: Na nzela na lola tokobondela masiya,
 all: Malembe tokotambola.

Lingala words by Mwenze Kabemba

translated by Carolyn Kappauf (alt.)

Verses can be created and selected as appropriate.

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We give immortal praise
to God the Father's love,
for all our comforts here,
and better hopes above.
He sent his own eternal Son
to die for sins that all have done.

To God the Son belongs
immortal glory too,
who bought us with his blood
from everlasting woe:
and now he lives,
and now he reigns,
and sees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
immortal worship give,
whose new-creating power
makes the dead sinner live:
his work completes the great design,
and fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
be endless honours done,
the undivided Three, and the mysterious One:
where reason fails with all her powers,
there faith prevails, and love adores.

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

- 1 **We gladly celebrate and praise,**
the gift so great and good,
through which God's kindness is made known:
the gift of motherhood.
- 2 We sing of Mary's mother-love:
for she, of all on earth,
received the privilege to bear
and bring God's Son to birth.
- 3 We pray that God's own mother-love
will hold in gentleness,
all children who have never known
a mother's tenderness.
- 4 For mothers, who with broken hearts,
are faced with grief and loss,
we pray the Son of God will give
deep comfort from his cross.
- 5 We trust the mother-love of God,
who bears, in Mary's boy,
our pain and sorrow, to secure
our everlasting joy.

Alan Gaunt (*b.* 1935)

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<www.stainer.co.uk>

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- 1 **We have a gospel to proclaim,**
good news for all throughout the earth;
the gospel of a Saviour's name:
we sing his glory, tell his worth.
- 2 Tell of his birth at Bethlehem —
not in a royal house or hall,
but in a stable dark and dim,
the Word made flesh, a light for all.
- 3 Tell of his death at Calvary:
hated by those he came to save,
in lonely suffering on the cross,
for all he loved his life he gave.
- 4 Tell of that glorious Easter morn:
empty the tomb, for he was free.
He broke the power of death and hell
that we might share his victory.
- 5 Tell of his reign at God's right hand,
by all creation glorified.
He sends his Spirit on his Church
to live for him, the Lamb who died.
- 6 Now we rejoice to name him King:
Jesus is Lord of all the earth.
This gospel-message we proclaim:
we sing his glory, tell his worth.

Edward Joseph Burns (*b.* 1938)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **418**

Words: © Canon Edward J. Burns

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1 **We have nothing to give**
that didn't first come from your hand;
we have nothing to offer you
which you did not provide.
Every good, perfect gift comes from
your kind and gracious heart,
and all we do is give back to you
what always has been yours.

*Lord, we're breathing the breath
that you gave us to breathe,
to worship you, to worship you.
And we're singing these songs
with the very same breath,
to worship you, to worship you.*

2 Who has given to you
that it should be paid back to him?
Who has given to you
as if you needed anything?
From you and to you and through you
come all things, O Lord,
and all we do is give back to you
what always has been yours.

Refrain

Matt Redman (*b.* 1974)

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- 1 **We lay our broken world**
in sorrow at your feet,
haunted by hunger, war and fear,
oppressed by power and hate.
- 2 Here human life seems less
than profit, might and pride,
though to unite us all in you,
you lived and loved and died.
- 3 We bring our broken towns,
our neighbours hurt and bruised;
you show us how old pain and wounds
for new life can be used.
- 4 We bring our broken loves,
friends parted, families torn;
then in your life and death we see
that love must be reborn.
- 5 We bring our broken selves,
confused and closed and tired;
then through your gift of healing grace
new purpose is inspired.
- 6 O Spirit, on us breathe,
with life and strength anew;
find in us love, and hope, and trust,
and lift us up to you.

Anna Briggs (*b.* 1947)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **718**

Words: © Anna Briggs

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- 1 **We pledge to one another,**
before the Lord above,
complete and full and perfect,
this union of our love —
a love that will be patient,
a love that will be wise,
that will not twist with envy,
nor lose itself in lies;
a love that will not falter,
a love to hold us fast,
and bind us to each other
as long as life shall last.
- 2 We pray that God will guide us
through all the years to be,
our lives be shaped by courage,
hope and serenity.
Through joy and celebration,
through loneliness and pain,
may loyalty, compassion
and tenderness remain,
that those who share the blessing
of love that cannot cease,
may walk the paths of gentleness
into the place of peace.

Jill Jenkins (*b.* 1937)

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Words: © Jill Jenkins

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1 **We plough the fields, and scatter**
the good seed on the land,
but it is fed and watered
by God's almighty hand;
he sends the snow in winter,
the warmth to swell the grain,
the breezes and the sunshine,
and soft, refreshing rain.
*All good gifts around us
are sent from heaven above;
then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
for all his love.*

2 He only is the maker
of all things near and far;
he paints the wayside flower,
he lights the evening star;
the winds and waves obey him,
by him the birds are fed;
much more to us, his children,
he gives our daily bread.

3 We thank you then, O Father,
for all things bright and good:
the seed-time and the harvest,
our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
for all your love imparts,
and, what you most desire,
our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius (1740–1815)

translated by Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817–1878) *(alt.)*

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1 **We praise God in the morning** when the sun is bright,
we praise him in the evening when day turns to night.
We praise him if it's sunny or if it's wet.
No matter what the weather we'll never forget to
 praise God (bop, bop, showaddy do wah).
 Praise God (bop, bop, showaddy do wah).
 Hallelujah, we'll praise the Lord.

2 We praise God when we're singing our songs of praise,
we praise him when we worship in our different ways.
We praise him for the food that we eat each day
but in everything we do we want to say,
 Refrain

Captain Alan Price

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- 1 **We praise you, Lord, for Jesus Christ,**
 who died and rose again;
 who lives to break the power of sin
 and over death to reign.

- 2 We praise you, Lord, that each child shares
 the freedom Christ can give,
 and dies to sin with Christ, and now
 with Christ is raised to live.

- 3 We praise you that your children, Lord,
 are grafted to the vine,
 and now made members of your house
 and bear the cross as sign.

- 4 We praise you, Lord, for Jesus Christ,
 who loves each child we bring;
 who frees, forgives, and heals us all,
 and lives and reigns as King.

Judith Beatrice O'Neill (*b.* 1930)

adapted by Norman Wallwork (*b.* 1946) (*alt.*)

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Words: © J. B. O'Neill

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- 1 **We praise you, O God**; acclaim you as Lord.
All of creation resounds to the voice of the heavenly host
united in song,
 praising your majesty, praising your glory.
 Alleluia, alleluia.
 Holy is God, holy and strong.
 Alleluia, alleluia.
 Holy Immortal One.
- 2 Apostles and prophets, the martyrs for Christ,
sing of your goodness while bathed in the beams of your infinite
love, your splendour and light,
- 3 Lord Jesus the Christ, your death brings us life.
Come with your judgment and grant us a place in the Kingdom of
God, at one with your saints,
- 4 Lord, grant us salvation, protect us from harm.
Free us from evil and bless us with mercy as daily in you
we trust and we hope,

Liturgical text from *Te Deum*
adapted by Peter Jones

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1 **We pray for peace,**
but not the easy peace
built on complacency
and not the truth of God.
We pray for real peace,
the peace God's love alone can seal.

2 We pray for peace,
but not the cruel peace
leaving God's poor bereft
and dying in distress;
we pray for real peace,
enriching all the human race.

3 We pray for peace,
and not the evil peace
defending unjust laws
and nursing prejudice,
but for the real peace
of justice, mercy, truth and love.

4 We pray for peace:
holy communion
with Christ our risen Lord
and every living thing;
God's will fulfilled on earth
and all creation reconciled.

5 We pray for peace,
and, for the sake of peace,
look to the risen Christ,
who gives the grace we need
to serve the cause of peace
and make our own self-sacrifice.

6 God, give us peace;
 if you withdraw your love
 there is no peace for us,
 nor any hope of it.
 With you to lead us on,
 through death or tumult, peace will come.

Alan Gaunt (*b.* 1935)

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<www.stainer.co.uk>

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- 1 **We pray until the hour,**
 that awesome hour unknown,
 when, robed in majesty and power,
 you shall from heaven come down.
- 2 O Christ our souls prepare
 for that tremendous day,
 and fill us now with watchful care,
 and stir us up to pray.
- 3 At last may we be found
 obedient to your word,
 attentive to the judgement sound,
 and looking for our Lord!
- 4 To those who shall endure,
 Christ gives his promised rest,
 we watch each moment to secure
 our place among the blest.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

adapted by Norman Wallwork (*b.* 1946)

based on *Thou judge of quick and dead.*

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Adaptation: © Norman Wallwork

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- 1 **We see the eyes of Mary shine,**
for all the pain of birth is past.
She cradles Jesus in her arms,
her time of joy is here at last.

- 2 We look on Joseph's roughened hands,
his eyes are filled with tender joy.
He gently reaches for the child,
this little scrap, this baby boy.

- 3 And can they know? And could they guess
at love's responsibility,
that hurt would mingle with the joy
of human possibility?

- 4 But on this night a single star
is just enough to signal grace:
a child is born in Bethlehem
and offered for the human race.

Andrew Pratt (*b.* 1948)

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- 1 **We sing of your glory,**
we praise you again,
for you are eternal. Amen. Amen.

- 2 We sing of your power
and honour again,
for you are eternal. Amen. Amen.

- 3 We sing of surrender
to you, God, again.
Your power is eternal. Amen. Amen.

- 4 ‘Glory in the highest,
on earth,’ sing again.
Glory, alleluia. Amen. Amen.

Latin American

translated by S. T. Kimbrough, Jr.

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- 1 **We sing the praise of Jesus,**
of our ascending Lord;
the triumph of our Saviour,
of Christ the Son of God.
The forty days are over,
earth sees his face no more;
but Christ the King of glory
we worship and adore.
- 2 Rejoicing in Christ's promise
we wait in prayer and praise,
the Spirit sent from heaven
to set the earth ablaze;
we pray with expectation,
we praise with one accord,
we wait for living fire,
the power of the Lord.
- 3 Therefore with saints and angels
and all the hosts above
we lift our hearts and voices
to bless the God of love;
to sing of our Redeemer
who intercedes and prays,
that God the Holy Spirit
may guide us all our days.
- 4 With songs of alleluia
let earth and heaven ring;
and praises to the Father
let all creation sing.
All honour be to Jesus,
God's own eternal Son;
and to the Holy Spirit
let endless praise be done!

Norman Wallwork (*b.* 1946)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **315**

Words: © Norman Wallwork

- 1 **We trust the mighty love of God**
that wraps us round,
that loves us when we're good or bad;
love so profound
it still gives hope when death has struck
and joy is drowned.

- 2 We trust God's love that once, in Christ
was crucified.
As love's uniquely precious child
was nailed and died,
God, deeply pierced by human grief,
stayed at his side.

- 3 In joy or grief, and deeper far
than we can tell,
love finds its way through life and death
and fathoms hell,
assuring faith, through pain and loss,
'All shall be well.'

- 4 We trust the future, God to you:
we pray that we
may grasp our full potential here,
and faithfully
go on to find earth's love fulfilled
eternally.

Alan Gaunt (*b.* 1935)

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- 1 **We turn to God when we are sorely pressed;**
we pray for help, and ask for peace and bread;
we seek release from illness, guilt, and death:
all people do, in faith or unbelief.

- 2 We turn to God when he is sorely pressed,
and find him poor, scorned, without roof and bread,
bowed under weight of weakness, sin, and death:
faith stands by God in his dark hour of grief.

- 3 God turns to us when we are sorely pressed,
and feeds our souls and bodies with his bread;
for one and all Christ gives himself in death:
through his forgiveness sin will find relief.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer (1906–1945)

Letters and Papers in Prison, 1953, SCM Press

translated Compilers of *Church Hymnary*, 4th edition, 2005

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- 1 **We turn to you**, O God of every nation,
giver of good and origin of life;
your love is at the heart of all creation,
your hurt is people's pain in war and death.
- 2 We turn to you, that we may be forgiven
for crucifying Christ on earth again;
we know that we have never wholly striven
to share with all the promise of your reign.
- 3 Free every heart from haughty self-reliance,
our ways of thought inspire with simple grace;
break down among us barriers of defiance;
speak to the soul of all the human race.
- 4 On all who rise on earth for right relations
we pray the light of love from hour to hour.
Grant wisdom to the leaders of the nations,
the gift of carefulness to those in power.
- 5 Teach us, good Lord, to serve the need of others;
help us to give and not to count the cost.
Unite us all to live as sisters, brothers;
defeat our Babel with your Pentecost!

Fred Kaan (1929–2009)

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We will walk with God, my brothers,

we will walk with God.

We will walk with God, my sisters,

we will walk with God.

We will go rejoicing

till the kingdom has come.

We will go rejoicing

till the kingdom has come.

Original Siswati:

Sizohamba naye,

wo wo wo,

sizohamba naye.

Sizohamba naye,

wo wo wo,

sizohamba naye.

Ngomhla wenjabula,

sizohamba naye.

Ngomhla wenjabula,

sizohamba naye.

Traditional hymn from Swaziland

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **484**

Translation: From *One Is The Body* © 2002, WGRG, Iona Community, Glasgow
G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

.

- 1 **Were you there when they crucified my Lord?**
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they crucified my Lord?
- 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
- 3 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
- 4 Were you there when God raised him from the dead?
Were you there when God raised him from the dead?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when God raised him from the dead?

African-American traditional song

It is suggested that the last verse is not used prior to Easter Day.

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 285 .

- 1 **What a friend we have in Jesus,**
all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
all because we do not carry
everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations,
is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge —
take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do your friends despise, forsake you?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
in his arms he'll take and shield you,
you will find a solace there.

Joseph Medlicott Scriven (1819–1886)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 531 .

- 1 **What kind of love is this**
that gave itself for me?
I am the guilty one,
yet I go free.
What kind of love is this,
a love I've never known;
I didn't even know his name —
what kind of love is this?
- 2 What kind of man is this,
that died in agony?
He who had done no wrong
was crucified for me.
What kind of man is this,
who laid aside his throne
that I may know the love of God —
what kind of man is this?
- 3 By grace I have been saved;
it is the gift of God.
He destined me to be his own
such is his love.
No eye has ever seen,
no ear has ever heard,
nor has the human heart conceived
what kind of love is this?

Bryn Haworth and Sally Haworth

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 286
Words and Music: © 1983 Bella Music Ltd, 37 The Spinney, Epsom Downs,
Surrey, KT18 5QX

- 1 **What shall I do my God to love,**
my loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
and depth of sovereign grace?
- 2 Your sovereign grace to all extends,
immense and unconfined;
from age to age it never ends;
enfolds all humankind.
- 3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
wide as infinity;
so wide it never passed by one,
or it had passed by me.
- 4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
but, far above the skies,
in Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see your mercies rise.
- 5 The depth of all-redeeming love
what angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
the gift unspeakable!
- 6 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
possession of your own;
my longing heart vouchsafe to make
your everlasting throne.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 436 .

- 1 **What shall I do my God to love,**
my Saviour, and the world's, to praise?
Whose tenderest compassions move
to me and all the fallen race,
whose mercy is divinely free
for all the fallen race, and me!

- 2 I long to know, and to make known,
the heights and depths of love divine,
the kindness thou to me hast shown,
whose every sin was counted thine:
my God for me resigned his breath;
he died to save my soul from death.

- 3 How shall I thank thee for the grace
on me and all the world bestowed?
O that my every breath were praise!
O that my heart were filled with God!
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
and all my life thy glory show.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 516 .

- 1 **What shall our greeting be:**
sign of our unity?
'Jesus is Lord!'
May we no more defend
barriers he died to end:
give me your hand, my friend —
one Church, one Lord!
- 2 What is our mission here?
He makes his purpose clear:
one world, one Lord!
Spirit of truth, descend;
all our confusions end:
give me your hand, my friend —
'Jesus is Lord!'
- 3 He comes to save us now:
to serve him is to know
life's true reward.
May he our lives amend,
all our betrayals end:
give me your hand, my friend —
'Jesus is Lord!'

Fred Pratt Green (1903–2000)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **691**

Words: © 1975, Stainer & Bell Ltd, 23 Gruneisen Road, London N3 1DZ

<www.stainer.co.uk>

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- 1 **What shall we offer our good Lord,**
poor nothings, for his boundless grace?
Fain would we his great name record
and worthily set forth his praise.
- 2 Great object of our growing love,
to whom our more than all we owe,
open the fountain from above,
and let it our full souls o'erflow.
- 3 Open a door which earth and hell
may strive to shut, but strive in vain;
let thy word richly in us dwell,
and let our gracious fruit remain.
- 4 O multiply the sower's seed!
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
throughout the world thy gospel spread,
thy everlasting truth declare.
- 5 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
thy grace for every sinner free;
till all the world shall learn thy name,
shall all stretch out their hands to thee.

August Gottlieb Spangenberg (1704–1792)

translated by John Wesley (1703–1791)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 671 .

- 1 **What shall we pray for** those who died,
those on whose death our lives relied?
Silenced by war but not denied,
God give them peace.
- 2 What shall we pray for those who mourn
friendships and love, their fruit unborn?
Though years have passed, hearts still are torn;
God give them peace.
- 3 What shall we pray for those who live
tied to the past they can't forgive,
haunted by terrors they relive?
God give them peace.
- 4 What shall we pray for those who know
nothing of war, and cannot show
grief or regret for friend or foe?
God give them peace.
- 5 What shall we pray for those who fear
war, in some guise, may reappear
looking attractive and sincere?
God give them peace.
- 6 God give us peace, and, more than this,
show us the path where justice is;
and let us never be remiss
working for peace that lasts.

Carnwadric Parish Church (Glasgow) Worship Group and John L. Bell (*b.* 1949)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **721**
Words and Music: From *When Grief Is Raw* © 1996, WGRG, Iona Community,
Glasgow G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

- 1 **When a young unmarried couple**
tried to find a place to stay,
then a Middle-Eastern village
had no space, 'No, not today.'
Mary's pregnancy was clear.
'Go away! There's no room here!'
- 2 Labour pains forced urgent action:
any shelter now till dawn!
In a shed to house the livestock
Mary's baby then was born —
nowhere for the child to lay
but a feeding trough with hay.
- 3 Such undignified beginnings
for a child — no matter who —
yet this is the baby Jesus,
God's own Son! It's strange, but true:
our God comes among the poor
bringing hope for evermore.
- 4 Songs that paint a cosy Christmas
miss the truth of God above!
See how God, rejected, homeless,
came a child with wide-eyed love.
Love transforms and brings release!
Love brings justice, joy and peace!
- 5 Here's good news: our God is with us,
friend for life, in joy and need!
In rejection, pain and trouble
Jesus is our Friend in deed.
Baby child and dying Friend,
living Lord: love without end.

Peter Relf (*b.* 1944)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **220**

Words: © Peter Relf

- 1 **When all your mercies, O my God,**
my rising soul surveys,
transported with the view, I'm lost
in wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
your tender care bestowed,
before my infant heart conceived
from whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
my daily thanks employ,
nor is the least a cheerful heart
that tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life
your goodness I'll pursue,
and after death, in distant worlds,
the glorious theme renew.
- 5 Through all eternity to you
a joyful song I'll raise;
for O eternity's too short
to utter all your praise!

Joseph Addison (1672–1719)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 97

- 1 **When circumstances make my life**
too hard to understand,
no doubt or fear, no pain or strife,
can snatch me from God's hand.

- 2 In valleys where the path is steep,
with shadows dark and long,
I know the Shepherd leads his sheep —
his grace will keep me strong.

- 3 Though sorrow and perplexity
are often what I feel,
Gethsemane and Calvary
affirm God's love is real.

- 4 It is enough for me to know
God's promise and God's care:
wherever on life's path I go
my Saviour will be there.

Martin Leckebusch (*b.* 1962)

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- 1 **When deep despair casts out all light**
and hope is wearing thin;
come Spirit, dance with gentle grace,
shine through the dullness we embrace
and make the colours sing;
and make the colours sing.

- 2 When greed dictates that children die
and poverty holds sway;
come Spirit, burn as living flame,
prompt us to act to end this shame;
cast apathy away;
cast apathy away.

- 3 When colour, lifestyle, creed or name
cause groundless hate and fear;
come Spirit, weave a web of peace,
that prejudice and violence cease;
reveal God's purpose here;
reveal God's purpose here.

- 4 When guilt and fear tear us apart
and faith's a bitter thing;
come Spirit, dance with gentle grace,
shine through the dullness we embrace
and make God's colours sing;
and make God's colours sing.

Michaela Youngson

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 399

Words: © Michaela Youngson

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- 1 **When Easter to the dark world came,**
fair flowers glowed like scarlet flame:
 at Eastertide, at Eastertide,
 O glad was the world at Eastertide.
- 2 When Mary in the garden walked,
and with her risen Master talked:
- 3 When John and Peter in their gloom
met angels at the empty tomb:
- 4 When ten disciples met in fear,
then 'Peace' said Jesus, 'I am here.'
- 5 When Thomas' heart was hurt and grieved,
then Jesus' wounds his doubt relieved:
- 6 And friend to friend in wonder said:
'The Lord is risen from the dead!'
- 7 This Eastertide with joyful voice
we'll sing: 'The Lord is King! Rejoice!'
 At Eastertide, at Eastertide,
 O sing, all the world, for Eastertide.

W. H. Hamilton (1886–1958)

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1 **When I needed a neighbour**, were you there, were you there?
When I needed a neighbour, were you there?
*And the creed and the colour and the name won't matter,
were you there?*

2 I was hungry and thirsty, were you there, were you there?
I was hungry and thirsty, were you there?

3 I was cold, I was naked, were you there, were you there?
I was cold, I was naked, were you there?

4 When I needed a shelter, were you there, were you there?
When I needed a shelter, were you there?

5 When I needed a healer, were you there, were you there?
When I needed a healer, were you there?

6 Wherever you travel I'll be there, I'll be there,
wherever you travel I'll be there.

*And the creed and the colour and the name won't matter,
I'll be there.*

Sydney Carter (1915–2004)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 256
Words and Music: © 1965, Stainer & Bell Ltd, 23 Gruneisen Road, London N3
1DZ <www.stainer.co.uk>

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- 1 **When I survey the wondrous cross,**
 on which the Prince of Glory died,
 my richest gain I count but loss,
 and pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
 save in the death of Christ my God;
 all the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
 spreads o'er his body on the tree;
 then am I dead to all the globe,
 and all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 that were an offering far too small;
 love so amazing, so divine,
 demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 287 .

When I think about the cross,
when I think of Jesus,
I'm reminded of his love —
love that never leaves me.

Who am I that he should die,
giving life so freely?

When I think about the cross,
help me to believe it.

Mark Johnson and Helen Johnson

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **288**
Words and Music: © 1995, 2008, Out of the Ark Limited, Unit F1 Kingsway
Business Park, Oldfield Road, Hampton, Middlesex TW12 2HD

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1 **When I was lost, you came and rescued me;**
reached down into the pit and lifted me.
O Lord, such love,
I was as far from you as I could be.
You know all the things I've ever done,
but Jesus' blood has cancelled every one.
O Lord, such grace
to qualify me as your own.

*There is a new song in my mouth,
there is a deep cry in my heart,
a hymn of praise to Almighty God — hallelujah!
And now I stand firm on this Rock,
my life is hidden now with Christ in God.
The old has gone and the new has come — hallelujah!
Your love has lifted me.*

2 Now I have come into your family
for the Son of God has died for me.
O Lord, such peace,
I am as loved by you as I could be.
In the full assurance of your love,
now with every confidence we come.
O Lord, such joy
to know that you delight in us.

Refrain

Kate Simmonds and Miles Simmonds

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- 1 **When I'm feeling down and sad,**
nothing much to make me glad,
help me to remember,
you are there for me.

- 2 When things seem so different, and
very hard to understand,
help me to remember,
you are close to me.

- 3 When no-one has time for me,
nothing's like it used to be,
help me to remember,
you are still with me.

- 4 When I'm crying, deep inside,
harder than I've ever cried,
help me to remember,
you are loving me.

Joy Webb (*b.* 1932)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **642**
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- 1 **When Jesus came to Jordan**
to be baptised by John,
he did not come for pardon,
but as his Father's Son.
He came to share repentance
with all who mourn their sins,
to speak the vital sentence
with which good news begins.
- 2 He came to share temptation,
our utmost woe and loss,
for us and our salvation
to die upon the cross.
So when the Dove descended
on him, the Son of Man,
the hidden years had ended,
the age of grace began.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, aid us
to keep the vows we make;
this very day invade us,
and every bondage break.
Come, give our lives direction,
the gift we covet most:
to share the resurrection
that leads to Pentecost.

Fred Pratt Green (1903–2000)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **233**

Words: © Stainer & Bell Ltd, 23 Gruneisen Road, London N3 1DZ

<www.stainer.co.uk>

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- 1 **When listening prophets dare to speak,**
love thunders like an ocean wave,
old wineskins burst, stone columns quake,
and dry bones rise up from the grave.

- 2 When prophets feel their strength is gone,
as Churches add to people's pain,
a prophet's question lingers on,
'Can dry bones ever live again?'

- 3 True prophets challenge us to change,
to wake and wonder, risk and grow,
and when the way ahead seems strange,
to name the fear and let it go.

- 4 God bids us rise to speak and move
like prophets on a lighted stage,
unmasking fear, revealing love,
and making peace from age to age.

Daniel Charles Damon (*b.* 1955)

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- 1 **When love is found and hope comes home,**
sing and be glad that two are one.
When love explodes and fills the sky
praise God and share our Maker's joy.
- 2 When love has flowered in trust and care,
build both each day that love may dare
to reach beyond home's warmth and light,
to serve and strive for truth and right.
- 3 When love is tried, as loved-ones change,
hold still to hope though all seems strange,
till each returns and love grows wise
through listening ears and opened eyes.
- 4 When love is torn and trust betrayed,
pray strength to love till torments fade,
till lovers keep no score of wrong
but hear through pain love's Easter song.
- 5 Praise God for love, praise God for life,
in age or youth, in calm or strife,
lift up your hearts! Let love be fed
through death and life in broken bread.

Brian Wren (*b.* 1936)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **607**

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<www.stainer.co.uk>

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- 1 **When memory fades and recognition falters,**
when eyes we love grow dim, and minds, confused,
speak to our souls of love that never alters;
speak to our hearts by pain and fear abused.
O God of life and healing peace, empower us
with patient courage, by your grace infused.
- 2 As frailness grows, and youthful strengths diminish
in weary arms, which worked their earnest fill,
your ageing servants labour now to finish
their earthly tasks, as fits your mystery's will.
We grieve their waning, yet rejoice, believing
your arms, unwearied, shall uphold us still.
- 3 Within your Spirit, goodness lives unfading.
The past and future mingle into one.
All joys remain, with heavenly light pervading.
No valued deed will ever be undone.
Your mind enfolds all finite acts and offerings,
held in your heart, our deathless life is won!

Mary Louise Bringle (*b.* 1953)

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- 1 **When morning gilds the skies,**
my heart awaking cries:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Alike at work and prayer
to Jesus I repair:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
- 2 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
When evil thoughts are near,
these words will calm my fear:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
- 3 To God, the Word, on high
the hosts of angels cry:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let mortals, too, upraise
their voice in hymns of praise:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
- 4 Let earth's wide circle round
in joyful notes resound:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let air, and sea, and sky,
from depth to height, reply:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
- 5 Be this while life is mine
my song of love divine:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Be this the eternal song,
through all the ages long:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

German hymn, early form in *Katholische Gesangbuch*, Würzburg, 1828
translated by Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 368 .

- 1 **When mountains that we thought** secure
lie crumbled where we stand
and pain and helplessness endure
— all from another’s hand —
help us to bear the prophet’s mark,
to stand apart from hate
and witness to the Father’s call
for justice in the land.
- 2 God is our strength and refuge still
though all the earth give way;
our help at every time of ill,
the light of our dark day.
And as his people in the world
we bear the scars of grief,
but echo faith’s resounding note
— and still for justice pray.
- 3 There is a place of holiness
where God makes warfare cease.
There is a day of hopefulness,
a promised time of peace.
So, here today, we bear the pain
of inhumanity,
but pledge our lives to live for truth
so justice may increase.

Gareth Hill (*b.* 1956)

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Uckfield, East Sussex, TN22 1QG, United Kingdom. <info@songsolutions.org>
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- 1 **When my love for Christ grows weak,**
when for deeper faith I seek,
then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane.
- 2 There I walk amid the shades,
while the lingering twilight fades,
see that suffering, friendless One,
weeping, praying there alone.
- 3 When my will to love grows weak,
when for stronger faith I seek,
hill of Calvary, I go
to your scenes of fear and woe;
- 4 There behold his agony,
suffered on the bitter tree;
see his anguish, see his faith,
love triumphant still in death.
- 5 Then to life I turn again,
learning all the worth of pain,
learning all the might that lies
in a full self-sacrifice.
- 6 And I praise with firmer faith
Christ who vanquished pain and death;
and to Christ enthroned above
raise my song of selfless love.

John Reynell Wreford (1800–1881)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 289 .

- 1 **When our caring love wears thin,**
when our nerves are stretched and taut
and the strain of our concern
fills our every waking thought —
God of understanding heart,
give us strength to play our part.

- 2 When we watch in helpless love
when all hope of health is past
and distress cries out in pain
that this suffering will not last —
God of healing, hold us near,
bring your calm and drive out fear.

- 3 When our tears speak out our love,
when by smiles we mask our grief,
in those dark and lonely hours
when the silence mocks belief —
God of comfort, to our night
bring the dawning of your light.

- 4 When the one we loved has gone,
when death brings tormented peace,
as emotions swirl around,
sorrow mingled with release —
God of patience, bear our pain;
turn us back to life again.

Marjorie Dobson (*b.* 1940)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **622**

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- 1 **When our confidence is shaken**
in beliefs we thought secure;
when the spirit in its sickness
seeks but cannot find a cure:
God is active in the tensions
of a faith not yet mature.

- 2 Solar systems, void of meaning,
freeze the spirit into stone;
always our researches lead us
to the ultimate Unknown:
faith must die, or come full circle
to its source in God alone.

- 3 In the discipline of praying,
when it's hardest to believe;
in the drudgery of caring,
when it's not enough to grieve;
faith, maturing, learns acceptance
of the insights we receive.

- 4 God is love; and he redeems us
in the Christ we crucify:
this is God's eternal answer
to the world's eternal why;
may we in this faith maturing
be content to live and die!

Fred Pratt Green (1903–2000)

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<www.stainer.co.uk>

- 1 **When the bonds of love are breaking,**
 hands that linked withdraw and hide,
 eyes that once had met in candour
 now, distrustful, turn aside,
 God of healing, reconcile!

- 2 When our tongues are silent, sullen,
 closing doors through which love came,
 or, when words are fiery arrows
 wounding others with their flame,
 God of healing, reconcile!

- 3 When the bridges that we travelled
 have collapsed and left a void,
 when the chasm seems to widen,
 separating souls once joined,
 God of healing, reconcile!

- 4 God, in Christ you crossed the chasm
 when our hearts were far from you!
 Grant us grace to reach to others,
 broken bonds repair, renew!
 God of healing, reconcile!

Herman G. Stuempfle, Jr (1923–2007)

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1 **When the music fades,**
all is stripped away
and I simply come;
longing just to bring
something that's of worth,
that will bless your heart.
I'll bring you more than a song,
for a song in itself
is not what you have required.
You search much deeper within
through the way things appear,
you're looking into my heart.

*I'm coming back to the heart of worship,
and it's all about you,
all about you, Jesus.
I'm sorry, Lord, for the thing I've made it,
when it's all about you,
all about you, Jesus.*

2 King of endless worth,
no-one could express
how much you deserve.
Though I'm weak and poor,
all I have is yours,
every single breath.
I'll bring you more than a song,
for a song in itself
is not what you have required.
You search much deeper within
through the way things appear,
you're looking into my heart.

Matt Redman (*b.* 1974)

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- 1 **When we are living, we are in the Lord,**
 and when we're dying, we are in the Lord;
 for in our living and in our dying
 we belong to God, we belong to God.
- 2 Each day allows us to decide for good,
 loving and serving as we know we should;
 in thankful giving, in hopeful living,
 we belong to God, we belong to God.
- 3 Sometimes we sorrow, other times, embrace,
 sometimes we question everything we face;
 yet in our yearning is deeper learning:
 we belong to God, we belong to God.
- 4 Till earth is over may we always know
 love never fails us: God has made it so.
 Hard times will prove us, never remove us;
 we belong to God, we belong to God.

*Pues si vivimos, para Él vivimos,
y si morimos, para Él morimos;
sea que vivamos a que moramos
somos del Señor, somos del Señor.*

v. 1 Mexican traditional

vv. 2-4 Roberto Escamilla (*b.* 1931)

English version by John L. Bell (*b.* 1949)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **485**

Translation: From *One Is The Body* © 2002, WGRG, Iona Community, Glasgow
G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

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- 1 **When we are tested and wrestle alone,**
famished for bread when the world offers stone,
nourish us, God, by your word and your way,
food that sustains us by night and by day.

- 2 When in the desert we cry for relief,
pleading for paths marked by certain belief,
lift us to love you beyond sign and test,
trusting your presence, our only true rest.

- 3 When we are tempted to barter our souls,
trading the truth for the power to control,
teach us to worship and praise only you,
seeking your will in the work that we do.

- 4 When we have struggled and searched through the night,
sorting and sifting the wrong from the right,
Saviour, surround us with circles of care,
angels of healing, of hope, and of prayer.

Ruth Duck (*b.* 1947)

based on Luke 4.1-11

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **240**

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1 **When we were in the darkest night,**
and wondered if our eyes would ever see the light,
you were there, Lord.
When we were in the stormy gale,
and wondered if we'd ever live in peace again,
you were there, Lord.
You were there in the struggle,
you were there in the fight,
you were there all the time.

We praise you, the God of our yesterdays.
We praise you, the God who is here today.
We praise you, our God, as tomorrow comes.

2 So, whatever lies ahead,
whatever roads our grateful hearts will come to tread,
you'll be there, Lord.
We will fix our eyes on you,
and know that there is grace enough to see us through.
You'll be there, Lord.
You'll be there in the struggle.
You'll be there in the fight.
You'll be there all the time.

We praise you, the God of our yesterdays.
We praise you, the God who is here today.
We praise you, our God, as tomorrow comes.
We thank you — for grace in our yesterdays.
We thank you — for peace in our hearts today.
We thank you — our joy as tomorrow comes.
We will trust you God.

You're always closer than we know,
always more involved and in control.
We will trust our lives to you —
the One who was and is and is to come.

We praise you, the God of our yesterdays ...Matt Redman (b. 1974)

- 1 **When you prayed beneath the trees,**
it was for me, O Lord;
when you cried upon your knees,
how could it be, O Lord?
When in blood and sweat and tears
you dismissed your final fears,
when you faced the soldiers' spears,
you stood for me, O Lord.
- 2 When their triumph looked complete,
it was for me, O Lord;
when it seemed like your defeat,
they could not see, O Lord!
When you faced the mob alone
you were silent as a stone,
and a tree became your throne;
you came for me, O Lord.
- 3 When you stumbled up the road,
you walked for me, O Lord,
when you took your deadly load,
that heavy tree, O Lord;
when they lifted you on high,
and they nailed you up to die,
and when darkness filled the sky,
it was for me, O Lord.
- 4 When you spoke with kingly power,
it was for me, O Lord,
in that dread and destined hour,
you made me free, O Lord;
earth and heaven heard you shout,
death and hell were put to rout,
for the grave could not hold out;
you are for me, O Lord.

Christopher Idle (*b.* 1938)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **339**

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- 1 **When, in our music, God is glorified,**
and adoration leaves no room for pride,
it is as though the whole creation cried:
Alleluia!
- 2 How often, making music, we have found
a new dimension in the world of sound,
as worship moved us to a more profound
Alleluia!
- 3 So has the Church, in liturgy and song,
in faith and love, through centuries of wrong,
borne witness to the truth in every tongue:
Alleluia!
- 4 And did not Jesus sing a psalm that night
when utmost evil strove against the Light?
then let us sing, for whom he won the fight:
Alleluia!
- 5 Let every instrument be tuned for praise!
Let all rejoice who have a voice to raise!
And may God give us faith to sing always:
Alleluia!

Fred Pratt Green (1903–2000)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **731**

Words: © 1972, Stainer & Bell Ltd, 23 Gruneisen Road, London N3 1DZ

<www.stainer.co.uk>

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- 1 **When, O God, our faith is tested**
and our hope is undermined,
when our love of living shrivels
and we feel bereft and drained,
then we turn to you and cry
for your answer to our 'why?'
- 2 With emotions taut to breaking,
hearts with hurt and havoc frayed,
reason by remorse diminished,
souls distraught as if betrayed,
God of bleakness and abyss,
why have you forsaken us?
- 3 As we question and accuse you
out of depths of being tried,
could it be, God! that in weakness
you yourself are crucified?
Are you with us in our grief?
Help us in our unbelief!

Fred Kaan (1929–2009)

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<www.stainer.co.uk>

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- 1 **Where can we find you, Lord Jesus our Master?**
We want to serve you, to answer your call.
Where do you lead us and ask us to follow?
What should we do in our service to all?
- 2 ‘Go to the hungry, to those who have nothing;
go where the farmlands are empty and bare.
I broke the bread for the people around me;
out of my plenty, think what you can share.
- 3 ‘Go to the homeless, to those who have nowhere;
go where my people sleep out in the rain.
I had no comforts but what others gave me;
offer them shelter, give ease to their pain.
- 4 ‘Go to the outcast, to those who have no-one;
go where my sheep are rejected and lost.
I dined with sinners and reached out to lepers;
go and do likewise, and don’t count the cost.’
- 5 Where will we find you, Lord Jesus our Master?
We are your servants who answer your call.
You go before us, and there we will follow,
taking our cross in the service of all.

Allan Charles Dickinson (*b.* 1954)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **672**

Words: © 1993 Allan Dickinson

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The Wesleys' Conversion Hymn

- 1 **Where shall my wondering soul begin?**
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
a brand plucked from eternal fire,
how shall I equal triumphs raise,
or sing my great deliverer's praise?

- 2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast showed?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,
should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
blest with this antepast of heaven!

- 3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
refuse his righteousness to impart
by hiding it within my heart?

- 4 Outcasts, to you, yes, you, I call,
Christ's love invites you to believe!
He spreads his arms to embrace you all;
sinners alone his grace receive:
no need of him the righteous have;
he came the lost to seek and save.

- 5 Come, O my guilty kindred, come,
groaning beneath your load of sin!
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
his open side shall take you in;
he calls you now, invites you home:
come, O my guilty kindred, come!

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Written following Charles Wesley's conversion experience on 21st May, 1738.

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 454 .

- 1 **While shepherds watched** their flocks by night,
all seated on the ground,
the angel of the Lord came down,
and glory shone around.
- 2 ‘Fear not,’ said he (for mighty dread
had seized their troubled mind),
‘glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and humankind.
- 3 ‘To you in David's town this day
is born of David's line
a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
and this shall be the sign:
- 4 ‘The heavenly babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
and in a manger laid.’
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
of angels praising God, and thus
addressed their joyful song:
- 6 ‘All glory be to God on high,
and to the world be peace;
goodwill henceforth from heaven to earth
begin and never cease.’

Nahum Tate (1652–1715)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 221 .

- 1 **Who can sound the depths of sorrow**
in the Father heart of God,
for the children we've rejected,
for the lives so deeply scarred?
And each light that we've extinguished
has brought darkness to our land:
upon our nation, upon our nation,
have mercy, Lord.
- 2 We have scorned the truth you gave us,
we have bowed to other lords.
We have sacrificed the children
on the altars of our gods.
O let truth again shine on us,
let your holy fear descend:
upon our nation, upon our nation,
have mercy, Lord.
- 3 Who can stand before your anger?
Who can face your piercing eyes?
For you love the weak and helpless,
and you hear the victims' cries.
Yes, you are a God of justice,
and your judgement surely comes:
upon our nation, upon our nation,
have mercy, Lord.
- 4 Who will stand against the violence?
Who will comfort those who mourn?
In an age of cruel rejection,
who will build for love a home?
Come and shake us into action,
come and melt our hearts of stone:
upon your people, upon your people,
have mercy, Lord.

Graham Kendrick (*b.* 1950)

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- 1 **Who would ever have believed it?**
Who could ever have conceived it?
Who dared trace God's hand behind it
when a servant came among us?
- 2 Like a sapling in dry soil,
he was rooted in our presence;
lacking beauty, grace and splendour,
no one felt attracted to him.
- 3 We despised him, we disowned him,
though he clearly hurt and suffered:
we, believing he was worthless,
never turned our eyes towards him.
- 4 Yet it was the pain and torment
we deserved which he accepted,
while we reckoned his afflictions
must have come by heaven's instruction.
- 5 Though our sins let him be wounded,
though our cruelty left him beaten,
yet, through how and why he suffered,
God revealed our hope of healing.
- 6 We, like sheep despite our wisdom,
all had wandered from God's purpose;
and our due in pain and anger
God let fall on one among us.
- 7 Who would ever have believed it?
Who could ever have conceived it?
Who dared trace God's hand behind it
when a servant came among us?

John L. Bell (*b.* 1949) and Graham Maule (*b.* 1958)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **290**
Words and Music: From *Enemy of Apathy* © 1988, WGRG, Iona Community,
Glasgow G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

- 1 **Who would think that what was needed**
to transform and save the earth
might not be a plan or army,
proud in purpose, proved in worth?
Who would think, despite derision,
that a child might lead the way?
God surprises earth with heaven,
coming here on Christmas Day.

- 2 Shepherds watch and wise men wonder,
monarchs scorn and angels sing;
such a place as none would reckon
hosts a holy helpless thing.
Stable beasts and by-passed strangers
watch a baby laid in hay:
God surprises earth with heaven,
coming here on Christmas Day.

- 3 Centuries of skill and science
span the past from which we move,
yet experience questions whether,
with such progress, we improve.
While the human lot we ponder,
lest our hopes and humour fray,
God surprises earth with heaven,
coming here on Christmas Day.

John L. Bell (*b.* 1949) and Graham Maule (*b.* 1958)

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Words: From *Heaven Shall Not Wait* © 1987, WGRG, Iona Community,
Glasgow G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

- 1 **Who would true valour see,**
let him come hither;
one here will constant be,
come wind, come weather;
there's no discouragement
shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent
to be a pilgrim.
- 2 Whoso beset him round
with dismal stories
do but themselves confound;
his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
he'll with a giant fight;
but he will have a right
to be a pilgrim.
- 3 Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
can daunt his spirit;
he knows he at the end
shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
he'll fear not what men say;
he'll labour night and day
to be a pilgrim.

John Bunyan (1628–1688)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 486 .

- 1 **'Why has God forsaken me?'**
 cried out Jesus from the cross
 as he shared the loneliness
 of our deepest grief and loss.

- 2 Jesus, as his life expired,
 placed himself within God's care:
 at our dying, Christ, may we
 trust the love which conquers fear.

- 3 Mystery shrouds our life and death
 but we need not be afraid,
 for the mystery's heart is love,
 God's great love which Christ displayed.

William L.(Bill) Wallace (*b.* 1933)

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- 1 **Wild and lone the prophet's voice**
 echoes through the desert still,
 calling us to make a choice,
 bidding us to do God's will:
 'Turn from sin and be baptised;
 cleanse your heart and mind and soul.
 Quitting all the sin you prized,
 yield your life to God's control.'
- 2 'Bear the fruit repentance sows:
 lives of justice, truth, and love.
 Trust no other claim than those;
 set your heart on things above.
 Soon the Lord will come in power,
 burning clean the threshing floor:
 then will flames the chaff devour;
 wheat alone shall fill God's store.'
- 3 With such preaching stark and bold
 John proclaimed salvation near,
 and his timeless warnings hold
 words of hope to all who hear.
 So we dare to journey on,
 led by faith through ways untrod,
 till we come at last like John
 to behold the Lamb of God.

Carl P. Daw, Jr (*b.* 1944)

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- 1 **Will you come and follow me**
if I but call your name?
Will you go where you don't know
and never be the same?
Will you let my love be shown,
will you let my name be known,
will you let my life be grown
in you and you in me?
- 2 Will you leave yourself behind
if I but call your name?
Will you care for cruel and kind
and never be the same?
Will you risk the hostile stare
should your life attract or scare?
Will you let me answer prayer
in you and you in me?
- 3 Will you let the blinded see
if I but call your name?
Will you set the prisoners free
and never be the same?
Will you kiss the leper clean,
and do such as this unseen,
and admit to what I mean
in you and you in me?
- 4 Will you love the 'you' you hide
if I but call your name?
Will you quell the fear inside
and never be the same?
Will you use the faith you've found
to reshape the world around,

through my sight and touch and sound
in you and you in me?

5 Lord, your summons echoes true
when you but call my name.
Let me turn and follow you
and never be the same.
In your company I'll go
where your love and footsteps show.
Thus I'll move and live and grow
in you and you in me.

John L. Bell (*b.* 1949) and Graham Maule (*b.* 1958)

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<www.wgrg.co.uk>

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- 1 **Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,**
when the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
will your anchor drift, or firm remain?
*We have an anchor that keeps the soul
steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!*
- 2 Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,
when the breakers roar and the reef is near?
While the surges rave, and the wild winds blow,
shall the angry waves then your barque o'erflow?
- 3 Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
when the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
while your anchor holds within the veil:
- 4 Will your eyes behold through the morning light
the city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
when life's storms are past for evermore?

Priscilla Jane Owens (1829–1907)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 645 .

- 1 **Wind of God, dynamic Spirit,**
breathe upon our hearts today;
that we may your power inherit,
hear us, Spirit, as we pray:
fill the vacuum that enslaves us —
emptiness of heart and soul;
and, through Jesus Christ who saves us,
give us life and make us whole.

- 2 **Voice of God, prophetic Spirit,**
speak to every heart today
to encourage or prohibit,
urging action or delay:
clear the vagueness which impedes us —
come, enlighten mind and soul;
and, through Jesus Christ who leads us,
teach the truth that makes us whole.

- 3 **Fire of God, volcanic Spirit,**
burn within our hearts today;
cleanse our sin — may we exhibit
holiness in every way:
purge the squalidness that shames us,
soils the body, taints the soul;
and through Jesus Christ who claims us,
purify us, make us whole.

Michael Saward (*b.* 1932)

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- 1 **With all my heart I thank you, Lord.**
With all my heart I thank you, Lord,
for this wine, and bread we break,
for this sacrament we take,
for the forgiveness that you make,
I thank you, Lord.

- 2 With all my soul I thank you, Lord.
With all my soul I thank you, Lord,
for this victory that you've won,
for this taste of things to come,
for this love that makes us one,
I thank you, Lord.

- 3 With all my voice I thank you, Lord.
With all my voice I thank you, Lord,
for the sacrifice of pain,
for the Spirit and the flame,
for the power of your name,
I thank you, Lord.

Paul Field (*b.* 1954)

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With gladness we worship, rejoice as we sing,
free hearts and free voices how blessed to bring;
the old, thankful story shall scale thine abode,
thou King of all glory, most bountiful God.

Thy right would we give thee - true homage thy due,
and honour eternal, the universe through,
with all thy creation, earth, heaven and sea,
in one acclamation we celebrate thee.

Renewed by thy Spirit, redeemed by thy Son,
thy children revere thee for all thou hast done.
O Father! Returning to love and to light,
thy children are yearning to praise thee aright.

We join with the angels, and so there is given from earth alleluia, in answer to
heaven.

Amen! Be thou glorious below and above,
redeeming, victorious, and infinite Love!

George Rawson (1807–1889)

- 1 **Wonder of wonders,**
life is beginning,
fragile as blossom,
strong as the earth.
Shaped in a person,
love has new meaning.
Parents and people
sing at the birth.

- 2 Now with rejoicing
make celebration:
joy full of promise,
laughter through tears.
Naming and blessing,
bring dedication,
humble in purpose
over the years.

- 3 Wisdom of ages,
new every morning,
Mother and Father,
Partner and Friend,
freeing, forgiving,
lift all our loving
into your presence,
joy without end.

Brian Wren (*b.* 1936)

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*Worship God with the morning sunrise,
lift your voice in the evening rain.
Bring your thanks and praise,
all your accolades to him.
Clap your hands to the God who loves us.
Sing your song to the one who saves.
Trust his promises,
know that we are his always!*

1 You are beautifully different,
 you are gracious in your thoughts.
 You're the friend who's proven faithful,
 you are love laid down for us.

Refrain

2 We are caught up in your beauty,
 we are always in your thoughts.
 Even in our disappointments,
 we are known and we are loved.

 We have come to give you praise,
 we have come to bless your name.
 We will always be amazed
 at how you love us.
 We have come to give you praise,
 we have come to bless your name.
 We will always be amazed
 at how you love.

Refrain

Geraldine Latty (*b.* 1963)

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- 1 **Would I have answered when you called,**
 ‘Come follow, follow me!’?
 Would I at once have left behind
 both work and family?
 Or would the old, familiar round
 have held me by its claim
 and kept the spark within my heart
 from bursting into flame?
- 2 Would I have followed where you led
 through ancient Galilee,
 on roads unknown, by ways untried,
 beyond security?
 Or would I soon have hurried back
 where home and comfort drew,
 where truth you taught would not disturb
 the ordered world I knew?
- 3 Would I have matched my step with yours
 when crowds cried, ‘Crucify!’,
 when on a rocky hill I saw a cross
 against the sky?
 Or would I too have slipped away
 and left you there alone,
 a dying king with crown of thorns
 upon a terrible throne?
- 4 O Christ, I cannot search my heart
 through all its tangled ways,
 nor can I with a certain mind
 my steadfastness appraise.
 I only pray that when you call,
 ‘Come follow, follow me!’,
 you’ll give me strength beyond my own
 to follow faithfully.

Herman G. Stuempfle, Jr (1923–2007)

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1 **Would you walk by on the other side,**
 when someone called for aid?
 Would you walk by on the other side,
 and would you be afraid?

*Cross over the road, my friend,
ask the Lord his strength to lend,
his compassion has no end,
cross over the road.*

2 Would you walk by on the other side,
 when you saw a loved one stray?
 Would you walk by on the other side,
 or would you watch and pray?

3 Would you walk by on the other side,
 when starving children cried?
 Would you walk by on the other side,
 and would you not provide?

Pamela M. Verrall (1915–1996)

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