



1. Fact, Fiction, Faith

Good Christians all, rejoice and sing!

Now is the triumph of our King!
To the whole world glad news we bring:
Alleluia!

The Lord of life is risen for ay:
bring flowers of song to strew his way;
let everyone rejoice and say:
Alleluia!

Praise we in songs of victory
that love, that life which cannot die,
and sing with hearts uplifted high:
Alleluia!

Thy name we bless, O risen Lord,
and sing today with one accord
the life laid down, the life restored:
Alleluia!

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

in a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
and drives away our fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
my shield and hiding-place,
my never-failing treasury filled
with boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my shepherd, brother, friend,
my prophet, priest, and king,
my Lord, my life, my way, my end,
accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

'Till then I would thy love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of thy name
refresh my soul in death.

2. Good Shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:

he makes me down to lie
in pastures green; he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark
vale,
yet will I fear none ill;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

Sweet Sacrament divine

hid in thine earthly home,
lo, round thy lowly shrine,
with suppliant hearts we come;
Jesus, to thee our voice we raise
in songs of love and heartfelt praise:
sweet Sacrament divine.

Sweet Sacrament of peace,
dear home for every heart,
where restless yearnings cease
and sorrows all depart;
there in thine ear all trustfully
we tell our tale of misery:
sweet Sacrament of peace.

Sweet Sacrament of rest,
ark from the ocean's roar,
within thy shelter blest

soon may we reach the shore;
save us, for still the tempest raves,
save, lest we sink beneath the waves:
sweet Sacrament of rest.

Sweet Sacrament divine,
earth's light and jubilee,
in thy far depths doth shine
thy Godhead's majesty;
sweet light, so shine on us, we pray
that earthly joys may fade away:
sweet Sacrament divine.

In heavenly love abiding,

no change my heart shall fear;
and safe is such confiding,
for nothing changes here:
the storm may roar without me,
my heart may low be laid;
but God is round about me,
and can I be dismayed?

Wherever he may guide me,
no want shall turn me back;
my shepherd is beside me,
and nothing can I lack:
his wisdom ever waketh,
his sight is never dim;
he knows the way he taketh,
and I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
which yet I have not seen;
bright skies will soon be o'er me,
where the dark clouds have been:
my hope I cannot measure,
my path to life is free;
my Saviour has my treasure,
and he will walk with me.

3. The True Vine – Hymns

Love divine, all loves excelling,

Joy of heaven to earth come down,

Fix in us thy humble dwelling,

All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesu, thou art all compassion

Pure, unbounded love thou art;

Visit us with thy salvation,

Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit

Into every troubled breast,

Let us all in thee inherit,

Let us find that second rest;

Take away the love of sinning,

Alpha and Omega be,

End of faith, as its beginning,

Set our hearts at liberty

Come, almighty to deliver,

Let us all thy grace receive;

Suddenly return, and never,

Never more thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,

Serve thee as thy hosts above,

Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,

Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,

Pure and spotless let us be;

Let us see thy great salvation,

Perfectly restored in thee:

Changed from glory into glory,

Till in heaven we take our place,

Till we cast our crowns before thee,

Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Make me a channel of your peace.

Where there is hatred,

let me bring your love.

Where there is injury your pardon, Lord.

And where there's doubt true faith in you.

Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek

so much to be consoled as to console,

to be understood as to understand,

to be loved, as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace.

Where there's despair in life,

let me bring hope.

Where there is darkness only light,

and where there's sadness ever joy.

Oh, Master, grant...

Make me a channel of your peace.

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,

in giving unto all that we receive,

and in dying that we're born to eternal

life.

I danced in the morning

when the world was begun,

And I danced in the moon

And the stars and the sun,

And I came down from heaven

And I danced on the earth,

At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Dance, then, wherever you may be,

I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,

And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be

And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.

I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,

But they would not dance

and they wouldn't follow me.

I danced for the fishermen,

for James and John -

They came with me

and the Dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath

and I cured the lame;

The holy people said it was a shame.

They whipped and they stripped

And they hung me on high,

And they left me there on a Cross to die.

I danced on a Friday

when the sky turned black -

It's hard to dance

with the devil on your back.

They buried my body

and they thought I'd gone,

But I am the Dance, and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high;

I am the life that'll never, never die;

I'll live in you if you'll live in me -

I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

4. Christian Aid – Hymns

Beauty for brokenness,
hope for despair,
Lord, in your suffering world
this is our prayer.
Bread for the children,
justice, joy, peace,
sunrise to sunset,
your kingdom increase!

Shelter for fragile lives,
cures for their ills,
work for the craftsmen,
trade for their skills;
land for the dispossessed,
rights for the weak,
voices to plead the cause
of those who can't speak:
*God of the poor,
friend of the weak,
give us compassion we pray;
melt our cold hearts,
let tears fall like rain;
come, change our love
from a spark to a flame.*

Refuge from cruel wars,
havens from fear,
cities for sanctuary,
freedoms to share.
Peace to the killing-fields,
scorched earth to green,
Christ for the bitterness,
his cross for the pain.

Rest for the ravaged earth,
oceans and streams
plundered and poisoned -
our future, our dreams.
Lord, end our madness,
carelessness, greed;
make us content with
the things that we need.

Lighten our darkness,
breathe on this flame
until your justice burns
brightly again;
until the nations
learn of your ways,
seek your salvation
and bring you their praise.

Praise to the Lord, the almighty, the King of creation;

O my soul, praise him,
for his is thy health and salvation:
all ye who hear,
now to his temple draw near,
praise him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord,
who doth prosper thy work,
and defend thee;
surely his goodness and mercy
here daily attend thee;
ponder anew
what the almighty can do,
if to the end he befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord!
O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath
come now with praises before him!
Let the Amen
sound from his people again:
gladly for ay we adore him.

O Lord, listen to my prayer – Margaret
Rizza

5. Ascension - Hymns

Hail the day that sees him rise, Alleluia!
To his throne above the skies; Alleluia!
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given, Alleluia!
Enters now the highest heaven: Alleluia!

There for him high triumph waits: Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates; Alleluia!
He hath conquered death and sin: Alleluia!
Take the King of Glory in! Alleluia!

Lord, though parted from our sight,
Alleluia!
Far above the starry height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Seeking thee above the skies: Alleluia!

O worship the King all glorious above;
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
our shield and defender,
the Ancient of Days,
pavilioned in splendour
and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
whose robe is the light,
whose canopy space;
his chariots of wrath
the deep thunder clouds form,
and dark is his path
on the wings of the storm..

Thy bountiful care
what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills,
it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust and feeble as frail,
in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
thy mercies how tender,
how firm to the end!
our maker, defender,
redeemer, and friend.

O measureless might, ineffable love,

while angels delight to hymn thee above,
thy humbler creation,
though feeble their lays,
with true adoration
shall sing to thy praise.

Alleluia, sing to Jesus!

His the sceptre, his the throne;
alleluia, his the triumph,
his the victory alone:
hark, the songs of peaceful Sion
thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
hath redeemed us by his blood.

Alleluia, not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now;
alleluia, he is near us,
faith believes, nor questions how:
though the cloud from sight received him,
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget his promised,
'I am with you evermore'?

Alleluia, bread of angels,
thou on earth our food, our stay;
alleluia, here the sinful
flee to thee from day to day:
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
where the songs of all the sinless
sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia, King eternal,
thee the Lord of lords we own;
alleluia, born of Mary,
earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,
thou within the veil hast entered,
robed in flesh, our great High Priest:
thou on earth both Priest and Victim
in the eucharistic feast.

6. Pentecost Hymns

O thou who camest from above

The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!

There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me—

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

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 he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his
dwelling.

You are the centre, you are my life,
you are the centre, O Lord, of my life.
Come, Lord, and heal me, Lord of my life,
come, Lord, and teach me, Lord of my life.
You are the centre, Lord, of my life.

Give me your Spirit
and teach me your ways,
give me your peace, Lord, and set me free.
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