

Hymns for 12 September

Take this moment, sign and space;

take my friends around;
here among us make the place
where your love is found.

Take the time to call my name,
take the time to mend
who I am and what I've been,
all I've failed to tend.

Take the tiredness of my days,
take my past regret,
letting your forgiveness touch
all I can't forget.

Take the little child in me
scared of growing old;
help me here to find my worth
made in Christ's own mould.

Take my talents, take my skills,
take what's yet to be;
let my life be yours, and yet
let it still be me.

*John L Bell (born 1949)
and Graham Maule (1958-2019)*

Lord of all hopefulness,

Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like,
no care could destroy,
Be there at our waking,
and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord,
at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness,
Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled
at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours,
and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord,
at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness,
Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome,
your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing,
and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord,
at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness,
Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment,
whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping,
and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord,
at the end of the day.

Jan Struther (1901-1953)

O Jesus, I have promised

to serve thee to the end;
be thou for ever 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 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 foot-marks,
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 (1816-1874)