

## Hymns – 26<sup>th</sup> September

**From heaven you came, helpless babe,**  
entered our world, your glory veiled;  
not to be served but to serve,  
and give Your life that we might live.  
*This is our God, the Servant King,  
he calls us now to follow Him,  
to bring our lives as a daily offering  
of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears,  
my heavy load he chose to bear;  
his heart with sorrow was torn,  
'Yet not My will but Yours,' He said.

Come see His hands and His feet,  
the scars that speak of sacrifice;  
hands that flung stars into space  
to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve,  
and in our lives enthrone Him;  
each other's needs to prefer,  
for it is Christ we're serving.

*Graham Kendrick (born 1950)*

**Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,**  
be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;  
be thou my best thought in the day and the night,  
both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,  
be thou ever with me, and I with thee Lord;  
be thou my great Father, and I thy true son;  
be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;  
be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;  
be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower:  
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise:  
be thou mine inheritance now and always;  
be thou and thou only the first in my heart;  
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright sun,  
O grant me its joys after vict'ry is won;  
great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

*Irish, c 8th century tr Mary Byrne (1880-1931) versified,  
Eleanor Hull (1860-1935)*

**Through all the changing scenes of life,**  
in trouble and in joy,  
the praises of my God shall still  
my heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boast,  
till all that are distressed  
from my example comfort take,  
and charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,  
with me exalt his name;  
when in distress to him I called,  
he to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around  
the dwellings of the just;  
deliverance he affords to all  
who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love:  
experience will decide  
how blest are they, and only they,  
who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
have nothing else to fear;  
make you his service your delight,  
your wants shall be his care.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom we adore,  
be glory, as it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.

*Nahum Tate (1652-1715) and Nicholas Brady (1659-1726)*