

Hymn Words for 7th March

Christ, whose glory fills the skies

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
unaccompanied by thee:
joyless is the day's return,
till thy mercy's beams I see,
till they inward light impart,
Cheer my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine;
pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
fill me, radiance divine; scatter all my unbelief;
more and more thyself display,
shining to the perfect day.

You, Lord, are both Lamb and Shepherd

You, Lord, are both Lamb and Shepherd.
You, Lord, are both prince and slave.
You, peacemaker and swordbringer
Of the way you took and gave.
You the everlasting instant;
You, whom we both scorn and crave.

Clothed in light upon the mountain,
Stripped of might upon the cross,
Shining in eternal glory,
Beggar'd by a soldier's toss,
You, the everlasting instant;
You, who are both gift and cost.

You, who walk each day beside us,
Sit in power at God's side.
You, who preach a way that's narrow,
Have a love that reaches are wide.
You, the everlasting instant;
You, who are our pilgrim guide.

Son of God, eternal Saviour

Son of God, eternal Saviour,
source of life and truth and grace,
Word made flesh whose birth among us
hallows all our human race;
You our head who throned in glory
for your own will ever plead,
fill us with your love and pity,
heal our wrong, and help our need.

As you Lord have lived for others,
so may we for others live;
freely have your gifts been granted,
freely may your servants give.
Yours the gold and yours the silver,
yours the wealth of land and sea,
we but stewards of your bounty
held in solemn trust will be

Come, O Christ, and reign among us,
King of Love, and Prince of Peace;
hush the storm of strife and passion,
bid its cruel discords cease.
By your patient years of toiling
By your silent hours of pain
Quench our fevered thirst of pleasure
Stem our selfish greed of gain

Son of God, eternal Saviour,
source of life and truth and grace,
Word made flesh whose birth among us
hallows all our human race;
By your praying, by your willing
That your people should be one
Yours the prayer, and yours the purpose,
that your people should be one:
grant oh grant, our hope's fruition:
here on earth your will be done.

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day his clear voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me;"

As, of old, Saint Andrew heart it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

Jesus calls us! By thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thine obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.