

Rejoice in God's Saints

TiS 470. Tune: Paderborn.

1. Rejoice in God's saints, today and all days:
a world without saints forgets how to praise.
Their faith in acquiring the habit of prayer,
their depth of adoring, Lord, help us to share.
2. Some march with events to turn them God's way;
some need to withdraw, the better to pray;
some carry the gospel through fire
and through flood:
our world is their parish; their purpose is God.
3. Rejoice in those saints, unpraised and unknown,
who bear someone's cross, or shoulder their own;
they share our complaining, our comforts,
our cares:
what patience in caring, what courage is theirs!
4. Rejoice in God's saints, today and all days:
a world without saints forgets how to praise.
In loving, in living, they prove it is true:
their way of self-giving, Lord, leads us to you.

Fred Pratt Green 1903-2000

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Fight the good fight

TiS 594. Tune: Duke Street.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
lay hold on life, and it shall be
thy joy and crown eternally.
2. Run the straight race through God's good grace,
lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
life with its way before us lies;
Christ is the way and Christ the prize.
3. Cast care aside; and on thy Guide
lean, and his mercy will provide,
lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
4. Faint not, nor fear; his arm is near;
he changes not, and thou art dear;
only believe, and thou shalt see
that Christ is all in all to thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1811-75.

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Servant King

TiS 256 Tune: Servant King.

1. 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.

CHORUS

***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.***

2. 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.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

4. 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.

CHORUS

Words & Music by Graham Kendrick b1950

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Take my life and let it be

TiS 599(ii). Tune: Nottingham.

1. Take my life, and let it be
consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days,
let them flow in ceaseless praise.
2. Take my hands, and let them move
at the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
swift and beautiful for thee.
3. Take my voice, and let me sing
always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
filled with messages from thee.
4. Take my silver and my gold,
nothing, Lord, would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
every power as thou shalt choose.
5. Take my will and make it thine;
it shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own;
it shall be thy royal throne.
6. Take my love: my Lord, I pour
at thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
ever, only, all for thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal 1836-79 alt.

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Who would true valour see.

TiS 561. Tune: Monk's Gate.

1. Who would true valour see,
let them come hither;
those here will constant be,
come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
shall make them once relent
each from a vowed intent,
to be a Pilgrim.
2. Those who so beset them round,
with dismal stories
cannot the brave confound:
their strength the more is.
No Lion can them fright,
They'll with a Giant Fight,
But each will have a right,
to be a Pilgrim.
3. Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
can daunt his Spirit:
they know, they at the end,
shall life inherit.
then fancies fly away;
they'll scorn what people say,
and each work night and day,
to be a Pilgrim.

John Bunyan 1628-88 alt.

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