

Love will be our Lenten calling.

TiS 684. Tune: Picardy.

- 1. Love will be our Lenten calling,
love to shake and shatter sin,
waking every closed, cold spirit,
stirring new life deep within,
till the quickened heart remembers
what our Easter birth can mean.**
- 2. Peace will be our Lenten living
as we turn for home again,
longing for the words of pardon,
stripping off old grief and pain,
till we stand, restored and joyful,
with the Church on Easter day.**
- 3. Truth will be our Lenten learning:
hear the Crucified One call!
Shadowed by the Saviour's passion,
images and idols fall,
and, in Easter's holy splendour,
God alone is all in all.**

Elizabeth J. Smith b1956

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Stand Up and Bless the Lord.

TiS 449. Tune: Carlisle.

- 1. Stand up and bless the Lord,
you people of His choice;
stand up and bless the Lord your God
with heart, and soul, and voice.**
- 2. Though high above all praise,
above all blessing high,
who would not fear His holy name,
and praise and magnify?**
- 3. O for the living flame
from His own altar brought,
to touch our lips, our minds inspire,
and wing to heaven our thought!**
- 4. God is our strength and song,
and His salvation ours;
then be His love in Christ proclaimed
with all our ransomed powers.**
- 5. Stand up and bless the Lord,
the Lord your God adore,
stand up and bless His glorious name,
henceforth for evermore,**

James Montgomery 1771-1854 alt.//© Australian Hymn Book Co.

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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Be Thou My Vision

TiS 547. Tune: Slane

1. *Be thou my vision,*
O Lord of my heart,
naught be all else to me,
save that thou art
thou my best thought
by day or by night,
waking or sleeping,
thy presence my light.
2. *Be thou my wisdom,*
be thou my true word;
I ever with thee
and thou with me, Lord;
thou my great Father,
thy child let me be;
thou in me dwelling,
and I one with thee.
3. *Be thou my armour,*
my sword for the fight,
be thou my dignity,
thou my delight;
thou my soul's shelter
and thou my high tower:
raise thou me heavenward,
O Power of my power.
4. *Riches I scorn*
and the world's empty praise,
thou my inheritance,
now and always:
thou and thou only
the first in my heart;
high King of heaven,
my treasure thou art.
5. *High King of heaven,*
after victory won,
may I reach heaven's joys,
O bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart,
whatever befall,
still be my vision,
O ruler of all.

Gaelic c.8th cent.

tr. Mary Elizabeth Byrne 1880-1931

versified by Eleanor Henrietta Hull 1860-1935 alt.

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I will sing the wondrous story

TiS 233. Tune: Hyfrydol.

1. I will sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me,
how he left the realms of glory
for the cross on Calvary.
- Chorus*
- Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me,
sing it with His saints in glory,
gathered by the crystal sea.*
2. I was lost but Jesus found me,
found the sheep that went astray,
raised me up and gently led me
back into the narrow way.
- Chorus*
3. Faint was I, and fears possessed me,
bruised was I from many a fall,
hope was gone, and shame distressed me:
but his love has pardoned all.
- Chorus*
4. Days of darkness still may meet me,
sorrow's paths I oft may tread;
but his presence still is with me,
by his guiding hand I'm led.
- Chorus*
5. He will keep me till the river
rolls its waters at my feet:
then he'll bear me safely over,
where the loved ones I shall meet.

Chorus

Francis Harold Rawley 1854-1952

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