

Hymns, August 16th

430 CP- Will You Come and Follow Me - Archdeacon Greg Mercer

Will you come and follow me
if I but call your name?
Will you go where you don't
know
and never be the same?
Will you let my love be shown,
will you let my name be known,
will you let my life be grown
in you and you in me?

Will you leave yourself behind
if I but call your name?
Will you care for cruel and kind
and never be the same?
Will you risk the hostile stare
should your life attract or scare?
Will you let me answer prayer
in you and you in me?

Will you let the blinded see
if I but call your name?
Will you set the prisoners free
and never be the same?
Will you kiss the leper clean
and do such as this unseen,
and admit to what I mean
in you and you in me?

Will you love the "you" you hide
if I but call your name?
Will you quell the fear inside
and never be the same?
Will you use the faith you've
found
to reshape the world around,
through my sight and touch and
sound
in you and you in me?

Lord, your summons echoes true
when you but call my name.
Let me turn and follow you
and never be the same.
in your company ill go
where your love and footsteps
show.
Thus I'll move and live and grow
in you and you in me.

293 CP - Your hands, O God in Days of Old

Your hands, O Lord, in days of old
were strong to heal and save;
they triumphed over pain and death,
o'er darkness and the grave.
To you they went, the blind, the mute,
the palsied and the lame,
the leper set apart and shunned,
the sick and those in shame.

And then your touch brought life and health,
gave speech and strength and sight;
and youth renewed, with health restored,
claimed you, the Lord of light.
And so, O Lord, be near to bless,
almighty now as then,
in every street, in every home,
in every troubled friend.

O be our mighty healer still,
O Lord of life and death;
restore and strengthen, soothe and bless
with your almighty breath.
On hands that work and eyes that see,
your healing wisdom pour,
that whole and sick and weak and strong
may praise you evermore.

King of Love, O Christ, We Crown You

King of love, O Christ, we crown you
Lord of thought and Lord of will,
each demand of your high challenge
dedicated to fulfil;
we with you by grace co-workers,
till, where human foot has trod,
peoples, kings, dominions, races,
own the empire of our God.

King of life, you have created
wheat in golden harvest spread:
make your servants strong to serve you
by the gift of daily bread.
Feed us with your body broken,
with your blood outpoured sustain,
that our souls divinely strengthened
may the life eternal gain.

King of mercy, you have saved us
from the haunting sense of loss,
nailing in your vast compassion
sin's indictment to the cross.
Those who love, by your sore anguish,
from the past you cleanse and free,
breathing words of absolution
throned and reigning from the tree.

King triumphant, King victorious,
take your throne our heart within,
lest the might of fierce temptation
snare us into deadly sin.
By the Spirit's rich anointing,
grant us strength life's race to run,
till the power of sin be vanquished,
till the prize of God be won.