

## Hymns For Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> November 2021

### Opening Hymn: A&MNS 312 Jesus calls us o'er the tumult

1 Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult  
of our life's wild restless sea,  
day by day his sweet voice soundeth,  
saying, 'Christian, follow me':

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
days of toil and hours of ease,  
still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
that we love him more than these.

2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it  
by the Galilean lake,  
turned from home and toil and kindred  
leaving all for his dear sake.

5 Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,  
Saviour, make us hear thy call,  
give our hearts to thine obedience,  
serve and love thee best of all.

3 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.'

### Offertory Hymn: A&MNS 249 Take my life and let it be

1 Take my life, and let it be  
consecrated, Lord, to thee;  
take my moments and my days,  
let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my silver and my gold;  
not a mite would I withhold;  
take my intellect, and use  
every power as thou shalt choose.

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.

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.

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.

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.

**Post Communion Hymn: A&MNS 198 Ye holy angels bright**

1 Ye holy angels bright,  
who wait at God's right hand,  
or through the realms of light  
fly at your Lord's command,  
assist our song,  
for else the theme  
too high doth seem  
for mortal tongue.

2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,  
who ran this earthly race,  
and now, from sin released,  
behold the Saviour's face,  
his praises sound,  
as in his sight  
with sweet delight  
ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,  
adore your heavenly King,  
and onward as ye go  
some joyful anthem sing;  
take what he gives  
and praise him still,  
through good and ill,  
who ever lives.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,  
triumph in God above,  
and with a well-tuned heart  
sing thou the songs of love;  
let all thy days  
till life shall end,  
whate'er he send,  
be filled with praise.