

Here I am Lord.

Words and music by Daniel Schutte

I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard my people cry,
All who dwell in dark and sin, my hand will save.
I who make the stars of night, I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them? Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of snow and rain, I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them. They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone, give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my word to them. Whom shall I send?

I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them. My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them. Whom shall I send?

A SELECTION OF HYMNS FOR USE AT FUNERALS

***Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee:
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!***

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze,

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shouts of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art.

The Day you Gave Us, Lord is Ended

Words by John Ellerton

The day you gave us, Lord is ended,
the darkness falls at your behest;
to you our morning hymns ascended,
your praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank you that your church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping
and rests not now by day or night.

Across each continent and island
as dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
our friends beneath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
your wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it Lord; your throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away;
your kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
till all your creatures own their sway.

To the old rugged Cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away
Where His glory for ever I'll share.

Lord, your almighty word

Words by John Marriott *alt*

Lord, your almighty word
chaos and darkness heard,
and took their flight:
hear us, we humbly pray,
and where the gospel day
sheds not its glorious ray,
let there be light.

Saviour, who came to give
those who in darkness live
healing and sight,
health to the sick in mind,
sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
life-giving holy dove,
speed forth your flight;
move on the water's face,
bearing the lamp of grace,
and in earth's darkest place
let there be light.

Holy and blessed Three,
glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
boundless as ocean's tide
rolling in fullest pride,
through the earth far and -wide,
let there be light.

How great Thou Art

Words and music by Stuart K Hine

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

***Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee;
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!***

Amazing Grace

Words by John Newton and tune [Amazing Grace] and American folk hymn

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound,
That saved and strengthened me!
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we'd first begun.

Abide With Me

Words by Henry Francis Lyte and tune [Eventide] by William Henry Monk

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:
the darkness deepens; Lord with me abide:
when other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Make Me a Channel of Your Peace

Words by Sebastian Temple, based on a prayer by St Francis of Assisi

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love;
Where there is injury, your pardon Lord;
and where there's doubt, true faith in you.

*Oh Master, grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood, as to understand,
to be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope;
where there is darkness, only light;
and where there's sadness, ever joy.

Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving to all men that we receive;
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

The Lord's My Shepherd

Words from Psalm 23 and tune [Crimmond] by Jessie Irvine

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
in pastures green, he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
ev'n for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill:
for thou art with me; and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou has furnished
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me:
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

Nearer my God to thee!
Nearer my God to thee; nearer to thee!

Just as I Am

Words by Charlotte Elliott

Just as I am, without one plea,
but that thy blood was shed for me,
and that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
to rid my soul of one dark blot,
to thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
with many a conflict, many a doubt
fightings within, and fears without
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
sight, riches, healing of the mind,
yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, thy love unknown
hath broken every barrier down;
now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

The Old Rugged Cross

Words and tune [Calvary]
by George Bennard

On a hill far away stood an old rugged Cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame,
And I love that old Cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged Cross
And exchange it some day for a crown.*

O that old rugged Cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

What a Friend we have in Jesus

Words by Joseph Medicott Scriven

What a friend we have in Jesus
all our sins and griefs to bear,
what a privilege to carry
everything to God in prayer;
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
all because we do not carry
everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations,
is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
combered with a load of care?
Jesus is our only refuge:
take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do your friends despise, forsake you?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
in his arms he'll take and shield you,
you will find your solace there.

Nearer My God To Thee

Words by Sarah Flower Adams

Nearer my God to thee; nearer to thee,
e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be
Nearer my God to thee!
Nearer my God to thee; nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone,
yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to thee!
Nearer my God to thee; nearer to thee!

There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me in mercy given
Angels to beckon me
Nearer my God to thee!
Nearer my God to thee; nearer to thee!

Of if on joyful wing cleaving the sky
Sun, moon and stars forget, upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be

All Things Bright and Beautiful

Words by Cecil Frances Alexander and tune
[All Things Bright and Beautiful] by William Monk

*All things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful
the Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
each little bird that sings -
he made their glowing colours,
he made their tiny wings.

The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden -
he made them every one.

The purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset and the morning,
that brightens up the sky.

He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty,
who has made all things well.

Lead Kindly Light

Words by JH Newman and tune
[Sandon] by CH Purday

Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, lead thou me on;
the night is dark, and I am far from home; lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
the distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still will lead me on
o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone;
and with the morn those angel faces smile
which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Morning has broken

Words by Eleanor Farjeon tune
[Bunessan] - trad Gaelic melody

Morning has broken
Like the first morning
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing,
praise for the morning
praise for them, springing
fresh from the word.

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung from completeness
where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight;
mine is the morning
born of the one light
Eden saw play.
Praise with elation,
praise every morning
God's recreation
of the new day.

Rock of Ages

Words by Augustus Toplady and tune [Toplady] by Thomas Hastings

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee:
let the water and the blood,
from thy riven side which flowed,
be of sin the double cure,
cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
can fulfil thy law's demands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears for ever flow,
all for sin could not atone:
thou must save, and thou alone,

Nothing in my hand I bring,
simply to thy cross I cling;

naked, come to thee for dress;
helpless, look to thee for grace;
foul, I to the fountain fly;
wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
when my eyelids close in death,
when I soar through tracts unknown,
see thee on thy judgement throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.

Praise my Soul the King of Heaven

Words by Henry Francis Lyte
and music by John Goss

Praise my soul, the king of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him, praise him, hallelujah,
praise the everlasting king!

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him still the same for ever,
slow to chide, and quick to bless:
praise him, praise him, hallelujah,
glorious in his faithfulness!

Father-like he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows;
in his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes:
praise him, praise him, hallelujah,
widely as his mercy flows!

Frail as summer's flower we flourish,
blows the wind and it is gone;
but while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on.
Praise him, praise him, hallelujah,
praise the high eternal one!

Angels, help us to adore him,
ye behold him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space:
praise him, praise him, hallelujah,
praise with us the God of grace!