

ST JAMES CHURCH, RHOSDDU
ST JOHN'S CHURCH, RHOSNESNI

Hymns and Songs for Streamed Worship – 23 October 2022

MAKE WAY, MAKE WAY, for Christ the King
in splendour arrives.
Fling wide the gates and welcome him
into your lives.

Make way (make way)!
Make way (make way)
for the King of kings (for the King of kings)!
Make way (make way)!
make way (make way)
and let his kingdom in!

He comes the broken hearts to heal,
the prisoners to free.
The deaf shall hear, the lame shall dance,
the blind shall see.

And those who mourn with heavy hearts,
who weep and sigh,
with laughter, joy and royal crown
he'll beautify.

We call you now to worship him
as Lord of all,
to have no other gods but him:
their thrones must fall!

Graham Kendrick (1950 -)
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TELL OUT, MY SOUL, the greatness of the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of his word;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name!
Make known his might,
the deeds his arm has done;
his mercy sure, from age to age the same;
his holy name – the Lord, the mighty one.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!
Powers and dominions lay their glory by.
Proud hearts and stubborn wills
are put to flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore!

Timothy Dudley-Smith (1926 -)

I CANNOT TELL why he, whom angels worship,
should set his love upon the sons of men,
or why, as Shepherd,
 he should seek the wanderers,
to bring them back, they know not how or when.
But this I know, that he was born of Mary
when Bethlehem's manger was his only home,
and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world,
 is come.

I cannot tell how silently he suffered,
as with his peace he graced this place of tears,
or how his heart upon the cross was broken,
the crown of pain to three-and-thirty years.
But this I know, he heals the broken-hearted,
and stays our sin and calms our lurking fear
and lifts the burden from the heavy-laden;
for yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell how he will win the nations,
how he will claim his earthly heritage,
how satisfy the needs and aspirations
of east and west, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see his glory,
and he shall reap the harvest he has sown,
and some glad day
 his sun will shine in splendour
when he the Saviour, Saviour of the world,
 is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
when at his bidding every storm is stilled,
or who can say how great the jubilation
when every heart with love and joy is filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad myriad human voices sing,
and earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
 will answer:
'At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world,
 is King!'

William Young Fullerton (1857 – 1932)

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 pris'ners 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 I'll go
where your love and footsteps show.
Thus I'll move and live and grow
in you and you in me.

John Bell (1949-)
and Graham Maule (1958-)
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