

**<sup>1</sup> Soldiers, who are Christ's below,**  
strong in faith resist the foe:  
boundless is the pledged reward  
unto them who serve the Lord. *Alleluia.*

<sup>2</sup> For the souls that overcome  
waits the beautiful heavenly home,  
where the blessed evermore  
tread on high the stary floor. *Alleluia.*

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis no palm of fading leaves  
that the conqueror's hand receives;  
joys are there, serene and pure,  
light that ever shall endure. *Alleluia.*

<sup>4</sup> Passing soon and little worth  
are the things that tempt on earth;  
heavenward lift thy soul's regard:  
God himself is thy reward. *Alleluia.*

<sup>5</sup> Father, who the crown dost give,  
Saviour, by whose death we live,  
Spirit, who our hearts dost raise,  
Three in One, thy name we praise. *Alleluia.*

Words: John Clark  
Music: *ORIENTIS PARTIBUS*, Ralph Vaughan Williams; Oxford University Press  
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**<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> My soul he doth restore again,  
and me to walk doth make  
within the paths of righteousness,  
e'en for his own name's sake.

<sup>3</sup> Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
yet will I fear none ill;  
for thou art with me, and thy rod  
and staff me comfort still.

<sup>4</sup> My table thou hast furnished  
in presence of my foes;  
my head thou dost with oil anoint,  
and my cup overflows.

<sup>5</sup> Goodness and mercy all my life  
shall surely follow me;  
and in God's house for evermore  
my dwelling-place shall be.

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**<sup>1</sup> 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 made 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.*

<sup>2</sup> 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?

<sup>3</sup> 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?

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**<sup>1</sup> Give us the wings of faith to rise**  
within the veil, and see  
the saints above, how great their joys,  
how bright their glories be.

<sup>2</sup> Once they were mourning here below,  
their couch was wet with tears;  
they wrestled hard, as we do now,  
with sins and doubts and fears.

<sup>3</sup> We ask them whence their victory came:  
they, with united breath,  
ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
their triumph to his death.

<sup>4</sup> They marked the footsteps that he trod,  
his zeal inspired their breast,  
and, following their incarnate God,  
possess the promised rest.

<sup>5</sup> Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
for his own pattern given;  
while the long cloud of witnesses  
show the same path to heaven

Words: Isaac Watts Music: *SAN ROCCO* © The Estate of Derek Williams

**<sup>1</sup> Lord, you give the great commission:**  
'Heal the sick and preach the word.'  
Lest the Church neglect its mission,  
and the gospel go unheard,  
help us witness to your purpose  
with renewed integrity;  
with the Spirit's gifts empower us  
for the work of ministry.

<sup>2</sup> Lord, you call us to your service:  
'In my name baptize and teach.'  
That the world may trust your promise,  
life abundant meant for each,  
give us all new fervour, draw us  
closer in community;  
with the Spirit's gifts empower us  
for the work of ministry.

<sup>3</sup> Lord, you make the common holy:  
'This my body, this my blood.'  
Let us all, for earth's true glory,  
daily lift life heavenward,  
asking that the world around us  
share your children's liberty;  
with the Spirit's gifts empower us  
for the work of ministry.

<sup>4</sup> Lord, you show us love's true measure;  
'Father, what they do, forgive.'  
Yet we hoard as private treasure  
all that you so freely give.  
May your care and mercy lead us  
to a just society;  
with the Spirit's gifts empower us  
for the work of ministry.

<sup>5</sup> Lord, you bless with words assuring:  
'I am with you to the end.'  
Faith and hope and love restoring,  
may we serve as you intend,  
and, amid the cares that claim us,  
hold in mind eternity;  
with the Spirit's gifts empower us  
for the work of ministry.!

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