

Wednesday hymns

Hymn. 259

One cup of healing oil and wine,
One offering laid on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to Thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

In true and inward faith we trace
The source of every outward grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

Words: WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND*
Music: Philip Armes

Hymn. 386

When Jesus our great Master came
To teach us in his Father's name,
In every act, in every thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honors of our Saviour, God,
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the claim of sin.

Words: ISAAC WATTS, ADAPTED
Music: From a Gregorian Chant

Hymn. 579

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
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.
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my every thought, to use
In the way that Thou shalt choose.
Take my love; O Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.
I am Thine, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Words: FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, ADAPT., ALT.

Music: Fenella Bennetts