

# yarm methodist church

28th June 2020    Worship Led by, Rev Dr Martin Ramsden  
Prayers written by Sheila Hargreaves

Hymn Numbers	83	Praise my soul
	628	Faithful One
	467	I need thee every hour
	251	Jesus Christ is waiting
	336	Son Of God

Blessing	772	May the road rise up
----------	-----	----------------------

Readings	Psalm	13	
	Lamentations	3	Verses 9-24
	Habakuk	1	Verses 1-4
		2	Verses 1-5
		3	Verses 17-19
	Mathew	2	Verses 13-18
	2 Corinthians	12	Verses 7-10

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven ;  
to his feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
who like thee his praise should sing ?  
Praise him ! Praise him !  
Praise the everlasting King !
- 2 Praise him for his grace and favour  
to his people in distress ;  
praise him, still the same for ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Praise him ! Praise him !  
Glorious in his faithfulness.
- 3 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 !  
Widely as his mercy flows.
- 4 Angels in the height, 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 !  
Praise with us the God of grace !

Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)

Faithful One, so unchanging,  
Ageless One, you're my rock of peace.  
Lord of all I depend on you,  
I call out to you again and again.  
I call out to you again and again.  
You are my rock in times of trouble.  
You lift me up when I fall down.  
All through the storm your love is the anchor,  
my hope is in you alone.

Brian Doerksen (*b.* 1965)

- 1 I need thee every hour,  
most gracious Lord ;  
no tender voice like thine  
can peace afford :  
*I need thee, O I need thee,  
every hour I need thee ;  
O bless me now, my Saviour ;  
I come to thee.*
- 2 I need thee every hour ;  
stay thou near by ;  
temptations lose their power  
when thou art nigh :
- 3 I need thee every hour,  
in joy or pain ;  
come quickly and abide,  
or life is vain :
- 4 I need thee every hour ;  
teach me thy will,  
and thy rich promises  
in me fulfil :

Annie Sherwood Hawks (1835–1918)

- 1 Jesus Christ is waiting,  
waiting in the streets ;  
no one is his neighbour,  
all alone he eats.  
Listen, Lord Jesus,  
I am lonely too :  
make me, friend or stranger,  
fit to wait on you.
- 2 Jesus Christ is raging,  
raging in the streets,  
where injustice spirals  
and real hope retreats.  
Listen, Lord Jesus,  
I am angry too :  
in the Kingdom's causes  
let me rage with you.
- 3 Jesus Christ is healing,  
healing in the streets,  
curing those who suffer,  
touching those he greets.  
Listen, Lord Jesus,  
I have pity too :  
let my care be active,  
healing, just like you.

- 4 Jesus Christ is dancing,  
dancing in the streets,  
where each sign of hatred  
he, with love, defeats.  
Listen, Lord Jesus,  
I should triumph too :  
where good conquers evil  
let me dance with you.
- 5 Jesus Christ is calling,  
calling in the streets,  
'Who will join my journey ?  
I will guide their feet.'  
Listen, Lord Jesus,  
let my fears be few :  
walk one step before me ;  
I will follow you.

John L. Bell (*b.* 1949) and Graham Maule (*b.* 1958)

Singing the faith      336      Son of God

- 1 Son of God, if your free grace  
again has raised me up,  
called me still to seek your face,  
and given me back my hope ;  
still your timely help afford,  
and all your loving-kindness show :  
keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
and never let me go !
- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand  
in sore temptation's hour ;  
save me with your outstretched hand,  
and show forth all your power ;  
O be mindful of your word,  
your all-sufficient grace bestow :  
keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
and never let me go !
- 3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,  
and fix it in my heart,  
that I may from evil near  
with timely care depart ;  
sin be more than hell abhorred ;  
till you destroy the tyrant foe,  
keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
and never let me go !
- 4 Never let me leave your breast,  
from you, my Saviour, stray ;  
you are my support and rest,  
my true and living way ;  
my exceeding great reward,  
in heaven above and earth below :  
keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
and never let me go !

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)