



16th November 2025

Second Sunday before Advent

Hymns

♪ Hymn ♪

*Come, now is the time to worship
Come, now is the time to give your heart
Come, just as you are to worship
Come, just as you are before your God
Come*

One day every tongue will confess You
are God

One day every knee will bow
Still the greatest treasure remains for
those
Who gladly choose You now

*Come, now is the time to worship
Come, now is the time to give your heart
Come, just as you are to worship
Come, just as you are before your God
Come*

One day every tongue will confess You
are God

One day every knee will bow
Still the greatest treasure remains for
those
Who gladly choose You now

Willingly we choose to surrender our
lives

Willingly our knees will bow
With all our heart, soul, mind and
strength
We gladly choose you now

*Come, now is the time to worship
Come, now is the time to give your heart
Come, just as you are to worship
Come, just as you are before your God
Come*

Brian Doerksen © 1998 Vineyard Songs UK

♪ Hymn (635) ♪

For the healing of the nations,
Lord, we pray with one accord;
for a just and equal sharing
of the things that earth affords.
To a life of love in action
help us rise and pledge our word.

Lead us forward into freedom,
from despair Your world release,
that, redeemed from war and hatred,
all may come and go in peace.
Show us how through care and
goodness
fear will die and hope increase.

All that kills abundant living,
let it from the earth be banned:
pride of status, race or schooling,
dogmas that obscure your plan.
In our common quest for justice
may we hallow life's brief span.

You, Creator-God, have written
Your great Name on humankind;
for our growing in Your likeness
bring the life of Christ to mind;
that by our response and service
earth its destiny may find.

Fred Kaan (1929-2009) © 1968 Stainer & Bell Ltd

♪ Hymn (748) ♪

○ Jesus, I have promised
to serve Thee to the end;
be Thou for ever near me,
my Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
if Thou art by my side,
nor wander from the pathway
if Thou wilt be my guide.

○ let me feel Thee near me:
the world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
the tempting sounds I hear;
my foes are ever near me,
around me and within;
but, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
and shield my soul from sin.

○ let me hear Thee speaking
in accents clear and still,
above the storms of passion,
the murmurs of self-will;
○ speak to reassure me,
to hasten or control;
○ speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul.

○ Jesus, Thou hast promised
to all who follow Thee,
that where Thou art in glory
there shall Thy servant be;
and, Jesus, I have promised
to serve Thee to the end:
○ give me grace to follow,
my Master and my Friend.

○ let me see Thy foot-marks,
and in them plant mine own:
my hope to follow duly
is in Thy strength alone.
○ guide me, call me, draw me,
uphold me to the end;
and then in heaven receive me,
my Saviour and my Friend.

John Ernest Bode (1816-1874)

♪ Chant (600) ♪

Bless the Lord, my soul,
And bless God's holy name.
Bless the Lord, my soul,
Who leads me into life.

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♪ Hymn (787) ♪

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 silver and my gold;
not a mite would I withhold;
take my intellect, and use
every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine:
it shall be no longer mine;
take my heart: it is Thine own;
it shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
at Thy feet its treasure-store;
take myself, and I will be
ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)

♪ Hymn (422) ♪

Alleluia, sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
hath redeemed us by His blood.

Alleluia! not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now;
alleluia! He is near us,
faith believes, nor questions how:
though the cloud from sight received
Him,
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget His promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

Alleluia! bread of angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
alleluia! here the sinful
flee to Thee from day to day:
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
where the songs of all the sinless
sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
alleluia! born of Mary,
earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
robed in flesh our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
in the eucharistic feast.

William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)