

Gathering hymn

- 1 I come with joy, a child of God,
forgiven, loved and free,
the life of Jesus to recall,
in love laid down for me.
- 2 I come with Christians far and near
to find, as all are fed,
the new community of love
in Christ's communion bread.
- 3 As Christ breaks bread, and bids us share,
each proud division ends.
The love that made us, makes us one,
and strangers now are friends.
- 4 The Spirit of the risen Christ,
unseen, but ever near,
is in such friendship better known,
alive among us here.
- 5 Together met, together bound
by all that God has done,
we'll go with joy, to give the world
the love that makes us one.

*Brian Wren (b. 1936) Words: © 1971, 1995, Stainer
& Bell Ltd*

Gradual hymn

Chorus God is love, and where true love is, God himself is there.

- 1 Here in Christ we gather, love of Christ our calling.
Christ, our love, is with us, gladness be his greeting.
Let us all revere and love him, God eternal.
Let each love Christ in sisters and in brothers all.
- 2 When we Christians gather, members of one Body,
let there be in us no discord, but one spirit.
Banished now be anger, strife and every quarrel.
Christ, our God, be present always here among us.
- 3 Grant us love's fulfilment, joy with all the blessed,
when we see your face, O Saviour, in its glory.
Shine on us, O purest Light of all creation,
be our bliss while endless ages sing your praises.

*translated by James Quinn, SJ (1919–2010) based on Ubi caritas et amor, (Latin, 9th century)
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At the washing of feet Taize: Ubi Caritas

Ubi caritas et amor, ubi caritas Deus ibi est.

(Living Charity and steadfast love, living Charity, shows the heart of God.)

Offertory hymn

- 1 Body broken for our good,
and that body's precious blood:
we receive them to our shame,
who dishonour Jesus' name.
Every day more blood is shed;
flesh is broken, left for dead.
Where earth's children bleed and die,
it is Christ we crucify.
- 2 Yet your love, God, draws us near,
though unworthy to be here;
we have nothing good to bring,
yet you give us everything!
Here you give us Christ who died,
resurrected, glorified;
his humanity, divine,
here is ours in bread and wine.
- 3 In communion with this Lord,
faith, hope, love are all restored;
here is wealth beyond compare,
wealth for all the world to share.
He reclaims our every breath:
all our life and even death
cannot be too great a price,
to complete his sacrifice.
- 4 Time, with energy and health,
talent, poverty or wealth:
all are yours, Lord, taken up
in the sign of bread and cup.
Though we may be broken too,
and our lives poured out for you,
make of us the living sign
of your love in bread and wine.

Alan Gaunt (b. 1935) Words: © 1998, Stainer & Bell Ltd, London, England. Used by permission

Communion motet Thomas Tallis : If ye love me

If ye love me, keep my commandments.
And I will pray the Father,
And he shall give you another comforter,
That he may 'bide with you forever;
E'en the sp'rit of truth.

Communion hymn

- 1 Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.
- 2 We are pilgrims on a journey,
and companions on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.

3 I will hold the Christ-light for you
in the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.

4 I will weep when you are weeping;
when you laugh, I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
till we've seen this journey through.

5 When we sing to God in heaven,
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

6 Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

Richard A. M. Gillard (b. 1953) Words and Music: © 1977 Scripture in Song / Maranatha! Music / Universal Music Small Stone Media BV, Netherlands. Adm. by Song Solutions Daybreak

At the processing of the sacrament

1 Now, my tongue, the mystery telling
of the glorious body sing,
and the blood, all price excelling,
which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
in a Virgin's womb once dwelling,
shed for this world's ransoming.

2 Given for us, and condescending
to be born for us below,
he, with us in converse blending,
dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
till he closed with wondrous ending
his most patient life of woe.

3 That last night, at supper lying,
'mid the Twelve, his chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
keeps the feast its rites demand;
then, more precious food supplying,
gives himself with his own hand.

4 Word-made-flesh, true bread he maketh
by his word his flesh to be,
wine his blood; which whoso taketh
must from carnal thoughts be free:
faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
shows true hearts the mystery.

*Pange lingua gloriosi - St Thomas Aquinas (c.1225-1274)
translated by John Mason Neale (1818-1866) Edward Caswall (1814-1878) and others*

At the stripping of the Sanctuary Psalm 69

Save me, O God for the waters are come in, even unto my soul.
I stick fast in the deep mire, where no ground is.

I am come into deep waters, so that the floods run over me.

I am weary of crying; my throat is dry,
my sight faileth me for waiting so long upon my God.

They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head,
they that are mine enemies, and would destroy me guiltless, are mighty.

I paid them the things that I never took.

God, thou knowest my simpleness, and my faults are not hid from thee.

Let not them that trust in thee, O Lord God of hosts, be ashamed for my cause,
let not those that seek thee be confounded through me, O Lord God of Israel.

And why? for thy sake have I suffered reproof shame hath covered my face.

I am become a stranger unto my brethren,
even an alien unto my mother's children.

For the zeal of thine house hath even eaten me,
and the rebukes of them that rebuked thee are fallen upon me.

I wept, and chastened myself with fasting and that was turned to my reproof.

I put on sackcloth also and they jested upon me. They that sit in the gate
speak against me, and the drunkards make songs upon me.

But, Lord, I make my prayer unto thee in an acceptable time.

Hear me, O God, in the multitude of thy mercy, even in the truth of thy salvation.

Take me out of the mire, that I sink not, O let me be delivered
from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.

Let not the water-flood drown me, neither let the deep swallow me up,
and let not the pit shut her mouth upon me.

Hear me, O Lord, for thy loving-kindness is comfortable,
turn thee unto me according to the multitude of thy mercies.

And hide not thy face from thy servant, for I am in trouble.
O haste thee, and hear me.

Draw nigh unto my soul, and save it. O deliver me, because of mine enemies.

Thou hast known my reproof, my shame, and my dishonour,
mine adversaries are all in thy sight.

Thy rebuke hath broken my heart; I am full of heaviness. I looked for some to
have pity on me, but there was no man, neither found I any to comfort me.

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