

C A7 Dm C F Gm

gun,
lo,
ty,
guest,

And we're broth - ers and sis - ters in God's love, in God's

A A7 Dm Gm C Dm

love, and we're broth-ers and sis-ters in God's love.

Breathe on Me, Breath of God

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Edwin Hatch, 1886; alt.

1 Breathe on me, Breath of God, fill me with life a - new
2 Breathe on me, Breath of God, un - til my heart is pure,
3 Breathe on me, Breath of God, stir in me one de - sire:
4 Breathe on me, Breath of God, so shall I nev - er die,

That I may love the way you love and do what you would do.
Un - til with you I will one will, to do and to en - dure.
That ev - ery earth - ly part of me may glow with ho - ly fire.
But live with you the per - fect life of your e - ter - ni - ty.

Between parish assignments in London, Edwin Hatch taught classics at Trinity College, Quebec, and lectured at Oxford. This hymn appeared in a leaflet, "Between Doubt and Prayer" (1878). Other hymns were published posthumously in *Towards Fields of Light*. London (1890).

Tune: TRENTHAM S.M.
Robert Jackson, 1894

Won't You Let Me Be Your Servant?

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Richard Gillard, 1977; alt.

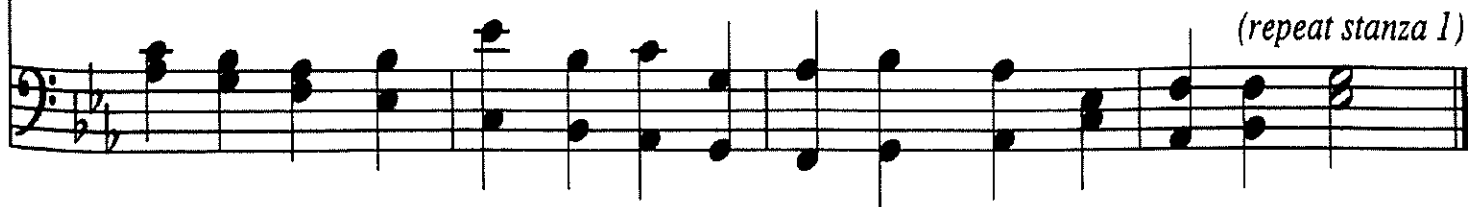
Rom. 12:9-18; Col. 1:24-29



1 & 6 Won't you let me be your ser - vant, let me be as Christ to you?
2 We are pil - grims on a jour - ney, we are trav - elers on the road;
3 I will hold the Christ - light for you in the shad - ow of your fear;
4 I will weep when you are weep - ing; when you laugh, I'll laugh with you.
5 When we sing to God in heav - en we shall find such har - mo - ny,



Pray that I may have the grace to let you be my ser - vant, too.
We are here to help each oth - er go the mile and bear the load.
I will hold my hand out to you, speak the peace you long to hear.
I will share your joy and sor - row till we've seen this jour - ney through.
Born of all we've known to - geth - er of Christ's love and ag - o - ny.



(repeat stanza 1)

Richard Gillard was born in England and later made his home in New Zealand. Largely self-taught, Gillard has described his musical style as "folk." This is the best known of his many songs in the United States.

Tune: SERVANT SONG 8.7.8.7.
Richard Gillard, 1977
Arr. Betty Carr Pulkingham, 1977; adapt.

Mark 14:22-25; 1 Cor. 11:23-26

Isaac Watts, 1709; alt.

1 It was a sad and sol - emn night, when powers of earth
 2 Be - fore the mourn - ful scene be - gan, our Je - sus blessed
 3 "This is my bod - y, broke for sin, re - ceive and eat
 4 "Share this, my feast, till time shall end, in mem - ory of
 5 O Christ your feast we cel - e - brate; we show your death,

and hell a - rose A - gainst the Child of
 and broke the bread; What love through all these
 the liv - ing food"; Then took the cup and
 your dy - ing friend: Meet at my ta - ble
 we sing your name, Till you re - turn, and

God's de - light, whom friends be - trayed to wick - ed foes.
 ac - tions ran, what won - drous words of love were said!
 blessed the wine, "This the new cov - enant in my blood."
 and re - call the love which God has shown to all."
 we shall eat the mar - riage sup - per of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, often considered the founder of English hymnody, recalls very powerfully in this hymn the Maundy Thursday events. The meal in the upper room is recounted, and the great marriage feast of the Lamb is anticipated.

Tune: BOURBON L.M.
 Melody attrib. to Freeman Lewis, 1825
 Harm. Louise McAllister (1913-1960)
 Alternate tune: ERHALT UNS, HERR

Where Charity and Love Prevail

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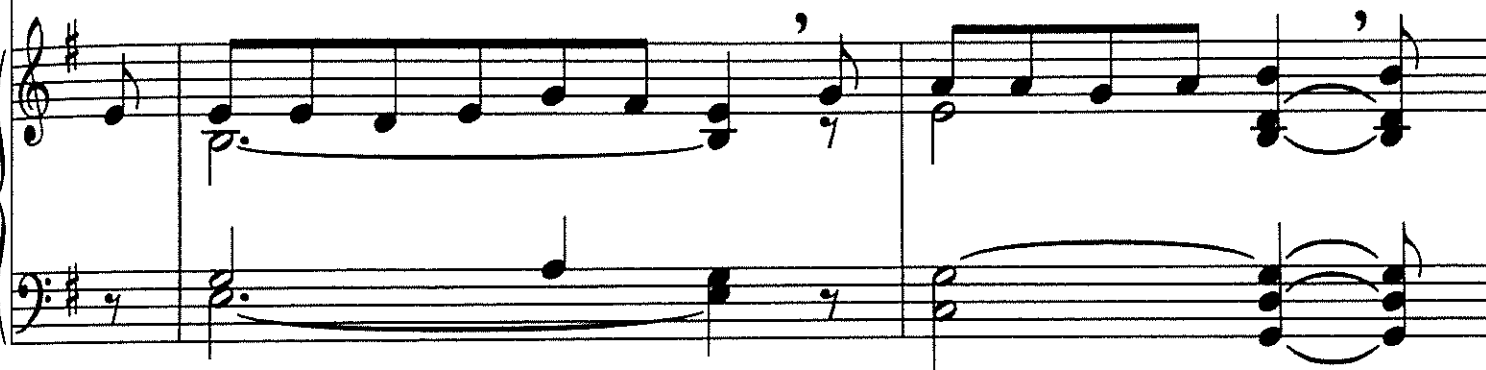
Latin hymn, "Ubi caritas et amor," 9th century
Paraphr. by Omer Westendorf, 1961; alt.

John 13:34-35; 15:9-12; 2 Cor. 5:17-20; 1 John 4:7-21

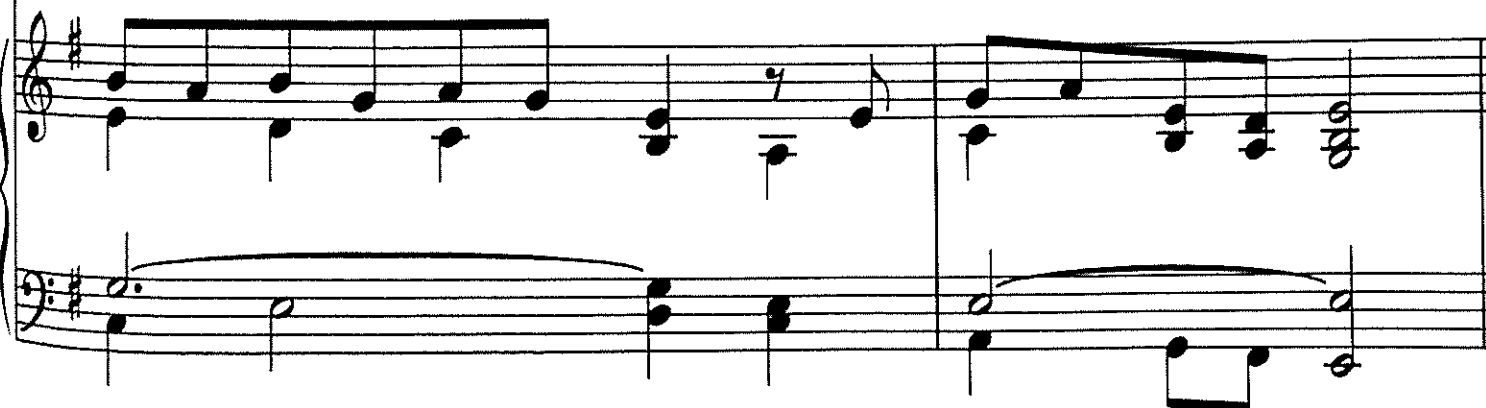
With freedom



1 Where char - i - ty and love pre - vail, there God is ev - er found; Brought
2 With grate-ful joy and ho - ly fear true char - i - ty we learn; Let
3 For - give we now each oth - er's faults as we our faults con - fess; And
4 Let strife a - mong us be un-known, let all con - ten - tion cease; Be



here to - geth - er by Christ's love, by love are we thus bound.
us with heart and mind and strength now love Christ in re - turn.
let us love each oth - er well in Chris-tian ho - li - ness.
Christ the glo - ry that we seek, be ours Christ's ho - ly peace.



Believed to date from the time of Charlemagne (768-814), this hymn was, before Vatican II (1962-1965), the last and indispensable song during the Maundy Thursday foot-washing service. Benedictine priest Paul Benoit composed many organ works.

Tune: CHRISTIAN LOVE C.M.

Paul Benoit, 1961

Alternate tune: ST. FLAVIAN

Luke 24:29; 1 Cor. 15:55

Henry F. Lyte, 1847; alt.

1 A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3 I need your pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;
 4 I fear no foe, with you at hand to bless;
 5 Hold now your cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

The shad - ows deep - en, Lord, with me a - bide;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 I need your grace to foil the tempt - er's power.
 Ills have no weight and tears no bit - ter - ness;
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Give me your love my guide and stay to be.
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, your vic - to - ry?
 Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 O Christ who chang - es not, a - bide with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still if you a - bide with me.
 In life, in death, O Christ, a - bide with me.

Following the final sermon of his career, Henry F. Lyte handed a copy of this recently written hymn to a relative. He died two months later. The tune by W. H. Monk has contributed greatly to the popularity of the hymn.

Tune: EVENTIDE 10.10.10.10.
 William H. Monk, 1861

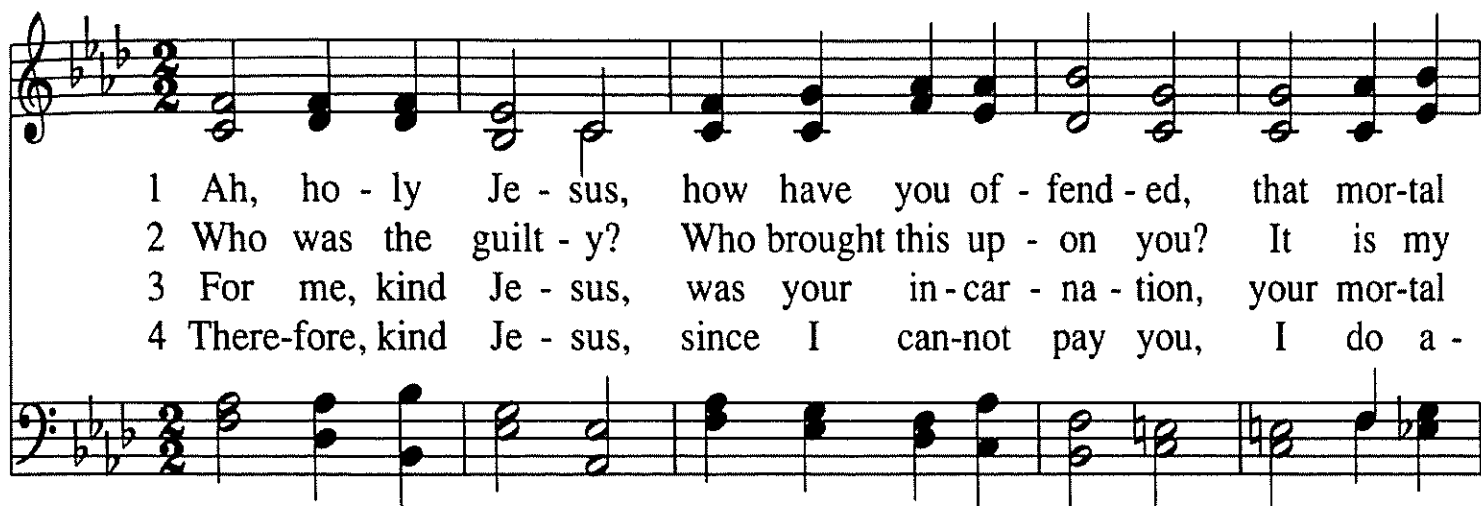
Ah, Holy Jesus

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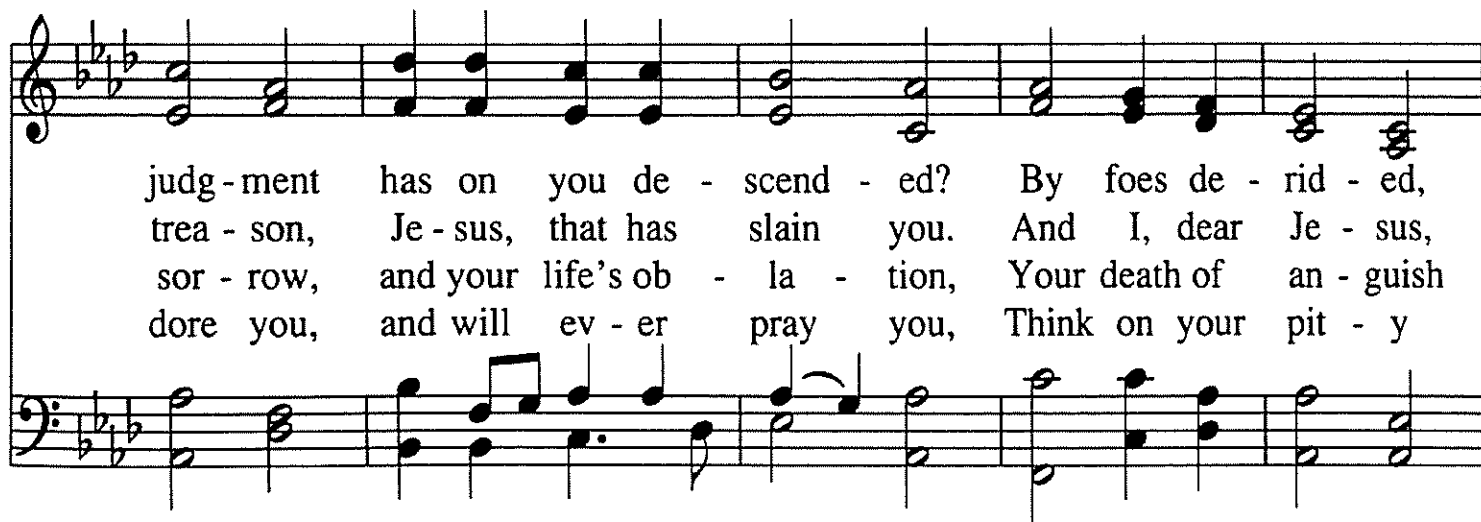
Johann Heermann, 1630

Isa. 53:3-5; John 1:11; 18:15-17

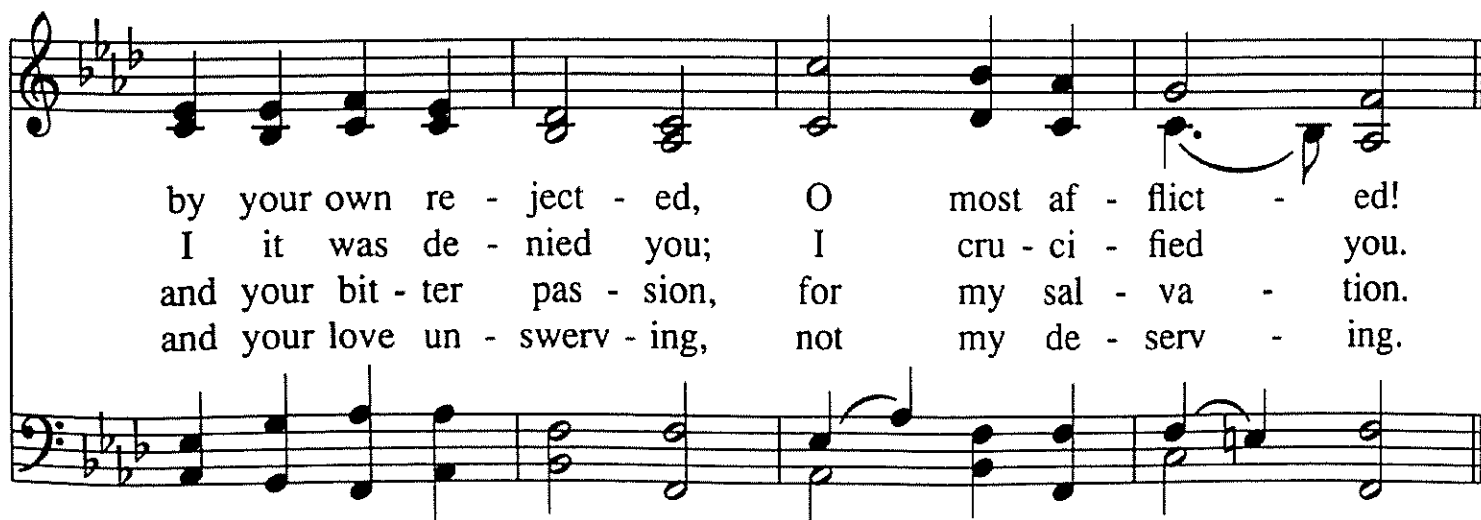
Paraphr. by Robert Bridges, 1899; alt.



1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how have you of - fend - ed, that mor-tal
2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on you? It is my
3 For me, kind Je - sus, was your in-car - na - tion, your mor-tal
4 There-fore, kind Je - sus, since I can-not pay you, I do a -



judg - ment has on you de - scend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
trea - son, Je - sus, that has slain you. And I, dear Je - sus,
sor - row, and your life's ob - la - tion, Your death of an - guish
dore you, and will ev - er pray you, Think on your pit - y



by your own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed!
I it was de - nied you; I cru - ci - fied you.
and your bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
and your love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

Based on an eleventh-century Latin meditation by Jean de Fécamp, this is one of many fine hymns by Johann Heermann. Though poor, Heermann's parents prepared him for the Lutheran pastorate. Much of his ministry took place during the Thirty Years' War.

Tune: HERZLIEBSTER JESU 11.11.11.5.
Johann Crüger, 1640