

ASH WEDNESDAY

Processional Hymn

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise;
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
 Rise up and follow thee;
 Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love!
 Interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace;
 The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still, small voice of calm;
 O still, small voice of calm.

(New English Hymnal 353)

Offertory Hymn

Led by the Spirit of our God, we go to fast and pray
With Christ into the wilderness; we join his paschal way.
"Rend not your garments, rend your hearts. Turn back your lives
to me."

Thus says our kind and gracious God, whose reign is liberty.

Led by the Spirit, we confront temptation face to face,
And know full well we must rely on God's redeeming grace.
On bread alone we cannot live, but nourished by the Word
We seek the will of God to do: this is our drink and food.

Led by the Spirit, now draw near the waters of rebirth
With hearts that long to worship God in spirit and in truth.
"Whoever drinks the drink I give shall never thirst again."
Thus says the Lord who died for us, our Savior, kin and friend.

Led by the Spirit, now sing praise to God the Trinity:
The Source of Life, the living Word made flesh to set us free,
The Spirit blowing where it will to make us friends of God:
This myst'ry far beyond our reach, yet near in healing love.

Kingsfold
Words, Bob Hurd

Communion Hymn:

Lord Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin:
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest;
Let me thy loving servant be,
And taste thy promised rest.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
Amid the battle's strife;
In all my pain and misery
Be thou my health and life.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point thou the heavenly way.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
When flows the tempest high:
When on doth rush the enemy
O Saviour, be thou nigh.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share thy joy at last.

(New English Hymnal 70)

Recessional Hymn:

From ashes to the living font
your Church must journey, Lord;
baptized in grace, in grace renewed,
by your most holy word.

Though fasting, prayer, and charity,
your voice speaks deep within,
Returning us to ways of truth
and turning us from sin.

From desert to the mountaintop
in Christ our way we see,
so, tempered by temptation's might
we might transfigured be.

For thirsting hearts let waters flow,
our fainting souls revive;
And at the well your waters give
our everlasting life.

From ashes to the living font
your Church must journey still;
through cross and tomb to Easter joy,
in Spirit-fire fulfilled.

St Bernards
Words, Alan J Hommerding