

**Hymns & Readings for Sunday 25th July –
St James the Apostle**

Introit

Come down, O Love divine,
seek thou this soul of mine,
and visit it with thine own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
within my heart appear,
and kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,
till earthly passions turn
to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
and let thy glorious light
shine ever on my sight,
and clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity
my outward vesture be,
and lowliness become mine inner clothing:
true lowliness of heart,
which takes the humbler part,
and o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,
with which the soul will long,
shall far outpass the power of human telling;
for none can guess its grace,
till we become the place
wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

Bianco da Siena (d.1434), transl. R.F. Littledale (1833-1890)

Reading: Acts 11.27-12.2 (NRSVA)

A reading from the Acts of the Apostles

²⁷ At that time prophets came down from Jerusalem to Antioch. ²⁸ One of them named Agabus stood up and predicted by the Spirit that there would be a severe famine over all the world; and this took place during the reign of Claudius. ²⁹ The disciples determined that according to their ability, each would send relief to the believers living in Judea; ³⁰ this they did, sending it to the elders by Barnabas and Saul.

¹² About that time King Herod laid violent hands upon some who belonged to the church.
² He had James, the brother of John, killed with the sword.

Reading: 2 Corinthians 4.7-15 (NRSVA)

A reading from the Second Letter of Paul to the Corinthians

⁷ We have this treasure in clay jars, so that it may be made clear that this extraordinary power belongs to God and does not come from us. ⁸ We are afflicted in every way, but not crushed; perplexed, but not driven to despair; ⁹ persecuted, but not forsaken; struck down, but not destroyed; ¹⁰ always carrying in the body the death of Jesus, so that the life of Jesus may also be made visible in our bodies. ¹¹ For while we live, we are always being given up to death for Jesus' sake, so that the life of Jesus may be made visible in our mortal flesh. ¹² So death is at work in us, but life in you.

¹³ But just as we have the same spirit of faith that is in accordance with scripture—'I believed, and so I spoke'—we also believe, and so we speak, ¹⁴ because we know that the one who raised the Lord Jesus will raise us also with Jesus, and will bring us with you into his presence. ¹⁵ Yes, everything is for your sake, so that grace, as it extends to more and more people, may increase thanksgiving, to the glory of God.

Gradual Hymn

From heaven you came, helpless babe,
entered our world, your glory veiled;
not to be served, but to serve,
And give your life, that we might live.

*This is our God, the servant King,
he calls us now to follow him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the servant King.*

There in the garden of tears,
my heavy load he chose to bear;
his heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not my will, but yours,' he said.

Come see his hands and his feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve,
and in our lives enthrone him,
each other's needs to prefer,
for it is Christ we're serving.

*This is our God, the servant King,
he calls us now to follow him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the servant King.*

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Gospel Reading: Matthew 20.20-28 (NRSVA)

Hear the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to Matthew. **Glory to you, O Lord.**

²⁰ The mother of the sons of Zebedee came to him with her sons, and kneeling before him, she asked a favour of him. ²¹ And he said to her, 'What do you want?' She said to him, 'Declare that these two sons of mine will sit, one at your right hand and one at your left, in your kingdom.' ²² But Jesus answered, 'You do not know what you are asking. Are you able to drink the cup that I am about to drink?' They said to him, 'We are able.' ²³ He said to them, 'You will indeed drink my cup, but to sit at my right hand and at my left, this is not mine to grant, but it is for those for whom it has been prepared by my Father.'

²⁴ When the ten heard it, they were angry with the two brothers. ²⁵ But Jesus called them to him and said, 'You know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones are tyrants over them. ²⁶ It will not be so among you; but whoever wishes to be great among you must be your servant, ²⁷ and whoever wishes to be first among you must be your slave; ²⁸ just as the Son of Man came not to be served but to serve, and to give his life a ransom for many.'

Offertory Hymn

Restore, O Lord,
the honour of your name,
in works of sovereign power
come shake the earth again,
that all may see,
and come with reverent fear
to the living God,
whose kingdom shall outlast the years.

Restore, O Lord,
in all the earth your fame,
and in our time revive
the church that bears your name.
And in your anger,
Lord, remember mercy,
O living God,
whose mercy shall outlast the years.

Bend us, O Lord,
where we are hard and cold,
in your refiner's fire:
come purify the gold.
Though suffering comes
and evil crouches near,
still our living God
is reigning, he is reigning here.

Restore, O Lord,
the honour of your name,
in works of sovereign power
come shake the earth again,
that all may see,
and come with reverent fear
to the living God,
whose kingdom shall outlast the years.

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Closing Hymn

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is,
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit,
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

John Bunyan (1628 – 1688)