

All for Jesus--all for Jesus,
this our song shall ever be;
for we have no hope, nor Saviour,
if we have not hope in thee.

All for Jesus--thou wilt give us
strength to serve thee, hour by hour,
none can move us from thy presence,
while we trust thy love and power.

All for Jesus--at thine altar
thou wilt give us sweet content;
there, dear Lord, we shall receive thee
in the solemn sacrament.

All for Jesus--thou hast loved us;
all for Jesus--thou hast died;
all for Jesus--thou art with us;
all for Jesus crucified.

All for Jesus--all for Jesus--
this the Church's song must be;
till, at last, her sons are gathered
one in love and one in thee.

W.J. Sparrow-Simpson (1859-1952)

Bread is blessed and broken,
wine is blessed and poured:
take this and remember
Christ the Lord.

Share the food of heaven
earth cannot afford.
Here is grace in essence –
Christ the Lord.

Know yourself forgiven,
find yourself restored,
meet a friend for ever –
Christ the Lord.

God has kept his promise
sealed by sign and word:
here, for those who want him –
Christ the Lord.

John L Bell (b. 1949) and Graham Maule (b. 1958)

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

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.

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.

Time, with energy and health,
talent, poverty and 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 (1935-2023)

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

in a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
and drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
my shield and hiding-place,
my never-failing treasury filled
with boundless store of grace

Jesus! My Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of thy name
refresh my soul in death.

John Newton (1725-1807)