



19th January 2025 Second Sunday of Epiphany

♪ Hymn (630) ♪

Father, Lord of all creation,
ground of Being, Life and Love:
height and depth beyond description
only life in You can prove:
You are mortal life's dependence:
thought, speech, sight are ours by grace;
Yours is every hour's existence
sovereign Lord of time and space.

Jesus Christ, the Man for others,
we, Your people, make our prayer:
help us love — as sisters, brothers —
all whose burdens we can share.
Where Your name binds us together
You, Lord Christ, will surely be;
where no selfishness can sever
there Your love the world may see.

Holy Spirit, rushing, burning
wind and flame of Pentecost,
fire our hearts afresh with yearning
to regain what we have lost.
May Your love unite our action,
never more to speak alone:
God, in us abolish faction,
God, through us Your love make known.

Stewart Cross (1928-1989) © Mrs M Cross

♪ Hymn (CAHON 858) ♪

Life for the poor was hard and tough,
Jesus said, 'That's not good enough;
life should be great and here's the sign:
I'll turn the water into wine.'

Refrain:

*Jesus turned the water into wine,
Jesus turned the water into wine,
Jesus turned the water into wine,
And the people saw that life was good.*

Life is a thing to be enjoyed,
not to be wasted or destroyed.
Laughter is part of God's design;
let's turn the water into wine.

Refrain:

*Jesus turned the water into wine,
Jesus turned the water into wine,
Jesus turned the water into wine,
And the people saw that life was good.*

Go to the lonely and the sad,
give them the good news to make them
glad,
helping the light of hope to shine,
turning the water into wine!

Refrain:

*Jesus turned the water into wine,
Jesus turned the water into wine,
Jesus turned the water into wine,
And the people saw that life was good.*

*Michael Forster (b. 1946). Christopher Tambling
(b. 1964) © 1993 Kevin Mayhew Ltd.*

♪ **Hymn (666)** ♪

I cannot tell
why He whom angels worship,
should set His love
upon the sons of men,
or why, as Shepherd,
He should seek the wanderers,
to bring them back,
they know not how or when.
But this I know,
that He was born of Mary
when Beth'lem's manger
was His only home,
and that He lived at
Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is come.

I cannot tell
how silently He suffered,
as with His peace
He graced this place of tears,
or how His heart
upon the cross was broken,
the crown of pain
to three and thirty years.
But this I know,
He heals the broken-hearted
and stays our sin
and calms our lurking fear,
and lifts the burden
from the heavy laden;
for still the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell
how He will win the nations,
how He will claim
His earthly heritage,
how satisfy
the needs and aspirations
of east and west,
of sinner and of sage.
But this I know,
all flesh shall see His glory,
and He shall reap
the harvest He has sown,
and some glad day
His sun will shine in splendour
when He the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is known.

I cannot tell
how all the lands shall worship,
when at His bidding
every storm is stilled,
or who can say
how great the jubilation
when every heart
with love and joy is filled.
But this I know,
the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad, myriad
human voices sing,
and earth to heaven,
and heaven to earth, will answer:
'At last the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is King!'

William Young Fullerton (1857-1932)

♪ **Chant (CAHON 929)** ♪

In the Lord I'll be ever thankful,
in the Lord, I will rejoice!
Look to God, do not be afraid;
lift up your voices: the Lord is near,
lift up your voices: the Lord is near.

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♪ **Hymn (128)** ♪

Jesu, lover of my soul,
let me to Thy bosom fly,
while the nearer waters roll,
while the tempest still is high:
hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
till the storm of life is past;
safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
leave, ah, leave me not alone,
still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
all my help from Thee I bring;
cover my defenceless head
with the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
more than all in Thee I find;
raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
false and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
grace to cover all my sin;
let the healing streams abound;
make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art:
freely let me take of Thee;
spring Thou up within my heart,
rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

♪ **Hymn (507)** ♪

We have a gospel to proclaim
Good News for all throughout the
earth;
the gospel of a Saviour's name:
we sing His glory, tell His worth.

Tell of His birth at Bethlehem,
not in a royal house or hall
but in a stable dark and dim:
the Word made flesh, a light for all.

Tell of his death at Calvary,
hated by those He came to save;
in lonely suffering on the cross
for all He loved His life He gave.

Tell of that glorious Easter morn:
empty the tomb, for He was free.
He broke the power of death and hell
that we might share His victory.

Tell of His reign at God's right hand
by all creation glorified.
He sends His Spirit on His Church
to live for Him, the Lamb who died.

Now we rejoice to name Him King:
Jesus is Lord of all the earth.
This gospel-message we proclaim:
we sing His glory, tell His worth.

Edward Joseph Burns (b. 1938) © The Revd Edward J. Burns