

Awake, awake: fling off the night!

For God has sent his glorious light;
And we who live in Christ's new day
Must works of darkness put away.

Awake and rise, with love renewed,
And with the Spirit's power endued.
The light of life in us must glow,
and fruits of truth and goodness show.

Let in the light; all sin expose
To Christ, whose life no darkness knows.
Before his cross for guidance kneel;
his light will judge, and judging heal.

Awake, and rise up from the dead,
And Christ his light on you will shed.
Its power will wrong desires destroy,
And your whole nature fill with joy.

Then sing for joy, and use each day;
Give thanks for everything alway.
Lift up your hearts; with one accord
Praise God through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

John Raphael Peacey (1896-1971)

Let saints on earth in concert sing

with those whose work is done;
for all the servants of our King
in heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in him,
one church, above, beneath;
though now divided by the stream,
the narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
to His command we bow:
part of the host have crossed the flood,
and part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
there pass some spirits blest;
while others to the margin come,
waiting their call to rest.

Jesus, be thou our constant guide;
then, when the word is given,
bid Jordan's narrow stream divide
and bring us safe to heaven.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

O thou who camest from above
the fire celestial to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart!

There let it for thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return
in humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work, and speak, and think for thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up the gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat;
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Judge Eternal, throned in splendour,

Lord of lords and King of kings,
with thy living fire of judgment
purge this realm of bitter things;
solace all its wide dominion
with the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
for the hour that brings release,
and the city's crowded clangour
cries aloud for sin to cease,
and the homesteads and the woodlands
plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O Lord, thine own endeavour;
cleave our darkness with thy sword;
cheer the faint and feed the hungry
with the richness of thy word;
cleanse the body of this nation
through the glory of the Lord.

Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)