

the soldier when other helpers fail, and comforts here, help of the  
helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; earth's joys grow dim, its glories  
pass away; change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest  
not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour; what but thy grace can foil the  
templer's power? Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Through  
cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless; ill have no weight and tears no  
bitterness. Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory? I triumph  
still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes; shine through the gloom,  
and point me to the skies; heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee: in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

#### **Preparation of the Gifts: Blest are the pure in heart**

Blest are the pure in heart, for they shall see our God; the secret of the  
Lord is theirs, their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord who left the heavens our life and peace to bring, to dwell in  
lowliness with men, their pattern and their king.

Still to the lowly soul he doth himself impart and for his dwelling and his  
throne chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we thy presence seek; may ours this blessing be: give us a pure  
and lowly heart, a temple meet for thee.

**Communion: Centre of my life** (Paul Inwood ©1985 OCP. Used by permission)

*O Lord, you are the centre of my life: I will always praise you,  
I will always serve you, I will always keep you in my sight.*