

The king of love my shepherd is,
whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
and he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
my ransomed soul he leadeth,
and where the verdant pastures grow
with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
but yet in love he sought me,
and on his shoulder gently laid,
and home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;
thy rod and staff my comfort still,
thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
thy unction grace bestoweth;
and O what transport of delight
from thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
thy goodness faileth never;
good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
within thy house for ever.

Community of Christ,
who make the Cross your own,
live out your creed and risk your life for God alone:
the God who wears your face,
to whom all worlds belong,
whose children are of every race
and every song.

Community of Christ,
look past the Church's door
and see the refugee, the hungry, and the poor.
Take hands with the oppressed,
the jobless in your street,
take towel and water, that you wash
your neighbour's feet.

Community of Christ,
through whom the word must sound –
cry out for justice and for peace
the whole world round:
disarm the powers that war and all that can destroy,
turn bombs to bread, and tears of anguish
into joy.

When menace melts away,
so shall God's will be done,
the climate of the world be peace
and Christ its Sun;
our currency be love
and kindness our law,
our food and faith be shared as one
for evermore.

At the name of Jesus

every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him
King of Glory now:
this the Father's pleasure
that we call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty Word.

Humbled for a season
to receive a name
from the lips of sinners
unto whom he came,
faithfully he bore it
spotless to the last,
brought it back victorious
when from death he passed.

In your hearts enthrone him,
there let him make new
all that is not holy,
all that it not true.
He is God the Saviour,
he is Christ the Lord,
ever to be worshipped,
trusted and adored.

When this same Lord Jesus
shall appear again
in his Father's glory,
there with him to reign,
then may we adore him,

all before him bow,
as our hearts confess him
King of Glory now.

Shalom to you now,

shalom my friends.

May God's full mercies bless you my friends.

In all your living and through your loving,

Christ be your shalom, Christ be your shalom.