

Hymn for anointing service. Third stanza has an Advent theme and may be omitted in other seasons of the year.

Come, God's people, be anointed

(to be sung to No. 178 in *Hymnal: A Worship Book*, Tune: HYFRYDOL)

Come God's people, be anointed, claim God's healing balm at last.
Set aside your pride and passion, Christ has fully paid the cost.
All that's fleeting, all that's passing, has its day, then fading away.
But your healing is forever, lasting past the final day.

Come God's people, claim God's pleasure, joys await to those who heed.
Nothing for the self-sufficient, everything to those in need.
Come now forward, and if limping, gladly lean so burdens bear,
Small and great, all harms are healing, if we have a tear to share.

Go, God's people, forth with treasure, not with gold or silver weighed.
With the lamp to light dark places, with the truth that cannot be swayed.
From the manger comes the healer, who upon the cross in scorn
Bore our wounds and brought salvation, born to us on Christmas morn.

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