**Prayers and hymns for the working day from High Calling, USA**

**Prayers for the Working Day**

Almighty God, thank Thee for the job of this day.
May we find gladness in all its toil and difficulty,
its pleasure and success,
and even in its failure and sorrow.
We would look always away from ourselves,
and behold the glory and the need of the world
that we may have the will and the strength to bring
the gift of gladness to others;
that with them we stand to bear
the burden and heat of the day
and offer Thee the praise of work well done.

Amen.

Bishop Charles Lewis Slattery (1867-1930

Lord God, bless the labour of our hands,

whether in the ofﬁce or in the kitchen;

on the farm or in the garden;

on the hospital ward or with an unwell friend;

in the school or the world of business;

on the phone or on the computer;

when holding our children or our grandchildren.

May all we do this day be done to your glory.

So, Lord, bless the labour of our hands.

Amen.

Brian Hudson (adapted)

Creator God, you have called us to do your will in

the world, in the name of Jesus.

You have called us to be

shop assistants and social workers, truckers and teachers

carpenters and chemists, engineers and evangelists

labourers and lawyers, and much else besides.

We pray with all people in their daily life and work:

enjoying fulﬁlment in a purposeful job

or challenging vocation,

staring at the uncertainty of redundancy or dismissal,

holding immense responsibility

and facing testing decisions,

feeling exploited by injustice in trade,

caring for others, unpaid and unsung.

And we pray with people for whom time passes slowly:

seeking employment, frustrated by repeated refusals,

unable to work through illness and incapacity,

retired, now wondering where they are still wanted,

ﬁnding their work a drudge, dreading each new day,

still listening for God’s call.

Enabling God,

we commit to you the insights of our minds,

the labour of our hands,

and the love of our hearts,

as we share in daily community life

and shape the future of your created world.

Amen

John Bell

**A Psalm of work**

1 I enjoy my work, for you have given it to me:

 you are a God who works, and I work with your blessing.

2 You are there when I go to work in the morning:

 I meet you in my friends as we greet one another,

3 as we prepare for the day, you speak to me through others:

 you are in new ideas and the training we share.

4 My concentration reﬂects your loving care:

 your creative power inspires my thoughts and actions.

5 When I help another it is you that I meet;

 as I serve a customer, I am serving you;

6 when I am called to give account to my superiors:

 it is your judgment I face and you will judge in fairness.

7 If others treat me harshly, I am only your servant:

 Jesus was also the servant of others;

8 his work was to make your love visible:

 in my successes I too am completing your work of creation.

9 Long ago monks were told that to work is to pray:

 help me see my task today as part of your purpose.

10 My achievements I offer to you;

 exhausted I give you my life.

John Hammersley

**Hymns**

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
thy daily stage of duty run;
shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
to pay thy morning sacrifice.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
disperse my sins as morning dew;
guard my first springs of thought and will,
and with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
all I design or do or say;
that all my powers, with all their might,
in thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
praise him, all creatures here below;
praise him above, ye heavenly host:
praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Words: Thomas Ken, 1695, 1709

Music: Morning Hymn Meter: LM

New every morning is the love
our wakening and uprising prove;
through sleep and darkness safely brought,
restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
hover around us while we pray;
new perils past, new sins forgiven,
new thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
be set to hallow all we find,
new treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
as more of heaven in each we see;
some softening gleam of love and prayer
shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
will furnish all we ought to ask:
room to deny ourselves; a road
to bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
fit us for perfect rest above;
and help us, this and every day,
to live more nearly as we pray.

Words: John Keble, 1822Music: Melcombe, Kedron

Meter: LM

Forth in thy Name, O Lord, I go,
my daily labor to pursue;
thee, only thee, resolved to know
in all I think or speak or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
in all my works thy presence find,
and prove thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
and labor on at thy command,
and offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
and every moment watch and pray,
and still to things eternal look,
and hasten to thy glorious day.

For thee delightfully employ
whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
and run my course with even joy,
and closely walk with thee to heav'n.

Words: Charles Wesley, 1749

Music: Song 34 (Angels' Song), Pixham, Oxford, Warrington, Mozart Meter: LM

Take my life, and let it be
consecrated, Lord, to thee;
take my moments and my days,
let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
at the impulse of thy love;
take my feet, and let them be
swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
always, only, for my King;
take my lips, and let them be
filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
not a mite would I withhold;
take my intellect, and use
every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it thine;
it shall be no longer mine.
take my heart, it is thine own;
it shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
at thy feet its treasure store;
take my self, and I will be
ever, only, all for thee.

Words: Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874

Music: Mozart, Hollingside, Festus, Consecration, Ives

Thy hand, O God, has guided

O Jesus, I have promised

God be in my head