

Hymns and Songs – 3rd April, 2022

And can it be that I should gain

An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His
pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for
me?

'Tis mystery all! The immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace;
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with
light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ
my own.

Psalms 51

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, after
thy great goodness: according to the
multitude of thy mercies do away
mine offences.

2 Wash me thoroughly from my
wickedness: and cleanse me from my
sin.

3 For I acknowledge my faults: and
my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee only have I sinned,
and done this evil in thy sight: that
thou mightest be justified in thy
saying, and clear when thou art
judged.

5 Behold, I was shapen in
wickedness; and in sin did hath my
mother conceived me.

6 But lo, thou requirest truth in the
inward parts: and shalt make
me to understand wisdom secretly.

7 Thou shalt purge me with hyssop,
and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash
me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Thou shalt make me hear of joy
and gladness: that the bones which
thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Turn thy face from my sins, and
put out all my misdeeds.

10 Make me a clean heart, O God;
and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy
presence; and take not thy holy
spirit from me.

12 O give me the comfort of thy help
again: and stablish me with thy free
Spirit.

13 Then shall I teach thy ways unto
the wicked: and sinners shall be
converted unto thee.

Glory be to the Father, and to the
Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was
in the beginning, is now and ever
shall be, world without end. Amen.

Beauty for brokenness, hope for
despair,
Lord, in Your suffering world this is
our prayer:
Bread for the children, justice, joy,
peace;
Sunrise to sunset, Your kingdom
increase!

Shelter for fragile lives, cures for
their ills,
Work for the craftsman, trade for
their skills;
Land for the dispossessed, rights for
the weak,
Voices to plead the cause of those
who can't speak.

*God of the poor, friend of the weak,
Give us compassion we pray:
Melt our cold hearts, let tears fall like
rain;*

*Come, change our love from a spark
to a flame*

Refuge from cruel wars, havens from
fear,
Cities for sanctuary, freedoms to
share;
Peace to the killing-fields, scorched
earth to green,
Christ for the bitterness, His cross
for the pain.

Rest for the ravaged earth, oceans
and streams
Plundered and poisoned – our
future, our dreams.

Lord, end our madness,
carelessness, greed;
Make us content with the things
that we need.

Lighten our darkness, breathe on
this flame
Until Your justice burns brightly
again;
Until the nations learn of Your
ways,
Seek Your salvation and bring You
their praise.

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God forgave my sin in Jesus' name,

I've been born again in Jesus'
name;
And in Jesus' name I come to you
To share His love as He told me to.

*He said: "Freely, freely, you have
received,
Freely, freely, give;
Go in My name, and because you
believe
Others will know that I live."*

All power is given in Jesus' name,
In earth and heaven in Jesus'
name;
And in Jesus' name I come to you
To share His power as He told me
to.

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We have a gospel to proclaim,
Good news for all throughout the
earth;
The gospel of a Saviour's name:
We sing His glory, tell His worth.

Tell of His birth at Bethlehem,
Not in a royal house or hall
But in a stable dark and dim:
The Word made flesh, a light for
all.

Tell of His death at Calvary,
Hated by those He came to save;
In lonely suffering on the cross
For all He loved His life He gave.

Tell of the glorious Easter morn:
Empty the tomb, for He was free.
He broke the power of death and
hell
That we might share His victory.

Tell of His reign at God's right
hand,
By all creation glorified;
He sends His Spirit on His Church
To live for Him, the Lamb who
died.

Now we rejoice to name Him King:
Jesus is Lord of all the earth.
This gospel message we proclaim:
We sing His glory, tell His worth.