



14th April 2024 Third Sunday of Easter

♪ Hymn (713) ♪

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
whose trust, ever childlike,
no cares could destroy,
be there at our waking,
and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord,
at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
whose strong hands were skilled
at the plane and the lathe,
be there at our labours,
and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord,
at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome,
Your arms to embrace,
be there at our homing,
and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord,
at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
whose voice is contentment,
whose presence is balm,
be there at our sleeping,
and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord,
at the end of the day.

Jan Struther (1901-1953) © Oxford University Press

♪ Hymn (667) ♪

I danced in the morning
when the world was begun,
and I danced in the moon
and the stars and the sun,
and I came down from heaven
and I danced on the earth,
at Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
and I'll lead you all wherever you may be,
and I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.*

I danced for the Scribe
and the Pharisee,
but they would not dance
and they wouldn't follow me;
I danced for the fishermen,
for James and John;
they came with me
and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath
and I cured the lame;
the holy people
said it was a shame;
They whipped and they stripped
and they hung me on high;
and they left me there on a cross to
die.

I danced on a Friday
and the sky turned black;
it's hard to dance
with the devil on your back.
They buried my body,
and they thought I'd gone,
but I am the dance, and I still go on.

They cut me down
and I leapt up high;
I am the Life that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

Sydney Carter (1915-2004) © 1963 Stainer & Bell Ltd

♪ Hymn (448) ♪

I come with joy, a child of God,
forgiven, loved, and free,
the life of Jesus to recall,
in love laid down for me.

I come with Christians far and near
to find, as all are fed,
the new community of love
in Christ's communion bread.

As Christ breaks bread, and bids us
share,
each proud division ends.
The love that made us, makes us one,
and strangers now are friends.

The Spirit of the risen Christ,
unseen, but ever near,
is in such friendship better known:
alive among us here.

Together met, together bound,
by all that God has done,
we'll go with joy, to give the world
the love that makes us one.

Brian Wren (b.1936) © 1971, 1995, Stainer & Bell Ltd

♪ Chant (CAHON 943) ♪

○ - Surrexit Christus, Alleluia!

○ - Cantate Domino, Alleluia!

Christ arose, Alleluia!

Sing to the Lord, Alleluia!

Taizé Community © Ateliers et Presses de Taizé

♪ Hymn (604) ♪

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
and companions on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
in the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;
when you laugh, I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven,
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

Richard A. M. Gillard (b. 1953) © 1977 Scripture in Song/Maranatha! Music

♪ Hymn (297) ♪

For all the saints who showed Your love
in how they lived and where they
moved,
for mindful women, caring men,
accept our gratitude again.

For all the saints who loved Your name,
whose faith increased the Saviour's
fame,
who sang Your songs and shared Your
word,
accept our gratitude, good Lord.

For all the saints who named Your will,
and saw Your kingdom coming still
through selfless protest, prayer, and
praise,
accept the gratitude we raise.

Bless all whose will or name or love
reflects the grace of heave above.
Though unacclaimed by earthly powers,
Your life through theirs has hallowed
ours.

*John L. Bell (b. 1949) and Graham Maule
(b. 1958) © 1997 WGRG, Iona Community*