



21st April 2024

Fourth Sunday of Easter

♪ Hymn (671) ♪

I will sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me;
how He left the realms of glory
for the cross on Calvary:
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me —
sing it with His saints in glory,
gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost but Jesus found me,
found the sheep that went astray,
raised me up and gently led me,
back into the narrow way.
Days of darkness still may meet me,
sorrow's path I oft may tread;
but His presence still is with me,
by his guiding hand I'm led.

He will keep me till the river
rolls its waters at my feet:
then He'll bear me safely over,
made by grace for glory meet.
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me —
sing it with His saints in glory,
gathered by the crystal sea.

Francis Harold Rowley (1854-1952)

♪ Hymn (800) ♪

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me lie in pastures green.
He leads me by the still, still waters,
His goodness restores my soul.

*And I will trust in you alone,
And I will trust in you alone,
For your endless mercy follows me,
Your goodness will lead me home.*

He guides my ways in righteousness,
and He anoints my head with oil,
and my cup, it overflows with joy,
I feast on His pure delights.

And though I walk the darkest path,
I will not fear the evil one,
for You are with me, and Your rod and
staff
are the comfort I need to know.

Stuart Townend (b. 1963) © 1996 Thankyou Music.

♪ Hymn (806) ♪

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
like the wideness of the sea;
there's a kindness in His justice
which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's
sorrows
are more felt than up in heaven;
there is no place where earth's failings
have such kindly judgement given.

For the love of God is broader
than the measure of our mind;
and the heart of the Eternal
is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
by false limits of our own;
and we magnify His strictness
with a zeal He would not own.

There is plentiful redemption
through the blood that has been shed;
there is joy for all the members
in the sorrows of the Head.

There is grace enough for thousands
of new worlds as great as this;
there is room for fresh creations
in that upper home of bliss.

If our love were but more simple,
we should take Him at His Word;
and our lives would be all gladness,
in the joy of Christ our Lord.

Frederick William Faber (1814-1863)

♪ **Chant (CAHON 943)** ♪

○ - Surrexit Christus, Alleluia!

○ - Cantate Domino, Alleluia!

Christ arose, Alleluia!

Sing to the Lord, Alleluia!

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♪ **Hymn (489)** ♪

From heaven you came, helpless babe,
entered our world, Your glory veiled;
not to be served but to serve,
and give Your life that we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow Him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears,
my heavy load He chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not My will but Yours,' He said.

Come see His hands and His feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice;
hands that flung stars into space,
to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve,
and in our lives enthrone Him;
each other's needs to prefer,
for it is Christ we're serving.

Graham Kendrick (b.1950) © 1983 Thankyou Music

♪ **Hymn (588)** ♪

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?
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.
'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!
'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;
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;

bold I approach the eternal throne,
and claim the crown, through Christ my
own.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)