



23rd March 2025

Third Sunday of Lent

♪ **Hymn (357)** ♪

All people that on earth do dwell,
sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth
tell,

come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
without our aid He did us make;
we are His folk, He doth us feed,
and for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
approach with joy His courts unto;
praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
for it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
and shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
the God Whom heaven and earth
adore,
from men and from the angel host
be praise and glory evermore.

*William Kethe (d.1594) Psalm 100 in Anglo-Genevan
Psalter, 1560*

♪ **Hymn (584)** ♪

All my hope on God is founded;
He doth still my trust renew.
Me through change and chance He
guideth,

only good and only true.

God unknown, He alone
calls my heart to be His own.

Human pride and earthly glory,
sword and crown betray his trust;
what with care and toil he buildeth,
tower and temple fall to dust.
But God's power, hour by hour,
is my temple and my tower.

God's great goodness aye endureth,
deep His wisdom, passing thought:
splendour, light and life attend Him,
beauty springeth out of naught.
Evermore, from His store
new-born worlds rise and adore.

Daily doth th' Almighty Giver
bounteous gifts on us bestow;
His desire our soul delighteth,
pleasure leads us where we go.
Love doth stand at His hand;
joy doth wait on His command.

Still from earth to God eternal
sacrifice of praise be done,
high above all praises praising
for the gift of Christ His Son.
Christ doth call one and all:
ye who follow shall not fall.

Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

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♪ Hymn (669) ♪

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me, and rest;
lay down, thou weary one, lay down
thy head upon My breast.'

I came to Jesus as I was,
weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
and He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
the living water, thirsty one;
stoop down, and drink, and live.'

I came to Jesus, and I drank
of that life-giving stream;
my thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
and now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
and all thy day be bright.'

I looked to Jesus, and I found
in Him my Star, my Sun;
and in that Light of life I'll walk
till travelling days are done.

Horatius N. Bonar (1808–1889)

♪ Chant (53) ♪

Wait for the Lord, whose day is near,
Wait for the Lord: keep watch, take
heart!

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♪ Hymn (421) ♪

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
this our song shall ever be;
for we have no hope, nor Saviour,
if we have not hope in Thee.

All for Jesus, Thou wilt give us
strength to serve Thee, hour by hour;
none can move us from Thy presence
while we trust Thy love and power.

All for Jesus, at Thine altar
Thou wilt give us sweet content;
there, dear Lord, we shall receive Thee
in the solemn sacrament.

All for Jesus, Thou hast loved us;
all for Jesus, Thou hast died;
all for Jesus, Thou art with us;
all for Jesus crucified.

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
this the Church's song must be,
till, at last, we all are gathered
one in love and one in Thee.

*William John Sparrow-Simpson (1859-1952) ©
Novello & Co. Ltd*

♪ Hymn (641) ♪

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
what can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
springing from eternal love,
well supply thy sons and daughters,
and all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
see the cloud and fire appear
for a glory and a covering,
showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
light by night and shade by day;
daily on the manna feeding
which He gives them when they pray.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
all his boasted pomp and show;
solid joys and lasting treasure,
none but Zion's children know.

John Newton (1725-1807)