



6th April 2025

Fifth Sunday of Lent

♪ **Hymn (698)** ♪

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
and, that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
and the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
and alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
in my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
to enrol Thee:
e'en eternity's too short
to extol Thee.

George Herbert (1593-1633)

♪ **Hymn (147)** ♪

My song is love unknown,
my Saviour's love to me;
love to the loveless shown,
that they might lovely be.

O who am I,
that for my sake
my Lord should take
frail flesh, and die?

He came from His blest throne,
salvation to bestow;
but men made strange, and none
the longed-for Christ would know.

But O, my Friend,
my Friend indeed,
who at my need
His life did spend!

Sometimes they strew His way,
and His sweet praises sing;
resounding all the day
hosannas to their King.
Then 'Crucify!'
is all their breath,
and for His death
they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!

Yet they at these
themselves displease,
and 'gainst Him rise.

They rise, and needs will have
my dear Lord made away;
a murderer they save,
the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
to suffering goes,
that He His foes
from thence might free.

In life, no house, no home
my Lord on earth might have;
in death no friendly tomb
but what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was His home;
But mine the tomb
wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing:
no story so divine;
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like Thine!
This is my Friend,
in whose sweet praise
I all my days
could gladly spend.

Samuel Crossman (c.1624-1683)

♪ 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

♪ Chant (53) ♪

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

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♪ Hymn (143) ♪

Here is love, vast as the ocean,
loving kindness as the flood,
when the Prince of Life, our Ransom,
shed for us His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember?
Who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be forgotten,
throughout heaven's eternal days.

On the mount of crucifixion
fountains opened deep and wide;
through the floodgates of God's mercy
flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,
poured incessant from above,
and heaven's peace and perfect justice
kissed a guilty world in love.

Let me all Thy love accepting,
love Thee, ever all my days;
let me seek Thy kingdom only
and my life be to Thy praise;
Thou alone shalt be my glory,
nothing in the world I see.
Thou hast cleansed and sanctified me,
Thou Thyself hast set me free.

In Thy truth Thou dost direct me
by Thy Spirit through Thy Word;
and Thy grace my need is meeting,
as I trust in Thee, my Lord.
Of Thy fullness Thou art pouring
Thy great love and power on me,
without measure, full and boundless,
drawing out my heart to Thee.

*William Rees (1802-1883), verses 1-2 (Dyma gariad
fel y moroedd); William Williams possibly wrote verses
3-4; translated from Welsh to English by William Ed-
wards in The Baptist Book of Praise, 1900.*

♪ Hymn (238) ♪

Come down, O love divine,
seek Thou this soul of mine,
and visit it with Thine own ardour
glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
within my heart appear,
and kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,
till earthly passions turn
to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
and let Thy glorious light
shine ever on my sight,
and clothe me round, the while my path
illuming.

Let holy charity
mine outward vesture be,
and lowliness become mine inner
clothing;
true lowliness of heart,
which takes the humbler part,
and o'er its own shortcomings weeps
with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,
with which the soul will long,
shall far outpass the power of human
telling;
for none can guess its grace,
till he become the place
wherein the Holy Spirit makes His
dwelling.

*Bianco da Siena (d. 1434); trans. Richard F. Littledale
(1833-1890)*