



18th May 2025

Fifth Sunday of Easter

♪ **Hymn (589)** ♪

Angel-voices, ever singing
round Thy throne of light,
angel-harps for ever ringing,
rest not day nor night;
thousands only live to bless Thee
and confess Thee Lord of might.
Thou who art beyond the farthest
mortal eye can scan,
can it be that Thou regardest
songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
and wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
o'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
for Thy praise design;
craftsman's art and music's measure
for Thy pleasure all combine.
In Thy house, great God, we offer
of Thine own to thee;
and for Thine acceptance proffer
all unworthily
hearts and minds and hands and voices,
in our choicest psalmody.
Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
earth and heaven render Thee.

Francis Pott (1832-1909)

♪ **Hymn (CAHON 35)** ♪

*A new commandment
I give unto you:
that you love one another
as I have loved you,
that you love one another
as I have loved you.*

By this shall all
know that you are my disciples
if you have love one for another.
(Repeat)

You are my friends
if you do what I command you.
Without my help you can do nothing.
(Repeat)

I am the true vine,
my Father is the gardener.
Abide in me: I will be with you. (Repeat)

True love is patient,
nor arrogant nor boastful;
love bears all things, love is eternal.
(Repeat)

*v. 1 Unknown; vv. 2-4 Aniceto Nazareth © 1984,
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♪ Hymn (506) ♪

The Church's one foundation
is Jesus Christ her Lord;
she is His new creation
by water and the Word:
from heaven He came and sought her
to be His holy bride;
with His own blood He bought her,
and for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
yet one o'er all the earth,
her charter of salvation,
one Lord, one faith, one birth;
one holy Name she blesses,
partakes one holy food,
and to one hope she presses
with every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
men see her sore oppressed,
by schisms rent asunder,
by heresies distressed;
yet saints their watch are keeping,
their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
and tumult of her war,
she waits the consummation
of peace forevermore;
'til with the vision glorious,
her longing eyes are blessed,
and the great Church victorious
shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
with God the Three in One,
and mystic sweet communion
with those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
like them, the meek and lowly,
on high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel John Stone (1839-1900)

♪ Chant (CAHON 943) ♪

O - Surrexit Christus, Alleluia!
O - Cantate Domino, Alleluia!
Christ arose, Alleluia!
Sing to the Lord, Alleluia!

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♪ Hymn (594) ♪

Be still, my soul:
the Lord is on your side;
bear patiently
the cross of grief and pain.
Leave to your God
to order and provide;
in every change, He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul:
your best, your heavenly Friend
through thorny ways
leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul:
your God will undertake
to guide the future, as He has the past.
Your hope, your confidence
let nothing shake;
all now mysterious shall be clear at last.
Be still, my soul:
the waves and winds still know
His voice, Who ruled
them while He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul:
when dearest friends depart,
and all is darkened in the vale of tears,
then you shall better know
His love, His heart,
who comes to soothe your sorrow,
calm your fears.
Be still, my soul: for Jesus can repay
from His own fullness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul:
the hour is hastening on
when we shall be forever with the Lord.
When disappointment,
grief and fear are gone,
sorrow forgotten,
love's pure joy restored.
Be still, my soul:
when change and tears are past
all safe and blessed we shall meet at
last.

*Katharina A. von Schlegel (1697 - after 1768)
trans. Jane L. Borthwick (1813-1897)*

♪ 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)