



Third Sunday of Epiphany

♪ 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)

♪ Hymn (258) ♪

O Thou who camest from above,
the fire celestial to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart!

There let it for Thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return,
in humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work, and speak, and think for Thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up the gift in me.

Ready for all Thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat;
till death Thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788) based on Leviticus 6.13

♪ Hymn (748 Wolvercote) ♪

O Jesus, I have promised
to serve Thee to the end;
be Thou for ever near me,
my Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
if Thou art by my side,
nor wander from the pathway
if Thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel Thee near me:
the world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
the tempting sounds I hear;
my foes are ever near me,
around me and within;
but, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
and shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
in accents clear and still,
above the storms of passion,
the murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
to hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
to all who follow Thee,
that where Thou art in glory
there shall Thy servant be;
and, Jesus, I have promised
to serve Thee to the end:
O give me grace to follow,
my Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy foot-marks,
and in them plant mine own:
my hope to follow duly
is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
uphold me to the end;
and then in heaven receive me,
my Saviour and my Friend.

John Ernest Bode (1816-1874)

♪ Chant (CAHON 929) ♪

In the Lord I'll be ever thankful,
in the Lord, I will rejoice!
Look to God, do not be afraid;
lift up your voices: the Lord is near,
lift up your voices: the Lord is near.

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♪ Hymn (CAHON 555) ♪

Peace, perfect peace, is the gift of Christ
our Lord,
Peace, perfect peace, is the gift of Christ
our Lord.

Thus, says the Lord, will the world
know my friends,
Peace, perfect peace, is the gift of Christ
our Lord.

Love, perfect love, is the gift of Christ
our Lord,
Love, perfect love, is the gift of Christ
our Lord.

Thus, says the Lord, will the world
know my friends,
Love, perfect love, is the gift of Christ
our Lord.

Faith, perfect faith, is the gift of Christ
our Lord,
Faith, perfect faith, is the gift of Christ
our Lord.

Thus, says the Lord, will the world
know my friends,
Faith, perfect faith, is the gift of Christ
our Lord.

Hope, perfect hope, is the gift of Christ
our Lord,
Hope, perfect hope, is the gift of Christ
our Lord.

Thus, says the Lord, will the world
know my friends,
Hope, perfect hope, is the gift of Christ
our Lord.

Joy, perfect joy, is the gift of Christ our
Lord,
Joy, perfect joy, is the gift of Christ our
Lord.

Thus, says the Lord, will the world
know my friends,
Joy, perfect joy, is the gift of Christ our
Lord.

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🎵 Hymn (507) 🎵

We have a gospel to proclaim
Good News for all throughout the earth;
the gospel of a Saviour's name:
we sing His glory, tell His worth.

Tell of His birth at Bethlehem,
not in a royal house or hall
but in a stable dark and dim:
the Word made flesh, a light for all.

Tell of his death at Calvary,
hated by those He came to save;
in lonely suffering on the cross
for all He loved His life He gave.

Tell of that glorious Easter morn:
empty the tomb, for He was free.
He broke the power of death and hell
that we might share His victory.

Tell of His reign at God's right hand
by all creation glorified.
He sends His Spirit on His Church
to live for Him, the Lamb who died.

Now we rejoice to name Him King:
Jesus is Lord of all the earth.
This gospel-message we proclaim:
we sing His glory, tell His worth.

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