



Second Sunday of Lent

♪ Hymn (612) ♪

Christ triumphant, ever reigning,
Saviour, Master, King!
Lord of heaven, our lives sustaining,
hear us as we sing:

*Yours the glory and the crown,
the high renown, the eternal name.*

Word incarnate, truth revealing,
Son of Man on earth!
Power and majesty concealing
by Your humble birth:

Suffering servant, scorned, ill-treated,
victim crucified!
Death is through the cross defeated,
sinners justified:

Priestly King, enthroned for ever
high in heaven above!
Sin and death and hell shall never
stifle hymns of love:

So, our hearts and voices raising
through the ages long,
ceaselessly upon You gazing,
this shall be our song:

*Michael Seward (1932-2015) © Michael Seward/
Jubilate Hymns*

♪ 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 (666) ♪

I cannot tell
why He whom angels worship,
should set His love
upon the sons of men,
or why, as Shepherd,
He should seek the wanderers,
to bring them back,
they know not how or when.
But this I know,
that He was born of Mary
when Bethl'em's manger
was His only home,
and that He lived at
Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is come.

I cannot tell
how silently He suffered,
as with His peace
He graced this place of tears,
or how His heart
upon the cross was broken,
the crown of pain
to three and thirty years.
But this I know,
He heals the broken-hearted
and stays our sin
and calms our lurking fear,
and lifts the burden
from the heavy laden;
for still the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell
how He will win the nations,
how He will claim
His earthly heritage,
how satisfy
the needs and aspirations
of east and west,
of sinner and of sage.
But this I know,
all flesh shall see His glory,
and He shall reap
the harvest He has sown,
and some glad day
His sun will shine in splendour
when He the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is known.

I cannot tell
how all the lands shall worship,
when at His bidding
every storm is stilled,
or who can say
how great the jubilation
when every heart
with love and joy is filled.
But this I know,
the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad, myriad
human voices sing,
and earth to heaven,
and heaven to earth, will answer:
'At last the Saviour,
Saviour of the world, is King!'

William Young Fullerton (1857-1932)

♪ Chant (CAHON 938) ♪

○ Lord hear my prayer, ○ Lord hear my
prayer,
When I call, answer me:
○ Lord hear my prayer, ○ Lord hear my
prayer,
Come and listen to me.

Taizé Community © Ateliers et Presses de Taizé

♪ **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)
© Oxford University Press

♪ **Hymn (818)** ♪

To God be the glory,
great things He has done!
So loved He the world
that He gave us His Son;
who yielded His life
an atonement for sin,
and opened the life-gate
that all may go in.

*Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
Let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father,
through Jesus the Son,
and give Him the glory!
Great things He has done!*

O perfect redemption,
the purchase of blood,
to every believer
the promise of God.
The vilest offender
who truly believes,
that moment from Jesus
forgiveness receives.

Great things He has taught us,
great things He has done,
and great our rejoicing
through Jesus the Son;
but purer, and higher,
and greater will be
our wonder, our rapture,
when Jesus we see.

Frances Jane van Alstyne (Fanny J. Crosby)
(1820-1915)