

First hymn:

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, th'eternal name.*

Word incarnate, truth revealing,
Son of Man on earth!
Power and majesty concealing
by your humble birth: [Refrain]

Suffering servant, scorned, ill-treated,
Victim crucified!
Death is through the cross defeated,
sinners justified: [Refrain]

Offertory hymn:

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.

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

So, our hearts and voices raising
through the ages long,
ceaselessly upon you gazing
this shall be our song:
[Refrain]

Words: M. Seward (b.1932) Tune: *Guiting Power*

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.

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.

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 1624-83 Music: Love Unknown

Final Hymn

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.

This is our God ...

Come, see his hands and his feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails surrendered.

This is our God ...

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.

This is our God ...

G. Kendrick (words & music)