

First hymn

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?

'Tis mystery all: th'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 enquire 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!

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.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is ine!
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.

C. Wesley (1707-1788)

Music: Sagina

*After the Reading the Choir will sing verses from Psalm 1 in 3 sections
all join in the response:*

For the Lord knows the way, the way of the righteous

At the end please stand for the Alleluia

Offertory hymn:

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.

Pride of man 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

Now is eternal life,
if risen with Christ we stand,
in him to life reborn,
and, held within his hand;
no more we fear death's ancient
dread,
in Christ arisen from the dead!

The human mind so long
brooded o'er life's brief span;
was it, O God, for naught,
for naught our life began?
Thou art our hope, our vital breath;
shall hope undying end in death?

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 man 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.

R. Bridges (1844-1930)

Tune: Michael

Final Hymn

For God, the living God,
stooped down to share our state;
by death destroying death,
Christ opened wide life's gate.
He lives, who died;
he reigns on high;
who lives in him shall never die.

Unfathomed love divine,
reign thou within my heart;
from thee nor depth nor height,
nor life nor death can part;
our life is hid in God with thee,
now and through all eternity.

G.W. Briggs (1875-1959) ed.

Tune: Christchurch