

First hymn:

To God be the glory, great things he hath 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 hath 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 a pardon receives.

Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath 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.

F.J. van Alstyne - (1820-1915)

Tune: To God be the glory

The Choir sing The Lenten Prose - we all sing the response

Hear us, O Lord, have mercy upon us: for we have sinn'd against thee.

Offertory 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?

Repeat last two lines.

'Tis myst'ry all! Th'Immortal dies:

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 quick'ning ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
my chains fell off, my heart was free;
I woke, went forth, and followed thee;

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.

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.

C. Wesley (1707-88)

Music: Sagina

Communion Hymn

We sing the praise of him who
died,
of him who died upon the
cross;
the sinner's hope let men
deride,
for this we count the world but
loss.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
and nerves the feeble arm for fight;
it takes its terror from the grave,
and gilds the bed of death with light;

the balm of life, the cure of woe,
the measure and the pledge of love,
the sinner's refuge here below,
the angels' theme in heaven above.

Inscribed upon the cross we
see
in shining letters, 'God is love';
he bears our sins upon the tree;
he brings us mercy from above.

Thomas Kelly 1769-1854 Music: Bow Brickhill

The cross! It takes our guilt away;
it holds the fainting spirit up;
it cheers with hope the gloomy day,
and sweetens every bitter cup.

Final Hymn

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
if thou wouldst my disciple be;
deny thyself, the world forsake,
and humbly follow after me.

Take up thy cross, let not its weight
fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
his strength shall bear thy spirit up,
and brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
the Lord for thee the cross endured,
to save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
and calmly every danger brave;
'twill guide thee to a better home,
and lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
nor think till death to lay it down;
for only those who bear the cross
may hope to wear the glorious crown.

To thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
all praise for evermore ascend;
O grant us in our home to see
the heavenly life that knows no end.

C. Everest (1814-77)

Music: Breslau