

Sunday 18 March 2018 Fifth Sunday of Lent

Processional Hymn

1. Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
of our life's wild, restless, sea;
day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
saying, "Christian, follow Me!"
2. As of old Saint Andrew heard it
by the Galilean lake,
turned from home and toil and kindred,
leaving all for his dear sake.
3. Jesus calls us from the worship
of the vain world's golden store,
from each idol that would keep us,
saying, "Christian, love Me more!"
4. In our joys and in our sorrows,
days of toil and hours of ease,
still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
that we love him more than these.
5. Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour make us hear Thy call,
give our hearts to thine obedience,
serve and love Thee best of all.

Words: Mrs C.F Alexander

Tune: SAINT ANDREW

Collect

Gracious Father,
you gave up your Son
out of love for the world:
lead us to ponder the mysteries of his passion,
that we may know eternal peace
through the shedding of our Saviour's blood,
Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Psalm 51

The sacrifice of God is a broken spirit.

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Have mercy on me, O God, in your great goodness;
according to the abundance of your compassion blot out my offences.
Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness
and cleanse me from my sin.

The sacrifice of God is a broken spirit.

For I acknowledge my faults
and my sin is ever before me.
Against you only have I sinned
and done what is evil in your sight,
The sacrifice of God is a broken spirit.

Turn your face from my sins
and blot out all my misdeeds.
Make me a clean heart, O God,
and renew a right spirit within me.
The sacrifice of God is a broken spirit.

New Testament Reading Hebrews 5: 5-10

Gradual Hymn

Judge eternal, thron'd in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
with thy living fire of judgment
purge this realm of bitter things;
solace all its wide dominion
with the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
for the hour that brings release,
and the city's crowded clangour
cries aloud for sin to cease;
and the homesteads and the woodlands
plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavour;
cleave our darkness with thy sword;
feed thy people's hungry spirits
with the richness of thy word;
cleanse the body of this nation
through the glory of the Lord.

Words: Henry Scott Holland alt.

Tune: RHUDDLAN

Gospel Reading John 12: 20-33

Offertory Hymn

Who is this so weak and helpless,
child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
and to everlasting God.

Who is this, a Man of sorrows,
walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping,
over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
who beyond our mortal sight
Now for us a place prepareth,
free from grief and full of light.

Who is this? Behold him raining
drops of blood upon the ground!
Who is this, despised, rejected,
mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
on His church now poureth down;
All his faithful ones empow'ring
to partake in cross and crown.

Who is this that hangeth dying
With the thieves on either side?
Nails his hands and feet are tearing,
and the spear hath pierced his side.
'Tis the God who ever liveth,
'mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city,
reigning everlastingly.

Words: William Walsham How.

Tune: EBENEZER

Music during Communion:

Abridge (C.S. Lang)

Lift thine eyes *Elijah* (Felix Mendelssohn)

Post Communion Prayer

Lord Jesus Christ,

you have taught us

that what we do for the least of our brothers and sisters

we do also for you:

give us the will to be the servant of others

as you were the servant of all,

and gave up your life and died for us,

but are alive and reign, now and for ever.

Amen.

Recessional Hymn

1. We sing the praise of him who died,
of him who died upon the cross;
the sinner's hope though all deride,
will turn to gain this bitter loss.

2. 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.

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

4. It makes the coward spirit brave,
to face the darkness of the night;
it takes the terror from the grave,
and gilds the bed of death with light;

5. 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.

Words: Thomas Kelly, alt

Tune: BOW BRICKHILL

Organ Voluntary

Fugen in D minor (The Giant) BWV 680 (J.S.Bach)