

## Passion Sunday Service

## Materials

### First Hymn

When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet, sorrow and love flowed mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe, spreads o'er His body on the tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe, and all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

### Confession

Sam            Let us confess our sins to almighty God.

All            Heavenly Father, we have sinned in thought, word and deed,  
                 and have failed to do what we ought to have done.  
                 We are sorry and truly repent.  
                 For the sake of your Son Jesus Christ who died for us,  
                 forgive us all that is past  
                 and lead us in his way to walk as children of light. Amen.

Gospel reading:

John: Chapter 11 Verses 17-44.

For the Address:

PRAYER the Churches banquet, Angels' age,  
God's breath in man returning to his birth,  
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth ;

Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's tower,  
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear, n  
The six days' world transposing in an hour,  
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,  
Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,  
Heaven in ordinary, man well dressed,  
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,  
The land of spices, something understood.

## Second Hymn

What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer.  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged: take it to the Lord in prayer  
Can we find a friend so faithful, who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness: take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden, cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge - take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee: thou wilt find a solace there.

Prayers, including the Lord's Prayer.

## Third Hymn

[Sam]	[Matt]
Here is love, vast as the ocean Loving kindness as the flood When the Prince of Life, our Ransom Shed for us His precious blood Who His love will not remember? Who can cease to sing His praise? He can never be forgotten Throughout Heaven's eternal days.	Dyma gariad fel y moroedd, Tosturiaethau fel y lli: Twysog Bywyd pur yn marw - Marw i brynu'n bywyd ni. Pwy all beidio â chofio amdano? Pwy all beidio â thraethu'i glod? Dyma gariad nad â'n angof Tra fo nefoedd wen yn bod.
On the mount of crucifixion Fountains opened deep and wide Through the floodgates of God's mercy Flowed a vast and gracious tide Grace and love, like mighty rivers Poured incessant from above And Heaven's peace and perfect justice Kissed a guilty world in love.	Ar Galfaria yr ymrwygodd Holl ffynhonnau'r dyfnder mawr; Torrodd holl argaeau'r nefoedd Oedd yn gyfain hyd yn awr: Gras â chariad megis dilyw Yn ymdywallt ymâ 'nghyd, A chyfiawnder pur â heddwch Yn cusanu euog fyd.
Who His love will not remember? Who can cease to sing His praise? He can never be forgotten Throughout Heaven's eternal days.	Pwy all beidio â chofio amdano? Pwy all beidio â thraethu'i glod? Dyma gariad nad â'n angof Tra fo nefoedd wen yn bod.

## Blessing