

**Hymn Sheet for Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> June 2024  
Morning Worship led by Mr Martin Gage**

**Call to Worship**

**Hymn 728**

We have a gospel to proclaim,  
good news for all throughout the earth;  
the Gospel of a Saviour's name:  
we sing His glory, tell His worth.

Tell of His birth at Bethlehem,  
not in a royal house or hall  
but in a stable dark and dim:  
the Word made flesh, a light for all.

Tell of His death at Calvary,  
hated by those He came to save;  
in lonely suffering on the cross  
for all He loved, His life He gave.

Tell of that glorious Easter morn:  
empty the tomb, for He was free;  
He broke the power of death and hell  
that we might share His victory.

Tell of His reign at God's right hand,  
by all creation glorified;  
He sends His Spirit on His church  
to live for Him, the Lamb who died.

Now we rejoice to name Him king:  
Jesus is Lord of all the earth;  
this gospel-message we proclaim:  
we sing His glory, tell His worth

**Prayer**

**Hymn**

When I needed a neighbour,  
Were you there, were you there?  
When I needed a neighbour,  
Were you there?  
*(Chorus) And the creed and the colour  
And the name won't matter  
Were you there?*

I was hungry and thirsty,  
Were you there, were you there?  
I was hungry and thirsty,  
Were you there?  
*Chorus*

I was cold, I was naked,  
Were you there, were you there?  
I was cold, I was naked,  
Were you there?  
*Chorus*

When I needed a shelter,  
Were you there, were you there?  
When I needed a shelter,  
Were you there?  
*Chorus*

When I needed a healer,  
Were you there, were you there?  
When I needed a healer,  
Were you there?  
*Chorus*

Wherever you travel,  
I'll be there, I'll be there?  
Wherever you travel,  
I'll be there?  
And the creed and the colour  
And the name won't matter I'll be there?

**Reading: Matthew 25:31-46**

**Christian Aid Video**

**Talk**

**Hymn 1072**

In Christ alone my hope is found,  
he is my light, my strength, my song;  
this cornerstone, this solid ground,  
firm through the fiercest drought and storm.

What heights of love, what depths of peace,  
when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!  
My comforter, my all in all,  
here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! who took on flesh,  
fullness of God in helpless babe!  
This gift of love and righteousness,  
scorned by the ones he came to save:

Till on that cross as Jesus died,  
the wrath of God was satisfied -  
for ev'ry sin on him was laid;  
here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground his body lay,  
Light of the world by darkness slain:  
then bursting forth in glorious day  
up from the grave he rose again!

And as he stands in victory  
sin's curse has lost its grip on me,  
for I am his and he is mine  
bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,  
this is the power of Christ in me;  
from life's first cry to final breath,  
Jesus commands my destiny.

No power of hell, no scheme of man,  
can ever pluck me from his hand;  
till he returns or calls me home,  
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!  
*(Repeat)*

**John 13:1-5 Prayers, which will include the song**

*Jesu, Jesu,  
Fill us with your love,  
Show us how to serve  
The neighbours we have from you.*

Kneels at the feet of his friends,  
Silently washes their feet,  
Master who acts as a slave to them:

*Jesu, Jesu...*

Neighbours are rich folk, and poor,  
Neighbours are black, brown and white,  
Neighbours are nearby and far away:

*Jesu, Jesu...*

These are the ones we should serve,  
These are the ones we should love.  
All these are neighbours to us and you:

*Jesu, Jesu...*

Loving puts us on our knees,  
serving as though we are slaves  
This is the way we should live with you:

*Jesu, Jesu...*

## **Hymn 755**

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 flow mingled down:  
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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.

## **Blessing**

## **Organ voluntary**

Toccata from *Suite Gothique* by Léon Boëllmann