

HANNEY CHAPEL MORNING SERVICE

22nd March 2020

OPENING PRAYER

HYMN

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet your tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like you His praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish
God endures unchanging on.
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the high eternal One.

5 Angels, help us to adore Him;
You behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847

READING

Matthew 27:45-66

HYMN

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt away my tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

PRAYER

HYMN

O sacred Head! sore wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How pale Thou art with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

2 Thy bitter grief and passion
Were all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour,
For I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favour,
And grant to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

4 Be near me when I'm dying;
O show Thy cross to me;
Thy death, my hope supplying,
From death shall set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For He who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76

MESSAGE

"The King's Condemnation"

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?

2 'Tis mystery all! the 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 inquire no more.

3 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!

4 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.

5 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.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

CLOSING PRAYER