

Opening Hymn: A&MNS 230
O For A Heart To Praise My God

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
a heart from sin set free;
a heart that's sprinkled with the blood
so freely shed for me:

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
my great Redeemer's throne;
where only Christ is heard to speak,
where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
believing, true, and clean,
which neither life nor death can part
from him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
and full of love divine;
perfect and right and pure and good –
a copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
come quickly from above;
write thy new name upon my heart,
thy new best name of Love.

Offertory Hymn: A&MNS 68
O Sacred Head Surrounded

1 O sacred head, surrounded
by crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
so shamed and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
the glow of life decays;
yet angel-hosts adore thee,
and tremble as they gaze.

2 Thy comeliness and vigour
is withered up and gone,
and in thy wasted figure
I see death drawing on.
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
turn thou thy face on me.

3 In this thy bitter passion,
good Shepherd, think of me
with thy most sweet compassion,
unworthy though I be:
beneath thy cross abiding
for ever would I rest,
in thy dear love confiding,
and with thy presence blest.

Post Communion Hymn: A&MNS 261
Once, Only Once, And Once For All

1 Once, only once, and once for all,
His precious life he gave;
Before the Cross in faith we fall,
And own it strong to save.

2 'One offering, single and complete,'
With lips and hearts we say;
But what he never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

3 For as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

4 So he, who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents himself for those he bought
In that dark noontide hour.

5 His Manhood pleads where now it lives
On heaven's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite he gives
Its presence to his own.

6 And so we show thy death, O Lord,
Till thou again appear,
And feel, when we approach thy board,
We have an altar here.