

Lent 3

God with us: Creator, Father,

Bringing everything to birth;
Mother of the whole creation,
Fire of stars and life of earth:
Down the countless years composing,
From the earth's evolving night,
Love's response to love, and forming
Mind and soul to seek your light.

God with us: Redeemer, Brother,
Friend for ever at our side,
Here, in flesh, you walked among us,
Taking up your cross, you died.
Crucified, despised, rejected,
Perfect Love, who shared our shame,
Streaming from the cross, your judgement,
Full of mercy, clears our name.

God with us: Unwearied Spirit,
From the birth of time and space,
Surging through unconscious being,
Joyful, Life-Creating Grace:
Through the centuries you find us;
You, as God, inspire our prayer;
Life and Power at work within us,
Love for ever, everywhere!

God, Transcendent, far beyond us,
Closest Friend, unfailing Guide:
Through the ages, wronged, affronted,
In your poor, still crucified!
God with us: condemn, forgive us;
By your holy love destroy
All that hinders peace and justice:
Fill this aching world with joy!

Tune Ode to Joy

Jubilate, everybody,

Serve the Lord in all your ways,
And come before His presence singing,
Enter now His courts with praise.
For the Lord our God is gracious,
And His mercy's everlasting.
Jubilate, Jubilate, Jubilate Deo.

A Man once came from Galilee,

No Man so great as He.
We left our work and went with Him,
His followers to be.
Lord Jesus, be our Teacher now,
And may we learn from You
To love and serve the Father God
And other people, too.

We saw our Master heal the sick;
We saw His love for men.
We saw His power reach out to touch
And bring to life again.
Lord Jesus, be our Healer now,
And make us whole and strong
That we may share Your love and power
And serve You all day long.

They nailed Him to a cross of wood;
They scoffed and watched Him die.
And we could not at first believe
That He would reign on high.
Lord Jesus, be our Saviour now,
And may we all repent
And hate the sin that brought You down
To bear our punishment.

We saw the stone was rolled away
Before the empty grave.
We met the risen Lord of life
The one who came to save.
Lord Jesus, You are God and King;
Oh, may we all obey
And glorify You, risen Lord,
In all we do each day.

From heaven you came, helpless babe,
entered our world, your glory veiled;
not to be served but to serve,
and give Your life that we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King,
he calls us now to follow Him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears,
my heavy load he chose to bear;
his heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not My will but Yours,' He said.
Refrain

Come see His hands and His feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice;
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails surrendered.
Refrain

So let us learn how to serve,
and in our lives enthrone Him;
each other's needs to prefer,
for it is Christ we're serving.
Refrain

At the name of Jesus
every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him
King of Glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure
we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty Word:

At his voice creation
sprang at once to sight,
all the angel faces
all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations,
stars upon their way,
all the heavenly orders
in their great array.

Humbled for a season,
to receive a name
from the lips of sinners
unto whom he came,
faithfully he bore it
spotless to the last,
brought it back victorious
when from death he passed.

Bore it up triumphant
with its human light,
through all ranks of creatures
to the central height,
to the throne of Godhead,
to the Father's breast;
filled it with the glory
of that perfect rest.

Name him brothers name him,
with love as strong as death,
but with awe and wonder,
and with bated breath;
he is God the Saviour,
he is Christ the Lord,
ever to be worshipped,
trusted and adored.

In your hearts enthrone him;
there let him subdue
all that is not holy,
all that is not true:
crown him as your captain
in temptation's hour;
let his will enfold you
in its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
shall return again,
with his Father's glory,
with his angel train;
for all wreaths of empire
meet upon his brow,
and our hearts confess him
King of Glory now.

Tune Camberwell