

WE GATHER TO WORSHIP GOD

Voluntary:

3 Chorale Preludes on "Herzlich tut mich verlangen" (O Sacred Head sore wounded)

J S Bach (BWV 727), Brahms (1st setting), and Josef Rheinberger

Introit: Drop, drop, slow tears

Orlando Gibbons

Call to Worship

“For what will it profit a man, if he gains the whole world and forfeits his life? Or what shall a man give in return for his life?” *Matthew 16:26*

Hymn: 380 There is a green hill far away

Horsley

1. There is a green hill far away,
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
2. We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
3. He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
4. There is no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
5. Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

***We bring to God our prayers and
The Lord's Prayer***

**Our Father,
Which art in heaven
Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the Kingdom,
The power and the glory, forever.
Amen**

We hear the Word of God

Old Testament: **Isaiah 43:16-21**
(Read by: Mark McInnes)

Thus says the Lord,
 who makes a way in the sea,
 a path in the mighty waters,
¹⁷ who brings forth chariot and horse,
 army and warrior;
they lie down, they cannot rise,
 they are extinguished, quenched like a wick:
¹⁸ “Remember not the former things,
 nor consider the things of old.
¹⁹ Behold, I am doing a new thing;
 now it springs forth, do you not perceive it?
I will make a way in the wilderness
 and rivers in the desert.
²⁰ The wild beasts will honour me,
 the jackals and the ostriches;
for I give water in the wilderness,
 rivers in the desert,
to give drink to my chosen people,

²¹ the people whom I formed for myself
that they might declare my praise.

Amen

Children's Time

We respond to God's Word with our Offering
(Children invited to help with the Offering)



*To use the QR code please open the camera app on
your smart phone, point it at the QR code, and
follow instructions on your screen.*

Offertory: Air from Orchestral Suite no. 3 in D, BWV 1068
(Solo violin: Olivia Thrower)

J S Bach

Prayer

Children leave for Crèche and Sunday Club

Hymn: 87 Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried

Martyrdom

1. Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried.
My voice, Lord do Thou hear:
Unto my supplication's voice
Give an attentive ear.
2. Lord, who shall stand, if Thou, O Lord,
Should'st mark iniquity?
But yet with Thee forgiveness is,
That feared Thou mayest be.
3. I wait for God, my soul doth wait,
My hope is in His word.
More than they that for morning watch,
My soul waits for the Lord;
4. I say, much more than they that watch,
The morning light to see.
Let Israel hope in God the Lord,
For with Him mercies be.

5. And plenteous redemption
Is ever found with Him.
And from all their iniquities
He Israel shall redeem.

We bring to God our Prayers of Confession

We hear the Word of God

New Testament: **John 12:1-8**

Six days before the Passover, Jesus came to Bethany, where Laz'arus was, whom Jesus had raised from the dead. ²There they made him a supper; Martha served, and Laz'arus was one of those at table with him. ³Mary took a pound of costly ointment of pure nard and anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped his feet with her hair; and the house was filled with the fragrance of the ointment. ⁴But Judas Iscariot, one of his disciples (he who was to betray him), said, ⁵“Why was this ointment not sold for three hundred denarii and given to the poor?” ⁶This he said, not that he cared for the poor but because he was a thief, and as he had the money box he used to take what was put into it. ⁷Jesus said, “Let her alone, let her keep it for the day of my burial. ⁸The poor you always have with you, but you do not always have me.”

Amen

Anthem: God so loved the world (from "The Crucifixion") John Stainer

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,
that who-so believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world;
but that the world through him might be saved.

(John III; 16-17.)

Intimations

1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to your God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: your best, your heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.
2. Be still, my soul: your God will undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Your hope, your confidence let nothing shake,
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice, Who ruled them while He lived below.
3. Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then you shall better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe your sorrow, calm your fears.
Be still, my soul: for Jesus can repay
From His own fullness all He takes away.
4. Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgotten, love's pure joy restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Sermon

Passion

***We bring to God our prayers
of Thanksgiving and Intercession***

Hymn: 382 O Sacred Head! sore wounded

Passion Chorale

1. O Sacred Head! sore wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down!
O Kingly Head, surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that face now languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

2. O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story;
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and bitter Passion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3. What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly 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 for Thee.

4. Be near me, Lord, when dying;
O show Thy cross to me;
And, my last need supplying,
Come, Lord, and set me free;
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall never move;
For they who die believing
Die safely through Thy love.

Benediction and Threefold Amen

Voluntary: Saraband in modo Elegiaco

Herbert Howells