

***Processional Hymn #345    King of Glory, King of Peace***

*King of glory, King of peace,  
I will love thee;  
and that love may never cease,  
I will move thee.  
Thou hast granted my request,  
thou hast heard me;  
thou didst note my working breast,  
thou hast spared me.*

*Wherefore with my utmost art  
I will sing thee,  
and the cream of all my heart  
I will bring thee.  
Though my sins against me cried,  
thou didst clear me;  
and alone, when they replied,  
thou didst hear me.*

*Seven whole days, not one in seven,  
I will praise thee;  
in my heart, though not in heaven,  
I can raise thee.  
Small it is, in this poor sort  
to enroll thee:  
even eternity's too short  
to extol thee.*

**Gradual Hymn #615      *Just As I Am***

*Just as I am, without one plea,  
but that thy blood was shed for me,  
and that thou biddest me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.*

*Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.*

*Just as I am, though tossed about  
with many a conflict, many a doubt,  
fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.*

*Just as I am, and waiting not  
to rid my soul of one dark blot,  
to thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.*

*Just as I am – thy love unknown  
has broken every barrier down –  
now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.*

***Offertory Hymn #520    The King of Love My Shepherd Is***

*The King of love my shepherd is,  
whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am his,  
and he is mine forever.*

*Where streams of living water flow,  
my ransomed soul he leadeth,  
and where the verdant pastures grow,  
with food celestial feedeth.*

*Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,  
but yet in love he sought me,  
and on his shoulder gently laid,  
and home rejoicing brought me.*

*In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
thy cross before to guide me.*

*Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
thy unction grace bestoweth;  
and O what transport of delight  
from thy pure chalice floweth!*

*And so through all the length of days  
thy goodness faileth never;  
good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
within thy house forever*

***Communion Hymn #522    Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me***

*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
let me hide myself in thee;  
let the water and the blood,  
from thy riven side which flowed,  
be of sin the double cure,  
cleanse me from its guilt and power.*

*Not the labors of my hands  
can fulfill thy law's demands;  
could my zeal no respite know,  
could my tears forever flow,  
all for sin could not atone;  
thou must save, and thou alone.*

*Nothing in my hand I bring,  
simply to the cross I cling;  
naked, come to thee for dress;  
helpless, look to thee for grace;  
foul, I to the fountain fly;  
wash me, Saviour, or I die.*

*While I draw this fleeting breath,  
when mine eyelids close in death,  
when I soar through tracts unknown,  
see thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
let me hide myself in thee.*

***Recessional Hymn #184    My Song Is Love Unknown***

*My song is love unknown,  
my Saviour's love to me;  
love to the loveless shown,  
that they might lovely be.  
Oh, who am I,  
that for my sake  
my Lord should take  
frail flesh, and die?*

*He came from his blest throne  
salvation to bestow:  
but all made strange, and none  
the longed-for Christ would know:  
but O my friend,  
my friend indeed,  
who at my need  
his life did spend!*

*Sometimes they strew his way,  
and his sweet praises sing,  
resounding all the day  
hosannas to their King:  
then "Crucify!"  
is all their breath,  
and for his death  
they thirst and cry.*

*Why, what hath my Lord done?  
What makes this rage and spite?  
He made the lame to run,  
he gave the blind their sight.  
Sweet injuries!  
Yet they at these  
themselves displease,  
and 'gainst him rise.*

*They rise, and needs will have  
my dear Lord made away;  
a murderer they save,  
the Prince of life they slay.  
Yet cheerful he  
to suffering goes,  
that he his foes  
from thence might free.*

*Here might I stay and sing,  
no story so divine;  
never was love, dear King,  
never was grief like thine!  
This is my friend,  
in whose sweet praise  
I all my days  
could gladly spend.*