



16th March 2025

Second Sunday of Lent

♪ Hymn (646) ♪

God is working His purpose out,
as year succeeds to year.
God is working His purpose out,
and the time is drawing near;
nearer and nearer draws the time,
the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

From utmost east to utmost west,
wherever feet have trod,
by the mouth of many messengers
goes forth the voice of God:
'Give ear to me, ye continents,
ye isles, give ear to me,
that the earth may be filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.'

What can we do to work God's work,
to prosper and increase
the love of God in all humankind,
the reign of the Prince of peace?
What can we do to hasten the time,
the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea?

March we forth in the strength of God,
with the banner of Christ unfurled,
that the light of the glorious gospel of
truth
may shine throughout the world;
fight we the fight with sorrow and sin,
to set their captives free,
that the earth may be filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth
unless God blesses the deed;
vainly we hope for the harvest-tide
till God gives life to the seed;
yet nearer and nearer draws the time,
the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

Arthur Campbell Ainger (1841-1919)

♪ Hymn (806) ♪

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
like the wideness of the sea;
there's a kindness in His justice
which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's
sorrows
are more felt than up in heaven;
there is no place where earth's failings
have such kindly judgement given.

For the love of God is broader
than the measure of our mind;
and the heart of the Eternal
is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
by false limits of our own;
and we magnify His strictness
with a zeal He would not own.

There is plentiful redemption
through the blood that has been shed;
there is joy for all the members
in the sorrows of the Head.
There is grace enough for thousands
of new worlds as great as this;
there is room for fresh creations
in that upper home of bliss.

If our love were but more simple,
we should take Him at His Word;
and our lives would be all gladness,
in the joy of Christ our Lord.

Frederick William Faber (1814-1863)

♪ Hymn (604) ♪

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
and companions on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
in the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;
when you laugh, I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven,
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

*Richard A. M. Gillard (b. 1953) © 1977 Scripture in
Song/Maranatha! Music*

♪ Chant (53) ♪

Wait for the Lord, whose day is near,
Wait for the Lord: keep watch, take
heart!

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♪ Hymn (724) ♪

Loving shepherd of thy sheep,
keep me, Lord, in safety keep;
nothing can thy power withstand,
none can pluck me from thy hand.

Loving Saviour, thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live,
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

I would praise thee every day,
Gladly all thy will obey,
Like thy blessed one above,
Happy in thy precious love.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach thy lamb thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

Where thou leadest I would go,
Walking in thy steps below,
Till before my Father's throne
I shall know as I am known

Jane Elizabeth Leeson (1809-1881)

♪ **Hymn (676)** ♪

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious,
the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious,
Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting,
Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains
high soaring above,
Thy clouds which are fountains of
goodness and love.

To all life Thou givest,
to both great and small;
in all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish
as leaves on the tree,
and wither and perish;
but naught changeth Thee.

Great Father of glory,
pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore Thee,
all veiling their sight;
all laud we would render:
O help us to see
'tis only the splendour
of light hideth Thee.

*Walter Chalmers Smith (1824-1908) based on 1
Timothy 1.17*