

**Hymns for 25th April 2021 – St. Mark –
Garden Eucharist**



God of Freedom, God of Justice.

TiS 657. Tune: TiS 179 Praise My Soul.

- 1. God of freedom, God of justice,
God whose love is strong as death,
God who saw the dark of prison,
God who knew the price of faith:
touch our world of sad oppression
with Your Spirit's healing breath.**
- 2. Rid the earth of torture's terror,
God whose hands were nailed to wood;
hear the cries of pain and protest,
God who shed the tears and blood;
move in us the power of pity,
restless for the common good.**
- 3. Make in us a captive conscience
quick to hear, to act, to plead;
make us truly sisters, brothers
of whatever race or creed:
teach us to be fully human,
open to each other's need.**

Shirley Erena Murray b1931 alt.

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Lord, Your Word Abiding.

TiS 427. Tune: Ravenshaw.

- 1. Lord, your word abiding,
and your footsteps guiding,
gives us joy for ever,
binds us all together.**
- 2. Who can tell the pleasure,
who recount the treasure,
by your word imparted
to the simple hearted?**
- 3. Word of mercy, giving
nourishment for living:
word of life supplying
comfort for the dying.**
- 4. O that we, discerning
its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear you,
evermore be near you.**

Henry William Baker 1821-77 alt.

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And Can It Be

TiS 209. Tune: Sagina.

**1. And can it be
that I should gain**

an interest in the Saviour's blood?

Died he for me, who caused his pain--

for me, who him to death pursued?

Amazing love! how can it be

that thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

Amazing love! how can it be

that thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

**2. 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:
who can explore this strange design?**

**In vain the first-born seraph tries
to sound the depths of love divine.**

**'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
let angel minds inquire no more.**

**'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
let angel minds inquire no more.**

**3. He left His Father's throne above
(so free, so infinite his grace!),
emptied himself of all but love,
and bled for Adam's helpless race.**

**'Tis mercy all, immense and free:
for, O my God, it found out *me*.**

**'Tis mercy all, immense and free:
for, O my God, it found out *me*.**

**4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay
fast bound in sin and nature's night:
thine eye diffused a quickening ray--
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light!**

**My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.**

**My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.**

5. No condemnation now I dread:

Jesus, and all in him, is mine!

Alive in him, my living Head,

and clothed in righteousness divine,

bold I approach the eternal throne,

and claim the crown,

through Christ, my own.

bold I approach the eternal throne,

and claim the crown,

through Christ, my own.

Charles Wesley 1707-88 alt. © AHB Co.



There's a Light Upon the Mountains.

TiS 276. Tune: There's a light upon the mountains

Verse 1 Sing Normal Volume (F)

**1. There's a light upon the mountains, and the
day is at the spring**

**when our eyes shall see the beauty and the
glory of the King;**

**weary was our heart with waiting, and the
night-watch seemed so long,**

**but his triumph day is breaking, and we hail
it with a song.**

Verse 2 Sing Normal Volume (F)

**2. There's a hush of expectation, and a quiet
in the air,**

**and the breath of God is moving in the
fervent breath of prayer:**

**for the suffering, dying Jesus is the Christ
upon the throne,**

**and the travail of our spirit Is the travail of
his own.**

Verse 2 Sing VERY Quietly (PP)

**3. He is breaking down the barriers, he is
casting up the way,**

**he is calling for his angels to build up the
gates of day:**

**but his angels here are human, not the
shining hosts above;**

**for the drum-beats of his army are the
heart-beats of our love.**

Verse 4 Sing VERY Loudly. (FF)

**4. Hark, we hear a distant music, and it comes
with fuller swell**

**the great triumph song of Jesus, of our King,
Immanuel:**

**Zion, go you forth to meet him; and, my
soul, be swift to bring**

**all your finest and your dearest for the
triumph of our King!**

Henry Burton 1840-1930 alt.

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