

Hymns & Reading Trees 4.5.21

**1** **Lord, thy word abideth,**  
and our footsteps guideth;  
who its truth believeth  
light and joy receiveth.

**2** When our foes are near us,  
then thy word doth cheer us,  
word of consolation,  
message of salvation.

**3** When the storms are o'er us,  
and dark clouds before us,  
then its light directeth,  
and our way protecteth.

**4** Who can tell the pleasure,  
who recount the treasure,  
by thy word imparted  
to the simple-hearted?

**5** Word of mercy, giving  
succour to the living;  
word of life, supplying  
comfort to the dying.

**6** O that we discerning  
its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear thee,  
evermore be near thee.

*Henry Williams Baker (1821-187)*

**1** **O Jesus, I have promised**  
to serve thee to the end;  
be thou for ever near me,  
my Master and my Friend:

I shall not fear the battle  
if thou art by my side,  
nor wander from the pathway  
if thou wilt be my guide.

**2** O let me hear thee speaking  
in accents clear and still,  
above the storms of passion,  
the murmurs of self-will;  
O speak to reassure me,  
to hasten or control;  
O speak, and make me listen,  
thou guardian of my soul.

**3** O Jesus, thou hast promised  
to all who follow thee,  
that where thou art in glory  
there shall thy servant be;  
and, Jesus, I have promised  
to serve thee to the end:  
O give me grace to follow,  
my Master and my Friend.

**4** O let me see thy foot-marks,  
and in them plant mine own;  
my hope to follow duly  
is in thy strength alone:  
O guide me, call me, draw me,  
uphold me to the end;  
and then in heaven receive me,  
my Saviour and my Friend.

*John Ernest Bode (1816-1874)*

DURING HOLY COMMUNION

**1** **How deep the Father's love for us,**  
how vast beyond all measure,  
that he should give his only Son  
to make a wretch his treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss -  
the Father turns his face away,  
as wounds which mar the chosen One  
bring many souls to glory.

**2** Behold the man upon a cross,  
my sin upon his shoulders;  
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
call out among the scoffers.  
It was my sin that held him there  
until it was accomplished;  
his dying breath has brought me life -  
I know that it is finished.

**3** I will not boast in anything,  
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
his death and resurrection.  
Why should I gain from his reward?  
I cannot give an answer;  
but this I know with all my heart -  
his wounds have paid my ransom.

*Stuart Townend*

## John 15:1-8

### Jesus the True Vine

15 I am the true vine, and my Father is the vine-grower. <sup>2</sup>He removes every branch in me that bears no fruit. Every branch that bears fruit he prunes to make it bear more fruit. <sup>3</sup>You have already been cleansed by the word that I have spoken to you. <sup>4</sup>Abide in me as I abide in you. Just as the branch cannot bear fruit by itself unless it abides in the vine, neither can you unless you abide in me. <sup>5</sup>I am the vine, you are the branches. Those who abide in me and I in them bear much fruit, because apart from me you can do nothing. <sup>6</sup>Whoever does not abide in me is thrown away like a branch and withers; such branches are gathered, thrown into the fire, and burned. <sup>7</sup>If you abide

in me, and my words abide in you, ask for whatever you wish, and it will be done for you. <sup>8</sup>My Father is glorified by this, that you bear much fruit and become my disciples.



- 1 **Alleluia, Alleluia!**  
hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
sing to God a hymn of praise:  
he who on the Cross a victim  
for the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ the King of glory,  
now is risen from the dead.
- 2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
of the holy harvest field,  
which will all its full abundance  
at his second coming yield;  
then the golden ears of harvest  
will their heads before him wave,  
ripened by his glorious sunshine,  
from the furrows of the grave.
- 3 Christ is risen, we are risen;  
shed upon us heavenly grace,  
rain and dew, and gleams of glory  
from the brightness of thy face;  
that we, with our hearts in heaven,  
here on earth may fruitful be,  
and by angel-hands be gathered,  
and be ever, Lord, with thee.
- 4 Alleluia, Alleluia,  
glory be to God on high;  
Alleluia to the Saviour,  
who has gained the victory;  
Alleluia to the Spirit,  
fount of love and sanctity;  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
to the Triune Majesty.

*Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885)*