

HYMNS FOR TODAY: AM

Reading: Acts chapter 7
Title: How to be a martyr

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 sons to glory.

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.

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

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak

In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

PM

Reading: Jeremiah 29 v 10 - 14
Title: "God's restoration"

Great is the gospel of our glorious God,
Where mercy met the anger of God's rod;
A penalty was paid and pardon bought,
And sinners lost, at last to Him were brought:

*O let the praises of my heart be Thine,
For Christ has died that I may call Him mine,
That I may sing with those who dwell above,
Adoring, praising Jesus, King of Love.*

Great is the mystery of godliness,
Great is the work of God's own holiness,
It moves my soul, and causes me to long
For greater joys than to the earth belong:

The Spirit vindicated Christ our Lord,
And angels sang with joy and sweet accord;
The nations heard, a dark world flamed with light
When Jesus rose in glory and in might:

Our life is hid with Christ,

With Christ in God above;
Upward our hearts would go to Him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

He liveth, and we live;
His life for us prevails;
His fullness fills our emptiness,
His strength for us avails.

Life worketh in us now,
And shall for evermore;
Death shall be swallowed up of life,
The grave its trust restore.

When He who is our life
In glory shall appear,
We too shall be revealed with Him,
And His bright raiment wear.

In Him we then shall be
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see Him as He is,
And in His light abide.

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