

Hymns for 11th April

Now the green blade rises (*St Martin's Voices*)

Now the green blade rises from the buried grain,
wheat that in the dark earth many days has lain;
love lives again, that with the dead has been:

*Love is come again,
like wheat that springs up green.*

In the grave they laid him,
Love whom men had slain,
thinking that he never would awake again,
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:

*Love is come again,
like wheat that springs up green.*

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
he that for the three days in the grave had lain,
back from the dead my risen Lord is seen:

*Love is come again,
like wheat that springs up green*

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,
then your touch can call us back to life again,
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:

*Love is come again,
like wheat that springs up green.*

John Macleod Campbell Crum (1872-1958)

A touching place

Christ's is the world in which we move;
Christ's are the folk we're summoned to love;
Christ's is the voice which calls us to care,
and Christ is the one who meets us here.

*To the lost Christ shows his face,
to the unloved he gives his embrace,
to those who cry in pain or disgrace
Christ makes, with his friends,
a touching place.*

Feel for the people we most avoid -
strange or bereaved or never employed.
Feel for the women and feel for the men
who fear that their living is all in vain.

To the lost...

Feel for the parents who've lost their child,
feel for the women whom men have defiled,
feel for the baby for whom there's no breast,
and feel for the weary who find no rest.

To the lost...

Feel for the lives by life confused,
riddled with doubt, in loving abused;
feel for the lonely heart, conscious of sin,
which longs to be pure but fears to begin.

To the lost...

John Bell, Iona Community

Thine be the glory (*St Martin's Voices*)

Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son;
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son:
Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom.
Let the church with gladness,
hymns of triumph sing;
for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

No more we doubt thee, glorious prince of life!
Life is nought without thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy
deathless love:
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

Edmund L Budry (1854-1932), tr. Richard B Hoyle

Closing music:

Lord, you have my heart (Guitar instrumental)

Lord, You have my heart
And I will search for Yours
Jesus, take my life and lead me on

Lord, You have my heart
And I will search for Yours
Let me be to You a sacrifice

*And I will praise You, Lord
And I will sing of love come down
And as You show Your face
We'll see Your glory here*