



19th April 2020 Worship Led by, Rev Dr Martin Ramsden

Hymn Numbers	310	Sing a song
	306	Now the green blade rises
	303	I know that my redeemer lives
	440	Amazing Grace
	72	Father God I wonder

Readings	John	Chapter 20 verses 19-22
	John	Chapter 20 verses 24-29
	1 Peter	Chapter 1 verses 3-9

Singing the faith 310 Sing a song

- 1 Sing a song, sing a joyful song,
 sing a joyful song to celebrate !
 Sing a song, sing a joyful song,
 sing a joyful song to celebrate !

*Jesus is alive, you know,
he's risen from the dead !
He was crucified
but now he's risen like he said.
(Hallelujah !)*

- 2 Clap your hands, clap your hands like this,
 clap your hands like this to celebrate !
 Clap your hands, clap your hands like this,
 clap your hands like this to celebrate !
- 3 Jump up and down, up and down and around,
 up and down and around to celebrate !
 Jump up and down, up and down and around,
 up and down and around to celebrate !
- 4 Dance to the beat, to the beat of the drum,
 to the beat of the drum to celebrate !
 Dance to the beat, to the beat of the drum,
 to the beat of the drum to celebrate !

- 5 Wave your hands, wave your hands in the air,
wave your hands in the air to celebrate !
Wave your hands, wave your hands in the air,
wave your hands in the air to celebrate !
- 6 Sing a song, sing a joyful song,
sing a joyful song to celebrate !
Sing a song, sing a joyful song,
sing a joyful song to celebrate !

Mark Johnson and Helen Johnson

Singing the faith 306 Now the green blade rises

- 1 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.
- 2 In the grave they laid him, Love who had been slain,
thinking that he never would awake again,
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen :
- 3 Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
he that for the three days in the grave had lain,
quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen :
- 4 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 :

John Macleod Campbell Crum (1872–1958) (*alt.*)

Singing the faith 303 I know that my redeemer lives

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives —
what joy the blest assurance gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead ;
he lives, my everlasting Head !
- 2 He lives, to bless me with his love ;
he lives, to plead for me above ;
he lives, my hungry soul to feed ;
he lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
he lives, and I shall conquer death ;
he lives, my mansion to prepare ;
he lives, to lead me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name ;
he lives, my Saviour, still the same ;
what joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives !

Samuel Medley (1738–1799)

- 1 Amazing grace — how sweet the sound —
 that saved a wretch like me !
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 was blind, but now I see.
- 2 God's grace has taught my heart to fear,
 his grace my fears relieved ;
 how precious did that grace appear
 the hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares
 I have already come ;
 God's grace has brought me safe thus far,
 and grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 his word my hope secures ;
 he will my shield and portion be
 as long as life endures.
- 5 And, when this heart and flesh shall fail
 and mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess within the veil
 a life of joy and peace.
- 6 When we've been there ten thousand years
 bright shining as the sun,
 we've no less days to sing God's praise
 than when we first begun.

John Newton (1725–1807) (*alt.*)

Father God, I wonder
how I manage to exist
without the knowledge
of your parenthood
and your loving care.
But now I am your child
I am adopted in your family
and I can never be alone
'cause, Father God
you're there beside me.

I will sing your praises,
I will sing your praises,
I will sing your praises forever more.
I will sing your praises,
I will sing your praises,
I will sing your praises forever more.

Ian Smale. (b 1949)