

Hymn words for Maundy Thursday, 1st April 2021

HYMN: THERE IS NO LOVE LIKE THE LOVE OF JESUS

There is no love like the love of Jesus,
Never to fade or fall,
Till into the fold of the peace of God
He has gathered us all.

*Jesus' love, precious love,
Boundless, and pure, and free;
Oh, turn to that love, weary wandering soul,
Jesus pleading for thee.*

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
No throb not throe that our hearts can know,
But He feels it above.
Jesus' love,

Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus!
Oh, may we never roam,
Till safe we rest on His loving breast
In the dear heavenly home.
Jesus' love,

W.E.Littlewood.(1831-86)

HYMN: HERE IS LOVE VAST AS THE OCEAN

Here is love vast as the ocean
Loving kindness as the flood,
When the Prince of life, our ransom,
Shed for us His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember?
Who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be forgotten
Throughout heaven's eternal days.

On the Mount of Crucifixion
Fountains opened deep and wide;
Through the floodgates of God's mercy
Flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,

Poured incessant from above,
And heaven's peace and perfect justice
Kissed a guilty world in love.

Let me all Thy love accepting,
Love Thee, ever all my days;
Let me seek Thy kingdom only
And my life be to Thy praise;
Thou alone shalt be my glory,
Nothing in the world I see.
Thou hast cleansed and sanctified me,
Thou Thyself hast set me free.

In Thy truth Thou dost direct me
By Thy Spirit through Thy Word;
And Thy grace my need is meeting,
As I trust in Thee, my Lord.
Of Thy fullness Thou art pouring
Thy great love and power on me,
Without measure, full and boundless,
Drawing out my heart to Thee.

William Rees

HYMN: WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

When I survey the wondrous cross
Where the young Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid, it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts. 1674-1748.

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