

Third Sunday of Easter

May 1, 2022

Joy comes with the morning.

Psalm 30

Sunday, May 1, 2022
Third Sunday of Easter

Prelude *How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds Reinagle/Porter*
Call to Worship
Opening Hymn *My Shepherd Is the Living God*
Welcome & Announcements
Responsive Psalm of Invocation

One: Sing praises to the Holy One, O people of faith, and give thanks to God's holy name.

All: We cried to you for help and have been healed. God has brought us up from Sheol, restored to life those gone down to the Pit.

One: Anger is fleeting, but God's favor is forever. Weeping may linger for the night, but joy comes with the morning.

All: In my prosperity, I declare: 'I shall never be moved.' But when I am besieged, I am quick to be dismayed.

One: In all things, and at all times, give thanks to the living God, to the God of life!

All: You have turned my mourning into dancing; you have taken off my sackcloth and clothed me with joy. Teach my soul to praise you and give thanks to you forever.

Psalm 30

Passing of the Peace
John 21:1-14

Sermon

Anthem *The Gift Of Grace* Organ

Prayers of the People & The Lord's Prayer

Invitation to the Offering

Offertory *Voluntary* Rohlig

Doxology Pilgrim, 514

Holy Communion

Closing Hymn *Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven* New Century, 243

Benediction

Postlude *Come, You Faithful, Raise The Strain* Horn/Porter

My Shepherd Is the Living God

Ps. 23; John 10:11, 27-30

Composite from Thomas Sternhold, 1549, and Isaac Watts, 1719; alt.

C G C G7 C F G F C

1 My shep-herd is the liv - ing God, I there-fore noth-ing need;
 2 When I walk through the shades of death, your pres-ence is my stay;
 3 The sure pro - vi - sions of my God at - tend me all my days;

Am G C F G Am G7 C G C

In pas - tures fair, near pleas - ant streams you set - tle me to feed.
 A word of your sup - port - ing breath drives all my fears a - way.
 O may your house be my a - bode, and all my work be praise.

C F C Dm G C Am Dm Am FM7

You bring my wan-dering spir - it back when I for-sake your ways,
 Your hand, in sight of all my foes, does still my ta - ble spread;
 There would I find a set - tled rest, while oth - ers come and go—

Em C Am Dm Am Em C G7 C

And lead me for your mer - cy's sake in paths of truth and grace.
 My cup with bless-ings o - ver-flows, your oil a - noints my head.
 No more a stran-ger or a guest, but like a child at home.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven

243

*Christopher Wordsworth, 1872; alt.**Matt. 28:5-8; Rom. 5:21; 6:4-11; 1 Cor. 15:20-22*

1 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heaven and voic - es raise;
 2 Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born;
 3 Christ is ris - en, we are ris - en; shed up - on us heav - en - ly grace,
 4 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry to the God of joy;

Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, sing to God a hymn of praise.
 Glo - rious life, and life im - mor - tal on this ho - ly Eas - ter morn;
 Rain and dew, and gleams of glo - ry from the bright - ness of your face;
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav - ior who came death's bonds to de - stroy;

Je - sus on the cross as Sav - ior for the world's sal - va - tion bled;
 Christ has tri - umphed, and we con - quer by God's lib - er - at - ing deed;
 That we, with our hearts in heav - en, here on earth may fruit - ful be,
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty;

But the cru - ci - fied Re - deem - er now is ris - en from the dead!
 Now the Christ with us a - bid - ing to e - ter - nal life shall lead.
 And by an - gel hands be gath - ered, and be yours e - ter - nal - ly.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To the Tri - une Maj - es - ty.

Christopher Wordsworth, gifted nephew of poet William Wordsworth, served the Church of England successively as canon at Westminster, parish priest in Berkshire, and, finally, bishop of Lincoln. This Easter hymn is one of his most enduring.

Tune: WEISSE FLAGGEN 8.7.8.7.D.
 Tochter Zion, Cologne, 1741
 Alternate tune: HYFRYDOL