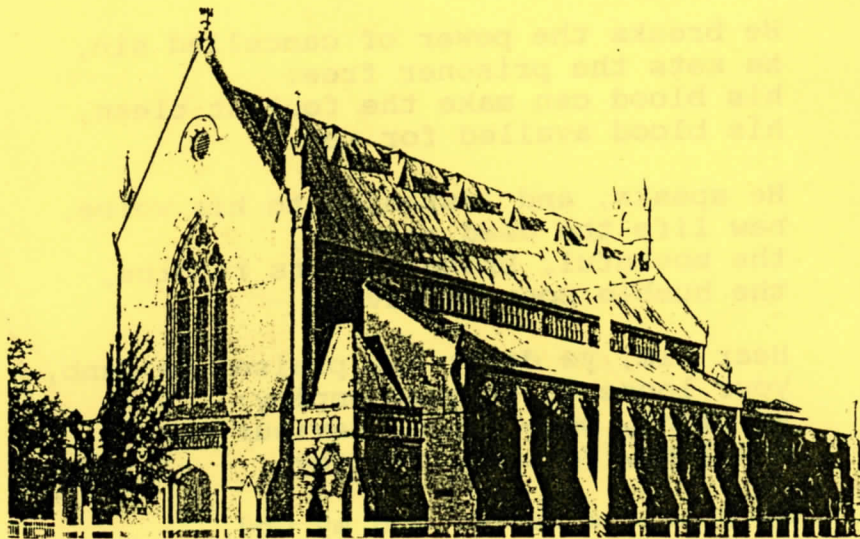




UNITING CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA

LONG GULLY UNITING CHURCH

CORNISH HERITAGE SERVICE



25th MARCH 1990

ORDER OF SERVICE

INTROIT

Jesu, Stand Among Us.

OPENING AND WELCOME

HYMN

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING

O for a thousand tongues to sing
my great Redeemer's praise,
the glories of our God and King,
and triumphs of his grace!

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
that bids our sorrows cease;
'tis music in the sinner's ears,
'tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
he sets the prisoner free;
his blood can make the foulest clean,
his blood availed for me.

He speaks, and listening to his voice,
new life the dead receive,
the mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
the humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
your loosened tongues employ;
ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
and leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my God,
assist me to proclaim,
to spread through all the earth abroad
the honours of your name.

Charles Wesley

ANTHEM

HYMN

O THOU WHO CAMEST FROM ABOVE

O thou who camest from above
the pure celestial fire to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze
and trembling to its source return,
in humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work, and speak, and think for thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up thy gift in me,

ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat,
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley

BIBLE READINGS Galatians 3: 1-5
Galatians 1: 6-8
Luke 24: 13-35

HYMN

THINE BE THE GLORY, RISEN, CONQUERING SON

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 is living, death has 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.

Edmond Louis Budry tr. Richard Birch Hoyle

SERMON

The Only Gospel

ANTHEM

PRAYER

OFFERING

HYMN

BLESSED ASSURANCE

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine;
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Refrain -

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Frances Jane van Alstyne

BENEDICTION

Three Fold Amen

Arranged - Cornish Association of Victoria
Bendigo Cornish Association

PRAYER AND LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN

AND CAN IT BE THAT I SHOULD GAIN

And can it be that I should gain
an interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain -
for me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:
who can explore this strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
to sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
let angel minds inquire no more.

He left his Father's throne above,
(so free, so infinite his grace!)
emptied himself of all but love,
and bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
for, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
fast bound in sin and nature's might:
thine eye diffused a quickening ray -
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light!
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
and clothed in righteousness divine,
bold I approach the eternal throne,
and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

Charles Wesley