

Opening Hymn: Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem

Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
sing to him who found the ransom,
ancient of eternal days,
God eternal, Word incarnate,
whom the heaven of heaven obeys.

Now on those eternal mountains
stands the sapphire throne, all bright,
with the ceaseless alleluias
which they raise, the sons of light;
Sion's people tell his praises,
victor after hard-won fight.

Bring your harps, and bring your incense,
sweep the string and pour the lay;
let the earth proclaim his wonders,
King of that celestial day;
he the Lamb once slain is worthy,
who was dead, and lives for ay.

Laud and honour to the Father,
laud and honour to the Son,
laud and honour to the Spirit,
ever Three and ever One,
One in love, and One in splendour,
while unending ages run. Amen.

Neander 351 NEH

The Collect

Almighty God,
whose Son Jesus Christ is the resurrection and the life:
raise us, who trust in him,
from the death of sin to the life of righteousness,
that we may seek those things which are above,
where he reigns with you
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

The New Testament Reading

A reading from the Acts of the Apostles.

Many were baptised and were added to the community. They devoted themselves to the apostles' teaching and fellowship, to the breaking of bread and the prayers.

Awe came upon everyone, because many wonders and signs were being done by the apostles. All who believed were together and had all things in common; they would sell their possessions and goods and distribute the proceeds to all, as any had need. Day by day, as they spent much time together in the temple, they broke bread at home and ate their food with glad and generous hearts, praising God and having the goodwill of all the people. And day by day the Lord added to their number those who were being saved.

This is the word of the Lord.

Acts 2: 42–end

Thanks be to God.

Gospel Acclamation

This joyful Eastertide, away with sin and sorrow!
My Love, the Crucified, hath sprung to life this morrow.
Had Christ, that once was slain, ne'er burst his three-day prison,
our faith had been in vain: but now hath Christ arisen.

arr. Charles Wood (1866–1926)

The Gospel

Alleluia! Alleluia!

I am the first and the last says the Lord, and the living one.

I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore.

Alleluia!

The Lord be with you.

And also with you.

Hear the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to St John.

Glory to you, O Lord.

Jesus said to the Pharisees: 'Very truly, I tell you, anyone who does not enter the sheepfold by the gate but climbs in by another way is a thief and a bandit. The one who enters by the gate is the shepherd of the sheep. The gatekeeper opens the gate for him, and the sheep hear his voice. He calls his own sheep by name and leads them out. When he has brought out all his own, he goes ahead of them, and the sheep follow him because they know his voice. They will not follow a stranger, but they will run from him because they do not know the voice of strangers.' Jesus used this figure of speech with them, but they did not understand what he was saying to them.

So again Jesus said to them, 'Very truly, I tell you, I am the gate for the sheep. All who came before me are thieves and bandits; but the sheep did not listen to them. I am the gate. Whoever enters by me will be saved, and will come in and go out and find pasture. The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy. I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly.'

This is the Gospel of the Lord.

St John 10: 1-10

Praise to you, O Christ.

The Sermon

Offertory Hymn: The Lord's my shepherd I'll not want

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me lie in pastures green.

He leads me by the still, still waters,

his goodness restores my soul.

And I will trust in you alone.

and I will trust in you alone,

for your endless mercy follows me,

your goodness will lead me home.

He guides my ways in righteousness,

and he anoints my head with oil,

and my cup, it overflows with joy,

I feast on his pure delights.

And though I walk the darkest path,

I will not fear the evil one,

for you are with me, and your rod and staff

are the comfort I need to know.

Stuart Townsend © 800 AM

Anthem: The Lord is my shepherd

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his Name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thou shalt prepare a table for me against them that trouble me:
thou hast anointed my head with oil and my cup shall be full.
But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

*John Rutter (b 1945)
from Requiem, Psalm 23*

Communion Hymn: All I once held dear

All I once held dear, built my life upon,
All this world reveres, and wars to own.
All I once thought gain I have counted loss,
Spent and worthless now, compared to this.
*Knowing you, Jesus,
Knowing you, there is no greater thing.
You're my all, you're the best,
You're my joy, my righteousness,
And I love you, Lord.*

Now my heart's desire is to know you more,
To be found in you and known as yours.
To possess by faith what I could not earn,
All-surpassing gift of righteousness.

Oh, to know the power of your risen life,
And to know You in Your sufferings.
To become like you in your death, my Lord,
So with you to live and never die.

Knowing you 585 AM

Dismissal: The king of love my Shepherd is

The King of love my Shepherd is,
whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
and he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
my ransomed soul he leadeth,
and where the verdant pastures grow
with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
but yet in love he sought me,
and on his shoulder gently laid,
and home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;
thy rod and staff my comfort still,
thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
thy unction, grace bestoweth:
and O what transport of delight
from thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
thy goodness faileth never;
good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
within thy house for ever.

Dominus Regit me 457ii NEH