

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES

27 April 2023

3.30 pm & 6.30 pm



**The Strict Baptist Chapel
St David's Bridge Cranbrook**

Preacher: Mr. G D Buss

*Marking the 243rd Anniversary of the formation of the Church
and the 236th Anniversary of the move to the Chapel*

Afternoon Service

(Note: All tune numbers refer to the Companion Tune Book)

- 1** *Tune: Walden 259 (C.M.)*
- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

W. Cowper, 320 Gadsby's Hymn Book (GHB)

Reading & Prayer

2 *Tune: Willingdon 815 (104th)*

- 1 My soul, now arise, my passions, take wing;
 Look up to the skies, and cheerfully sing;
 Let God be the Object in praises addressed,
 And this be my subject, 'Tis all for the best.

- 2 Search all the world through, examine and see,
 And what canst thou view more suited to thee
 Than this declaration, in Scripture expressed,
 That God, thy Salvation, does all for the best?

- 3 Though here, day by day, his love shall see good
 Upon thee to lay his fatherly rod;
 Yet be not dejected, however oppressed,
 Though sorely afflicted, 'tis all for the best.

- 4 The beams of his grace are passing all worth,
 The smiles of his face are heaven on earth;
 When to me he shows them, what joy fills my breast!
 And when he withdraws them, 'tis all for the best.

- 5 But O, the blest day, and soon 'twill arise,
 When, freed from my clay, I mount to the skies;
 Then gladly I'll enter my heavenly rest,
 And there sing for ever, 'Tis all for the best.

S. Medley, 322 (GHB)

Sermon

3 *Tune: Eshtaol 332 (L.M.)*

- 1 O for a heart prepared to sing,
 To God, my Saviour and my King;
 While with his saints I join to tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess;
 His wisdom all his works express;
 But O his love what tongue can tell?
 My Jesus has done all things well.

- 3 How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
 Is all his love to sinful me!
 He plucked me as a brand from hell;
 My Jesus has done all things well.

- 4 And since my soul has known his love,
 What mercies has he made me prove;
 Mercies which all my praise excel;
 My Jesus has done all things well.

- 5 Whene'er my Saviour and my God
 Has on me laid his gentle rod,
 I know, in all that has befell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

- 6 Sometimes he's pleased his face to hide,
 To make me pray, or stain my pride;
 Yet am I helped on this to dwell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

- 7 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms shall lose my breath;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

- 8 And when to that bright world I rise,
 And join the anthems in the skies,
 Among the rest this note shall swell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

Evening Service

4 *Tune: Purleigh 721 (8.8.6.)*

1 How watchful is the loving Lord,
How sweet his providential word,
To children that believe!
Your very hairs are numbered all;
Not one by force or chance can fall
Without your Father's leave.

2 Why should I fear when guarded so,
Or shrink to meet a deadly foe?
His mouth is held with bit;
I need not dread his utmost spite,
Nor can he bark, nor can he bite,
Unless the Lord permit.

3 No cross or bliss, no loss or gain,
No health or sickness, ease or pain,
Can give themselves a birth;
The Lord so rules by his command,
Nor good nor ill can stir a hand,
Unless he send them forth.

4 Since thou so kind and watchful art,
To guard my head and guard my heart,
And guard my very hair,
Teach me with child-like mind to sit,
And sing at the dear Saviour's feet,
Without distrust or fear.

5 So, like a pilgrim let me wait,
Contented well in every state,
Till all my warfare ends;
Live in a calm and cheerful mood,
And find that all things work for good,
Which Jesus kindly sends.

Reading & Prayer

5 *Tune: Hallelujah 672 (8.7.4.)*

- 1 Sons of God, in tribulation,
Let your eyes the Saviour view;
He's the Rock of our salvation,
He was tried and tempted too;
All to succour
Every tempted, burdened son.

- 2 'Tis if need be, he reproves us,
Lest we settle on our lees;
Yet he in the furnace loves us;
'Tis expressed in words like these:
"I am with thee,
Israel, passing through the fire."

- 3 To his church, his joy, and treasure,
Every trial works for good;
They are dealt in weight and measure,
Yet how little understood!
Not in anger,
But from his dear covenant love.

- 4 If today he deigns to bless us
With a sense of pardoned sin,
Perhaps tomorrow he'll distress us,
Make us feel the plague within;
All to make us
Sick of self and fond of him.

J. Kent, 758 GHB

Sermon

6 *Tune: Wareham 431 (L.M.)*

- 1 The love of Christ is rich and free;
 Fixed on his own eternally;
 Nor earth, nor hell, can it remove;
 Long as he lives, his own he'll love.

- 2 His loving heart engaged to be
 Their everlasting Surety;
 'Twas love that took their cause in hand,
 And love maintains it to the end.

- 3 Love cannot from its post withdraw;
 Nor death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law,
 Can turn the Surety's heart away;
 He'll love his own to endless day.

- 4 Love has redeemed his sheep with blood;
 And love will bring them safe to God;
 Love calls them all from death to life;
 And love will finish all their strife.

- 5 He loves through every changing scene,
 Nor aught can him from Zion wean;
 Not all the wanderings of her heart
 Can make his love from her depart.

- 6 At death, beyond the grave, he'll love;
 In endless bliss, his own shall prove
 The blazing glory of that love
 Which never could from them remove.

7

Doxology

506A GHB

Tune: Old Hundredth 382 CTB

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Tea will be served in the chapel between the services.
All are welcome to stay.*

Graces

Remain seated to sing

Before Meal

Tune: Rimington 395

Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

After Meal

Tune: Melcombe 369

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

In Paradise, within the gates,
A nobler entertainment waits,
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feast, and want no more.