**SUGGESTED SONGS FOR 4TH SUNDAY OF LENT, YEAR C, 27 MARCH 2022**

**Entrance:**

**42 HOSEA**

Come back to me with all your heart

Don't let fear keep us apart.

Trees do bend, though straight and tall;

So must we to others call.

*Long have I* *waited for your coming home*

 *to me and living deeply our new life.*

The wilderness will lead you

To your heart where I will speak.

Integrity and justice.

With tenderness you shall know.

**Offertory**

**31 AS GENTLE AS SILENCE**

Oh, the love of my Lord is the essence

Of all that I love here on earth.

All the beauty I see has been given to me ;

And his giving is gentle as silence.

Ev'ry day, ev'ry hour, ev'ry moment

Have been blessed by the strength of his love.

At the turn of each tide he is there by my side;

And his touch is as gentle as silence.

There've been times when I've turned from his presence,

And I've walked other paths, other ways.

But I've called on his name in the dark of my shame;

And his mercy was gentle as silence.

**Communion**

**34 GOD OF MERCY AND COMPASSION**

God of mercy and compassion,

look with pity upon me

Father let me call Thee Father

'Tis this child returns to Thee

*Jesus Lord, I ask for mercy,*

*let me not implore in vain*

*All my sins I now detest them,*

*never will I sin again.*

By my sins I have deserved

Death and endless misery

Hell with all its pains and torments,

And for all eternity.

See our Savior bleeding, dying,

on the cross of Calvary

To that cross my sins have nailed Him,

yet He bleeds and dies for me.

**Recessional**

**80 AMAZING GRACE**

Amazing grace how sweet the sound,

That saved a wretch like me.

I once was lost but now am found,

Was blind but now I see.

T’was grace that taught my heart to fear,

And grace my fears relieved.

How precious did that grace appear,

The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers toils and snares

I have already come.

’Tis grace that brought me safe thus far

And grace will lead me home.

When we’ve been there ten thousand years

Bright shining as the sun.

We’ve no less days to sing God’s praise

Than when we first begun.