

Hymns and Songs - 26th June, 2022

Ye holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme too high
Doth seem for mortal tongue.

Ye blessed souls at rest,
Who see your Saviour's face,
Whose glory, e'en the least
Is far above our grace,
God's praises sound,
As in His sight
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

Ye saints who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go,
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives,
And praise Him still
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives.

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love.
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise.

He is Lord, He is Lord,
He is risen from the dead
And He is Lord.
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord.

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my
heart,
Be all else but naught to me, save
that Thou art;
Be Thou my best thought in the day
and the night,
Both waking and sleeping, Thy
presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, be Thou my
true word,
Be Thou ever with me, and I with
Thee, Lord;
Be Thou my great Father, and I Thy
true son;
Be Thou in me dwelling, and I with
Thee one.

Be Thou my breastplate, my sword
for the fight;
Be Thou my whole armour, be Thou
my true might;
Be Thou my soul's shelter, be Thou
my strong tower:
O raise Thou me heavenward, great
Power of my power.

Riches I need not, nor man's empty
praise:
Be Thou mine inheritance now and
always;
Be Thou and Thou only the first in
my heart:
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure
Thou art.

High King of heaven, Thou heaven's
bright Sun,
O grant me its joys after victory is
won;
Great Heart of my own heart,
whatever befall,
Still be Thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Will you come and follow me
If I but call your name?
Will you go where you don't know
And never be the same?
Will you let My love be shown,
Will you let My name be known,
Will you let My life be grown in you,
And you in Me?

Will you leave yourself behind
If I but call your name?
Will you care for cruel and kind
And never be the same?
Will you risk the hostile stare,
Should your life attract or scare?
Will you let Me answer prayer
In you and you in Me?

Will you let the blinded see
If I but call your name?
Will you set the prisoners free
And never be the same?
Will you kiss the leper clean,
And do such as this unseen,
And admit to what I mean
In You and you in Me?

Will you love the "you" you hide
If I but call your name?
Will you quell the fear inside
And never be the same?
Will you use the faith you've found
To reshape the world around,
Through My sight and touch and
sound
In you and you in Me?

Lord, Your summons echoes true
When You but call my name.
Let me turn and follow You
And never be the same.
In Your company I'll go
Where Your love and footsteps
show;
Thus I'll move and live and grow
In You and You in me.

Graham Maule & John Bell © 1987

**Make me a channel of Your
peace.**
Where there is hatred let me bring
Your love;
Where there is injury, Your
pardon, Lord;
And where there's doubt, true
faith in You.

*Oh, Master, grant that I may
never seek
So much to be consoled as to
console;
To be understood as to
understand;
To be loved as to love with all
my soul.*

Make me a channel of Your peace.
Where there's despair in life let
me bring hope;
Where there is darkness, only
light;
And where there's sadness, ever
joy.

Make me a channel of Your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are
pardoned,
In giving to all men that we
receive,
And in dying that we're born to
eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (c) 1967

Spirit of Holiness
*Wisdom and faithfulness,
Wind of the Lord,
Blowing strongly and free:
Strength of our serving
And joy of our worshipping;
Spirit of God,
Bring Your fulness to me!*

You came to interpret
And teach us effectively
All that the Saviour
Has spoken and done;
To glorify Jesus in all Your activity;
Promise and Gift
Of the Father and Son:

You came with Your gifts
To supply all our poverty,
Pouring Your love
On the church in her need;
You came with Your fruit
For our growth to maturity,
Richly refreshing
The souls that You feed:

Christopher Idle (c) 1968

You shall go out with joy

And be led forth with peace,
And the mountains and the hills
Shall break forth before you.
There'll be shouts of joy,
And the trees of the field
Shall clap, shall clap their hands.

And the trees of the field shall clap
their hands,
And the trees of the field shall clap
their hands,
And the trees of the field shall clap
their hands,
And you'll go out with joy.

Rubin & Dauermann (c) 1975