

Hymns and Songs - 28th August, 2022

Fill your hearts with joy and gladness,
Sing and praise your God and mine!
Great the Lord in love and wisdom,
Might and majesty divine!
He who framed the starry heavens
Knows and names them as they
shine.

Praise the Lord, His people, praise
Him!
Wounded souls His comfort know;
Those who fear Him find His
mercies,
Peace for pain and joy for woe;
Humble hearts are high exalted,
Human pride and power laid low.

Praise the Lord for times and
seasons,
Cloud and sunshine, wind and rain;
Spring to melt the snows of winter
Till the waters flow again;
Grass upon the mountain pastures,
Golden valleys thick with grain.

Fill you hearts with joy and gladness,
Peace and plenty crown your days;
Love His laws, declare His
judgments,
Walk in all His words and ways;
He the Lord and we His children –
Praise the Lord, all people, praise!

Timothy Dudley-Smith © 1970

My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty, how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

How wonderful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless
power,
And awesome purity!

O how I fear Thee, living God,
with deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling
hope
And penitential tears!

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee.

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to
Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse
each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse,
relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth and
height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Beauty for brokenness, hope for
despair,
Lord, in Your suffering world this is
our prayer:
Bread for the children, justice, joy,
peace;
Sunrise to sunset, Your kingdom
increase!

Shelter for fragile lives, cures for
their ills,
Work for the craftsman, trade for
their skills;
Land for the dispossessed, rights for
the weak,
Voices to plead the cause of those
who can't speak.

*God of the poor, friend of the weak,
Give us compassion we pray:
Melt our cold hearts, let tears fall like
rain;
Come, change our love from a spark
to a flame*

Refuge from cruel wars, havens from
fear,
Cities for sanctuary, freedoms to
share;
Peace to the killing-fields, scorched
earth to green,
Christ for the bitterness, His cross
for the pain.

Rest for the ravaged earth, oceans
and streams
Plundered and poisoned – our
future, our dreams.
Lord, end our madness, carelessness,
greed;
Make us content with the things that
we need.

Lighten our darkness, breathe on
this flame
Until Your justice burns brightly
again;
Until the nations learn of Your ways,
Seek Your salvation and bring You
their praise.

Graham Kendrick © 1993

Tell out my soul, the greatness of
the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings give my spirit
voice;
Tender to me the promise of His
word;
In God my Saviour shall my heart
rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His
name!
Make known His might, the deeds
His arm has done;
His mercy sure, from age to age the
same;
His holy name – the Lord, the mighty
One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of
His might!
Powers and dominions lay their
glory by;
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are
put to flight,
The hungry fed, the humble lifted
high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of His
word!
Firm is his promise, and His mercy
sure:
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the
Lord
To children's children and for
evermore!

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