

Hymns and Songs - 18th December, 2022

Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
Love, joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

God has spoken to His people,
Through His prophets long ago,
Of the days in which we're living,
And the things His church should know.
Listen then, you sons of Zion,
Lend your ears to what God says,
Then respond in full obedience,
Gladly walk in all His ways.

These are times of great refreshing
Coming from the throne in heaven,
Times of building and of shaking,
When God rids His church of leaven.
Not a patching up of wineskins
Or of garments that are old,
But in glorious restoration
Just exactly as foretold.

Reign on, O God victorious,
Fulfil Your promises,
Seed of Abraham, remember
You will see all nations blessed.
Powers of darkness, we remind you
Of Christ's victory on the cross,
Hear the truth we are declaring,
Jesus won and you have lost.

Stuart Baugh (c) 1982

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!

Timothy Dudley-Smith © 1961

My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath
rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For he hath regarded the lowliness of his hand-
maiden.
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call
me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me and holy is
his name.
And his mercy is on them that fear him; throughout all
generations.
He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath
scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel; as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol Him in whose path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!