

Hymns and Songs – 8th January, 2023

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
dawn on our darkness, and
lend us thine aid;
star of the east, the horizon
adorning,
guide where our infant
Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew
drops are shining;
low lies his head with the
beasts of the stall;
angels adore him in slumber
reclining,
Maker and Monarch and
Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in
costly devotion,
odours of Edom, and
offerings divine,
gems of the mountain, and
pearls of the ocean,
myrrh from the forest, or gold
from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample
oblation,
vainly with gifts would his
favour secure:
richer by far is the heart's
adoration,
dearer to God are the prayers
of the poor.

Light of the world,
You stepped down into darkness,
Opened my eyes, let me see
Beauty that made this heart adore
You,
Hope of a life spent with You.

*So here I am to worship,
Here I am to bow down,
Here I am to say that You're my
God;
And You're altogether lovely,
Altogether worthy,
Altogether wonderful to me.*

King of all days,
Oh so highly exalted,
Glorious in heaven above;
Humbly You came
To the earth You created,
All for love's sake became poor.

And I'll never know how much it
cost
To see my sin upon that cross.
(Repeat)

Tim Hughes © 2000

**O worship the Lord in the beauty
of holiness,**
Bow down before Him, His glory
proclaim;
With gold of obedience and
incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him: the Lord is
His name.

Low at His feet lay thy burden of
carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for
thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer
thy prayerfulness,
guiding thy steps as may best for
thee be.

Fear not to enter His courts in the
slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst
reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its
tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on
His shrine.

These, though we bring them in
trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is
dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings
of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope
for our fear.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of
holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory
proclaim;
With gold of obedience and
incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is
His name.

**Come, now is the time to
worship,**

Come, now is the time to
give your heart.
Come, just as you are to
worship,
Come, just as you are before
your God.
Come.

One day every tongue will
confess You are God,
One day every knee will bow.
Still, the greatest treasure
remains for those
Who gladly choose You now.

Brian Doerksen (c) 1998

King of Kings, Majesty,
God of heaven living in me.
Gentle Saviour, closest Friend,
Strong Deliverer, Beginning and
End:
All within me falls at Your throne.

*Your majesty, I can but bow;
I lay my all before You now.
In royal robes I don't deserve,
I live to serve Your majesty.*

Earth and heaven worship You,
Love eternal, faithful and true,
Who bought the nations,
ransomed souls,
Brought this sinner near to Your
throne;
All within me cries out in praise.

Jarrold Cooper © 1996

As with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming
bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth
adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly
King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are
past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to
guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun, which goes not
down.
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.