

## Hymns and Songs – 1st October, 2023

### 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!

The King of Love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am His  
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And where the verdant pastures grow  
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth:  
And O what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house for ever.

May the mind of Christ my Saviour  
live in me from day to day,  
by His love and power controlling  
all I do and say.

May the word of God dwell richly  
in my heart from hour to hour,  
so that all may see I triumph  
only through His power.

May the peace of God my Father  
rule my life in everything,  
that I may be calm to comfort  
sick and sorrowing.

May the love of Jesus fill me,  
as the waters fill the sea;  
Him exalting, self abasing,  
this is victory.

May I run the race before me,  
strong and brave to face the foe,  
looking only unto Jesus,  
as I onward go.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly:  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to world's unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne.  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Father, hear the prayer we offer  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength, that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures  
Do we ask our way to be:  
But by steep and rugged pathways  
Would we strive to climb to Thee.

Not for ever by still waters  
Would we idly quiet stay;  
But would smite the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
In our wanderings be our Guide;  
Through endeavour, failure, danger,  
Father, be Thou at our side.

Let our path be bright or dreary,  
Storm or sunshine be our share;  
May our souls, in hope unwearied,  
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

**We have a gospel to proclaim,**  
Good news for all throughout the earth;  
The gospel of a Saviour's name:  
We sing His glory, tell His worth.

Tell of His birth at Bethlehem,  
Not in a royal house or hall  
But in a stable dark and dim:  
The Word made flesh, a light for all.

Tell of His death at Calvary,  
Hated by those He came to save;  
In lonely suffering on the cross  
For all He loved His life He gave.

Tell of the glorious Easter morn:  
Empty the tomb, for He was free.  
He broke the power of death and hell  
That we might share His victory.

Tell of His reign at God's right hand,  
By all creation glorified;  
He sends His Spirit on His Church  
To live for Him, the Lamb who died.

Now we rejoice to name Him King:  
Jesus is Lord of all the earth.  
This gospel message we proclaim:  
We sing His glory, tell His worth.