

Hymns and Songs – 22nd August, 2021

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.

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard My people cry;
All who dwell in dark and sin
My hand will save.
I, who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
I will speak My word to them.
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord.
Is it I, Lord?
I have heard You calling in the night.
I will go, Lord,
If you lead me;
I will hold Your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain;
I have wept for love of them –
They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
Give them hearts for love alone;
I will speak My word to them.
Whom shall I send?

I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will tend the poor and lame,

I will set a feast for them –
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
Till their hearts are satisfied;
I will give My life to them.
Whom shall I send?

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My peace I give unto you,
It's a peace that the world cannot give,
It's a peace that the world cannot understand:
Peace to know, peace to live,
My peace I give unto you.

My joy... *(etc)*

My love... *(etc)*

Keith Routledge © 1975

For Outside

Jesus! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly,
And devils fear and fly.

Jesus! The name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turn their hell to heaven,
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus! The prisoners' fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead,
And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace,
Would all mankind embrace.

His only righteousness I show,
His saving grace proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry: "Behold the Lamb!"
To cry: "Behold the Lamb!"

Happy if with my latest breath
I might but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death:
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"