

Hymns and Songs – 19th December, 2021

Earth has many a noble city;
Beth'lem, thou dost all excel:
out of thee the Lord from heaven
came to rule his Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning
was the star that told his birth,
to the world its God announcing
seen in fleshly form on earth.

Eastern sages at his cradle
make oblations rich and rare;
see them give in deep devotion
gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
incense doth their God disclose,
gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
myrrh his sepulchre foreshows.

Jesu, whom the Gentiles worshipped
at thy glad Epiphany,
unto thee with God the Father
and the Spirit glory be.

Angel voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee
Lord of might.

Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
Yes, we can.

Yes, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices
In our choicest
Psalmody

Honour, glory, might and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity.
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

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

Fill thou my life, O Lord my God,
in every part with praise,
that my whole being may proclaim
thy being and thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
of praise in every part.

Praise in the common things of life,
its goings out and in;
praise in each duty and each deed,
however small and mean.

Fill every part of me with praise:
let all my being speak
of thee and of thy love, O Lord,
poor though I be and weak.

So shalt thou, Lord, receive from me
the praise and glory due;
and so shall I begin on earth
the song for ever new.

So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
be turned into song;
and every winding of the way
the echo shall prolong.

So shall no part of day or night
unblest or common be;
but all my life, in every step,
be fellowship with thee.