

## Hymns and Songs – 30th April, 2023

### **And can it be that I should gain**

An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! How can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! The immortal dies:  
Who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine!  
'Tis mercy all let earth adore,  
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above,  
So free, so infinite His grace;  
Emptied Himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race.  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;  
For, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free;  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

### **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.

### **God is working his purpose out,**

As year succeeds to year;  
God is working His purpose out,  
And the time is drawing near;  
Nearer and nearer draws the time,  
The time that shall surely be,  
When the earth shall be filled  
With the glory of God,  
As the waters cover the sea.

From utmost East to utmost West,  
Where'er man's foot hath trod,  
By the mouth of many messengers  
Goes forth the voice of God;  
Give ear to Me, ye continents,  
Ye isles, give ear to Me,  
That the earth may be filled  
With the glory of God  
As the waters cover the sea.

March we forth in the strength of God  
With the banner of Christ unfurled,  
That the light of the glorious gospel of truth  
May shine throughout the world:  
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin,  
To set their captives free,  
That the earth may be filled  
With the glory of God  
As the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth,  
Unless God blesses the deed;  
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide  
Till God gives life to the seed;  
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time,  
The time that shall surely be,  
When the earth shall be filled  
With the glory of God,  
As the waters cover the sea.

### **Be still and know that I am God,**

Be still and know that I am God,  
Be still and know that I am God.

I am the Lord that healeth Thee  
I am the Lord that healeth Thee  
I am the Lord that healeth Thee

In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust  
In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust  
In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust

**Be still and know that I am God,**  
Be still and know that I am God,  
Be still and know that I am God.

**As the deer pants for the water,**

So my soul longs after You.  
You alone are my heart's desire  
And I long to worship You.

*You alone are my strength, my shield,  
To You alone may my spirit yield.  
You alone are my heart's desire  
And I long to worship You.*

I want you more than gold or silver,  
Only you can satisfy.  
You alone are the real joy-giver  
And the apple of my eye.

You're my Friend and You are my Brother,  
Even though You are a King.  
I love you more than any other,  
So much more than anything.

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**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!