

## Hymns and Songs – 19th November, 2023

**Soldiers of Christ, arise,**  
And put your armour on;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through His eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness for the soul;  
Take every virtue, every grace,  
And fortify the whole.

From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle and fight and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last.

**Help us to help each other, Lord,**  
each other's cross to bear;  
let each his friendly aid afford,  
and feel his brother's care.

Up into thee, our living head,  
let us in all things grow,  
and by thy sacrifice be led  
the fruits of love to show.

Drawn by the magnet of thy love  
let all our hearts agree;  
and ever towards each other move,  
and ever move towards thee.

This is the bond of perfectness,  
thy spotless charity.  
O let us still, we pray, possess  
the mind that was in thee.

**Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,**  
Be all else but naught to me, save that Thou art;  
Be Thou my best thought in the day and the night,  
Both waking and sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, be Thou my true word,  
Be Thou ever with me, and I with Thee, Lord;  
Be Thou my great Father, and I Thy true son;  
Be Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;  
Be Thou my whole armour, be Thou my true might;  
Be Thou my soul's shelter, be Thou my strong tower:  
O raise Thou me heavenward, great Power of my  
power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise:  
Be Thou mine inheritance now and always;  
Be Thou and Thou only the first in my heart:  
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, Thou heaven's bright Sun,  
O grant me its joys after victory is won;  
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be Thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

My Jesus, my Saviour,  
Lord, there is none like You.  
All of my days I want to praise  
The wonders of Your mighty love.  
My comfort, my shelter,  
Tower of refuge and strength,  
Let every breath, all that I am,  
Never cease to worship You.

Shout to the Lord all the earth, let us sing  
Power and majesty, praise to the King.  
Mountains bow down  
And the seas will roar  
At the sound of Your name.  
I sing for joy at the work of Your hands.  
Forever I'll love You, forever I'll stand.  
Nothing compares to the promise I have in You.

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**Take my life, and let it be**  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;  
It shall be no longer mine:  
Take my heart, it is Thine own;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store:  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

**God of grace and God of glory,**  
on thy people pour thy power;  
now fulfil the Church's story;  
bring her bud to glorious flower.  
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
for the facing of this hour.

Lo, the hosts of evil round us  
scorn thy Christ, assail his ways;  
from the fears that long have bound us  
free our hearts to faith and praise.  
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
for the living of these days.

Cure thy children's warring madness,  
bend our pride to thy control;  
shame our wanton selfish gladness,  
rich in goods and poor in soul.  
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
lest we miss thy kingdom's goal.

Set our feet on lofty places,  
gird our lives that they may be  
armoured with all Christlike graces  
in the fight to set men free.  
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
that we fail not man nor thee.