

Majesty, worship his majesty
unto Jesus be glory, honour and praise.

Majesty, kingdom authority,
flows from his throne unto his own,
his anthem raise.

So exalt, lift up on high the name of Jesus,
magnify, come glorify Christ Jesus, the King.

Majesty, worship his majesty,
Jesus, who died, now glorified,
King of all kings.

Jack Hayford

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1 Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love;
where there is injury, your pardon, Lord;
and where there's doubt, true faith in you:
*O Master, grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

2 Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope;
where there is darkness, only light;
and where there's sadness, ever joy:
Refrain

3 Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving unto all that we receive,
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928–1997)
from the *Prayer of St Francis*

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- 1 **Make us your prophets, Lord,**
 who truly hear your word,
 which fires us with your Spirit's inspiration.
 In all we say and do
 prove that your love is true,
 the hope and source of peace for every nation.

- 2 And when we fail to love
 or set ourselves above
 our neighbours with their different ways of seeing,
 bring us with all our pride
 where Jesus, crucified,
 for love of all committed his whole being.

- 3 Give us his love that shares
 our neighbours' pain, and dares
 to suffer enmity and condemnation.
 Whether we live or die
 help us to prophesy,
 proclaiming peace and reconciliation.

- 4 Though we live quietly,
 with no authority,
 yet feeble faith in us may show your goodness;
 and though we may not see
 how crucial it may be,
 our faltering love may show your loving kindness.

- 5 In faith and hope we pray,
 use us to serve that day
 when bigotry and hatred are defeated,
 when perfect peace is won
 and lasting justice done,
 with love's eternal promises completed.

Alan Gaunt (b.1935)

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1 **Make way, make way, for Christ the King**
in splendour arrives;
fling wide the gates and welcome him
into your lives.

*Make way (Make way), make way (make way),
for the King of kings (for the King of kings);
make way (make way), make way (make way),
and let his Kingdom in.*

2 He comes the broken hearts to heal,
the prisoners to free;
the deaf shall hear, the lame shall dance,
the blind shall see.

3 And those who mourn with heavy hearts,
who weep and sigh,
with laughter, joy and royal crown
he'll beautify.

4 We call you now to worship him
as Lord of all,
to have no gods before him,
their thrones must fall!

Graham Kendrick (b. 1950)

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- 1 **Man of Sorrows!** What a name
for the Son of God, who came
ruined sinners to reclaim!
Alleluia! What a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
in my place condemned he stood;
sealed my pardon with his blood:
Alleluia! What a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless we;
spotless Lamb of God was he:
full atonement, can it be?
Alleluia! What a Saviour!
- 4 Lifted up was he to die;
'It is finished!' was his cry;
now in heaven exalted high:
Alleluia! What a Saviour!
- 5 When he comes, our glorious King,
all his ransomed home to bring,
then anew this song we'll sing:
Alleluia! What a Saviour!

Philipp Paul Bliss (1838–1876)

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1 **Mary and Joseph**
 came to the Temple,
 brought the boy Jesus,
 offered him there.
 People were waiting
 wanting to greet him,
 long had they sought him,
 solace for care.

2 Anna had prayed there,
 widowed, long waiting;
 worshipping God by
 day and by night.
 Now she is praising,
 filled with elation;
 here is God's promise,
 Christ is her light.

3 Simeon sings now
 God offers blessing,
 brilliantly gilding
 dawn of his day;
 light in the darkness,
 never extinguished,
 light of all nations,
 light up our way.

Andrew Pratt (b. 1948)

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- 1 Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,
 waiting for thy gracious word,
 longing for thy voice that cheereth;
 Master, let it now be heard.
 I am listening, Lord, for thee;
 what hast thou to say to me?
- 2 Speak to me by name, O Master,
 let me know it is to me;
 speak, that I may follow faster,
 with a step more firm and free,
 where the Shepherd leads the flock
 in the shadow of the rock.
- 3 Master, speak! Though least and lowest,
 let me not unheard depart;
 Master, speak! For O thou knowest
 all the yearning of my heart,
 knowest all its truest need;
 speak, and make me blest indeed.
- 4 Master, speak: and make me ready,
 when thy voice is truly heard,
 with obedience glad and steady
 still to follow every word.
 I am listening, Lord, for thee;
 Master, speak! O speak to me!

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836–1879)

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May the glory of the Lord fill his temple
as we gather in this place,
may the glory of the Lord touch his people
as we meet here by his grace.
Weak though we are, you lift us from sin,
where our hearts wait you long to come in,
so Lord we pray let your healing begin —
send us your Spirit today!
May the glory of the Lord fill his temple,
and may we meet him face to face.

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May the God of hope go with us every day,
filling all our lives with love and joy and peace.
May the God of justice speed us on our way,
bringing light and hope to every land and race.

*Praying, let us work for peace;
singing, share our joy with all;
working for a world that's new,
faithful when we hear Christ's call.*

2

God will be our Shepherd as we go our way
and will not forsake us when we go astray.
Even though the load of life is hard to bear,
we must not forget that God is always there.

verse 1 Spanish traditional

translated by Alvin Schutmaat

v. 2 Ann Mitchell

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- 1 May the mind of Christ my Saviour
live in me from day to day,
by his love and power controlling
all I do or say.
- 2 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.
- 3 May the peace of God my Father
rule my life in everything,
that I may be calm to comfort
sick and sorrowing.
- 4 May the love of Jesus fill me,
as the waters fill the sea;
him exalting, self forgetting —
this is victory.
- 5 May I run the race before me,
strong and brave to face the foe,
looking only unto Jesus
as I onward go.

Katie Barclay Wilkinson (1859–1928)

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- 1 May the Sending One sing in you,
may the Seeking One walk with you,
may the Greeting One stand by you,
in your gladness and in your grieving.
- 2 May the Gifted One relieve you,
may the Given One retrieve you,
may the Giving One receive you,
in your falling and your restoring.
- 3 May the Binding One unite you,
may the One Beloved invite you,
may the Loving One delight you,
Three-in-One, joy in life unending.

Brian Wren (b. 1936)

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1 **Meekness and majesty,**
manhood and deity,
in perfect harmony —
the man who is God.
Lord of eternity,
dwells in humanity,
kneels in humility
and washes our feet.

*Oh, what a mystery —
meekness and majesty:
bow down and worship,
for this is your God,
this is your God!*

2 Father's pure radiance,
perfect in innocence,
yet learns obedience
to death on a cross:
suffering to give us life,
conquering through sacrifice —
and as they crucify,
prays, 'Father forgive.'

3 Wisdom unsearchable,
God the invisible,
love indestructible
in frailty appears:
Lord of infinity,
stooping so tenderly,
lifts our humanity
to the heights of his throne.

Graham Kendrick (b. 1950)

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Meet and right it is to sing,
in every time and place,
glory to our heavenly King,
the God of truth and grace:
join we then with sweet accord,
all in one thanksgiving join;
holy, holy, holy Lord,
eternal praise be thine.

Thee the first-born sons of light,
in choral symphonies,
praise by day, day without night,
and never, never cease;
angels and archangels all
praise the mystic Three in One,
sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
o'erwhelmed before thy throne.

Vying with that happy choir,
who chant thy praise above,
we on eagles' wings aspire,
the wings of faith and love:
thee they sing with glory crowned,
we extol the slaughtered Lamb;
lower if our voices sound,
our subject is the same.

Father, God, thy love we praise,
which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
praise by all to thee be given;
till we in full chorus join,
and earth is turned to heaven.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

*More like you, Jesus, more like you,
fill my heart with your desire
to make me more like you.*

*More like you, Jesus, more like you,
touch my lips with holy fire
and make me more like you.*

- 1 Lord, you are my mercy,
 Lord, you are my grace,
 all my deepest sins have
 forever been erased.
 Draw me in your presence,
 lead me in your ways,
 I long to bring you glory
 in righteousness and praise.

- 2 Lord, you are compassion,
 and never-ending love,
 for you have redeemed me
 by your precious blood.
 Create in me a clean heart,
 a spirit that is new,
 the joy of my salvation
 is only found in you.

Scott Wesley Brown

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Morning glory, starlit sky,
leaves in springtime, swallows' flight,
autumn gales, tremendous seas,
sounds and scents of summer night;

Soaring music, towering words,
art's perfection, scholar's truth,
joy supreme of human love,
memory's treasure, grace of youth;

Open, Lord, are these, thy gifts,
gifts of love to mind and sense;
hidden is love's agony,
love's endeavour, love's expense.

Love that gives, gives evermore,
gives with zeal, with eager hands,
spares not, keeps not, all outpours,
ventures all, its all expends.

Drained is love in making full;
bound in setting others free;
poor in making many rich;
weak in giving power to be.

Therefore he who thee reveals,
hangs, O Father, on that Tree,
helpless; and the nails and thorns
tell of what thy love must be.

Thou art God, no monarch thou,
throned in easy state to reign;
thou art God, whose arms of love
aching, spent, the world sustain.

- 1 **Morning has broken**
like the first morning;
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
fresh from the Word!

- 2 Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness
where his feet pass.

- 3 Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's re-creation
of the new day!

Eleanor Farjeon (1881–1965)

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1 'Moses, I know you're the man,'
the Lord said.
 'You're going to work out my plan,'
the Lord said.
 'Lead all the Israelites out of slavery,
and I shall make them a wandering race
called the People of God.'

*So every day,
we're on our way,
for we're a travelling, wandering race,
we're the People of God.*

2 'Don't get too set in your ways,'
the Lord said.
 'Each step is only a phase,'
the Lord said.
 'I'll go before you and I shall be a sign
to guide my travelling, wandering race;
you're the People of God.'

3 'No matter what you may do,'
the Lord said.
 'I shall be faithful and true,'
the Lord said.
 'My love will strengthen you as you go along,
for you're my travelling, wandering race,
you're the People of God.'

4 'Look at the birds in the air,'
the Lord said.
 'They fly unhampered by care,'
the Lord said.
 'You will move easier if you're travelling light,

for you're a wandering, vagabond race,
you're the People of God.'

5 'Foxes have places to go,'
 the Lord said.
 'But I've no home here below,'
 the Lord said.
 'So if you want to be with me all your days,
 keep up the moving and travelling on,
 you're the People of God.'

Estelle White (b. 1925)

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- 1 My eyes be open to your presence,
 my ears to hear your call.
 My heart be open to your love
 and in your arms to fall.
 My mind be open to your word,
 my soul to heaven's cure,
 that I be open to you, Lord,
 this day and evermore.

- 2 My life be open to your leading,
 my hands to do your will.
 My lips be open in your praise
 and for your truth to tell.
 My home be open in your name
 for weary ones and poor,
 that I be open to you, Lord,
 this day and evermore.

- 3 My door be open to the other
 wherever we may meet.
 My arms be open to the one
 in whom I am complete.
 My self be open to your world
 and in it see your face,
 that I be open to you, Lord,
 held fast in your embrace.

Nick Haigh and Anita Haigh

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- 1 My God! I know, I feel thee mine,
and will not quit my claim,
till all I have is lost in thine
and all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
but will not let thee go,
till steadfastly by faith I stand
and all thy goodness know.
- 3 When shall I see the welcome hour
that plants my God in me —
spirit of health, and life, and power,
and perfect liberty?
- 4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
shed in my heart abroad;
then shall my feet no longer rove,
rooted and fixed in God.
- 5 O that in me the sacred fire
might now begin to glow,
burn up the dross of base desire,
and make the mountains flow!
- 6 O that it now from heaven might fall,
and all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
spirit of burning, come!
- 7 Refining fire, go through my heart,
illuminate my soul;
scatter thy life through every part,
and sanctify the whole.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 390 .

- 1 My God, I am thine;
 what a comfort divine,
 what a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
 In the heavenly Lamb
 thrice happy I am,
 and my heart it doth dance at the sound of his name.

- 2 True pleasures abound
 in the rapturous sound;
 and whoever hath found it hath paradise found.
 My Jesus to know,
 as rejoicing I go
 to my life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

- 3 Yet onward I haste
 to the heavenly feast:
 that, that is the fullness; but this is the taste;
 and this I shall prove,
 till with joy I remove
 to the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 80

- 1 My heart is full of Christ, and longs
its glorious matter to declare!
Of him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from his praise forbear;
my ready tongue makes haste to sing
the glories of my heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
perfect in comeliness thou art;
replenished are thy lips with grace,
and full of love thy tender heart:
God ever blest! We bow the knee,
and own all fullness dwells in thee.
- 3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
and take to thee thy power divine;
stir up thy strength, almighty Lord,
all power and majesty are thine:
assert thy worship and renown;
O all-redeeming God, come down!
- 4 Come, and maintain thy righteous cause,
and let thy glorious toil succeed;
dispread the victory of thy cross,
ride on, and prosper in thy deed;
through earth triumphantly ride on,
and reign in every heart alone.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 506 .

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.*

Darlene Zschech.
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*My lips shall praise you,
my great Redeemer;
my heart will worship
almighty Saviour.*

- 1 You take all my guilt away,
turn the darkest night to brightest day,
you are the restorer of my soul.
- 2 Love that conquers every fear,
in the midst of trouble you draw near,
you are the restorer of my soul.
- 3 You're the source of happiness,
bringing peace when I am in distress,
you are the restorer of my soul.

Noël Richards (*b. 1955*) and Tricia Richards (*b. 1960*)

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*My Lord! what a morning,
my Lord! what a morning,
my Lord! what a morning,
when the stars begin to fall,
when the stars begin to fall.*

- 1 You will hear the trumpet sound,
to wake the nations underground,
looking to my God's right hand
when the stars begin to fall.
- 2 You will hear the sinner cry
to wake the nations underground,
looking to my God's right hand
when the stars begin to fall.
- 3 You will hear the Christian shout,
to wake the nations underground,
looking to my God's right hand
when the stars begin to fall.
- 4 You will hear the sinner pray,
to wake the nations underground,
looking to my God's right hand
when the stars begin to fall.
- 5 You will hear the Christian sing,
to wake the nations underground,
looking to my God's right hand
when the stars begin to fall.
- 6 You will see my Jesus come,
his chariot wheels roll round,
looking to my God's right hand,
when the stars begin to fall.

African-American traditional song

1 My song is love unknown,
 my Saviour's love to me,
 love to the loveless shown,
 that they might lovely be.
 O who am I,
 that for my sake
 my Lord should take
 frail flesh and die?

2 He came from his blest throne,
 salvation to bestow;
 but they made strange, and none
 the longed-for Christ would know.
 But O my Friend,
 my Friend indeed,
 who at my need
 his life did spend!

3 Sometimes they strew his way,
 and his sweet praises sing;
 resounding all the day
 hosannas to their King.
 Then 'Crucify!'
 is all their breath,
 and for his death
 they thirst and cry.

4 Why, what has my Lord done?
 What makes this rage and spite?
 He made the lame to run,
 he gave the blind their sight.
 Sweet injuries!
 Yet they at these

themselves displease,
and 'gainst him rise.

5 They rise, and needs will have
 my dear Lord made away;
 a murderer they save,
 the Prince of Life they slay.

 Yet cheerful he
 to suffering goes,
 that he his foes
 from thence might free.

6 In life no house, no home,
 my Lord on earth might have;
 in death, no friendly tomb
 but what a stranger gave.
 What may I say?
 Heaven was his home;
 but mine the tomb
 wherein he lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
 no story so divine:
 never was love, dear King,
 never was grief like thine!
 This is my Friend,
 in whose sweet praise
 I all my days
 could gladly spend.

Samuel Crossman (c. 1624–1683)

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1 My soul finds rest in God alone,
my rock and my salvation;
a fortress strong against my foes,
and I will not be shaken.

Though lips may bless and hearts may curse,
and lies like arrows pierce me,
I'll fix my heart on righteousness,
I'll look to him who hears me.

*O praise him, hallelujah,
my delight and my reward;
everlasting, never failing,
my Redeemer, my God.*

2 My soul finds rest in God alone
amid the world's temptations;
when evil seeks to take a hold
I'll cling to my salvation.
Though riches come and riches go,
don't set your heart upon them;
the fields of hope in which I sow
are harvested in heaven.

3 I'll set my gaze on God alone
and trust in him completely;
with every day pour out my soul
and he will prove his mercy.
Though life is but a fleeting breath,
a sigh too brief to measure,
my King has crushed the curse of death
and I am his forever.

Aaron Keyes and Stuart Townend (b. 1963)

Based on Psalm 62

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*My soul rejoices in God my Saviour.
My spirit finds its joy in God, the living God.*

- 1 My soul proclaims your mighty deeds.
 My spirit sings the greatness of your name.
- 2 Your mercy flows throughout the land
 and every generation knows your love.
- 3 You cast the mighty from their thrones
 and raise the poor and lowly to new life.
- 4 You fill the hungry with good things.
 With empty hands you send the rich away.
- 5 Just as you promised Abraham,
 you come to free your people, Israel.

Owen Alstott (b. 1947)

Based on the Magnificat

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1

My troubled soul, why so weighed down?
You were not made to bear this heavy load.
Cast all your burdens upon the Lord;
Jesus cares, he cares for you.

Jesus cares, he cares for you.
And all your worrying
won't help you make it through.
Cast all your burdens upon the Lord.
And trust again in the promise of his love.

*I will praise the mighty name of Jesus,
praise the Lord, the lifter of my head.
Praise the Rock of my salvation,
all my days are in his faithful hands.*

2

My anxious heart, why so upset?
When trials come, how you so easily forget
to cast your burdens upon the Lord;
Jesus cares, he cares for you.

Jesus cares ...

I will praise ...

Robert Critchley (b. 1959)

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*Neither death, nor life,
nor angels, nor powers,
nor trials in the present,
nor any trial to come,
neither height, nor depth,
nor all of creation
can ever separate us from the love of God
poured out in Christ Jesus, Christ Jesus our Lord.*

Marty Haugen (b. 1950)

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- 1 **New every morning is the love**
our wakening and uprising prove;
through sleep and darkness safely brought,
restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day
hover around us while we pray;
new perils past, new sins forgiven,
new thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
be set to hallow all we find,
new treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
as more of heaven in each we see;
some softening gleam of love and prayer
shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
will furnish all we ought to ask;
room to deny ourselves, a road
to bring us daily nearer God.
- 6 Prepare us, Lord, in your dear love
for perfect rest with you above;
and help us, this and every day,
to live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble (1792–1866)

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cantor:

1 **Night has fallen,**
all:
night has fallen,
gracious Spirit, guard us sleeping.

(cantor *and all as in verse 1.*)

2 Darkness now has come,
darkness now has come,
gracious Spirit, guard us sleeping.

3 We are with you, God,
we are with you, God,
gracious Spirit, guard us sleeping.

4 You have kept us, God,
you have kept us, God,
gracious Spirit, guard us sleeping.

5 See your children, God,
see your children, God,
gracious Spirit, guard us sleeping.

6 Keep us in your love,
keep us in your love,
gracious Spirit, guard us sleeping.

7 Now we go to rest,
now we go to rest,
gracious Spirit, guard us sleeping.

Chewa (Malawian) evening hymn

adapted by Tom Colvin (1925–2000) (alt.)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 145

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- 1 **Night of peace:**
hail the holy child
breathing on his own.
Night of peace:
all creation smiled
at God's love made known.

- 2 **Night of joy:**
kneel at Mary's side,
touch the baby's face.
Night of joy:
feel the father's pride,
bless the first embrace.

- 3 **Night of love:**
hear each waking heart
letting go of fear.
Night of love:
help us play our part
saying, 'Christ is here!'

Daniel Charles Damon (*b.* 1955)

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- 1 Not far beyond the sea nor high
above the heavens, but very nigh
your voice, O God, is heard.
For each new step of faith we take
you have more truth and light to break
forth from your holy word.
- 2 The babes in Christ your Scriptures feed
with milk sufficient for their need,
the nurture of the Lord.
Beneath life's burden and its heat
the fully grown find stronger meat
in your unfailing word.
- 3 Rooted and grounded in your love,
with saints on earth and saints above
we join in full accord,
to grasp the breadth, length, depth, and height,
the crucified and risen might
of Christ, the incarnate Word.
- 4 Help us to press toward that mark,
and, though our vision now is dark,
to live by what we see;
so, when we see you face to face,
your truth and light our dwelling-place
for evermore shall be.

George Bradford Caird (1917–1984)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 159
Words: © G. B. Caird Memorial Trust

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein
sure my soul's anchor may remain —
the wounds of Jesus, for my sin
before the world's foundation slain;
whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
when heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
our scanty thought surpasses far,
thy heart still melts with tenderness,
thy arms of love still open are
returning sinners to receive,
that mercy they may taste and live.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
my sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
nor spot of guilt remains on me,
while Jesu's blood through earth and skies
'mercy, free, boundless mercy!' cries.
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
though joys be withered all and dead,
though every comfort be withdrawn,
on this my steadfast soul relies —
Father, thy mercy never dies!

6

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
though my heart fail and flesh decay;
this anchor shall my soul sustain,
when earth's foundations melt away;
mercy's full power I then shall prove,
loved with an everlasting love.

Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden by

Johann Andreas Rothe (1688–1758)

translated by John Wesley (1703–1791)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 561 .

- 1 Now let us from this table rise
renewed in body, mind and soul;
with Christ we die and live again,
his selfless love has made us whole.
- 2 With minds alert, upheld by grace,
to spread the Word in speech and deed,
we follow in the steps of Christ,
at one with all in hope and need.
- 3 To fill each human house with love,
it is the sacrament of care;
the work that Christ began to do
we humbly pledge ourselves to share.
- 4 Then grant us courage, Father-God,
to choose again the pilgrim way
and help us to accept with joy
the challenge of tomorrow's day.

Fred Kaan (1929–2009)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 596
Words: © 1968, Stainer & Bell Ltd, 23 Gruneisen Road, London N3 1DZ
<www.stainer.co.uk>

.

- 1 Now thank we all our God,
with hearts and hands and voices,
who wondrous things has done,
in whom this world rejoices;
who from our mothers' arms
has blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.
- 2 O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
with ever joyful hearts
and blessedèd peace to cheer us;
and keep us in his grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
in this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given,
the Son, and him who reigns
with them in highest heaven,
the one eternal God,
whom earth and heaven adore,
for thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart (1586–1649)

translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 81

- 1 Now that evening falls,
gently fades the light;
moon replaces sun
and day takes leave of night.
- 2 Gratitude we raise
for the day that's done
and for what, tomorrow,
waits to be begun.
- 3 Gladly we commit
to God's gracious care
those we love and long for,
those whose lives we share.
- 4 Glory be to God,
glory to God's Son,
glory to the Spirit
ever three in one.

John L. Bell (b. 1949)

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3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

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Now the green blade rises from the buried grain,
wheat that in the dark earth many days has lain;
Love lives again, that with the dead has been:
*Love is come again, like wheat that springs
up green.*

In the grave they laid him, Love who had been slain,
thinking that he never would awake again,
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
*Love is come again, like wheat that springs
up green.*

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
he that for the three days in the grave had lain,
quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen:
*Love is come again, like wheat that springs
up green.*

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,
then your touch can call us back to life again,
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:
*Love is come again, like wheat that springs
up green.*

John Macleod Campbell Crum (1872–1958) (alt.) Words: © From The Oxford Book of Carols, 1928, Oxford University Press. Reproduced by permission. All rights reserved.

- 1 Now through the grace of God we claim
this life to be Christ's own,
baptized with water in the name
of Father, Spirit, Son.
- 2 For Jesus Christ the crucified,
who broke the power of sin,
now lives to plead for those baptized
in unity with him.
- 3 So let us act upon his word,
rejoicing in our faith,
until we rise with Christ our Lord
and triumph over death!

Michael Perry (1942–1996)

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- 1 O blessed spring, where Word and sign
embrace us into Christ the Vine:
here Christ enjoins each one to be
a branch of this life-giving tree.
- 2 Through summer heat and youthful years,
uncertain faith, rebellious tears,
sustained by Christ's infusing rain,
the boughs will shout for joy again.
- 3 When autumn cools and youth is cold,
when limbs their heavy harvest hold,
then through us warm, the Christ will move
with gifts of beauty, wisdom, love.
- 4 As winter comes, as winters must,
we breathe our last, return to dust;
still held in Christ, our souls take wing
and trust the promise of the spring.
- 5 Christ, holy Vine, Christ, living Tree,
be praised for this blest mystery:
that Word and water thus revive
and join us to your Tree of Life.

Susan Palo Cherwien

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 617
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- 1 O breath of life, come sweeping through us,
 revive your Church with life and power;
 O breath of life, come, cleanse, renew us,
 and fit your Church to meet this hour.
- 2 O wind of God, come, bend us, break us,
 till humbly we confess our need;
 then in your tenderness remake us,
 revive, restore; for this we plead.
- 3 O breath of love, come, breathe within us,
 renewing thought and will and heart;
 come, love of Christ, afresh to win us,
 revive your Church in every part.

Elizabeth Ann Head, (Bessie Porter Head) (1850–1936)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 391 .

- 1 O Christ, the Healer, we have come
 to pray for health, to plead for friends.
 How can we fail to be restored,
 when reached by love that never ends?
- 2 From every ailment flesh endures
 our bodies clamour to be freed;
 yet in our hearts we would confess
 that wholeness is our deepest need.
- 3 How strong, O Lord, are our desires,
 how weak our knowledge of ourselves!
 Release in us those healing truths
 unconscious pride resists or shelves.
- 4 In conflicts that destroy our health
 we diagnose the world's disease;
 our common life declares our ills:
 is there no cure, O Christ, for these?
- 5 Grant that we all, made one in faith,
 in your community may find
 the wholeness that, enriching us,
 shall reach the whole of humankind.

Fred Pratt Green (1903–2000)

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<www.stainer.co.uk>

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1 O come, all ye faithful,
joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
come and behold him,
born the King of angels:
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

2 True God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the Father,
begotten, not created:

3 See how the shepherds,
summoned to his cradle,
leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;
we too will thither
bend our joyful footsteps:

4 Lo, star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
offer him incense, gold, and myrrh;
we to the Christ-child
bring our hearts' oblations:

5 Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
'Glory to God
in the highest:'

* 6 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
 born this happy morning,
 Jesus, to thee be glory given:
 Word of the Father,
 now in flesh appearing:

Latin, 18th century, possibly by
John Francis Wade (c. 1711–1786)
and others

* *The final verse should be sung only on Christmas Day.*

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 212 .

1 O come, O come, Immanuel,
and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear:
 *Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
shall come to you, O Israel.*

2 O come, O come, O Lord of might
who to your tribes, on Sinai's height,
in ancient times did give the law
in cloud, and majesty, and awe:

3 O come, O Rod of Jesse, free
your own from Satan's tyranny;
from depths of hell your people save,
and give them victory o'er the grave:

4 O come, O Key of David, come,
and open wide our heavenly home;
make safe the way that leads on high,
and close the path to misery:

5 O come, O Day-spring, come and cheer
our spirits by your advent here;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
and death's dark shadows put to flight:

Latin, 18th century, based on the ancient *Advent Antiphons*
translated by John Mason Neale (1811–1866)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 180 .

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
a heart from sin set free,
a heart that always feels thy blood
so freely spilt for me;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
my great Redeemer's throne,
where only Christ is heard to speak,
where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
believing, true, and clean;
which neither life nor death can part
from him that dwells within;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
and full of love divine;
perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
a copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
come quickly from above,
write thy new name upon my heart,
thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 507 .

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
my great Redeemer's praise,
the glories of my God and King,
the triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
assist me to proclaim,
to spread through all the earth abroad
the honours of your name.
- 3 Jesus — the name that charms our fears,
that bids our sorrows cease;
'tis music in the sinner's ears,
'tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
he sets the prisoner free;
his blood can make the foulest clean,
his blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks; and, listening to his voice,
new life the dead receive;
the mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
the humble poor believe.
- 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
the Lamb of God was slain;
his soul was once an offering made
that all may heaven gain.
- 7 In Christ, our Head, you then shall know,
shall feel, your sins forgiven,
anticipate your heaven below,
and own that love is heaven.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
thy people still are fed;
who through this earthly pilgrimage
hast all our forebears led.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
before thy throne of grace:
God of our forebears, be the God
of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
our wandering footsteps guide;
give us each day our daily bread,
and raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
till all our wanderings cease,
and at our Father's loved abode
our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 To thee as to our Covenant-God
we'll our whole selves resign;
and this not as a tithe alone,
for all we have is thine.

Philip Doddridge (1702–1751), John Logan (1748–1788) and others (*alt.*)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 475 .

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
thy people still are fed;
who through this earthly pilgrimage
hast all our forebears led.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
before thy throne of grace:
God of our forebears, be the God
of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
our wandering footsteps guide;
give us each day our daily bread,
and raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
till all our wanderings cease,
and at our Father's loved abode
our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 To thee as to our Covenant-God
we'll our whole selves resign;
and this not as a tithe alone,
for all we have is thine.

Philip Doddridge (1702–1751), John Logan (1748–1788) and others (*alt.*)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 475 .

- 1 O God, beyond all thought
a finite mind can grasp,
we offer you the dawning day,
each present need or task.
- 2 O God, beyond constraint
of matter, time or space,
there is no vacuum, void or ground
unfurnished by your grace.
- 3 O God, beyond all sight,
of light and love the source,
we trust ourselves in life or death
to your eternal course.

Andrew Pratt (b. 1948)

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- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
 our hope for years to come,
 our shelter from the stormy blast,
 and our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
 thy saints have dwelt secure;
 sufficient is thine arm alone,
 and our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood
 or earth received her frame,
 from everlasting thou art God,
 to endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
 are like an evening gone,
 short as the watch that ends the night
 before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 with all their cares and fears,
 are carried downward by the flood,
 and lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 bears all its sons away;
 they fly forgotten, as a dream
 dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
 our hope for years to come,
 be thou our guard while life shall last,
 and our eternal home.

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 132 .

- 1 **O God, what offering shall I give**
to you, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
a holy, living sacrifice:
small as it is, 'tis all my store;
more would you have, if I had more.
- 2 Now, O my God, you have my soul,
no longer mine, but yours I am;
O guard your own, possess it whole,
cheer it with hope, with love inflame;
you have my spirit, there display
your glory to the perfect day.
- 3 You have my flesh, your hallowed shrine,
devoted solely to your will;
here let your light for ever shine,
this house still let your presence fill;
O source of life, live, dwell, and move
in me, till all my life be love!
- 4 Send down your likeness from above,
and let this my adorning be;
clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
with lowliness and purity,
than gold and pearls more precious far,
and brighter than the morning star.
- 5 Lord, arm me with your Spirit's might,
since I am called by your great name;
in you let all my thoughts unite,
of all my works be you the aim:
your love attend me all my days,
and my sole business be your praise.

O Jesu, süßes Licht by

Joachim Lange (1670–1744)

translated by John Wesley (1703–1791)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 562 .

- 1 O God, you search me and you know me.
All my thoughts lie open to your gaze.
When I walk or lie down you are before me:
ever the maker and keeper of my days.
- 2 You know my resting and my rising.
You discern my purpose from afar,
and with love everlasting you besiege me:
in every moment of life or death, you are.
- 3 Before a word is on my tongue, Lord,
you have known its meaning through and through.
You are with me beyond my understanding:
God of my present, my past and future, too.
- 4 Although your Spirit is upon me,
still I search for shelter from your light.
There is nowhere on earth I can escape you:
even the darkness is radiant in your sight.
- 5 For you created me and shaped me,
gave me life within my mother's womb.
For the wonder of who I am, I praise you:
safe in your hands, all creation is made new.

Bernadette Farrell (b. 1957)

based on psalm 139

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- 1 O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace,
eternal fount of love,
inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
with fire from heaven above.
- 2 As you unite in holy bond
the Father and the Son,
so fill us all with mutual love,
and make our hearts as one.
- 3 All glory to the Father be,
the Spirit and the Son,
all glory to the One in Three,
while endless ages run.

Charles Coffin (1676–1749)

translated by John Chandler (1806–1876) (alt.)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 392 .

1 O Jesus, I have promised
 to serve you to the end;
 Lord, be for ever near me,
 my master and my friend;
 I shall not fear the battle
 if you are by my side,
 nor wander from the pathway
 if you will be my guide.

2 O let me feel you near me;
 the world is ever near;
 I see the sights that dazzle,
 the tempting sounds I hear;
 my foes are ever near me,
 around me, and within;
 but, Jesus, now draw nearer,
 and shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear you speaking
 in accents clear and still,
 above the storms of passion,
 the murmurs of self-will;
 O speak to reassure me,
 to hasten or control;
 Lord, speak, and make me listen,
 O guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, you have promised
 to all who follow you,
 that where you are in glory
 your servant shall be too;
 and, Jesus, I have promised
 to serve you to the end;
 O give me grace to follow
 my master and my friend.

John Ernest Bode (1816–1874)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 563 .

1 O little town of Bethlehem,
 how still we see thee lie!
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
 the silent stars go by.
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 the everlasting light;
 the hopes and fears of all the years
 are met in thee tonight.

2 O morning stars, together
 proclaim the holy birth,
 and praises sing to God the King,
 and peace to all the earth!
 For Christ is born of Mary;
 and, gathered all above,
 while mortals sleep, the angels keep
 their watch of wondering love.

3 How silently, how silently,
 the wondrous gift is given!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 the blessings of his heaven.
 No ear may hear his coming;
 but in this world of sin,
 where meek souls will receive him still
 the dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
 descend to us, we pray;
 cast out our sin, and enter in;
 be born in us today!
 We hear the Christmas angels
 the great glad tidings tell;
 O come to us, abide with us,
 our Lord Immanuel!

Phillips Brooks (1835–1893)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 213

O Lord we are always in your presence.
In you we live and move and have our being.
You hold us in the palm of your hand
and you lead us to your glory.

Philip Jakob Words and Music: © 1999, Philip Jakob

1 O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed:

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:

how great thou art, how great thou art!

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:

how great thou art, how great thou art!

2 When through the woods and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:

3 And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die, I scarce can take it in
that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away my sin:

4 When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home — what joy shall fill my heart;
then shall I bow in humble adoration,
and there proclaim: my God, how great thou art:

Stuart K. Hine (1899–1989)

vv. 1, 2, 4 based on *O store Gud* 1885 by

Carl Gustaf Boberg (1859–1940)

1 O Lord, our Lord, throughout the earth
 how glorious is your name,
 and glorious too where unseen heavens
 your majesty proclaim.
 On infant lips, in children's song
 a strong defence you raise
 to counter enemy and threat,
 and foil the rebel's ways.

2 When I look up and see the stars
 which your own fingers made,
 and wonder at the moon and stars,
 each perfectly displayed;
 then I must ask, 'Why do you care?
 Why love humanity?
 And why keep every mortal name
 fixed in your memory?'

3 Yet such as us you made and meant
 just less than gods to be;
 with honour and with glory, Lord,
 you crowned humanity.
 And then dominion you bestowed
 for all made by your hand,
 all sheep and cattle, birds and fish
 that move through sea or land.

 O Lord, our Lord, throughout the earth
 how glorious is your name!

John L. Bell (b. 1949)

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Words and Music: From *Psalm of Patience, Protest and Praise* © 1993, WGRG, Iona
Community, Glasgow G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

1 O Love divine, what have you done!
The immortal God has died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
bore all my sins upon the tree;
the immortal God for me has died!
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 O look on him, as you pass by;
the wounded Prince of Life and peace!
Come, sinners, see your Maker die,
and say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
my Lord, my Love is crucified:

3 Is crucified for me and you
to bring us rebels back to God:
believe, believe the record true,
we all are saved by Jesu's blood!
Pardon for all flows from his side:
my Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us stand beneath the cross,
and feel his love a healing stream,
all things for him account but loss,
and give up all our hearts to him;
of nothing think or speak beside:
my Lord, my Love is crucified.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 278 .

- 1 O love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee:
I give thee back the life I owe,
that in thine ocean depths its flow
may richer, fuller be.

- 2 O light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
my heart restores its borrowed ray,
that in thy sunshine's blaze its day
may brighter, fairer be.

- 3 O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain,
that morn shall tearless be.

- 4 O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
and from the ground there blossoms red
life that shall endless be.

George Matheson (1842–1906)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 636 .

- 1 O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
 lowly we kneel in prayer before your throne,
 that theirs may be the love which knows no ending
 who in your love for evermore are one.
- 2 O perfect Life, be now their full assurance
 of tender charity and steadfast faith,
 of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
 with childlike trust that fears not pain or death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
 grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
 and to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
 that dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy Frances Gurney (1858–1932)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 605 .

1 O precious sight, my Saviour stands,
dying for me with outstretched hands.

O precious sight; I love to gaze,
remembering salvation day,
remembering salvation day.

2 Though my eyes linger on this scene,
may passing time and years not steal
the power with which it impacts me,
the freshness of its mystery,
the freshness of its mystery.

*May I never lose the wonder,
the wonder of the cross.*

*May I see it like the first time,
standing as a sinner lost.*

*Undone by mercy and left speechless,
watching wide-eyed at the cost.*

*May I never lose the wonder,
the wonder of the cross.*

3 Behold, the God-Man crucified,
the perfect sinless sacrifice.
As blood ran down those nails and wood,
history was split in two,
history was split in two.

4 Behold, the empty wooden tree,
his body gone, alive and free.
We sing with everlasting joy
for sin and death have been destroyed,
sin and death have been destroyed.

May I never lose the wonder ...

Vicky Beeching

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 279

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1 O sacred head, sore wounded,
 with grief and pain weighed down,
 how scornfully surrounded
 with thorns, thine only crown!
 How pale art thou with anguish,
 with sore abuse and scorn!
 How does that visage languish
 which once was bright as morn!

2 O Lord of life and glory,
 what bliss till now was thine!
 I read the wondrous story,
 I joy to call thee mine.
 Thy grief and thy compassion
 were all for sinners' gain;
 mine, mine was the transgression,
 but thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
 to praise thee, dearest friend,
 for this thy dying sorrow,
 thy pity without end?
 Lord, make me thine for ever,
 nor let me faithless prove;
 O let me never, never
 abuse such dying love!

4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;
 O show thy cross to me,
 that I, for succour flying,
 my eyes may fix on thee;
 and then, thy grace receiving,
 let faith my fears dispel,

for whoso dies believing
in thee, dear Lord, dies well.

Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676)

translated by James Waddell Alexander (1804–1859) and Rupert E. Davies (1909–1994)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **280**

Translation: © Executors of Rupert E. Davies

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O sing to the Lord, O sing God a new song.
O sing to the Lord, O sing God a new song.
O sing to the Lord, O sing God a new song.
O sing to our God, O sing to our God.

By this holy power our God has done wonders.
By this holy power our God has done wonders.
By this holy power our God has done wonders.
O sing to our God, O sing to our God.

So dance for our God and blow all the trumpets.
So dance for our God and blow all the trumpets.
So dance for our God and blow all the trumpets.
O sing to our God, O sing to our God.

O shout to our God, who gave us the Spirit.
O shout to our God, who gave us the Spirit.
O shout to our God, who gave us the Spirit.
O sing to our God, O sing to our God.

For Jesus is Lord ! Amen, alleluia.
For Jesus is Lord ! Amen, alleluia.
For Jesus is Lord ! Amen, alleluia.
O sing to our God, O sing to our God

Brazilian folk song
translated by Gerhard M. Cartford (b. 1923)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 42
Words: © Gerhard Cartford

- 1 **O the bitter shame and sorrow,**
that a time could ever be
when I let the Saviour's pity
plead in vain, and proudly answered:
none of you and all of me!
- 2 Yet you found me; there I saw you
dying and in agony,
heard you pray, 'Forgive them, Father,'
and my wistful heart said faintly:
some of you and some of me!
- 3 Day by day your tender mercy,
healing, helping, full and free,
firm and strong, with endless patience
brought me lower, while I whispered:
more of you and less of me!
- 4 Higher than the highest heaven,
deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, your love at last has conquered;
grant me now my spirit's longing:
all of you and none of me!

Theodore Monod (1836–1921)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 432 .

- 1 O thou who camest from above
the pure celestial fire to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart!
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return,
in humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work, and speak, and think for thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up thy gift in me —
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat,
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 564 .

- 1 O thou who this mysterious bread
didst in Emmaus break,
return, herewith our souls to feed,
and to thy followers speak.
- 2 Unseal the volume of thy grace,
apply the gospel word,
open our eyes to see thy face,
our hearts to know the Lord.
- 3 Of thee communing still, we mourn
till thou the veil remove;
talk with us, and our hearts shall burn
with flames of fervent love.
- 4 Enkindle now the heavenly zeal,
and make thy mercy known,
and give our pardoned souls to feel
that God and love are one.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 597 .

- 1 O Watcher in the wilderness,
O Lord of bush and flame,
you meet us when we least expect
and summon us by name.
From our routine we turn aside
to see your wonders here;
you bid us stand on holy ground,
and overcome our fear.
- 2 O Friend and Master, Jesus Christ,
in whose great name we meet,
you take the basin and the towel
and kneel to wash our feet.
You call upon us by this sign,
as we've been served, to serve;
then send us out to do God's work,
to give without reserve.
- 3 O Guide and comfort, Holy God,
among your people now,
you speak to us, and urge us grow,
and gifts and grace endow.
Unblock our ears, unlock our hearts,
truly to hear your word;
and strengthen, Lord, each onward step,
to live as we have heard.

Dominic Grant (*b. 1970*)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 667
Words: © Dominic Grant

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- 1 O worship the King, all-glorious above;
O gratefully sing his power and his love:
our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
his chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, your power has founded of old;
established it fast by a changeless decree,
and round it has cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Your bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
in you do we trust, nor find you to fail;
your mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.
- 6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
while angels delight to hymn you above,
your ransomed creation, though feeble our praise,
in true adoration our voices we raise.

Robert Grant (1779–1838)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 113 .

O WORSHIP THE LORD in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is His name.

Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldest reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him: the Lord is His name.

John S. B. Monsell.

- 1 O, the love of my Lord is the essence
of all that I love here on earth.
All the beauty I see he has given to me,
and his giving is gentle as silence.
- 2 Every day, every hour, every moment
has been blessed by the strength of his love.
At the turn of each tide he is there at my side,
and his touch is as gentle as silence.
- 3 There've been times when I've turned from his presence,
and I've walked other paths, other ways;
but I've called on his name in the dark of my shame,
and his mercy was gentle as silence.

Estelle White (b. 1925)

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- 1 Of all the Spirit's gifts to me,
I pray that I may never cease
to take and treasure most these three:
love, joy, and peace.
- 2 The Spirit shows me love's the root
of every gift sent from above,
of every flower, of every fruit,
that God is love.
- 3 The Spirit shows if I possess
a love no evil can destroy,
however great is my distress,
then this is joy.
- 4 Though what's ahead is mystery,
and life itself is ours on lease,
each day the Spirit says to me:
'Go forth in peace!'
- 5 We go in peace — but made aware
that, in a needy world like this,
our clearest purpose is to share
love, joy, and peace.

Fred Pratt Green (1903–2000)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 709
Words: © 1979, Stainer & Bell Ltd, 23 Gruneisen Road, London N3 1DZ
<www.stainer.co.uk>

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- 1 **Of the Father's love begotten**
ere the worlds began to be,
he is Alpha and Omega,
he the source, the ending he,
of the things that are, that have been,
and that future years shall see,
evermore and evermore.
- 2 By his word was all created;
he commanded, it was done;
earth and sky and boundless ocean,
universe of three in one;
all that sees the moon's soft radiance,
all that breathes beneath the sun,
evermore and evermore.
- 3 This is he whom seers in old time
chanted of with one accord,
whom the voices of the prophets
promised in their faithful word;
now he shines, the long-expected;
let creation praise its Lord,
evermore and evermore.
- 4 O you heights of heaven, adore him;
angel hosts, his praises sing;
all dominions, bow before him,
and extol our God and King;
let no tongue on earth be silent,
every voice in concert sing,
evermore and evermore!

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–c.413)

translated by John Mason Neale (1811–1866) and Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 181 .

1 Oh freedom, Oh freedom, Oh freedom.
Freedom is coming, Oh yes I know.

*Oh yes I know! Oh yes I know! Oh yes I know!
Freedom is coming, Oh yes I know!*

2 Oh justice, Oh justice, Oh justice.
Justice is coming, Oh yes I know.

*Oh yes I know! Oh yes I know! Oh yes I know!
Justice is coming, Oh yes I know!*

3 Oh Jesus, Oh Jesus, Oh Jesus.
Jesus is coming, Oh yes I know.

*Oh yes I know! Oh yes I know! Oh yes I know!
Jesus is coming, Oh yes I know!*

South African traditional words
collected and edited by Anders Nyberg (b. 1955)

Verses can be created and selected as appropriate.

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 697
Adaptation: From *Freedom is Coming* © 1990, WGRG, Iona Community,
Glasgow G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

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- 1 Oh the life of the world is a joy and a treasure,
 unfolding in beauty the green-growing tree,
 the changing of seasons in mountain and valley,
 the stars and the bright restless sea.
- 2 Oh the life of the world is a fountain of goodness
 overflowing in labour and passion and pain,
 in the sound of the city and the silence of wisdom,
 in the birth of a child once again.
- 3 Oh the life of the world is the source of our healing.
 It rises in laughter and wells up in song;
 it springs from the care of the poor and the broken
 and refreshes where justice is strong.
- 4 So give thanks for the life and give love to the maker,
 and rejoice in the gift of the bright risen Son,
 and walk in the peace and the power of the Spirit
 till the days of our living are done.

Kathy Galloway (b. 1952)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 114

Words: © Kathy Galloway

- 1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
announces that the Lord is nigh;
awake and hearken, for he brings
glad tidings from the King of kings!

- 2 Then cleansed be every life from sin;
make straight the way for God within,
and let us all our hearts prepare
for Christ to come and enter there.

- 3 For you are our salvation, Lord,
our refuge, and our great reward;
without your grace we waste away
like flowers that wither and decay.

- 4 To heal the sick stretch out your hand,
and bid the fallen sinner stand;
shine forth, and let your light restore
earth's own true loveliness once more.

- 5 To God the Son all glory be
whose advent sets his people free,
whom, with the Father, we adore,
and Holy Spirit, evermore.

John Chandler (1806–1876)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 182 .

- 1 On the day of resurrection
to Emmaus we return;
while confused, amazed, and frightened,
Jesus comes to us, unknown.
- 2 Then the stranger asks a question,
'What is this which troubles you?'
Meets us in our pain and suffering;
Jesus walks with us, unknown.
- 3 In our trouble, words come from him;
burning fire within our hearts
tells to us the scripture's meaning.
Jesus speaks to us, unknown.
- 4 Then we near our destination.
Then we ask the stranger in,
and he yields unto our urging;
Jesus stays with us, unknown.
- 5 Day of sorrow is forgotten
when the guest becomes the host.
Taking bread and blessing, breaking,
Jesus is himself made known.
- 6 Opened eyes, renewed convictions,
journey back to scenes of pain;
telling all that Christ is risen.
Jesus is through us made known.

Michael Peterson

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- 1 On the journey to Emmaus with our hearts cold as stone —
 the One who would save us had left us alone.
 Then a stranger walks with us and, to our surprise,
 he opens our stories and he opens our eyes.
- 2 And our hearts burned within us as we talked on the way,
 how all that was promised was ours on that day.
 So we begged him, ‘Stay with us and grant us your word.’
 We welcomed the stranger and we welcomed the Lord.
- 3 And that evening at the table as he blessed and broke bread,
 we saw it was Jesus arisen from the dead;
 though he vanished before us we knew he was near —
 the life in our dying and the hope in our fear.
- 4 On our journey to Emmaus, in our stories and feast,
 with Jesus we claim that the greatest is least:
 and his words burn within us — let none be ignored —
 who welcomes the stranger shall welcome the Lord.

Marty Haugen (b. 1950)

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1 On this Baptism day, God we thank you
for the water, new life and call.
For this child given life by your Spirit
the potential offered to us all.

*Praise the Father! Praise the Spirit!
Praise the Son on this Baptismal Day!
For the gift of life is precious;
so, we worship God today.*

2 We baptize in response to our maker,
who has promised to be our guide.
We rejoice for new life God has given
and his pledge to travel by our side.

3 Lord we praise you for Jesus our Saviour,
for your love that he showed on earth,
how he offers us life by his Spirit
showing us the way to our new birth.

Paul Wood (b. 1967)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 539
Words: © Paul Wood paul.wood@methodist.org.uk

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1 Once in royal David's city
 stood a lowly cattle shed,
 where a mother laid her baby
 in a manger for his bed:
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
 who is God and Lord of all,
 and his shelter was a stable,
 and his cradle was a stall;
 with the needy, poor and lowly
 lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And our eyes at last shall see him,
 through his own redeeming love,
 for that child so dear and gentle
 is our Lord in heaven above;
 and he leads his children on
 to the place where he is gone.

4 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 with the oxen standing by,
 we shall see him; but in heaven,
 set at God's right hand on high;
 there his children gather round
 bright like stars, with glory crowned.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1895)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 214 .

- 1 One human family God has made,
and all for each to care.
One world, to be the home of all,
with all its wealth to share.
One Christ, to manifest on earth
love's ultimate design.
One Church to know the mystery
of broken bread and wine.

- 2 One race, one world — yet torn apart,
we spurn the way of love.
But still ahead, the Christ leads on
and calls his Church to move
from love of power to power of love,
to give the word to all —
to trust the love that conquered death,
outside the city wall.

- 3 And are we brave enough to join
with that great company —
the cost not less than all we have
and are or hope to be —
the bitter cup of human sin
to drink with him who died,
and take his love outside the wall
to all the crucified?

- 4 Claim him who claims us for his own,
to share his pain and grief,
to bear the scars that stamp us his —
the hallmark of belief.
As partners of the living Christ,
who risk the path he trod,
with wondering love we find we share
the timeless joy of God.

Rosemary Wakelin (b.1932)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 687
Words: © Rosemary Wakelin

- 1 **One is the body and one is the Head,**
one is the Spirit by whom we are led;
one God and Father, one faith and one call for all.
- 2 Christ who ascended to heaven above
is the same Jesus whose nature is love,
who once descended to bring to this earth new birth.
- 3 Gifts have been given well suited to each;
some to be prophets, to pastor, or preach,
some, through the Gospel, to challenge, convert, and teach.
- 4 Called to his service are women and men,
so that his body might ever again
witness through worship,
through deed and through word
to Christ our Lord.

John L. Bell (b. 1949)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number **688**
Words and Music: From *One Is The Body* © 1997, 2002, WGRG, Iona
Community, Glasgow G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

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- 1 One more step along the world I go,
one more step along the world I go;
from the old things to the new
keep me travelling along with you:
*and it's from the old I travel to the new;
keep me travelling along with you.*
- 2 Round the corners of the world I turn,
more and more about the world I learn;
all the new things that I see
you'll be looking at along with me:
- 3 As I travel through the bad and good,
keep me travelling the way I should;
where I see no way to go
you'll be telling me the way, I know:
- 4 Give me courage when the world is rough,
keep me loving though the world is tough;
leap and sing in all I do,
keep me travelling along with you:
- 5 You are older than the world can be,
you are younger than the life in me;
ever old and ever new,
keep me travelling along with you:

Sydney Carter (1915–2004)

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1DZ <www.stainer.co.uk>

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Only by grace can we enter,
only by grace can we stand;
not by our human endeavour,
but by the blood of the Lamb.
Into your presence you call us,
you call us to come.

Into your presence you draw us,
and now by your grace we come,
now by your grace we come.

Lord, if you mark our transgressions,
who would stand?

Thanks to your grace we are cleansed
by the blood of the Lamb.

Lord, if you mark our transgressions,
who would stand?

Thanks to your grace we are cleansed
by the blood of the Lamb.

Only by grace can we enter ...

Gerrit Gustafson

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*Open the eyes of my heart, Lord,
open the eyes of my heart;
I want to see you, I want to see you.
Open the eyes of my heart, Lord,
open the eyes of my heart;
I want to see you, I want to see you.*

To see you high and lifted up,
shining in the light of your glory.
Pour out your power and love;
as we sing holy, holy, holy.

Refrain

To see you high ...

Holy, holy, holy,
holy, holy, holy,
holy, holy, holy,
I want to see you.

Paul Baloche

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- 1 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
and bid my heart rejoice;
bid my quiet spirit hear
your comfortable voice;
never in the whirlwind found,
or where earthquakes rock the place,
still and silent is the sound,
the whisper of your grace.
- 2 From the world of sin, and noise,
and hurry I withdraw;
for the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
silent am I now and still,
dare not in your presence move;
to my waiting soul reveal
the secret of your love.
- 3 You did undertake for me,
for me to death were sold;
wisdom in a mystery
of bleeding love unfold;
teach the lesson of your cross:
let me die, with you to reign;
all things let me count but loss,
so I may you regain.
- 4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
the depth of inbred sin;
all the unbelief declare,
the pride that lurks within;
take me, whom yourself have bought,
bring into captivity

every high aspiring thought
and give humility.

5 Lord, my time is in your hand,
 my soul to you convert;
 you can make me understand,
 though I am slow of heart;
 yours in whom I live and move,
 yours the work, your name divine;
 you are wisdom, power, and love,
 and all you are is mine.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 450 .

Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your Name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those who sin against us.
Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power and the glory are yours,
now and forever.
Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 763 .

*Our God is a great big God,
our God is a great big God,
our God is a great big God,
and he holds us in his hands.*

He's higher than a skyscraper,
and he's deeper than a submarine.
He's wider than the universe,
and beyond my wildest dreams.
And he's known me and he's loved me
since before the world began.
How wonderful to be a part
of God's amazing plan!

*Our God is a great big God,
our God is a great big God,
our God is a great big God,
and he holds us in his hands.*

Jo Hemming and Nigel Hemming

Reproduced from Singing the Faith Electronic Words Edition, number 61

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Uckfield, East Sussex, TN22 1QG. <www.songsolutions.org> Used by permission.

**Our God is an awesome God,
who reigns from heaven above,
with wisdom, power and love,
our God is an awesome God!**

Rich Mullins

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- 1 Out of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God! O hear my prayer!
Incline a gracious ear to me,
and bid me not despair:
if thou rememberest each misdeed,
if each should have its rightful meed,
Lord, who shall stand before thee?
- 2 'Tis through thy love alone we gain
the pardon of our sin;
the strictest life is but in vain,
our works can nothing win;
that none should boast himself of aught,
but own in fear thy grace hath wrought
what in him seemeth righteous.
- 3 Wherefore my hope is in the Lord,
my works I count but dust;
I build not there, but on his word,
and in his goodness trust.
Up to his care myself I yield,
he is my tower, my rock, my shield,
and for his help I tarry.
- 4 And though it linger till the night,
and round again till morn,
my heart shall ne'er mistrust thy might,
nor count itself forlorn.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
ye of the Spirit born indeed,
wait for your God's appearing.
- 5 Though great our sins and sore our wounds,
and deep and dark our fall,
his helping mercy hath no bounds,

his love surpasseth all:
our trusty loving Shepherd, he
who shall at last set Israel free
from all their sin and sorrow.

Martin Luther (1483–1546)

from Psalm 130

translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878)

Reproduced from *Singing the Faith* Electronic Words Edition, number 433 .

1

Over all the earth, you reign on high,
every mountain stream, every sunset sky.
But my one request, Lord, my only aim
is that you'd reign in me again.

*Lord, reign in me, reign in your power
over all my dreams, in my darkest hour.
You are the Lord of all I am,
so won't you reign in me again?*

2

Over every thought, over every word,
may my life reflect the beauty of my Lord;
'cause you mean more to me than any earthly thing,
so won't you reign in me again?

Brenton Brown

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