

Hymns of Praise

Sunday November 7, 2021

#330 (vs.1,2,4,5,6)

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defence is sure.

A thousand ages in thy sight
are like an evening gone,
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all our years away.
They fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
still be our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home.

#800

O Canada! Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all our hearts command.
With glowing hearts thy children stand,
the true north strong and free;
From far and wide O Canada,
we stand on guard for thee.
God keep our land glorious and free
O Canada we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada we stand on guard for thee

Almighty Love, by Thy mysterious power,
In wisdom guide, with faith and freedom dower;
Be ours a nation evermore
That no oppression blights,
Where justice rules from shore to shore,
From lakes to northern lights,
May love alone for wrong atone;
Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!
Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own.

#543 (vs. 1-3)

Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
here would I touch and handle things unseen,
here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
and all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would we feed upon the bread of God,
here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
here would we lay aside each earthly load,
here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song;
this is the heavenly table for us spread;
here let us feast, and, feasting, still prolong
this fellowship in thee, our living bread.

#830 – Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
praise him all creatures here below;
praise him above, ye heavenly host;
praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

#543 (vs.4,5,7)

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear.
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
the bread and wine remove, but thou art here,
nearer than ever, still our shield and sun.

We have no help but thine, nor do we need
another arm but thine to lean upon;
it is enough, O Lord, enough indeed;
our strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
yet, passing, points to that glad feast above,
giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
the Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Credits:

O God, our help in ages past

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: William Croft (1678-1727)

Tune: St. Anne

O Canada

Words: Adolphe B. Routhier (1839-1920)

English: Robert Stanley Weir (1856-1926)

Music: Calixa Lavallée (1842-1891)

Tune: O Canada

Here, O my Lord, I see thee

Words: Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

Music: James Langram (1835-1909)

Tune: Langran

Doxology

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Music: Genevan Psalter 1515

Tune: Old 100th