

Hymns of Praise

Sunday January 23, 2022

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Oh send thy light forth and thy truth;
let them be guides to me,
and bring me to thine holy hill,
for there thy dwellings be.

Then to God's altar I will go,
to God, my chiefest joy;
O God, my God, to praise thy name
my harp I will employ.

Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
what should discourage thee?
and why with vexing thoughts art thou
disquieted in me?

Thou art my refuge and my help,
my God that doth me raise.
I hope in God; I will again
have cause to give thee praise.

Words: Psalm 43; paraphrase, Scottish Psalter 1650

Music: James Chalmers' Collection, 1749

Tune: St. Paul

#496

(Refrain) Thy word is a lamp unto my feet
and a light unto my path.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet
and a light unto my path.

When I feel afraid, think I've lost my way,
still you're there right beside me,
and nothing will I fear as long as you are near.
Please be near me to the end. **(Refrain)**

I will not forget your love for me,
and yet my heart forever is wandering.
Jesus, be my guide and hold me to your side,
and I will love you to the end. **(Refrain)**

Words and music: Amy Grant

Tune: Thy word



#499 (vs.1,2,4)

Tell me the old, old story
of unseen things above,
of Jesus and his glory,
of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
as to a little child,
for I am weak and weary,
and helpless and defiled.

(Refrain) Tell me the old, old story;
tell me the old, old story;
tell me the old, old story
of Jesus and his love.

Tell me the story slowly,
that I may take it in,
that wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
for I forget so soon;
the early dew of morning
has passed away at noon. **(Refrain)**

Tell me the same old story,
when you have cause to fear
that this world's empty glory
is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
is dawning on my soul,
tell me the old, old story:
Christ Jesus makes thee whole. **(Refrain)**

Words: Katherine Hankey (1834-1911)

Music: William H. Doane (1832-1916)

Tune: Evangel

#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.

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Music: Genevan Psalter 1551; last line, Ravenscroft's Psalter 1621; Old 100th

Tune: Old 100th

#495 (vs. 1,3-5)

The heavens declare your glory, Lord!
In every star your wisdom shines,
but when our eyes behold your word,
we read your name in clearer lines.

Nor shall your spreading gospel rest
till through the world your truth has run,
till Christ has all the nations blest
who see the light or feel the sun.

Great sun of righteousness, arise
and bless the world with heavenly light!
Your gospel makes the simple wise;
your laws are pure, your judgements right.

Your noblest wonders here we view
in souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
and make your word my guide to heaven.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: J.W Elliott (1833-1915)

Tune: Church Triumphant