

# Hymns of Praise

## Sunday August 14, 2022

#357

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
in a believer's ear;  
it soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds  
and drives away our fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
and calms the troubled breast;  
'tis manna to the hungry soul,  
and to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
my shield and hiding place,  
my never-failing treasury, filled  
with boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my shepherd, guardian, friend,  
my prophet, priest, and king,  
my Lord, my life, my way, my end:  
accept the praise I bring.

How weak the effort of my heart,  
how cold my warmest thought,  
but when I see thee as thou art  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim  
with every fleeting breath,  
and may the music of thy name  
refresh my soul in death.

**#746**

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
all our sins and griefs to bear,  
what a privilege to carry  
everything to God in prayer.  
Oh what peace we often forfeit,  
oh what needless pain we bear,  
all because we do not carry  
everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged:  
take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness:  
take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden  
cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge:  
take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
in his arms he'll take and shield thee;  
thou wilt find a solace there.

### #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.

### #374

Oh for a thousand tongues to sing  
my great Redeemer's praise,  
the glories of my God and King,  
the triumphs of God's grace.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
and bids our sorrows cease,  
'tis music in the sinner's ears;  
'tis life and health and peace.

He speaks and listening to his voice  
new life the dead receive;  
the mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
the humble poor believe.

My gracious Master and my God,  
assist me to proclaim,  
and spread through all the earth abroad  
the honours of thy name.

## Credits:

#357

Words: John Newton (1725-1807)  
Music: Alexander Robert Reinagle  
(1799-1877)  
Tune: St. Peter

#830

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711).  
Music: Genevan Psalter 1551;  
Tune: Old 100<sup>th</sup>

#746

Words: Joseph Scriven (1820-1886)  
Music: Charles Crozat Converse (1834-  
1918)  
Tune: *What a friend*

#374

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788),  
Music: Thomas Haweis (1734-1820)  
Tune: Richmond

