

Hymns of Praise

Sunday October 23, 2022

#39

God of mercy, God of grace,
show the brightness of your face.
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
fill your world with light divine,
and your saving health extend
unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise you, Lord;
be by all that live adored.
Let the nations shout and sing
glory to their gracious King;
at your feet their tribute pay,
and your holy will obey.

Let the people praise you, Lord;
earth shall then its fruits afford.
Unto us your blessing give;
we to you devoted live,
all below and all above,
one in joy and light and love.

461 (vs. 1,2,4,5)

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
naught be all else to me, save that thou art -
thou my best thought, in the day and the night;
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word;
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord.
thou my great Father; thine own may I be,
thou in me dwelling and I one with thee.

Riches I heed not, nor vain earthly praise;
thou my inheritance, through all my days;
thou and thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, when the battle is done,
grant heaven's joy to me, O bright heaven's Sun;
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.



#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.

#691

My shepherd is the King of love
whose goodness fails me never;
for all things good from God above
restore my soul forever.

Where streams of living water flow,
my ransomed soul is guided,
and where the verdant pastures grow,
with heavenly food provided.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
but yet in love you sought me,
and on your shoulder gently laid,
and home, rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
with you, dear Lord, beside me;
your rod and staff my comfort still,
your cross before to guide me.

You spread a table in my sight,
anointing grace bestowing,
and, oh, what rapture of delight:
your cup is overflowing

And so through all the length of days
your goodness fails me never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing your praise
within your house forever!



Credits:

#39

Words: Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

Music: Conrad Kocher (1786-1872)

Tune: Dix

#461

Words: Irish anonymous, 8th century,

Music: Irish traditional

Tune: Slane

#830

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Music: Genevan Psalter 1551;

Tune: Old 100th

#691

Words: Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)

Music: John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876);

Tune: Dominus Regit Me