

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

Sunday August 15th, 2021

Hymns of Praise

#25

As the hart longs for flowing streams,
so longs my soul for Thee O God:
my soul does thirst for the living God:
when shall I come to see your face?

My tears have fed me day and night,
while others said, "Where is your God?"
But I recall, as my soul pours dry,
the days of praise within your house

Why do I mourn and toil within,
when it is mine to hope in God?
I shall again sing praise to God,
who is my help, who is my God.

Words: Psalm 42; paraphrase, Danna Harkin

Music: English traditional

Tune: O Waly, Waly

#412

Come, let us sing to the Lord our song:
we have stood silently too long;
surely the Lord deserves our praise,
so joyfully thank God for our days.

O thirsty soul, come drink at the well;
God's living waters will never fail.
Surely the Lord will help you to stand,
strengthened and comforted by God's hand.

You dwell among us and cause us to pray,
and walk with each other following your way;
our precious brothers and sisters will grow
in the fulfilling love they know.

Deserts shall bloom and mountains shall sing
to the desire of all living things.
Come, all you creatures, high and low;
let your praises endlessly flow.

Words & Music: Jim Strathdee (b. 1941)

Tune: Forney

#688

As water to the thirsty,
as beauty to the eyes,
as strength that follows weakness,
as truth instead of lies,
as song-time and spring-time
and summer-time to be,
so is my Lord, my living Lord,
so is my Lord to me.

Like calm in place of clamour,
like peace that follows pain,
like meeting after parting,
like sunshine after rain,
like moonlight and starlight
and sunlight on the sea,
so is my Lord, my living Lord,
so is my Lord to me.

As sleep that follows fever,
as gold instead of grey,
as freedom after bondage,
as sunrise to the day,
as home to the traveler
and all we long to see,
so is my Lord, my living Lord,
so is my Lord to me.

Words: Timothy Dudley-Smith (b.1926)

Music: T. Brian Coleman (b. 1920)

Tune: Oasis

#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 1515

Tune: Old 100th

#717

We cannot own the sunlit sky,
the moon, the wildflowers growing,
for we are part of all that is
within life's river flowing.
With open hands receive and share
the gifts of God's creation,
that all may have abundant life
in every earthly nation.

When bodies shiver in the night,
and, weary wait for morning,
when children have no bread but tears,
and war horns sound their warning,
God calls humanity to wake,
to join in common labour,
that all may have abundant life
in oneness with their neighbour.

God calls humanity to join
as partners in creating
a future free from want or fear,
life's goodness celebrating.
That new world beckons from afar,
invites our shared endeavour,
that all may have abundant life
and peace endure forever.

Words: Ruth Duck (b. 1947)

Music: attributed to Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

Tune: Endless song