

Hymns of Praise
Sunday March 27, 2022



#431

Jesus, where're thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where're they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
to strengthen faith and sweeten care,
to teach our faint desires to rise,
and bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

Words: William Cowper (1731-1800)

Music: Ralph Harrison (1748-1810)

Tune: Warrington

375

Fairest Lord Jesus, Lord of all creation,
Jesus of God and Mary the Son:
thee will I cherish, thee will I honour,
O thou my soul's delight and crown.

Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,
fair is the shimmering, starry sky:
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines clearer
than all the heavenly host on high.

All fairest beauty heavenly and earthly,
wondrously, Jesus, is found in thee;
none can be nearer, fairer or dearer
than thou, my Saviour, art to me.

Words: German, anonymous 1677; translation, Lilian Stevenson (1871-1960)

Music: Silesian folk songs; arrangement, James Hopkirk (1908-1972)

Tune: Crusader's Hymn

Anthem: Teach me, O Lord, your way of truth
#80 in book of praise

#209

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
that in thine ocean depths its flow
may richer, fuller, be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
my heart restores its borrowed ray,
that in the sunshine's blaze, its day
may brighter, fairer be

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain
that morn shall tearless be.

Words: George Matheson (1842-1906)

Music: Albert Lister Peace (1844-1912)

Tune: St. Margaret

#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; Tune: Old 100th

#363

All hail the power of Jesus' name;
let angels prostrate fall;
bring forth the royal diadem
to crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
ye ransomed from the fall,
hail him who saves you by his grace
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
the wormwood and the gall,
go, spread your trophies at his feet,
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue,
responsive to the call,
lift high the universal song,
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

Words: Edward Perronet (1726-1792) vs. 1,3,5; anonymous vs. 2,4

Music: William Shrubsole

Tune: Miles Lane