

Hymns of Praise

Sunday January 8, 2023

#177

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
triumph o'er the shades of night.
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
unaccompanied by thee;
joyless is the day's return,
till thy mercy's beams I see,
till thy inward light impart,
glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine;
pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
fill me, radiancy divine;
scatter all my unbelief;
more and more thyself display,
shining to the perfect day.

#173

We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

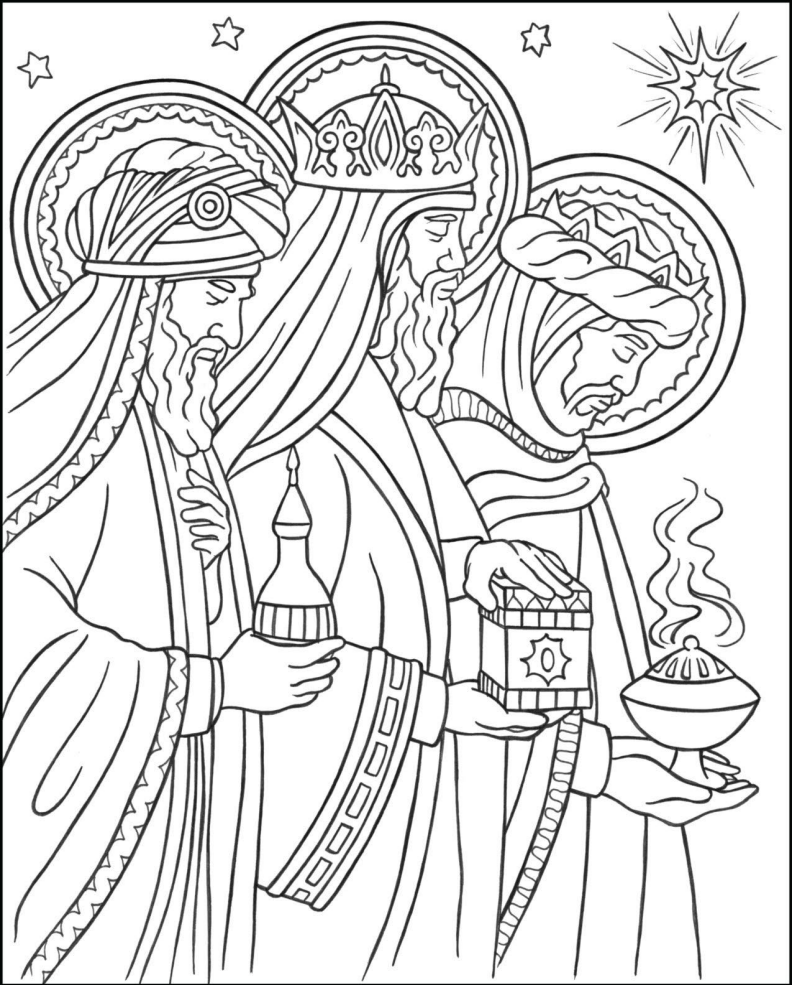
**(Refrain) O star of wonder, star of light,
star of royal beauty bright,
westward leading still proceeding
guide us to thy perfect light.**

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
gold I bring to crown him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign. **(Refrain)**

Frankincense to offer have I;
incense owns a Deity nigh,
prayer and praising, voices raising,
worshipping God on high. **(Refrain)**

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom,
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb. **(Refrain)**

Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and sacrifice;
hallelujah, hallelujah,
sounds through the earth and skies. **(Refrain)**



#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.

#172

As with gladness men of old,
did the guiding star behold;
as with joy they hailed its light,
leading onward, beaming bright:
so, most gracious Lord, may we
evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour to thy lowly bed,
there to bend the knee before
thee, whom heaven and earth adore,
so, may we with willing feet
ever seek thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
at thy cradle rude and bare,
so may we with holy joy,
pure and free from sin's alloy,
all our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
keep us in the narrow way,
and when earthly things are past,
bring our ransomed souls at last
where they need no star to guide,
where no clouds of glory hide.

In that heavenly country bright
need they no created light:
thou its light, its joy, its crown
thou its sun which goes not down
there forever may we sing
hallelujahs to our King.