

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

Sunday 19 March, 2023

Hymns of Praise

#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

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.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
be thou my armour and be thou my might;
thou my soul's shelter and thou my high tower,
raise thou me heaven-ward, O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor vain, earthly praise;
thou my inheritance, through all my days;
thou and thou only, the 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.

#675

Precious Lord, take my hand,
lead me on, let me stand;
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;
through the storm, through the night,
lead me on to the light:
take my hand, Precious Lord, lead me home.

When my way grows drear,
precious Lord, linger near;
when my life is almost gone,
hear my cry, hear my call;
hold my hand lest I fall:
take my hand, Precious Lord, lead me home.

When the darkness appears
and the night draws near,
and the day is past and gone,
at the river I stand,
guide my feet, hold my hand:
take my hand, Precious Lord, lead me home.

#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.

#208

In the cross of Christ I glory,
towering o'er the wrecks of time;
all the light of sacred story
gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
hopes deceive and fears annoy,
never shall the cross forsake me:
lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
light and love upon my way,
from the cross the radiance streaming
adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
by the cross are sanctified;
peace is there that knows no measure,
joys that through all time abide.