

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

Hymns of Praise

Sunday 23 April, 2023



#256

Now the green blade rises
from the buried grain
wheat that in the dark earth
many days has lain; love lives again,
that with the dead has been:
love is come again like
wheat new-springing green.

In the grave they laid him,
love by hatred slain,
sure that he would never,
never wake again, laid in the earth
like grain that sleeps unseen:
love is come again like
wheat new-springing green.

Forth he came at Easter,
like the risen grain,
he that for these three days
in the grave had lain; raised from the dead
my living Lord is seen:
love is come again like
wheat new-springing green.

When our hearts are wintry,
grieving or in pain,
then your touch can call us
back to life again, fields of our hearts
that dead and bare have been:
love is come again like
wheat new-springing green.

#441

Can a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, O yes! be good and true,
Patient, kind in all we do;
Love the Lord, and do our part;
Learn to say with all our heart:

**(Refrain) Saviour, we thank you,
Spirit, we thank you!
Great God our Maker, we thank you!**

For our playing, for our rest,
for the earth in beauty dressed,
for the moon and sun so bright,
for the day and for the night,
for your patient, loving care,
for your bounty everywhere: **(Refrain)**

For the laughter, for the tear,
for the love that meets us here,
for the lessons of our youth
honour, gratitude and truth
for the great gift of your Son,
for your work in us begun: **(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.

#253

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought forth Israel
into joy from sadness,
loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
led them with unmoistened foot
through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls today;
Christ hath burst his prison,
and from three days' sleep in death
as a sun has risen;
all the winter of our sins,
long and dark, is flying
from his light, to whom we give
laud and praise undying.

Hallelujah! Now we cry
to our King immortal,
who triumphant burst the bars
of a tomb's dark portal;
hallelujah! With the Son,
God and Father praising;
hallelujah! Yet again
to the Spirit raising.

