

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

Hymns of Praise

Sunday 6 August, 2023

#26

As pants the hart for cooling streams
when heated in the chase,
so longs my soul, O God, for thee
and thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirsty soul doth pine;
oh when shall I behold thy face,
thou majesty divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God who will employ
sure aid for thee, and change these sighs
to thankful hymns of joy.

God of my strength, how long shall I,
like one forgotten, mourn,
forlorn, forsaken and exposed
to my oppressor's scorn?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
praise to thy God, the living God,
thy health's eternal spring.

#348

Tell me the stories of Jesus I love to hear,
things I would ask him to tell me if he were here:
scenes by the wayside, tales of the sea,
stories of Jesus tell them to me.

First let me hear how the children stood round his knee,
and I shall fancy his blessing resting on me:
words full of kindness, deeds full of grace,
all in the love-light of Jesus' face.

Tell me about the disciples from far and near,
and I will listen among them eager to hear.
Whose loaves and fishes did Jesus bless,
showing the people God's tenderness?

Tell me, in accents of wonder, how rolled the sea,
tossing the boat in a tempest on Galilee,
and how the Master, ready and kind,
chided the billows and hushed the wind.

Into the city I'd follow the children's band,
waving a branch of the palm tree high in my hand;
one of his heralds, yes I would sing,
loudest hosannas: Jesus is King!

#592

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin my hand will save.
I who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them? Whom shall I send?

(Refrain) Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night;
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.

I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them: they turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my word to them. Whom shall I send? *(Refrain)*

I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them; my hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them. Whom shall I send? *(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.

#499

Tell me the old, old story of unseen things above,
of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply, as to a little child,
for I am weak and weary, and helpless and defiled.

(Refrain) Tell me the old, old story;
tell me the old, old story;
tell me the old, old story
of Jesus and his love.

Tell me the story slowly, that I may take it in,
that wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin.

Tell me the story often, for I forget so soon;
the early dew of morning has passed away at noon. *(Refrain)*

Tell me the story softly, with earnest tones and grave;
remember I'm the sinner whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me the story always, if you would really be,
in any time of trouble, a comforter to me. *(Refrain)*

Tell me the same old story, when you have cause to fear
that this world's empty glory is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory is dawning on my soul,
tell me the old, old story: Christ Jesus makes thee whole.
(Refrain)