

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

Hymns of Praise

Sunday, 14 July 2024



#410

Joyful, joyful we adore you,
God of glory, Lord of love.
Hearts unfold like flowers before you,
opening to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
drive the dark of doubt away;
giver of immortal gladness,
fill us with the light of day.

All your works with joy surround you;
earth and heaven reflect your rays;
stars and angels sing around you,
centre of unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
flowery meadow, flashing sea,
chanting bird and flowing fountain,
join to praise you joyfully.

You are giving and forgiving,
ever blessing, ever blessed,
well-spring of the joy of living,
ocean depth of happy rest.
God Creator, Christ our Saviour,
all are yours who live in love.
Teach us how love our neighbour;
lift us to your joy above.

Morning stars, awake the chorus;
mortals, join with every part,
for what joy is set before us
as Christ's love joins heart to heart!
Every singing, marching we onward,
victors in the midst of strife;
joyful music leads us sunward
in the triumph song of life.



#717

We cannot own the sunlit sky,
the moon, the wildflowers growing,
for we are part of all that is
within life's river flowing.
With open hands receive and share
the gifts of God's creation,
that all may have abundant life
in every earthly nation.

When bodies shiver in the night,
and, weary wait for morning,
when children have no bread but tears,
and war horns sound their warning,
God calls humanity to wake,
to join in common labour,
that all may have abundant life
in oneness with their neighbour.

God calls humanity to join
as partners in creating
a future free from want or fear,
life's goodness celebrating.
That new world beckons from afar,
invites our shared endeavour,
that all may have abundant life
and peace endure forever.

#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.

#274

Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon the throne:
hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died to be
your Saviour and your matchless King
through all eternity.

Crown him the Son of God,
before the worlds began;
let all who tread where he has trod,
crown him the Son of Man,
who every grief has known that wrings the human breast,
and takes and bears them for his own,
that all in him may rest.

Crown him the Lord of life,
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife
for those he came to save.
His glories now we sing who died and rose on high;
who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of peace,
whose kingdom is at hand;
from pole to pole let warfare cease
and Christ rule every land!
A city stands on high: Christ's glory it displays,
and there the nations "Holy" cry
in joyful hymns of praise.

Crown him the Lord of years,
the Source, the End of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres
in majesty sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail, for you have died for me;
your praise shall never, never fail
through all eternity.