

HYMNS FOR 23 NOVEMBER

9.15am

520

The King of love my shepherd is,
whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
and he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow,
my ransomed soul he leadeth,
and where the verdant pastures grow,
with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
but yet in love he sought me,
and on his shoulder gently laid,
and home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;
thy rod and staff my comfort still,
thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
thy unction grace bestoweth;
and O what transport of delight
from thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
thy goodness faileth never;
good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
within thy house forever!

Text: Ps. 23; para. Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877).
Music: John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876); desc. David Willcocks (1919-2015).
Desc. © Oxford University Press.

304

All things are thine; no gift have we
Lord of all gifts, to offer thee;
and so with grateful hearts today
thine own before thy feet we lay.
Thy will informed the builders' thought;
thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
through mortal motive, scheme, and plan
thy wise eternal purpose ran.

No lack thy perfect fullness knew;
for human needs and longings grew

this house of prayer, this home of rest,
where grace is shared and truth addressed.
Come weakness and in want,
we call on thee for whom the heavens are small;
thy glory is thy children's good,
thy joy fulfilled in servanthood.

All things are thine; no gift have we
Lord of all gifts, to offer thee;
and so with grateful hearts today
thine own before thy feet we lay.
Come now and deign these walls to bless;
fill with thy love their emptiness,
and let their door a gateway
to lead us from ourselves to thee.

Text: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)
Music: Scottish trad, alt.

383

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
doth its successive journeys run;
his kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
dwell on his love with sweetest song,
and infant voices shall proclaim
their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where e'er he reigns;
the prisoners leap to lose their chains;
the weary find eternal rest,
and all who suffer want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
peculiar honours to our King,
angels descend with songs again,
and earth repeat the loud Amen.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt.
Music: John Hatton (?-1793).

11am

302

They did not build in vain
who founded here a church
as witness to God's love
amid a world of pain;
for still to those who wish to see,
this place proclaims God's mystery.

2. They built upon the rock
that is the risen Lord,
the one foundation laid
which stands each earthly shock;
that, Spirit filled, we here might raise,
as living temples, prayer and praise.

3. Those who have loved this place,
a cloud of witnesses,
surround and urge us on
as we now run our race;
and so we lay aside each sin
in our resolve to strive and win.

4. Though the horizon's bend
conceals the way ahead,
the footprints on the road
show Christ waits at the end.
In him alone our faith shall stand,
who waits for us at God's right hand.

5. In every place our world
is storm and tempest tossed;
the flames of fear and hate
are evil's flags unfurled;
yet still the Spirit's wind and fire
pour gifts for service in this hour.

Here is our meeting place
where doubt finds grounds of faith;
where hurt finds healing love,
our penitence finds grace;
where bridging time to eternity
is God the holy Trinity.

Text: Alan Luff (d. 2020) © 1990 Hope Publishing Co.
Music: Martin Shaw (d. 1958). © 1915 (renewed) J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd. (London).
Used by permission of G. Schirmer, Inc.

378

Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne:
hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died for thee,
and hail him as thy matchless King
through all eternity.

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 power a sceptre sways
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,
absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
and round his pierced feet
fair flowers of paradise extend
their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of love;
behold his hands and side,
rich wounds yet visible above,
in beauty glorified.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
for thou hast died for me;
thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.

*Text: Matthew Bridges (1800-1894) and Godfrey Thring (1823-1903), alt.
Music: George Job Elvey (1816-1893).*

520 as per 9.15am above