

**1. Praise to the Holiest in the height,**  
and in the depth be praise:  
in all his words most wonderful,  
most sure in all his ways.

**2.** O loving wisdom of our God!  
when all was sin and shame,  
a second Adam to the fight,  
and to the rescue came.

**3.** O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
which did in Adam fail,  
should strive afresh against the foe,  
should strive and should prevail.

**4.** And that a higher gift than grace  
should flesh and blood refine,  
God's presence and his very self,  
and essence all-divine.

**5.** O generous love! That he, who smote  
In man for man the foe,  
The double agony in Man  
For man should undergo;

**6.** And in the garden secretly,  
and on the cross on high,  
should teach his brethren, and inspire  
to suffer and to die.

**7.** Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
and in the depth be praise:  
in all his words most wonderful,  
most sure in all his ways.

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**1. For the fruits of his creation,**  
Thanks be to God;  
For his gifts of every nation.  
Thanks be to God;  
For the ploughing, sowing, reaping,  
Silent growth while we are sleeping,  
Future needs in earth's safe keeping,  
Thanks be to God.

**2.** In the just reward of labour,  
God's will is done;  
In the help we give our neighbour,  
God's will is done;  
In our world-wide task of caring  
For the hungry and despairing,  
In the harvests we are sharing,  
God's will is done.

**3.** For the harvests of his Spirit,  
Thanks be to God;  
For the good we all inherit,  
Thanks be to God;  
For the wonders that astound us,  
For the truths that still confound us,  
Most of all, that love has found us,  
Thanks be to God.

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**1. Dear Lord and Father of mankind,**  
forgive our foolish ways!  
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,  
in purer lives thy service find,  
in deeper reverence praise.

**2.** In simple trust like theirs who heard  
beside the Syrian sea,  
the gracious calling of the Lord,  
let us, like them, without a word  
rise up and follow thee,

**3.** O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
the silence of eternity,  
interpreted by love!

**4.** Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
till all our strivings cease;  
take from our souls the strain and stress,  
and let our ordered lives confess  
the beauty of thy peace,

**5.** Breathe through the heats of our  
desire  
thy coolness and thy balm;  
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
speak through the earthquake, wind and  
fire,  
O still small voice of calm!

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**1. Tell out my Soul, the greatness of  
the Lord!**  
Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit  
voice;  
Tender to me the promise of his word;  
In God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

**2. Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his  
name!**  
Make known his might, the deeds his  
arm has done;  
His mercy sure, from age to age the  
same;  
His holy name, the Lord, the mighty one.

**3. Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his  
might!**  
Powers and dominions lay their glory by.  
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put  
to flight,  
The hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

**4. Tell out, my soul, the glories of his  
word!**  
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.  
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the  
Lord  
To children's children and for evermore!

