

Hymns
with
Mrs Turnbull

Sunday 5th July 2020, 11am
Fourth Sunday after Trinity

Livestreamed through:
www.facebook.com/StOswinStMary

All creatures of our God and King,

lift up your voice and with us sing
alleluia, alleluia!

Thou burning sun with golden beam,
thou silver moon with softer gleam:

*O praise him, O praise him,
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!*

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
ye clouds that sail in heav'n along,

O praise him, alleluia!

Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
ye lights of evening, find a voice:

Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
make music for thy Lord to hear,
alleluia, alleluia!

Thou fire so masterful and bright,
that givest us both warmth and light,

Let all things their creator bless
And worship him in humbleness;

O praise him, alleluia!

Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!

It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
and drives away our fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
my shield and hiding-place,
my never-failing treasury filled
with boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
how cold my warmest thought;
but when I see thee as thou arte,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would your love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of thy Name
refresh my soul in death.

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he*

I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John
They came with me and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high,
And they left me there on a cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,
But I am the dance, and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me;
I am the Lord of the dance, said he.

Note to participants: nobody (except those you live with) can hear you sing so sing with gusto. Margaret has an uncanny knack of knowing if you don't.

Just as I am, without one plea,
but that thy blood was shed for me,
and that thou bidst me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
with many a conflict, many a doubt
fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
sight, riches, healing of the mind,
yea all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
because thy promise I believe
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am (thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be thine yea thine alone.
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, or that free love
the breadth, length, depth and height to prove,
here for season then above,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
that theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
of tender charity and steadfast faith,
of patient hope and quiet, brave endurance,
with childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
and to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
that dawns upon eternal love and life

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!

O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation!
 come, ye who hear,
 brothers and sisters, draw near,
praise him in glad adoration!

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
 hast thou not seen
 all that is needful hath been
granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper your work and defend thee!
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
 ponder anew
 what the Almighty can do,
he who with love doth befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before him!
 Let the amen
 sound from his people again
gladly for aye we adore him!