

Hymns for 5 September

How shall I sing that Majesty

which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
thy throne, O God most high;
ten thousand times ten thousand sound
thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
whilst I thy footsteps trace;
a sound of God comes to my ears;
but they behold thy face:
they sing because thou art their sun:
Lord, send a beam on me;
for where heaven is but once begun,
there alleluias be.

How great a being Lord, is thine,
which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
to sound so vast a deep:
thou art a sea without a shore,
a sun without a sphere;
thy time is now and evermore,
thy place is everywhere.

John Mason (c.1645-1694)

Before the throne of God above

I have a strong, a perfect plea:
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart;
I know that while in heaven He stands
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there! the risen Lamb!
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable I AM,
the King of glory and of grace!
One with Himself, I cannot die;
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Charitie L De Chenez (1841–1923)

Like a mighty river flowing,

like a flower in beauty growing,
far beyond all human knowing
is the perfect peace of God.

Like the hills serene and even,
like the coursing clouds of heaven,
like the heart that's been forgiven
is the perfect peace of God.

Like the summer breezes playing,
like the tall trees softly swaying,
like the lips of silent praying
is the perfect peace of God.

Like the morning sun ascended,
like the scents of evening blended,
like a friendship never ended
is the perfect peace of God.

Like the azure ocean swelling,
like the jewel all-excelling,
far beyond our human telling
is the perfect peace of God.

Michael Perry (1942–1996)

Music: Hymn, by Craig Armstrong