

Hymns - 18 July

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

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 for ever.

Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)

In Christ alone my hope is found,
He is my light, my strength, my song;
this Cornerstone, this solid Ground,
firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My Comforter, my All in All,
here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! - who took on flesh,
fullness of God in helpless babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
scorned by the ones He came to save:
Till on that cross as Jesus died,
the [love] of God was satisfied -
for every sin on Him was laid;
here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
light of the world by darkness slain:
Then bursting forth in glorious Day
up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory,
sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
for I am His and He is mine -
bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
this is the power of Christ in me;
from life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man,
can ever pluck me from His hand;
till He returns or calls me home,
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

*Stuart Townend (born 1963) and Keith Getty
(born 1974)*

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Lord of all creation
Jesus, of God and Mary the Son;
thee will I cherish,
thee will I honour,
O thou my soul's delight and crown.

Fair are the meadows
fairer still the woodlands,
robed in the verdure and bloom of spring.
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
he makes the saddest heart to sing.

Fair are the flowers,
fairer still the sons of men.
in all the freshness of youth arrayed;
yet is their beauty
fading and fleeting;
my Jesus, thine will never fade.

*Münster Gesangbuch (1677), Schoenster Herr
Jesu, Herrscher alles Erden Joseph Augustus Seiss
(1823-1904), tr Lilian Sinclair Stevenson (1870-
1960)*