

# Hymns

6 June 2021

All my hope on God is founded;  
He doth still my trust renew.  
Me through change and chance he guideth,  
Only good and only true.  
God unknown,  
He alone  
Calls my heart to be his own.

Pride of man and earthly glory,  
Sword and crown betray his trust;  
What with care and toil he buildeth,  
Tower and temple, fall to dust.  
But God's power,  
Hour by hour,  
Is my temple and my tower.

God's great goodness ay endureth,  
Deep his wisdom, passing thought:  
Splendour, light, and life attend him,  
Beauty springeth out of nought.  
Evermore,  
From his store  
New-born worlds rise and adore.

Daily doth the almighty giver  
Bounteous gifts on us bestow;  
His desire our soul delighteth,  
Pleasure leads us where we go.  
Love doth stand  
At his hand;  
Joy doth wait on his command.

Still from man to God eternal  
Sacrifice of praise be done,  
High above all praises praising  
For the gift of Christ his Son.  
Christ doth call  
One and all:  
Ye who follow shall not fall.

*Joachim Neander (1650-1680) paraphrased Robert Bridges (1844-1930)*

## Extra music:

*Benedictus, Margaret Rizza*

## O for a closer walk with God,

A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is that soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

*William Cowper (1731-1800)*

## There's a wideness in God's mercy

like the wideness of the sea;  
there's a kindness in his justice  
which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
are more keenly felt than heaven;  
there is no place where earth's failings  
have such gracious judgement giv'n.

There is plentiful redemption  
through the blood that Christ has shed;  
there is joy for all the members  
in the sorrows of the head.

For the love of God is broader  
than the measure of our mind,  
and the heart of the eternal  
is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple  
we should take him at his word,  
and our lives would be illumined  
by the glory of the Lord.

*Frederick Faber (1814-1863)*