

Hymns

20 June 2021

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us

o'er the world's tempestuous sea;
guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us
for we have no help but thee;
yet possessing every blessing,
if our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
all our weakness thou dost know;
thou didst tread this earth before us,
thou didst feel its keenest woe;
lone and dreary, faint and weary,
through the desert thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
love with every passion blending,
pleasure that can never cloy:
thus provided, pardoned, guided,
nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston (1791-1867)

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;

bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
leave to thy God to order and provide;
in every change he faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
to guide the future as he has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
all now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
his voice who ruled them while he dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
and all is darkened in the vale of tears,
then shalt thou better know his love, his heart,
who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay,
from his own fulness, all he takes away.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
when we shall be forever with the Lord,
when disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
all safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Stille, meine Wille; deine Jesus heift siegen
Katharina Amalia Dorothea von Schlegel (born 1697),
Jane Laurie Borthwick (1813-1897)

I cannot tell how he whom angels worship

should stoop to love the peoples of the earth,
or why as shepherd he should seek the wand'rer
with his mysterious promise of new birth.
But this I know, that he was born of Mary,
when Beth'lem's manger was his only home,
and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.

I cannot tell how silently he suffered,
as with his peace he graced this place of tears,
or how his heart upon the cross was broken,
the crown of pain to three and thirty years.
But this I know, he heals the broken-hearted,
and stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,
and lifts the burden from the heavy laden,
for yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell how he will win the nations,
how he will claim his earthly heritage,
how satisfy the needs and aspirations
of east and west, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see his glory,
and he shall reap the harvest he has sown,
and some glad day his sun shall shine in splendour
when he the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
when, at his bidding, ev'ry storm is stilled,
or who can say how great the jubilation
when ev'ry heart with perfect love is filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad, myriad human voices sing,
and earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, will answer:
'At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!'

William Young Fullerton (1857-1932)

Calm Me, Lord

Margaret Rizza, Kevin Mayhew Ltd

Calm me, Lord, as You calmed the storm
Still me, Lord, keep me from harm
Let all the tumult within me cease
Enfold me, Lord, in Your peace