

## 2022 4<sup>th</sup> April – Hymns

### **O for a heart to praise my God**

*sung by St Martin's Voices*

O for a heart to praise my God,  
a heart from sin set free,  
a heart that always feels thy blood  
so freely spilt for me;

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
my dear redeemer's throne,  
where only Christ is heard to speak,  
where Jesus reigns alone;

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
believing, true, and clean;  
which neither life nor death can part  
from him that dwells within;

A heart in every thought renewed,  
and full of love divine;  
perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
a copy, Lord, of thine!

My heart, thou know'st, can never rest  
till thou create my peace:  
till of mine Eden repossess,  
from self, and sin, I cease.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
come quickly from above,  
write thy new name upon my heart,  
thy new, best name of love.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

### **It is a thing most wonderful**

*sung by St Martin's Voices*

It is a thing most wonderful,  
almost too wonderful to be,  
that God's own Son should come from heav'n,  
and die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:  
He chose a poor and humble lot,  
and wept and toiled and mourned and died  
for love of those who loved Him not.

But even could I see Him die,  
I could but see a little part  
of that great love which, like a fire,  
is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know  
His love for me so free and sure;  
but 'tis more wonderful to see  
my love for Him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;  
O light the flame within my heart,  
and I will love Thee more and more,  
until I see Thee as Thou art.

*William Walsham How (1823-1897)*

### **All I once held dear,**

Built my life upon,  
All this world reveres,  
And wars to own,  
All I once thought gain  
I have counted loss;  
Spent and worthless now,  
Compared to this.

*Knowing You, Jesus,  
knowing You,  
there is no greater thing.  
You're my all,  
You're the best,  
You're my joy,  
my righteousness,  
and I love You, Lord.*

Now my heart's desire  
Is to know You more,  
To be found in You  
And known as Yours.  
To possess by faith  
What I could not earn,  
All-surpassing gift  
Of righteousness.  
*Chorus*

Oh, to know the power  
Of Your risen life,  
And to know You in  
Your sufferings.  
To become like You  
In Your death, my Lord,  
So with You to live  
And never die.  
*Chorus*

*Graham Kendrick (born 1950)*

## 2022 Hymns - Palm Sunday

### **My song is love unknown**

*sung by St Martin's Voices*

My song is love unknown,  
My Saviour's love to me;  
love to the loveless shown,  
that they might lovely be.  
O who am I,  
that for my sake  
my Lord should take  
frail flesh and die?

He came from His blest throne  
salvation to bestow;  
but men made strange, and none  
the longed-for Christ would know:  
But O! my Friend,  
my Friend indeed,  
who at my need  
His life did spend.

Sometimes they strew His way,  
and His sweet praises sing;  
resounding all the day  
Hosannas to their King:  
Then "Crucify!"  
is all their breath,  
and for His death  
they thirst and cry.

They rise and needs will have  
my dear Lord made away;  
a murderer they save,  
the Prince of life they slay,  
Yet cheerful He  
to suffering goes,  
that He His foes  
from thence might free.

Here might I stay and sing,  
no story so divine;  
never was love, dear King!  
Never was grief like Thine.  
This is my Friend,  
in Whose sweet praise  
I all my days  
could gladly spend.

*Samuel Crossman (1623-1683)*

### **Ride on, ride on in majesty**

*sung by St Martin's Voices*

Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry.  
Thy humble beast pursues his road  
with palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin  
o'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
the wingèd squadrons of the sky  
look down with sad and wondering eyes  
to see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:  
the Father on his sapphire throne  
awaits his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
in lowly pomp ride on to die;  
bow thy meek head to mortal pain,  
then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

*Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868)*

### **Meekness and majesty,**

Manhood and Deity,  
In perfect harmony,  
The man who is God.  
Lord of eternity  
Dwells in humanity,  
Kneels in humility and washes our feet.  
*O what a mystery,  
Meekness and majesty.  
Bow down and worship  
For this is your God,  
This is your God.*

Father's pure radiance,  
Perfect in innocence,  
Yet learns obedience  
To death on a cross.  
Suffering to give us life,  
Conquering through sacrifice,  
And as they crucify prays: 'Father forgive.'

Wisdom unsearchable,  
God the invisible,  
Love indestructible  
In frailty appears.  
Lord of infinity,  
Stooping so tenderly,  
Lifts our humanity to the heights of his throne.

*Graham Kendrick (born 1950)*