

## Hymns For Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> June 2021

### Opening Hymn: A&MNS 49 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness

1 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;  
bow down before him, his glory proclaim;  
with gold of obedience, and incense of  
lowliness,  
kneel and adore him: the Lord is his name.

2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness:  
high on his heart he will bear it for thee,  
comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy  
prayerfulness,  
guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter his courts in the  
slenderness  
of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as  
thine:  
truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,  
these are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling  
and fearfulness,  
he will accept for the name that is dear;  
mornings of joy give for evenings of  
tearfulness,  
trust for our trembling and hope for our fear.

5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;  
bow down before him, his glory proclaim;  
with gold of obedience, and incense of  
lowliness,  
kneel and adore him: the Lord is his name.

### Offertory Hymn: A&MNS 335 A stranger once did bless the earth

1 A stranger once did bless the earth  
Who never caused  
a heart to mourn,  
Whose very voice  
gave sorrow mirth—  
And how did earth His worth return?  
It spurned Him from its lowliest lot,  
The meanest station  
owned Him not.

2 An outcast thrown in sorrow's way,  
A fugitive that knew no sin,  
Yet in lone places forced to stray;  
Men would not take the stranger in.  
Yet peace, though much himself he mourned,  
Was all to others he returned.

His presence was a peace to all,  
He bade the sorrowful rejoice.  
Pain turned to pleasure at His call.  
Health lived and issued  
from His voice;  
He healed the sick, and sent abroad  
The dumb rejoicing in the Lord.

The blind met daylight in His eye,  
The joys of everlasting day;  
The sick found health in His reply;  
The cripple threw his crutch away.  
Yet He with troubles did remain,  
And suffered poverty and pain.

It was for sin He suffered all  
To set the world-imprisoned free,  
To cheer the weary when they call—  
And who could such a stranger be?  
The God, who hears  
each human cry,  
And came, a Saviour, from on high.

**Post Communion Hymn: A&MNS 194 King of glory, King of peace**

1 King of glory, King of peace,  
I will love thee;  
and, that love may never cease,  
I will move thee.  
Thou hast granted my request,  
thou hast heard me;  
thou didst note my working breast,  
thou hast spared me.

2 Wherefore with my utmost art  
I will sing thee,  
and the cream of all my heart  
I will bring thee.  
Though my sins against me cried,  
thou didst clear me,  
and alone, when they replied,  
thou didst hear me.

3 Seven whole days, not one in seven,  
I will praise thee;  
in my heart, though not in heaven,  
I can raise thee.  
Small it is, in this poor sort  
to enrol thee:  
e'en eternity's too short  
to extol thee.