

Hymns For Sunday 17th October 2021

Opening Hymn: A&MNS 101 O worship the King

1 O worship the King, all glorious above;
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
our shield and defender, the Ancient of
Days,
pavilioned in splendour and girded with
praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space;
his chariots of wrath the deep thunder
clouds form,
and dark is his path on the wings of the
storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders
untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old;
hath established it fast by a changeless
decree,
and round it hath cast, like a mantle, the
sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can
recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,
and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
thy mercies how tender, how firm to the
end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend.

6 O measureless might, ineffable love,
while angels delight to hymn thee above,
thy humbler creation, though feeble their
lays,
with true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

Offertory Hymn: A&MNS 81 At the lamb's high feast we sing

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing
praise to our victorious King,
who hath washed us in the tide
flowing from his piercèd side;
praise we him, whose love divine
gives his sacred blood for wine,
gives his body for the feast,
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
with sincerity and love
eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,
hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
thou hast conquered in the fight,
thou hast brought us life and light.
Now no more can death appal,
now no more the grave enthral:
thou hast opened paradise,
and in thee thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
sin alone can this destroy;
from sin's power do thou set free
souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
risen Lord, to thee we raise;
holy Father, praise to thee,
with the Spirit, ever be.

Post Communion Hymn: A&MNS 63 My song is love unknown

1 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?

2 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!

3 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.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
he gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
yet they at these
themselves displease,
and 'gainst him rise.

5 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.

6 In life, no house, no home
my Lord on earth might have;
in death, no friendly tomb
but what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was his home;
but mine the tomb
wherein he lay.

7 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.