

**20 When I survey the wondrous cross**

On which the Prince of Glory died;  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down.  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts*

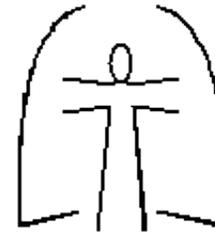
**21 You are the vine,**  
we are the branches,  
keep us abiding in you.

You are the vine,  
we are the branches,  
keep us abiding in you.  
Then we'll grow in your love,  
then we'll go in your name,  
that the world will surely know  
that you have power to heal and to save.  
You are the vine,  
we are the branches,  
keep us abiding in you.

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## St Michael and All Angels' Church



## Hymns and songs to sing at home



**If you are not able to speak to many/any people today, you should try singing! Here are the words of some well-known and loved hymns. They are arranged in alphabetical order of first line.**

**1 Amazing grace** – how sweet the sound –  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace that fear relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we've first begun.

*John Newton*

**2 Be still,**  
for the presence of the Lord,  
The Holy One, is here;  
Come bow before him now  
With reverence and fear:  
In him no sin is found -  
We stand on holy ground.  
Be still,  
for the presence of the Lord,  
The Holy One, is here.

Ask and it shall be given unto you,  
Seek and ye shall find;  
Knock and the door shall be opened unto you.  
Allelu, alleluia.  
*Alleluia, alleluia, ...*

Karen Lafferty © 1972 Maranatha Music USA/ Word Music (UK)

**19 The King of love my Shepherd is,**  
Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am his  
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow  
My ransomed soul he leadeth,  
And where the verdant pastures grow  
With food celestial leadeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;  
But yet in love he sought me,  
And on his shoulder gently laid,  
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

Though spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And O, what transport of delight  
From thy pure chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
Within thy house for ever.

*Henry Williams Baker*

Praise him for his grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise him still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide and swift to bless.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame he knows;  
In his hands he gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels help us to adore him;  
Ye behold him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before him;  
Dwellers all in time and space.  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise with us the God of grace

*HF Lyte*

- 18** **Seek ye first** the kingdom of God,  
And his righteousness,  
And all these things shall be added unto you.  
Allelu, alleluia.  
*Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia*  
*Allelu, alleluia.*

Man shall not live by bread alone,  
But by every word  
That proceeds from the mouth of God.  
Allelu, alleluia.  
*Alleluia, alleluia, ...*

Be still,  
for the glory of the Lord  
Is shining all around;  
He burns with holy fire,  
With splendour he is crowned:  
How awesome is the sight -  
Our radiant king of light!  
Be still, for the glory of the Lord  
Is shining all around.

Be still,  
for the power of the Lord  
Is moving in this place:  
He comes to cleanse and heal,  
To minister his grace -  
No work too hard for him.  
In faith receive from him.  
Be still, for the power of the Lord  
Is moving in this place.

*David J. Evans © 1986 Thankyou Music*

- 3** **Be thou my vision**, O Lord of my heart;  
Naught be all else to me, save that thou art –  
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
Waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word;  
I ever with thee, and thou with me, Lord;  
Thou my great Father and I thy true son;  
Thou in me dwelling and I with thee one.

Be thou my battle-shield, sword for the fight,  
Be thou my dignity, thou my delight.  
Thou my soul's shelter, and thou my high tower:  
Raise thou me heavenward, O power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,  
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:  
Thou, and thou only, the first in my heart,  
High King of Heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of Heaven, after victory won,  
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's sun!  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be my vision, O ruler of all.

*Ancient Irish, tr. Mary Eklizabeth Byrne, versified Eleanor Harrietta Hull*

**4** **Before the throne** of God above  
I have a strong, a perfect plea,  
A great High Priest whose name is Love,  
Who ever lives and pleads for me.  
My name is graven on His hands,  
My name is written on His heart;  
I know that while in heaven he stands  
No tongue can bid me thence depart,  
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,  
And tells me of the guilt within,  
Upward I look and see Him there  
Who made an end to all my sin.  
Because the sinless Saviour died,  
My sinful soul is counted free;  
For God the just is satisfied  
To look on Him and pardon me,  
To look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there! The risen lamb,  
My perfect, spotless righteousness;  
The great unchangeable I AM,  
The King of glory and of grace!  
One with Himself I cannot die,  
My soul is purchased with His blood;  
My life is hid with Christ on high,  
With Christ my Saviour and my God,  
With Christ my Saviour and my God.

**16** **Morning has broken**  
Like the first morning;  
Blackbird has spoken  
Like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing!  
Praise for the morning!  
Praise for them, springing  
Fresh from his Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall  
Sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall  
On the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness  
Of the wet garden  
Sprung in completeness  
Where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!  
Mine is the morning  
Born of the one light  
Eden saw play!  
Praise with elation,  
Praise every morning,  
God's re-creation  
Of the new day!

*Eleanor Farjeon © David Higham Associates Ltd*

**17** **Praise, my soul**, the King of heaven;  
To his feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee his praise should sing?  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise him! Praise him!  
Praise the everlasting King.

**15 Lord of all hopefulness,**  
Lord of all joy  
whose trust, ever child-like,  
no cares could destroy,  
be there at our waking,  
and give us, we pray,  
your bliss in our hearts, Lord,  
at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness,  
Lord of all faith,  
whose strong hands were skilled  
at the plane and the lathe,  
be there at our labours,  
and give us, we pray,  
your strength in our hearts, Lord,  
at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness,  
Lord of all grace,  
your hands swift to welcome,  
your arms to embrace,  
be there at our homing,  
and give us, we pray,  
your love in our hearts, Lord  
at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness,  
Lord of all calm,  
whose voice is contentment,  
whose presence is balm,  
be there at our sleeping,  
and give us, we pray,  
your peace in our hearts, Lord  
at the end of the day.

Jan Struther

**5 Breathe on me,** breath of God,  
Fill me with life anew,  
That I may love what Thou dost love,  
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
Until my heart is pure,  
Until with Thee I will one will,  
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
Till I am wholly Thine,  
Until this earthly part of me  
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
So shall I never die,  
But live with Thee the perfect life  
Of Thine eternity.

*Edwin Hatch*

**6 Dear Lord and Father** of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways;  
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;  
In purer lives thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word  
Rise up and follow thee,  
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
The silence of eternity,  
Interpreted by love!  
Interpreted by love.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of thy peace,  
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,  
O still small voice of calm!  
O still small voice of calm.

John Greenleaf Whittier

7 **Faithful One**, so unchanging;  
Ageless one, you're my rock of peace.  
Lord of all, I depend on you,  
I call out to you again and again,  
I call out to you, again and again.  
You are my rock in times of trouble,  
You lift me up when I fall down;  
All through the storm your love is the anchor –  
my hope is in you alone.

Brian Doerksen © 1989 Vineyard Songs Canada  
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8 **Father, hear the prayer** we offer:  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength, that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures  
Do we ask our way to be;  
But by steep and rugged pathways  
Would we strive to climb to thee.

14 **Lord, for the years** your love has kept and guided,  
Urged and inspired us, cheered us on our way,  
Sought us and saved us, pardoned and provided:  
Lord of the years, we bring our thanks today.

Lord, for that word, the word of life which fires us,  
Speaks to our hearts and sets our souls ablaze,  
Teaches and trains, rebukes us and inspires us:  
Lord of the word, receive your people's praise.  
Lord, for our land, in this our generation,  
Spirits oppressed by pleasure, wealth and care:  
For young and old, for commonwealth and nation,  
Lord of our land, be pleased to hear our prayer.

Lord, for our world where men disown and doubt you,  
Loveless in strength, and comfortless in pain,  
Hungry and helpless, lost indeed without you:  
Lord of the world, we pray that Christ may reign.

Lord, for ourselves; in living power remake us-  
Self on the cross and Christ upon the throne,  
Past put behind us, for the future take us:  
Lord of our lives, to live for Christ alone.

© Timothy Dudley Smith

**13** **In Christ alone my** hope is found;  
he is my light, my strength, my song.  
This cornerstone, this solid ground,  
firm through the fiercest drought and storm.  
What height of love, what depth of peace,  
when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!  
My comforter, my all in all,  
here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, who took on flesh,  
fullness of God in helpless babe!  
This gift of love and righteousness,  
scorned by the ones he came to save.  
Till on that cross as Jesus died,  
the love of God was satisfied -  
for every sin on him was laid;  
here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground his body lay,  
Light of the world in darkness slain.  
Then bursting forth in glorious day  
up from the grave he rose again!  
And as he stands in victory,  
sin's curse has lost its grip on me;  
for I am his and he is mine -  
bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,  
this is the power of Christ in me;  
from life's first cry to final breath,  
Jesus commands my destiny.  
No power of hell, no scheme of man,  
can ever pluck me from his hand;  
till he returns or calls me home,  
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

Not for ever by still waters  
Would we idly quiet stay;  
But would smite the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
In our wanderings be our Guide;  
through endeavour, failure, danger,  
Father, be thou at our side.

Love Maria Willis

**9** **Fight the good fight** with all thy might,  
Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;  
lay hold on life, and it shall be  
thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race, through God's good grace,  
lift up thine eyes and seek his face;  
life with its way before us lies,  
Christ is the path and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
his boundless mercy will provide;  
trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, his arms are near;  
he changeth not, and thou art dear;  
only believe, and thou shalt see  
that Christ is all in all to thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsall

**10 Great is thy faithfulness**, O God my Father,  
There is no shadow of turning with thee;  
Thou changest not, thy compassions they fail not,  
As thou hast been thou for ever wilt be.

*Great is thy faithfulness,  
Great is thy faithfulness;  
Morning by morning  
New mercies I see;  
All I have needed  
Thy hand hath provided, -  
Great is thy faithfulness,  
Lord, unto me!*

Summer and winter, and spring-time and harvest,  
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,  
Join with all nature in manifold witness  
To thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

*Great is thy faithfulness,...*

Pardon for sin, and a peace that endureth,  
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;  
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,  
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

*Great is thy faithfulness, ...*

*T.O. Cisholm © 1923,1951 Hope Publishing*

**11 He who would valiant be** 'gainst all disaster,  
Let him in constancy follow the Master.  
There's no discouragement shall make him once relent  
His first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round with dismal stories  
Do but themselves confound—his strength the more is.  
No foes shall stay his might; though he with giants fight,  
He will make good his right to be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend us with Thy Spirit,  
We know we at the end, shall life inherit.  
Then fancies flee away! I'll fear not what men say,  
I'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

*After John Bunyon, Percy Dearmer*

**12 I will offer up my life** in spirit and truth  
Pouring out the oil of love as my worship to you.  
In surrender I must give my ev'ry part;  
Lord, receive the sacrifice of a broken heart.

*Jesus, what can I give, what can I bring  
To so faithful a friend, to so loving a King?  
Saviour, what can be said, what can be sung,  
As a praise of your name for the things you have done?  
My words could not tell, not even in part,  
Of the debt of love that is owed  
By this thankful heart.*

You deserve my ev'ry breath for you've paid the great  
cost;  
Giving up your life to death, even death on a cross.  
You took all my shame away, there defeated my sin,  
Opened up the gates of heav'n and have beckoned me in.

*Jesus, what can I give, .....*

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