

Hymn No. 126

Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above

- 1** Sing praise to God who reigns above,
the God of all creation,
the God of power, the God of love,
the God of our salvation.
With healing balm my soul is filled
and every faithless murmur stilled:
To God all praise and glory.
- 2** The Lord is never far away,
but through all grief distressing,
an ever-present help and stay,
our peace and joy and blessing.
As with a mother's tender hand,
God gently leads the chosen band:
To God all praise and glory.
- 3** Thus, all my toilsome way along,
I sing aloud thy praises,
that earth may hear the grateful song
my voice unwearied raises.
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart,
both soul and body bear your part:
To God all praise and glory.
- 4** Let all who name Christ's holy name
give God all praise and glory;
let all who own his power proclaim
aloud the wondrous story!
Cast each false idol from its throne,
for Christ is Lord and Christ alone:
To God all praise and glory.

(Eleven o'clock service ONLY)

- 1 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.

- 2 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.

- 3 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?

- 4 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.

Hymn No. 400

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
tune my heart to sing thy grace;
streams of mercy, never ceasing,
call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet
sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
hither by thy help I'm come;
and I hope, by thy good pleasure,
safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how debtor daily
I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
bind my wandering heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
prone to leave the God I love;
here's my heart, O take and seal it,
seal it for thy courts above.