

Song Words. 28.2.21

HYMN: O GOD BEYOND ALL PRAISING

1 O God beyond all praising,
we worship you today
and sing the love amazing
that songs cannot repay;
for we can only wonder
at every gift you send,
at blessings without number
and mercies without end:
we lift our hearts before you
and wait upon your word,
we honour and adore you,
our great and mighty Lord.

2 Then hear, O gracious Saviour,
accept the love we bring,
that we who know your favour
may serve you as our king;
and whether our tomorrows
be filled with good or ill,
we'll triumph through our sorrows
and rise to bless you still:
to marvel at your beauty
and glory in your ways,
and make a joyful duty
our sacrifice of praise.

Michael Perry (1942 - 1996)

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(Taken from Songs of Fellowship No. 953)

HYMN: SPEAK O LORD AS WE COME TO YOU

Speak, O Lord, as we come to You
To receive the food of your holy word.
Take Your truth, plant it deep in us;
Shape and fashion us in Your likeness,
That the light of Christ might be seen today
In our acts of love and our deeds of faith.
Speak, O Lord, and fulfil in us
All Your purposes, for Your glory.

Teach us Lord full obedience,
Holy reverence, true humility.
Test our thoughts and our attitudes
In the radiance of Your purity.
Cause our faith to rise
Cause our eyes to see,
Your majestic love and authority.
Words of power that can never fail;
Let their truth prevail over unbelief.

Speak, O Lord, and renew our minds;
Help us grasp the heights of Your plans for us.
Truths unchanged from the dawn of time,
That will echo down through eternity.
And by grace we'll stand on Your promises;
And by faith we'll walk as You walk with us.
Speak, O Lord, 'til your church is built
And the earth is filled with Your glory.

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(Taken from Songs of Fellowship number 2032)

HYMN: IT IS A THING MOST WONDERFUL Tune: Brookfield

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

And yet I know that it is true:
he came to this poor world below,
and wept and toiled, and mourned and died,
only because he loved us so.

I cannot tell how he could love
a child so weak and full of sin;
his love must be most wonderful
if he could die my love to win.

How wonderful it is to see
my love for him so faint and poor,
but yet more wonderful to know
his love for me so free and sure.

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 W. How (1823-97)

(Taken from Songs of Fellowship No.252)

