

Songs for Pentecost songs of praise

The first hymn was chosen by Sheila and Caroline and was one of the hymns at Caroline's wedding

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;

to his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him, praise him, Praise him, praise him,
praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him still the same as 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.

Allan Greaves says "One of my favourites is Dear Lord and Father of Mankind. This is a long-standing favourite from my time teaching at Holmfirth High School, when it was constantly being chosen by pupils who were leading assemblies that week. A young people's favourite from the 1960's/70's."

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.

Angela and Steve say “A song/hymn choice is (typically!) from our lives with children, and their joy when singing *Shine, Jesus Shine!*” it is a favourite for Rena too!

Lord, the light of your love is shining,

in the midst of the darkness, shining;
Jesus, Light of the world, shine upon us;
set us free by the truth You now bring us –
shine on me, shine on me.

*Shine, Jesus, shine, fill this land with the Father’s glory;
blaze, Spirit, blaze, set our hearts on fire.
Flow, river, flow, flood the nations with grace and mercy;
send forth Your Word, Lord, and let there be light!*

Lord, I come to Your awesome presence,
from the shadows into Your radiance;
by Your blood I may enter Your brightness:
search me, try me, consume all my darkness –
shine on me, shine on me.
Shine, Jesus, shine ...

As we gaze on Your kingly brightness
so our faces display Your likeness,
ever changing from glory to glory:
mirrored here, may our lives tell Your story –
shine on me, shine on me.
Shine, Jesus, shine ...

Caroline says one of her favourite hymns is *Love divine, all loves excelling* – “because I can sing the harmony! I miss singing in harmony.”

Love divine, all loves excelling,

joy of heaven, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
pure, unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation;
enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
into every troubled breast;
let us all in thee inherit;
let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
end of faith, as its beginning,
set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty, to deliver,
let us all thy life receive;
suddenly return, and never,
nevermore thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above,

pray and praise thee without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.
Finish, then, thy new creation;
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation
perfectly restored in thee:
changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love and praise.

Rachel Hill says – “My favourite is 'Be still for the presence of the Lord'. Whenever I sing it I am reminded about my time living in Netherton & attending South Crosland church. We had it at my son's wedding and as we sang I had to laugh when we got to verse three which mentions 'He comes to cleanse & heal'. as Tom worked for Dyson as a designer of vacuum cleaners & Natalia is a doctor.”

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

Be still for the glory of the Lord is shining all around
He burns with holy fire
With splendor 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

This was a popular choice with 5 people choosing including Margaret Greaves who says “My favourite is How Great Thou Art. I first heard it at the funeral of my favourite Aunt who didn't have any children so my brother and I were “her children”, so I always think of her when I hear it. Allan and I sing it sometimes when we are on a walk on a beautiful day through the woods and forest glades and lofty mountain splendour.”

O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder

consider all the works thy hand hath made
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder
the power throughout the universe displayed

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee
how great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee
How great thou art, how great thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze
Then sings my soul...

And when I think that God his son not sparing
sent him to die – I scarce can take it in.
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing
he bled and died to take away my sin
Then sings my soul...

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul...

This hymn was chosen by 7 different people including my mum and dad and Helen Hales who says “For many years I have joined with Ian and sometimes my children on the Almondbury Methodist’s Whit Sunday sing, through Mollicar Woods. We sing several hymns in various set places in the woods and on the hillside. It is a wonderful way to start a Sunday morning (7.30 meet). The group has always included many fabulous harmonising voices, together with the rest of us. Wherever I am on this Sunday, part of me will be under those magnificent trees and gazing in awesome wonder at the view across the fields to Castle Hill.

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave clothes where thy body lay.
*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the Church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing;
for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.
*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is naught without thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love:
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.
*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*