



Hymns & Pimms All Saints' Church

Music sheet
30 July 2023

HYMN 1

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|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | O for a thousand tongues to sing
my dear Redeemer's praise,
the glories of my God and King,
the triumphs of his grace! | 4 | He speaks; and, listening to his voice,
new life the dead receive,
the mournful broken hearts rejoice,
the humble poor believe. |
| 2 | Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
that bids our sorrows cease;
'tis music in the sinner's ears,
'tis life and health and peace. | 5 | Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
your loosened tongues employ;
ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
and leap, ye lame, for joy! |
| 3 | He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
he sets the prisoner free:
his blood can make the foulest clean;
his blood availed for me. | 6 | My gracious Master and my God,
assist me to proclaim
and spread through all the earth abroad
the honours of thy name. |

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

HYMN 2

- 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 cross 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 His dying crimson, like a robe,
 spreads o'er his body on the tree:
 then am I dead to all the globe,
 and all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 that were a present far too small;
 love so amazing, so divine,
 demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

HYMN 3

1 Make me a channel of your peace.
 Where there is hatred, let me bring your love.
 Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord,
 and where there's doubt, true faith in you.

*Chorus O Master, grant that I may never seek
 so much to be consoled as to console,
 to be understood as to understand,
 to be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

2 Make me a channel of your peace.
 Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope.
 Where there is darkness, let me bring your light;
 and where there's sadness, ever joy.

3 Make me a channel of your peace.
 It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
 in giving of ourselves that we receive,
 and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

*Sebastian Temple (1928–1997) from a prayer attributed to St Francis of Assisi (1182–1226)
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HYMN 4

1 I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
 and I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
 and I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth;
 at Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Chorus Dance, then, wherever you may be;
 I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
 and I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
 and I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.*

2 I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,
 but they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me.
 I danced for the fishermen, for James and John —
 they came with me and the Dance went on.

- 3 I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;
the holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high,
and they left me there on a cross to die.
- 4 I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black —
it's hard to dance with the devil on your back.
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone;
but I am the Dance, and I still go on.
- 5 They cut me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me —
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

Sydney Carter (1915–2004) Words and Music: © 1963, Stainer & Bell Ltd, London, England. Used by permission

CHOIR ANTHEM The Lord is my Shepherd

HYMN 5

- 1 If I were a butterfly
I'd thank you Lord for giving me wings
If I were a robin in a tree
I'd thank you Lord that I could sing
If I were a fish in the sea
I'd wiggle my tail and I'd giggle with glee
But I just thank you Father for making me, me
For you gave me a heart and you gave me a smile
You gave me Jesus and you made me your child
And I just thank you Father for making me, me
- 2 If I were an elephant
I'd thank you Lord by raising my trunk
If I were a kangaroo
You know I'd hop right up to you
If I were an octopus
I'd thank you Lord for my fine looks
But I just thank you Father for making me, me
For you gave me a heart etc.
- 3 If I were a wiggly worm
I'd thank you Lord that I could squirm
If I were a fuzzy, wuzzy bear
I'd thank you Lord for my fuzzy, wuzzy hair
If I were a dinosaur

I'd thank you Lord for my great roar
But I just thank you Father for making me, me
For you gave me a heart etc.

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HYMN 6

- 1 I cannot tell why he, whom angels worship,
should set his love upon the sons of men,
or why, as Shepherd, he should seek the wanderers,
to bring them back, they know not how or when.
But this I know, that he was born of Mary
when Beth'lem's manger was his only home,
and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.
- 2 I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
when at his bidding every storm is stilled,
or who can say how great the jubilation
when every heart with love and joy is filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad myriad human voices sing,
and earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, will answer,
'at last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!'

William Young Fullerton (1857-1932)

HYMN 7

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|--|---|
| 1 Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heaven, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown. | 4 Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above;
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love. |
| 2 Jesu, thou art all compassion,
pure unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart. | 5 Finish then thy new creation:
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation
perfectly restored in thee; |
| 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all thy grace receive;
suddenly return, and never,
never more thy temples leave. | 6 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. |

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

HYMN 8

- 1 At the name of Jesus
every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him
King of glory now:
'tis the Father's pleasure
we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty Word.
- 2 Humbled for a season,
to receive a name
from the lips of sinners
unto whom he came,
faithfully he bore it
spotless to the last,
brought it back victorious,
when from death he passed:
- 3 Bore it up triumphant
with its human light,
through all ranks of creatures,
to the central height,
to the throne of Godhead,
to the Father's breast;
filled it with the glory,
of that perfect rest.
- 4 Name him, Christians, name him,
with love strong as death,
but with awe and wonder
and with bated breath:
he is God the Saviour,
he is Christ the Lord,
ever to be worshipped,
trusted, and adored.
- 5 Surely, this Lord Jesus
shall return again,
with his Father's glory,
with his angel train;
for all wreaths of empire
meet upon his brow,
and our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

Caroline Maria Noel (1817-1877)

HYMN 9

- 1 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.
- 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
until my heart is pure;
until with thee I will one will,
to do and to endure.
- 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
till I am wholly thine;
until this earthly part of me
glows with thy fire divine.
- 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God:
so shall I never die,
but live with thee the perfect life
of thine eternity.

Edwin Hatch (1835-1889)

HYMN 10

- 1 Meekness and majesty,
manhood and deity,
in perfect harmony,
the Man who is God.
Lord of eternity
dwells in humanity,
kneels in humility
and washes our feet.
- 2 Father's pure radiance,
perfect in innocence,
yet learns obedience
to death on a cross.
Suffering to give us life,
conquering through sacrifice,
and as they crucify
prays: 'Father, forgive.'
- 3 Wisdom unsearchable,
God the invisible,
Love indestructible
in frailty appears.
Lord of infinity,
stooping so tenderly,
lifts our humanity
to the heights of his throne.

Chorus

*Oh, what a mystery,
meekness and majesty.
Bow down and worship
for this is your God,
this is your God.*

Graham Kendrick (b. 1950) Words and Music: © 1986, Administered by worshiptogether.com Songs excl. UK & Europe, administered by Kingswaysongs, a division of David C Cook. Used by permission

HYMN 11

The final line of each verse is repeated.

- 1 Sweet Sacrament divine,
hid in thine earthly home,
lo, round thy lowly shrine,
with suppliant hearts we come;
Jesus, to thee our voice we raise
in songs of love and heartfelt praise:
sweet Sacrament divine.
- 2 Sweet Sacrament of peace,
dear home for every heart,
where restless yearnings cease
and sorrows all depart;
there in thine ear all trustfully
we tell our tale of misery:
sweet Sacrament of peace.
- 3 Sweet Sacrament of rest,
ark from the ocean's roar,
within thy shelter blest
soon may we reach the shore;
save us, for still the tempest raves,
save, lest we sink beneath the waves:
sweet Sacrament of rest.
- 4 Sweet Sacrament divine,
earth's light and jubilee,
in thy far depths doth shine
thy Godhead's majesty;
sweet light, so shine on us, we pray,
that earthly joys may fade away:
sweet Sacrament divine.

Francis Stanfield (1835-1914)

HYMN 12

- 1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me lie in pastures green.
He leads me by the still, still waters,
his goodness restores my soul.
- 2 He guides my ways in righteousness,
and he anoints my head with oil,
and my cup, it overflows with joy,
I feast on his pure delights.

Chorus

*And I will trust in you alone.
And I will trust in you alone,
for your endless mercy follows me,
your goodness will lead me home.*

- 3 And though I walk the darkest path,
I will not fear the evil one,
for you are with me,
and your rod and staff
are the comfort I need to know.

*Stuart Townend (b. 1963) based on Psalm 23
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HYMN 13

- 1 How shall I sing that majesty
which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
thy throne, O God most high;
ten thousand times ten thousand sound
thy praise; but who am I?
- 2 Thy brightness unto them appears,
whilst I thy footsteps trace;
a sound of God comes to my ears,
but they behold thy face.
They sing, because thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;
for where heaven is but once begun
there alleluias be.
- 3 Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
inflammé it with love's fire;
then shall I sing and bear a part
with that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
with all my fire and light;
yet when thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.
- 4 How great a being, Lord, is thine,
which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
to sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore,
a sun without a sphere;
thy time is now and evermore,
thy place is everywhere.

John Mason (c.1645-1694)

HYMN 14

- 1 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 heights of love, what depths of peace,
when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!

My Comforter, my All in All,
here in the love of Christ I stand.

2 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 wrath of God was satisfied —
for every sin on him was laid;
here in the death of Christ I live.

3 There in the ground his body lay,
light of the world by 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.

4 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!

Stuart Townend (b. 1963) and Keith Getty (b. 1974)
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