

Sunday 21st June **Sung Eucharist**

550 - Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven!
to his feet your 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;
you 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!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793 – 1847)
Based on Psalm 103

635 - The Lord is risen indeed

The Lord is ris'n indeed:
now is his work performed;
now is the mighty captive freed,
and death's strong castle stormed.

The Lord is ris'n indeed:
then hell has lost his prey;
with him is ris'n the ransomed seed
to reign in endless day.

Lord is ris'n indeed:
he lives, to die no more;
he lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
whose curse and shame he bore.

The Lord is ris'n indeed:
attending angels, hear!
up to the course of heav'n with speed
the joyful tidings bear.

Then take your golden lyres,
and strike each cheerful chord;
join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
to sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly (1769 – 1855)

310 - In Christ alone

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.

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 magnified
for ev'ry sin on him was laid;
here in the death of Christ I live.

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.

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

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Thankyou Music*

238 - Great is thy faithfulness

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.

[Refrain]
*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 springtime and harvest,
sun, moon and stars
in their courses above,
join with all nature
in manifold witness
to thy great faithfulness,
mercy and love.

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!

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