

Hymns – 22nd September

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- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
he whose word cannot be broken
formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
what can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
springing from eternal love,
well supply thy sons and daughters,
and all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
ever flows their thirst to assuage:
grace which, like the Lord the giver,
never fails from age to age?
- * 3 Round each habitation hovering,
see the cloud and fire appear
for a glory and a covering,
showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
light by night and shade by day;
daily on the manna feeding
which he gives them when they
pray.
- 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
all his boasted pomp and show;
solid joys and lasting treasure,
none but Zion's children know.

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- 1 Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.
- 2 We are pilgrims on a journey,
and companions on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.
- 3 I will hold the Christ-light for
you
in the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.
- 4 I will weep when you are
weeping;
when you laugh, I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
till we've seen this journey
through.
- 5 When we sing to God in
heaven,
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known
together
of Christ's love and agony.
- 6 Brother, sister, let me serve
you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

- 1 The church's one foundation
is Jesus Christ her Lord;
she is his new creation
by water and the word:
from heaven he came and sought
her
to be his holy Bride;
with his own blood he bought her,
and for her life he died.
- 2 Elect from every nation,
yet one o'er all the earth,
her charter of salvation
one Lord, one faith, one birth;
one holy name she blesses,
partakes one holy food,
and to one hope she presses
with every grace endued.
- * 3 Though with a scornful wonder
men see her sore opprest,
by schisms rent asunder,
by heresies distrest;
yet saints their watch are keeping,
their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
shall be the morn of song.
- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
and tumult of her war,
she waits the consummation
of peace for evermore;
till with the vision glorious
her longing eyes are blest,
and the great church victorious
shall be the church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
with God the Three in One,
and mystic sweet communion
with those whose rest is won:

O happy ones and holy!

Lord, give us grace that we,
like them, the meek and lowly,
on high may dwell with thee.

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- 1 Ye holy angels bright,
who wait at God's right hand,
or through the realms of light
fly at your Lord's command,
assist our song,
for else the theme
too high doth seem
for mortal tongue.
- 2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
who ran this earthly race,
and now, from sin released,
behold the Saviour's face,
his praises sound,
as in his sight
with sweet delight
ye do abound.
- 3 Ye saints, who toil below,
adore your heavenly King,
and onward as ye go
some joyful anthem sing;
take what he gives
and praise him still,
through good and ill,
who ever lives.
- 4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
triumph in God above,
and with a well-tuned heart
sing thou the songs of love;
let all thy days
till life shall end,
whate'er he send,
be filled with praise.