

Hymns and psalm for Sunday, 6 June 2021

First Sunday after Trinity

To comply with Covid Guidance, you must take this hymn sheet, reading sheet (red top) and order of service home with you. Do not leave them in church or hand them in.

Christ Whose Glory Fills The Skies

1 Christ whose glory fills the skies
Christ the true the only Light
Sun of righteousness arise
Triumph o'er the shades of night
Dayspring from on high be near
Daystar in my heart appear

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see
Till they inward light impart
Glad my eyes and warm my heart

3 Visit then this soul of mine
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief
Fill me radiance divine
Scatter all my unbelief
More and more thyself display
Shining to the perfect day

CCLI Song # 2744043
Charles Wesley
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PSALM 130 with Response

**With the Lord there is mercy,
and with him is plenteous redemption.**

Out of the depths have I cried to you, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice;
let your ears consider well the voice of my supplication.
If you, Lord, were to mark what is done amiss,
O Lord, who could stand?
But there is forgiveness with you,
so that you shall be feared.

**With the Lord there is mercy,
and with him is plenteous redemption.**

I wait for the Lord; my soul waits for him;
in his word is my hope.
My soul waits for the Lord more than the night-watch for the morning,
more than the night-watch for the morning.

**With the Lord there is mercy,
and with him is plenteous redemption.**

O Israel, wait for the Lord,
for with the Lord there is mercy;
with him is plenteous redemption.
And he shall redeem Israel from all their sins.

**With the Lord there is mercy,
and with him is plenteous redemption.**

Praise To The Holiest In The Height

1 Praise to the Holiest in the height
And in the depth be praise
In all His words most wonderful
Most sure in all His ways

2 O loving wisdom of our God
When all was sin and shame
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came

3 O wisest love that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail
Should strive afresh against the foe
Should strive and should prevail

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine
God's presence and His very self
And essence all-divine

5 O generous love that He who smote
In man for man the foe
The double agony in man
For man should undergo

6 And in the garden secretly
And on the cross on high
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height
And in the depth be praise
In all His words most wonderful
Most sure in all His ways

CCLI Song # 3919516

John Bacchus Dykes | John Henry Newman | Paul Leddington-Wright
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Who would true valour see (He who would valiant be)

1 Who would true valour see,
let him come hither;
one here will constant be,
come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent
to be a pilgrim.

2 Who so beset him round
with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound,
his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright:
he'll with a giant fight:
but he will have the right
to be a pilgrim.

3 Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
can daunt his Spirit,
he knows he at the end
shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, fly away;
hell fear not what men say;
hell labour night and day
to be a pilgrim.

CCLI Song # 2867250

John Bunyan | Percy Dearmer | Ralph Vaughan Williams

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There's a wideness in God's mercy

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgement given.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

If our love were but more simple, (Second half of tune)
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all gladness
In the joy of Christ our Lord.

Words: Frederick William Faber (1814-1863)
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