

Hymn Lyrics – Large Font

Hymn 26 – As pants the hart

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams when heated in the chase, so longs my soul, O God, for thee and thy refreshing grace.
2. For thee, my God, the living God, my thirsty soul doth pine; oh when shall I behold thy face, thou majesty divine?
3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Trust God, who will employ sure aid for thee, and change these sighs to thankful hymns of joy.
4. God of my strength, how long shall I, like one forgotten, mourn, forlorn, forsaken and exposed to my oppressor's scorn?
5. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing praise to thy God, the living God, thy health's eternal spring.

Hymn 676 – Jesus, lover of my soul

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly, while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high: hide me, O my Saviour, hide, till the storm of life is past, safe into the haven guide; oh receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on thee. Leave, ah! Leave me not alone; still support and comfort me. All my trust on thee is stayed; all my help from thee I bring; cover my defenceless head with the shadow of thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I find: raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the sick and lead the blind. Just and holy is thy name; I am all unrighteousness: false and full of sin I am; thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, grace to cover all my sin; let the healing streams abound; make and keep me pure within: thou of life the fountain art, freely let me take of thee; spring thou up within my heart, rise to all eternity.

Hymn 274 – Crown him with many crowns

1. Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon the throne: hark, how the heavenly anthem

drowns all music but its own! Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died to be your Saviour and your matchless King through all eternity.

2. Crown him the Son of God, before the worlds began; let all who tread where he has trod, crown him the Son of Man, who every grief has known that wrings the human breast, and takes and bears them for his own, that all in him may rest.

3. Crown him the Lord of life, who triumphed o'er the grave, and rose victorious in the strife for those he came to save. His glories now we sing who died and rose on high, who died eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.

4. Crown him the Lord of peace whose kingdom is at hand; from pole to pole let warfare cease and Christ rule every land! A city stands on high; Christ's glory it displays, and there the nations 'Holy' cry in joyful hymns of praise.

5. Crown him the Lord of years, the Source, the End of time, Creator of the rolling spheres in majesty sublime. All hail, Redeemer, hail, for you have died for me; your praise shall never, never fail through all eternity!

Hymn 483 – Glorious things of thee are spoken

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God; One whose word cannot be broken formed thee for a strong abode. On the Rock of Ages founded, what can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, thou mayst 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 will their thirst 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 God gives them when they pray.

4. Saviour, since of Zion's city we, through grace, a part may claim, let the world deride or pity, we will glory in thy name. Fading is all worldly pleasure, all its boasted pomp and show; solid joys and lasting treasure none but Zion's children know.