

SHARED MINISTRY IN EXNING AND NORTH NEWMARKET

HYMNS: BY POPULAR REQUEST

*These hymns have all been requested by members of our congregations. Christine Shand, director of music at St Martin's and SS Philip & Etheldreda's, will provide keyboard accompaniment to the hymns via our teleconferencing facility. To access the telephone connection, dial **03300 945 940** and use room number **24456910** and PIN **7760**. You can phone in from a mobile or landline and do not need an internet connection to do so. Calls are charged the same as to a landline, so if you have evening calls included in your call package, this will be free. Hymns are from Mission Praise, reproduced under CCLI number 1245887.*

And did those feet in ancient time
walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
on England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear, O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
till we have built Jerusalem
in England's green and pleasant land.

--

Dear Lord and Father of mankind, (MP 111)
forgive our foolish ways;
re clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
beside the Syrian sea
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word
rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee,
O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share with thee
the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!

--

Should nothing of our efforts stand,
no legacy survive –
unless the Lord does raise the house
in vain its builders strive.

To you who boast tomorrow's gain
tell me what is your life?

A mist that vanishes at dawn?
All glory be to Christ!

All glory be to Christ our king!

All glory be to Christ!

*His rule and reign we'll ever sing,
all glory be to Christ!*

His will be done, his kingdom come
on earth as is above,
who is himself our daily bread:
praise him the Lord of love.

Let living water satisfy
the thirsty without price;
we'll take a cup of kindness yet:
all glory be to Christ!

When on the day the great I Am
the faithful and the true,
the Lamb who was for sinners slain
is making all things new,
behold our God shall live with us
and be our steadfast light ,
and we shall ere his people be:
all glory be to Christ!

--

Just as I am, without one plea, (MP 396)
but that thy blood was shed for me,
and that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
with many a conflict, many a doubt,
fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor wretched, blind:
sight, riches, healing of the mind,
yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, thy love unknown
hath broken every barrier down;
now, to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

--

How deep the Father's love for us, (MP 988)
how vast beyond all measure,
that he should give his only Son
to make a wretch his treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss –
the Father turns his face away,
as wounds which mar the chosen one
bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,
my sin upon his shoulders;
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
call out among the scoffers.

It was my sin that held him there
until it was accomplished;
his dying breath has brought me life –
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,
his death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from his reward?
I cannot give an answer,
but this I know with all my heart,
his wounds have paid my ransom.

--

Jesus lives! Thy terrors now (MP 373)
can, O death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know,
thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us. Alleluia!

Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
but the gate to life immortal;
this shall calm our trembling breath,
when we pass its gloomy portal. Alleluia!

Jesus lives! For us he died;
then, alone to Jesus living,
pure in heart may we abide,
glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia!

Jesus lives! Our hearts know well
nought from us his love shall sever;
life nor death nor powers of hell,
tear us from his keeping ever. Alleluia!

Jesus lives! To him the throne
over all the world is given:
may we go where he is gone,
rest and reign with him in heaven. Alleluia!

--

Yes, God is good – in earth and sky, (MP 786)
from ocean depths and spreading wood,
ten thousand voices seem to cry:
'God made us all, and God is good!'

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
and downward pours his golden flood,
night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say
in accents clear that God is good.

The joyful birds prolong the strain,
their song with every spring renewed;
the air we breathe, and falling rain,
each softly whispers: 'God is good!'

I hear it in the rushing breeze;
the hills that have for ages stood,
the echoing sky and roaring seas,
all swell the chorus: 'God is good!'

Yes, God is good, all nature says,
by God's own hand with speech endued;
and we, in louder notes of praise,
should sing for joy that God is good.

--

God is our strength and refuge, (MP 188)
our present help in trouble;
and we therefore will not fear,
though the earth should change!
Though mountains shake and tremble,
though swirling floods are raging,
God the Lord of hosts is with us evermore!

There is a flowing river
within God's holy city;
God is in the midst of her –
she shall not be moved!
God's help is swiftly given,
thrones vanish at his presence –
God the Lord of hosts is with us evermore!

Come, see the works of our maker,
learn of his deeds all-powerful:
wars will cease across the world
when he shatters the spear!
Be still and know your creator,
uplift him in the nations –
God the Lord of hosts is with us evermore!