

Hymns – 28th June

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1 New every morning is the love
our wakening and uprising prove;
through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
restored to life and power and
thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
hover around us while we pray;
new perils past, new sins forgiven,
new thoughts of God, new hopes of
heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
be set to hallow all we find,
new treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common
task,
will furnish all we need to ask,
room to deny ourselves, a road
to bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
fit us for perfect rest above;
and help us, this and every day,
to live more nearly as we pray.

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1 O thou who camest from above
the fire celestial to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return
in humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work, and speak, and think for
thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up the gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat;
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

1 As the deer pants for the water,
so my soul longs after you.
You alone are my heart's desire
and I long to worship you.

You alone are my strength, my shield,
to you alone may my spirit yield.
You alone are my heart's desire
and I long to worship you.

2 I want you more than gold or
silver,
only you can satisfy.
You alone are the real joy-giver
and the apple of my eye.

3 You're my Friend and you're my
Brother,
even though you are a king.
I love you more than any other,
so much more than anything.

1 I vow to thee, my country, all
earthly things above,
entire and whole and perfect, the
service of my love:
the love that asks no question, the
love that stands the test,
that lays upon the altar the dearest
and the best;
the love that never falters, the love
that pays the price,
the love that makes undaunted the
final sacrifice.

2 And there's another country I've
heard of long ago,
most dear to them that love her,
most great to them that know;
we may not count her armies, we may
not see her King;
her fortress is a faithful heart, her
pride is suffering;
and soul by soul and silently her
shining bounds increase,
and her ways are ways of gentleness
and all her paths are peace.