

Hymns – 9th August

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- 1 At the name of Jesus
every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him
King of glory now:
'tis the Father's pleasure
we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty Word.
- 2 * At his voice creation
sprang at once to sight,
all the angel faces,
all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations,
stars upon their way,
all the heavenly orders,
in their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season,
to receive a name
from the lips of sinners
unto whom he came,
faithfully he bore it
spotless to the last,
brought it back victorious,
when from death he passed:
- 4 * Bore it up triumphant
with its human light,
through all ranks of creatures,
to the central height,
to the throne of Godhead,
to the Father's breast;
filled it with the glory,
of that perfect rest.
- 5 Name him, Christians, name him,
with love strong as death,
but with awe and wonder
and with bated breath:
he is God the Saviour,

he is Christ the Lord,
ever to be worshipped,
trusted, and adored.

- 6 * In your hearts enthrone him;
there let him subdue
all that is not holy,
all that is not true:
crown him as your Captain
in temptation's hour;
let his will enfold you
in its light and power.
- 7 Surely, this Lord Jesus
shall return again,
with his Father's glory,
with his angel train;
for all wreaths of empire
meet upon his brow,
and our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

664

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
and drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
my shield and hiding-place,
my never-failing treasury filled
with boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of thy name
refresh my soul in death.

621

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

2 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.

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

4 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.

5 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.

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1 Go forth and tell! O Church of God,
awake!
God's saving news to all the nations
take:
proclaim Christ Jesus, Saviour, Lord and
King,
that all the world his glorious praise may
sing.

2 Go forth and tell! God's love
embraces all,
he will in grace respond to all who call:
how shall they call if they have never
heard
the gracious invitation of his word?

3 Go forth and tell! The doors are open
wide:
share God's good gifts — let no one be
denied;
live out your life as Christ your Lord shall
choose,
your ransomed powers for his sole glory
use.

4 Go forth and tell! O Church of God,
arise!
Go in the strength which Christ your
Lord supplies;
go till all nations his great name adore
and serve him, Lord and King for
evermore.