

Hymns – 11th October

9

1 When morning gilds the skies,
my heart awaking cries,
may Jesus Christ be praised:
alike at work and prayer
to Jesus I repair;
may Jesus Christ be praised.

*2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
peals over hill and dell,
may Jesus Christ be praised:
O hark to what it sings,
as joyously it rings,
may Jesus Christ be praised.

*3 My tongue shall never tire
of chanting with the choir,
may Jesus Christ be praised:
this song of sacred joy,
it never seems to cloy,
may Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
may Jesus Christ be praised:
or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
may Jesus Christ be praised.

5 The night becomes as day,
when from the heart we say,
may Jesus Christ be praised:
the powers of darkness fear,
when this sweet chant they hear,
may Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
my canticle divine,
may Jesus Christ be praised:
be this the eternal song
through ages all along,
may Jesus Christ be praised!

800

1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not
want.
He makes me lie in pastures green.
He leads me by the still, still waters,
his goodness restores my soul.

And I will trust in you alone.
And I will trust in you alone,
for your endless mercy follows me,
your goodness will lead me home.

(Descant)

I will trust, I will trust in you.
I will trust, I will trust in you.
Endless mercy follows me,
goodness will lead me home.

2 He guides my ways in
righteousness,
and he anoints my head with oil,
and my cup, it overflows with joy,
I feast on his pure delights.

3 And though I walk the darkest
path,
I will not fear the evil one,
for you are with me, and your rod and
staff
are the comfort I need to know.

794

1 The King of love my shepherd is,
whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
and he is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
my ransomed soul he leadeth,
and where the verdant pastures grow
with food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
but yet in love he sought me,
and on his shoulder gently laid,
and home rejoicing brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;
thy rod and staff my comfort still,
thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
thy unction grace bestoweth;
and O what transport of delight
from thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of
days
thy goodness faileth never:
good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
within thy house for ever.

650

1 Great is thy faithfulness, O God
my Father,
there is no shadow of turning with
thee;
thou changest not, thy compassions
they fail not,
as thou hast been thou for ever wilt
be.

Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy
faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I
see;
all I have needed thy hand hath
provided,
great is thy faithfulness, Lord, unto
me.

2 Summer and winter, and spring-
time and harvest,
sun, moon and stars in their courses
above,
join with all nature in manifold
witness
to thy great faithfulness, mercy and
love.

3 Pardon for sin and a peace that
endureth,
thine own dear presence to cheer and
to guide;
strength for today and bright hope for
tomorrow,
blessings all mine, with ten thousand
beside!