



24th November 2024

**Sunday next before
Advent Hymns**

♪ **Hymn (589)** ♪

Angel-voices, ever singing
round Thy throne of light,
angel-harps for ever ringing,
rest not day nor night;
thousands only live to bless Thee
and confess Thee Lord of might.
Thou who art beyond the farthest
mortal eye can scan,
can it be that Thou regardest
songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
and wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
o'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
for Thy praise design;
craftsman's art and music's measure
for Thy pleasure all combine.
In Thy house, great God, we offer
of Thine own to thee;
and for Thine acceptance proffer
all unworthily
hearts and minds and hands and voices,
in our choicest psalmody.
Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
earth and heaven render Thee.

Francis Pott (1832-1909)

♪ **Hymn (676)** ♪

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessèd, most glorious,
the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious,
Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unchanging, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting,
Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains
high soaring above,
Thy clouds which are fountains of
goodness and love.

To all life Thou givest,
to both great and small;
in all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish
as leaves on the tree,
and wither and perish;
but naught changeth Thee.

Great Father of glory,
pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore Thee,
all veiling their sight;
all laud we would render:
O help us to see
'tis only the splendour
of light hideth Thee.

*Walter Chalmers Smith (1824-1908) based on 1
Timothy 1.17*

♪ Hymn (700) ♪

King of kings, Majesty
God of Heaven living in me
Gentle Saviour, closest friend
Strong Deliverer, beginning and end
All within me falls at Your throne

*Your Majesty, I can but bow
I lay my all before You now
In royal robes I don't deserve
I live to serve Your Majesty*

Earth and Heaven worship You
Love eternal, Faithful and True
Who bought the nations, ransomed
souls
Brought this sinner near to Your throne
All within me cries out in praise.

Jarrold Cooper (1996)

♪ Chant ♪

Bendigo al Señor porque escucha mi
voz; El Señor es mi fuerza, confía mi
corazón.

*I bless the Lord because he hears my voice.
The Lord is my strength, my heart trusts in
him.*

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♪ Hymn (794) ♪

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

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

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

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.

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

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

*Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877) based on Psalm
23*

♪ **Hymn (754)** ♪

○ worship the King,
all glorious above;
○ gratefully sing
His power and His love;
our Shield and Defender,
the Ancient of Days,
pavilioned in splendour
and girded with praise.

○ tell of His might,
○ sing of His grace,
whose robe is the light,
whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
the deep thunder clouds form,
and dark is His path
on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store
of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
hath founded of old;
hath stablished it fast
by a changeless decree,
and round it hath cast,
like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care,
what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills,
it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distils
in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
and feeble as frail,
in Thee do we trust,
nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender,
how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

○ measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
to hymn Thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
though feeble their lays,
with true adoration
shall sing to Thy praise.

Robert Grant (1779-1838), based on Psalm 104