

# God, All Nature Sings Thy Glory

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*How many are your works, O LORD! In wisdom you made them all; the earth is full of your creatures. Ps. 104:24*

1. God, all na - ture sings thy glo - ry, and thy works pro - claim thy might;  
 2. Clear - er still we see thy hand in man whom thou hast made for thee;  
 3. But our sins have spoiled thine im - age; na - ture, con - science on - ly serve  
 4. God of glo - ry, pow - er, mer - cy, all cre - a - tion prais - es thee;

or - dered vast - ness in the heav - ens, or - dered course of day and night;  
 rul - er of cre - a - tion's glo - ry, im - age of thy maj - es - ty.  
 as un - ceas - ing, grim re - mind - ers of the wrath which we de - serve.  
 we, thy crea - tures, would a - dore thee now and through e - ter - ni - ty.

beau - ty in the chang - ing sea - sons, beau - ty in the storm - ing sea;  
 Mu - sic, art, the fruit - ful gar - den, all the la - bor of his days,  
 Yet thy grace and sav - ing mer - cy in thy Word of truth re - vealed  
 Saved to mag - ni - fy thy good - ness, grant us strength to do thy will;

all the chang - ing moods of na - ture praise the change - less Trin - i - ty.  
 are the call - ing of his Mak - er to the har - vest feast of praise.  
 claim the praise of all who know thee, in the blood of Je - sus sealed.  
 with our acts as with our voic - es thy com - mand - ments to ful - fill.

David Clowney, 1960

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ODE TO JOY 8.7.8.7.D.  
Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824; arr.

# Psalm 38:1-10

1. <sup>1</sup>LORD, do not in hot dis - plea - sure  
 2. <sup>2</sup>For Thy hand most sore - ly pres - ses;  
 3. <sup>4</sup>For my ma - ni - fold trans - gres - sions  
 4. <sup>5</sup>Loath - some are my wounds ne - glec - ted;  
 5. <sup>7</sup>For my loins are filled with bur - ning,  
 6. <sup>9</sup>My de - sire and cease - less wail - ing,

Speak in stern re - proof to me;  
 Fast Thine ar - rows stick with - in;  
 Have gone up a - bove my head;  
 - My own fol - ly makes it so;  
 All my flesh with sore dis - tress;  
 Lord, un - veiled be - fore Thee lie;

Let Thy chast' - ning be in mea - sure  
<sup>3</sup>Wrath my wea - ry flesh dis - tres - ses,  
 Like a bur - den their op - pres - sions  
 - <sup>6</sup>Bowed with pain, with grief de - jec - ted,  
<sup>8</sup>Faint and bruised, I'm ev - er mour - ning  
<sup>10</sup>Throbs my heart; my strength is fail - ing;

And Thy stroke from an - ger free.  
 Gives my bones no rest for sin.  
 Weigh me down with con - stant dread.  
 - All day long I mour - ning go.  
 In my heart's dis - qui - et - ness.  
 All the light has left my eye.

## 645

## Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

*The love of Christ ... that surpasses knowledge. Eph. 3:18, 19*



1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee with sweet - ness fills my breast;  
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, nor can the mem - 'ry find,  
 3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,  
 4. But what to those who find? Ah, this nor tongue nor pen can show:  
 5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou, as thou our prize wilt be;



- but sweet - er far thy face to see, and in thy pres - ence rest.  
 • a sweet - er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man - kind.  
 • to those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!  
 the love of Je - sus, what it is none but his loved ones know.  
 Je - sus, be thou our glo - ry now, and through e - ter - ni - ty.



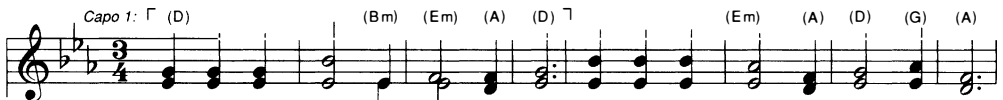
Latin, 11th cent.  
 Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1849

ST. AGNES C.M.  
 John B. Dykes, 1866

## 646

## Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

*I have told you this so that my joy may be in you and that your joy may be complete.*  
 John 15:11



1. Je - sus, thou joy of lov - ing hearts, thou fount of life, thou light of men,  
 2. Thy truth un - changed hath ev - er stood; thou sav - est those that on thee call;  
 3. We taste thee, O thou liv - ing bread, and long to feast up - on thee still;  
 4. Our rest - less spir - its yearn for thee, wher - e'er our change - ful lot is cast;  
 5. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay, make all our mo - ments calm and bright;



God; his help re - ceiv - ing, I shall yet my Sav - ior praise.  
 ho - ly mount as - cend - ing, I with - in thy house a - bide.  
 God; his help re - ceiv - ing, I shall yet my Sav - ior praise.

From Psalm 43  
*The Psalter*, 1912; alt. 1961

BLAENHAFREN 8.7.8.7.D.  
 Traditional Welsh melody

## May the Mind of Christ My Savior

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*Your attitude should be the same as that of Christ Jesus. Phil. 2:5*

1. May the mind of Christ my Sav - ior live in me from day to day,  
 2. May the Word of God dwell rich - ly in my heart from hour to hour,  
 3. May the peace of God my Fa - ther rule my life in ev - ery - thing,  
 4. May the love of Je - sus fill me as the wa - ters fill the sea;  
 5. May his beau - ty rest up - on me as I seek the lost to win,

by his love and pow'r con - trol - ling all I do and say.  
 so that all may see I tri - umph on - ly through his pow'r.  
 • that I may be calm to com - fort sick and sor - row - ing.  
 him ex - alt - ing, self a - bas - ing, this is vic - to - ry.  
 and may they for - get the chan - nel, see - ing on - ly him.

Kate B. Wilkinson, 1925

ST. LEONARDS 8.7.8.5.  
 A. Cyril Barham-Gould, 1925; alt. 1990