

Hymn Words for 22nd November

The King of Love

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness fails me never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
With gentle care he leads me,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With heavenly food He feeds me.

Perverse and foolish I have 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 you, dear Lord, beside me;
Your rod and staff my comfort still,
Your cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days
Your goodness fails me never;
*Good Shepherd, may I sing your praise
Within your house for ever. Repeat*

Up from the depths

PSALM 130

- 1 Up from the depths I cry to God:
O listen, Lord, to me;
O hear my voice in this distress,
this mire of misery.
*I wait for God with all my heart,
my hope is in his word;
and more than watchmen for the dawn
I'm longing for the Lord.*
- 2 If you, my God, should measure guilt
who then stands free from blame?
But true forgiveness comes from you;
we trust, and fear your name.
- 3 O Israel, set your hope on God,
whose mercy is supreme:
the nation mourning for its sin
he surely will redeem.

We Lay Our Broken World

We lay our broken world, in sorrow at your feet,
Haunted by hunger, war and fear,
Oppressed by power and hate.

Here human life seems less,
Than profit, might and pride,
Though to unite us all in you
You lived and loved and died.

We bring our broken towns,
Our neighbours hurt and bruised;
You show us how old pain and wounds
For new life can be used.

We bring our broken loves,
Friends parted, families torn;
Then in your life and death we see
That love must be reborn.

We bring our broken selves,
Confused and closed and tired;
Then through your gift of healing grace
New purpose is inspired.

Come Spirit, on us breathe,
With life and strength anew;
Find in us love, and hope and trust,
And lift us up to you.

Blessing and honour

Blessing and honour and glory and pow'r,
wisdom and riches and strength evermore
give we to him who our battle hath won,
whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

Soundeth the heav'n of the heav'ns with his name;
Ringeth the earth with his glory and fame;
Ocean and mountain, stream, forest, and flow'r
Echo his praises and tell of his pow'r.

Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb;
take we the robe and the harp and the palm;
sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
dying in weakness, but rising to reign.