

Hymn Words for 4th Oct

Come let us praise

Come, let us praise the Lord,
with joy our God acclaim,
his greatness tell abroad
and bless his saving name.

Lift high your songs
before his throne
to whom alone
all praise belongs.

Our God of matchless worth,
our King beyond compare,
the deepest bounds of earth,
the hills, are in his care.

He all decrees,
who by his hand
prepared the land
and formed the seas.

In worship bow the knee,
our glorious God confess;
the great Creator, he,
the Lord our righteousness.

He reigns unseen:
his flock he feeds
and gently leads
in pastures green.

Come, hear his voice today,
receive what love imparts;
his holy will obey
and harden not your hearts.

His ways are best;
and lead at last,
all troubles past,
to perfect rest.

All things bright and beautiful

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them everyone.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

Jesus Christ is waiting

Jesus Christ is waiting, waiting in the streets;
No one is his neighbour, all alone he eats.
Listen, Lord Jesus, I am lonely too.
Make me, friend or stranger, fit to wait on you

Jesus Christ is raging, raging in the streets,
Where injustice spirals, and real hope retreats.
Listen, Lord Jesus, I am angry too.
In the Kingdom's causes, let me rage with you.

Jesus Christ is healing, Healing in the streets;
Curing those who suffer, touching those he greets.
Listen, Lord Jesus, I have pity too.
Let my care be active, Healing just like you.

Jesus Christ is dancing, Dancing in the streets,
Where each sign of hatred, His strong love defeats.
Listen, Lord Jesus, I should triumph too.
On suspicion's graveyard, let me dance with you.

Jesus Christ is calling, calling in the streets,
"Come & walk faith's tightrope"
I will guide their feet."
Listen, Lord Jesus, let my fears be few.
Walk one step before me; I will follow you.