

HYMNS FOR SUNDAY 16TH MAY

O THOU WHO CAMEST FROM ABOVE

Charles Wesley

1. O thou who camest from above
the fire celestial to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart!.

2. There let it for thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return
in humble prayer and fervent praise.

3. Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work, and speak and think for thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up the gift in me.

4. Ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat;
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

YOU'RE THE WORD OF GOD THE FATHER

Stuart Townend

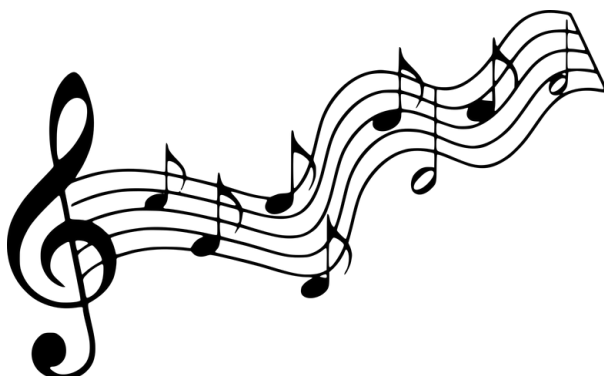
1. You're the Word of God the Father
From before the world began
Ev'ry star and ev'ry planet
Has been fashioned by Your hand
All creation holds together
By the power of Your voice
Let the skies declare Your glory
Let the land and seas rejoice

*You're the author of creation
You're the Lord of ev'ry man
And Your cry of love rings out
Across the lands*

2. Yet You left the gaze of angels
Came to seek and save the lost
And exchanged the joy of heaven
For the anguish of a cross

With a prayer You fed the hungry
With a word You stilled the sea
Yet how silently You suffered
That the guilty may go free
You're the author of creation...

3. With a shout You rose victorious
Wresting victory from the grave
And ascended into heaven
Leading captives in Your wake
Now You stand before the Father
Interceding for Your own
From each tribe and tongue and nation
You are leading sinners home
You're the author of creation...



CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

George Job Elvey Godfrey Thring Matthew Bridges

1. Crown Him with many crowns
The Lamb upon His throne
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own
Awake my soul and sing
Of Him who died for thee
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity

2. Crown Him the Lord of love
Behold His hands and side
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright

3. Crown Him the Lord of peace
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole
That wars may cease
And all be prayer and praise
His reign shall know no end
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet

4. Crown Him the Lord of years
The Potentate of time
Creator of the rolling spheres
Ineffably sublime
All hail Redeemer hail
For Thou hast died for me
Thy praise shall never never fail
Throughout eternity