

Hymns for the morning service (January 10th, 2021)

1. **God is our refuge and our strength,**
our ever-present aid,
and therefore, though the earth remove,
we will not be afraid;
though hills amidst the seas be cast,
though foaming waters roar,
yea, though the mighty billows shake
the mountains on the shore.

2. A river flows whose streams make glad
the city of our God,
the holy place wherein the Lord
Most High has His abode.
Since God is in the midst of her,
unmoved her walls shall stand,
for God will be her early help
when trouble is at hand.

3. The nations raged, the kingdoms moved,
but when His voice was heard,
the troubled earth was stilled to peace
before His mighty word.
The Lord of hosts is on our side,
our safety to secure;
the God of Jacob is for us
a refuge strong and sure.

4. O come, behold what wondrous works
Jehovah's hand has wrought;
come, see what desolations great
He on the earth has brought.
To utmost ends of all the earth
He causes wars to cease;
the weapons of the strong destroyed,
He makes abiding peace.

5. 'Be still and know that I am God,
o'er all exalted high;
the subject nations of the earth
My Name shall magnify.'
The Lord of hosts is on our side,
our safety to secure;
the God of Jacob is for us
a refuge strong and sure.

(The Psalter, 1912; based on Psalm 46)

1. **When I fear my faith will fail,**
Christ will hold me fast.
When the tempter would prevail,
He will hold me fast.
I could never keep my hold
Through life's fearful path,
For my love is often cold,
He must hold me fast.

*He will hold me fast,
He will hold me fast,
For my Saviour loves me so,
He will hold me fast.*

2. Those He saves are His delight,
Christ will hold me fast.
Precious in His holy sight,
He will hold me fast.
He'll not let my soul be lost,
His Promises shall last;
Bought by Him at such a cost,
He will hold me fast.

3. For my life He bled and died,
Christ will hold me fast.
Justice has been satisfied,
He will hold me fast.
Raised with Him to endless life,
He will hold me fast;
Till our faith is turned to sight,
When He comes at last.

("He will hold me fast" - words by Ada Ruth Habershon & Matthew Merker; © 2013 Getty Music Publishing (Admin. by Music Services, Inc.); Matthew Merker Music (Admin. by Song Solutions, www.songsolutions.org); CCLI licence: 482005)

Hymns for the morning service (January 10th, 2021)

1. How sure the Scriptures are!

God's vital, urgent Word,
as true as steel, and far
more sharp than any sword:
so deep and fine,
at His control
they pierce where soul
and spirit join.

2. They test each human thought,
refining like a fire;
they measure what we ought
to do and to desire:
for God knows all –
exposed it lies
before His eyes
to whom we call.

3. Let those who hear His voice
confronting them today,
reject the tempting choice
of doubting or delay:
for God speaks still –
His word is clear,
so let us hear
and do His will!

*("How sure the Scriptures are" - words by
Christopher Idle; © 1982 Christopher Idle /
Jubilate Hymns; CCLI licence: 482005)*

1. Thee will I love, my strength, my tower,

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
in all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2. In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved,
far wide my wandering thoughts were
spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
and now if more at length I see,
'tis through Thy light, and comes from
Thee.

3. I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
that Thy bright beams on me have
shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
my foes and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

4. Uphold me in the doubtful race,
nor suffer me again to stray;
strengthen my feet with steady pace
still to press forward in Thy way;
my soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
transfigure with Thy heavenly light.

5. Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
what though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

(Johann Scheffler; tr by John Wesley)