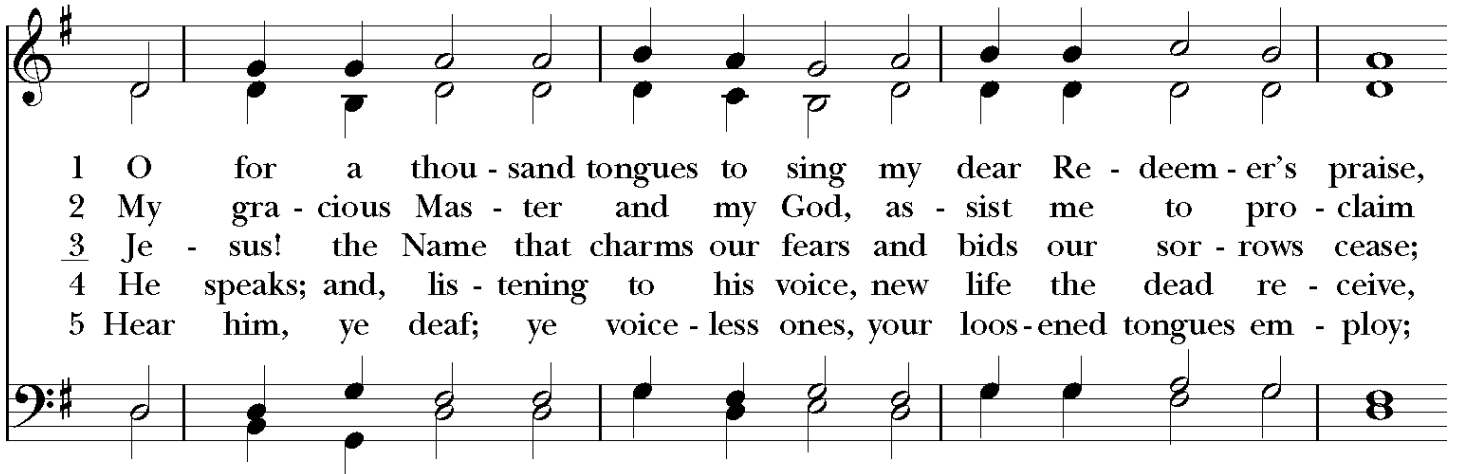


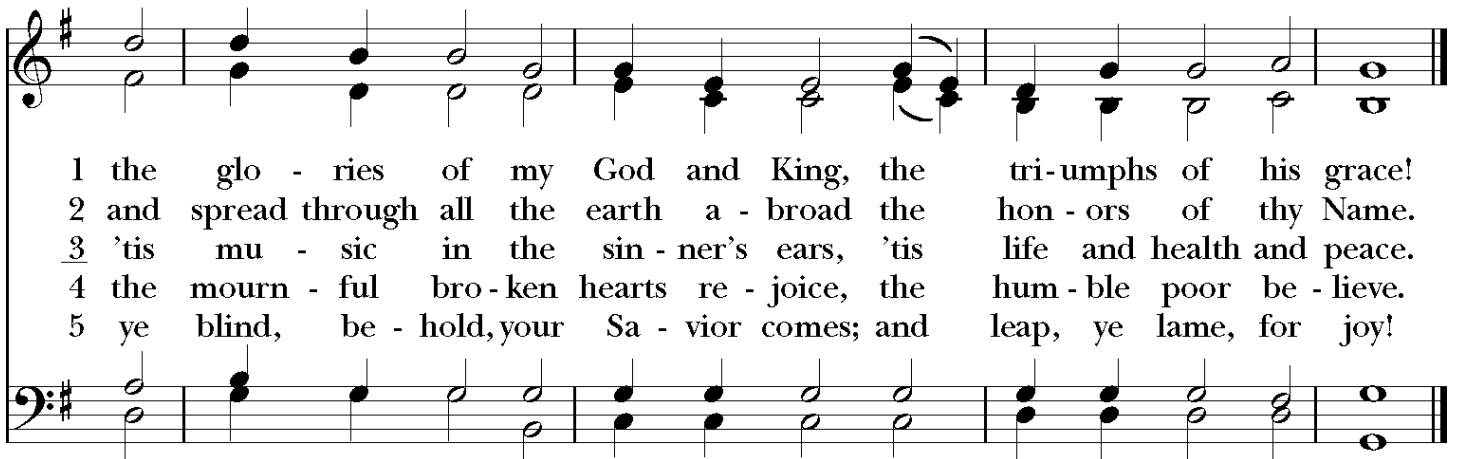
OPENING HYMN 493

O for a thousand tongues to sing

AZMON



1 O for a thou - sand tongues to sing my dear Re - deem - er's praise,
 2 My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, as - sist me to pro - claim
 3 Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears and bids our sor - rows cease;
 4 He speaks; and, lis - tening to his voice, new life the dead re - ceive,
 5 Hear him, ye deaf; ye voice - less ones, your loos - ened tongues em - ploy;



1 the glo - ries of my God and King, the tri - umphs of his grace!
 2 and spread through all the earth a - broad the hon - ors of thy Name.
 3 'tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'tis life and health and peace.
 4 the mourn - ful bro - ken hearts re - jice, the hum - ble poor be - lieve.
 5 ye blind, be - hold, your Sa - vior comes; and leap, ye lame, for joy!

6 Glory to God and praise and love
 be now and ever given
 by saints below and saints above,
 the Church in earth and heayen.

1 Blest are the pure in heart, for they shall see our God; the
 2 The Lord, who left the heavens our life and peace to bring, to
 3 he to the low - ly soul will still him - self im - part and
 4 Lord, we thy pres - ence seek; may ours this bless - ing be; give

se - cret of the Lord is theirs, their soul is Christ's a - bode.
 dwell in low - li - ness with us, our pat - tern and our King;
 for his dwell - ing and his throne will choose the pure in heart.
 us a pure and low - ly heart, a tem - ple fit for thee.

Words: Sts. 1 and 3, John Keble (1792-1866), alt.; sts. 2 and 4, William John Hall (1793-1861), alt.

Music: *Franconia*, melody Johann Balthasar König (1691-1758); adapt. and harm. William Henry Havergal (1793-1870)



1 All my hope on God is found - ed; he doth still my
 2 Mor - tal pride and earth - ly glo - ry, sword and crown be -
 3 God's great good - ness e'er en - dur - eth, deep his wis - dom
 * 4 Dai - ly doth the al - mighty Giv - er boun - teous gifts on
 5 Still from earth to God e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice of



1 trust re - new, me through change and chance he
 2 tray our trust; though with care and toil we
 3 pass - ing thought: splen - dor, light, and life at -
 4 us be - stow; his de - sire our soul de -
 5 praise be done, high a - bove all prais - es



1 guid - eth, on - ly good and on - ly true. God un -
 2 build them, tower and tem - ple fall to dust. But God's
 3 tend him, beau - ty spring - eth out of nought. Ev - er -
 4 light - eth, plea - sure leads us where we go. Love doth
 5 prais - ing for the gift of Christ, his son. Christ doth



1 known, he a - lone calls my heart to be his own.
 2 power, hour by hour, is my tem - ple and my tower.
 3 more from his store new-born worlds rise and a - dore.
 4 stand at his hand; joy doth wait on his com - mand.
 5 call one and all: ye who fol - low shall not fall.

Words: Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), alt., after Joachim Neander (1650-1680)
 Music: Michael, Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

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