

HYMNS FOR 15 FEBRUARY

10.30AM

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Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
unaccompanied by thee;
joyless is the day's return,
till thy mercy's beams I see,
till they inward light impart,
glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
scatter all my unbelief;
more and more thyself display,
shining to the perfect day.

*Text: Charles Wesley, (1707-1788).
Music: Melody Geystsliche Gesangk Buchleyn, 1524;
adapt. and harm. William Henry Havergal (1793-1870), alt.*

How shall I sing that majesty

How shall I sing that majesty
which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
thy throne, O God most high;
ten thousand times ten thousand sound
thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
whilst I thy footsteps trace;
a sound of God comes to my ears,
but they behold thy face.
They sing, because thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;

for where heaven is but once begun
there alleluias be.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
inflame it with love's fire;
then shall I sing and bear a part
with that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
with all my fire and light;
yet when thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.

How great a being, Lord, is thine,
which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
to sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore,
a sun without a sphere;
thy time is now and evermore,
thy place is everywhere.

Text: John Mason (1645?-1694)

Music: Ken Naylor (1931-1991)

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God, whose almighty Word
chaos and darkness heard,
and took their flight:
hear us, we humbly pray,
and, where the gospel-day
sheds not its glorious ray,
let there be light!

Saviour, who came to bring
on your redeeming wing
healing and sight,
health to the sick in mind,
sight to the inly blind:
now for all humankind
let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,
life-giving holy Dove,
speed on your flight!
Move on the waters' face
bearing the lamp of grace,

and, in earth's darkest place
let there be light!

Gracious and holy Three,
glorious Trinity,
wisdom, love, might,
boundless as ocean's tide
rolling in fullest pride:
through the world far and wide
let there be light!

Text: John Marriott (1780-1825), alt.

Music: Felice de Giardini (1716-1796); adapt. Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1875;

Desc. Craig Sellar Lang (1891-1971). desc. © 1953 Novello & Co., Ltd.

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