

The Link Benefice



*Serving the villages of Bawdrip, Cossington, Pawlett,
Puriton and Woolavington.*

Hymns 8th March -11.00am Zoom

ALL MY HOPE ON GOD IS FOUNDED

16

He doth still my trust renew
He my guide through changing order
only good and only true.
God unknown, He alone
Calls my heart to be His own.

Pride of man and earthly glory
Sword and crown betray His trust;
All that human toil can fashion
Tower and temple, fall to dust.
But God's power, hour by hour,
Is my temple and my tower.

Day to day our mighty giver
Grants to us His gifts of love;
In His will our souls find pleasure
Leading to our home above
Love shall stand, at His hand
Joy shall wait for His command

Still from man to God eternal
Sacrifice of praise be done,
High above all praises praising
For the gift of Christ his Son
Hear Christ's call one and all;
We who follow shall not fall.

CHRIST WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES

79

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 days return
Till thy mercy 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.

AS THE DEER PANTS FOR THE WATER,

37

So my soul longs after You.
You alone are my heart's desire
And I long to worship You.

You alone are my strength, my shield
To You alone may my spirit yield.
You alone are my heart's desire
and I long to worship You.

I want You more than gold or silver,
only You can satisfy.
You alone are the real joy giver
and the apple of my eye.

You're my friend
and You are my brother,
Even though You are a King.
I love You more than any other,
So much more than anything

WE LOVE THE PLACE, O GOD,
wherein thine honour dwells;
the joy of thine abode
all earthly joy excels.

It is the house of prayer,
wherein thy servants meet;
and thou, O Lord, art there
thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the word of life,
the word that tells of peace,
of comfort in the strife,
and joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
for mercies freely given;
but O we long to know
the triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace
on earth to love thee more,
in heaven to see thy face,
and with thy saints adore.