



Epiphany

♪ Hymn (103) ♪

O worship the Lord
in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him,
His glory proclaim;
with gold of obedience,
and incense of lowliness,
kneel and adore Him:
the Lord is His Name!

Low at His feet
lay thy burden of carefulness:
high on His heart
He will bear it for thee,
comfort thy sorrows,
and answer thy prayerfulness,
guiding thy steps
as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter
His courts in the slenderness
of the poor wealth
thou wouldst reckon as thine:
truth in its beauty,
and love in its tenderness,
these are the offerings
to lay on His shrine.

These, though we bring them
in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept
for the Name that is dear;
mornings of joy give
For evenings of tearfulness,
trust for our trembling
and hope for our fear.

O worship the Lord
in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him,
His glory proclaim;
with gold of obedience,
and incense of lowliness,
kneel and adore Him:
the Lord is His Name!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-1875)

♪ Hymn (691) ♪

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
dwell on His love with sweetest song;
and infant voices shall proclaim
their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
the prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
the weary find eternal rest,
and all the sons of want are blest.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
and praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like incense shall arise
with every morning sacrifice.

Let every creature rise and bring
peculiar honours to our King;
angels descend with songs again,
and earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748) based on Psalm 72

♪ Hymn (719) ♪

Lord, the light of Your love is shining,
in the midst of the darkness shining;
Jesus, Light of the world, shine upon us;
set us free by the truth You now bring us:
shine on me, shine on me.

*Shine, Jesus, shine,
fill this land with the Father's glory;
blaze, Spirit, blaze,
set our hearts on fire.
Flow, river, flow,
flood the nations with grace and mercy;
send forth Your word, Lord,
and let there be light!*

Lord, I come to Your awesome presence,
from the shadows into Your radiance;
by the blood I may enter Your brightness:
search me, try me, consume all my
darkness:
shine on me, shine on me.

As we gaze on Your kingly brightness
so our faces display Your likeness,
ever changing from glory to glory:
mirrored here may our lives tell Your
story:
shine on me, shine on me.

*Graham Kendrick (b. 1950) © 1987 Make Way
Music*

♪ Chant (CAHON 929) ♪

In the Lord I'll be ever thankful,
in the Lord, I will rejoice!
Look to God, do not be afraid;
lift up your voices: the Lord is near,
lift up your voices: the Lord is near.

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♪ Hymn (601) ♪

Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine:
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
born of His Spirit, washed in His blood:

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.*

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture burst on my sight;
angels descending bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love:

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with His goodness, lost in His love:

Fanny Crosby (Frances Jane van Alstyne) (1820-1915)

♪ Hymn (105) ♪

We three kings of Orient are,
bearing gifts we traverse afar
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star:

*O star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
gold I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever, ceasing never
over us all to reign:

Frankincense to offer have I,
incense owns a Deity nigh;
prayer and praising, all men raising,
worship Him, God most high:

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb:

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice.
Heaven sings: 'Alleluia';
'Alleluia,' the earth replies:

Edward John Hopkins (1818-1901)