

Sing to the great Jehovah's praise;  
All praise to Him belongs;  
Who kindly lengthens out our days  
Demands our choicest songs.

His providence hath brought us through  
Another various year;  
We all with vows and anthems new  
Before our God appear.

Father, Thy mercies past we own;  
Thy still continued care;  
To Thee presenting, through Thy Son,  
Whate'er we have or are.

Our lips and lives shall gladly show  
The wonders of Thy love,  
While on in Jesu's steps we go  
To see Thy face above.

Our residue of days or hours  
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be;  
And all our consecrated powers  
A sacrifice to Thee.

And can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviours blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! How can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:  
Who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine.  
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,  
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above -  
So free, so infinite His grace -  
Emptied Himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race.  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;  
For, O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray -  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

The right hand of God is writing in our land,  
Writing with power and with love;  
Our conflict and our fears,  
Our triumphs and our tears,  
Are recorded by the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is pointing in our land,  
Pointing the way we must go;  
So clouded is the way,  
So easily we stray,  
But we're guided by the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is striking in our land,  
Striking out at envy, hate and greed;  
Our selfishness and lust,  
Our pride and deeds unjust,  
Are destroyed by the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is lifting in our land,  
Lifting the fallen one by one;  
Each one is known by name,  
And lifted now from shame,  
By the lifting of the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is healing in our land,  
Healing broken bodies, minds and souls;  
So wondrous is its touch,  
With love that means so much,  
When we're healed by the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is planting in our land,  
Planting seeds of freedom, hope and love;  
In these many-peopled lands,  
Let his children all join hands,  
And be one with the right hand of God.

Lord God, by whom all change is wrought,  
By whom new things to birth are brought,  
In whom no change is known;  
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,  
Thy people still in Thee have part,  
Still, still Thou art our own.

Ancient of Days, we dwell in Thee;  
Out of Thine own eternity  
Our peace and joy are wrought;  
We rest in our eternal God,  
And make secure and sweet abode  
With Thee, who changest not.

Spirit who makest all things new,  
Thou ledest onward; we pursue  
The heavenly march sublime.  
'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow,  
And still from strength to strength we go,  
From height to height we climb.

Darkness and dread we leave behind;  
New light, new glory still we find,  
New realms divine possess;  
New births of grace, new raptures bring;  
Triumphant, the new song we sing,  
The great Renewer bless.

To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest;  
We stay at home, we go in quest,  
Still Thou art our abode.  
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,  
As full on us new life still flows  
From our unchanging God.

O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of Thy name.

Jesus! The name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive,  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

See all your sins on Jesus laid:  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an offering made  
For every soul of man.

#### Canticle 73 (Ecclesiasticus 44:1-15)

1. Let us now praise famous men: and our fathers that begat us.
2. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them: through His great power from the beginning.
3. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms: men renowned for their power; giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies:
4. Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by knowledge of learning meet for the people: wise and eloquent in their instructions.
5. Such as found out musical tunes: and recited verses in writing.
6. Rich men furnished with ability: living peaceably in their habitations:
7. All these were honoured in their generations: and were the glory of their times.
8. There be of them, that have left a name behind them: that their praises might be reported.
9. And some there be, which have no memorial: who are perished, as though they had never been:
10. And are become as though they had never been born: and their children after them.
11. But these were merciful men: whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.
12. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance: and their children are within the covenant.
13. Their seed standeth fast: and their children for their sakes.
14. Their seed shall remain forever: and their glory shall not be blotted out.
15. Their bodies are buried in peace: but their name liveth forevermore.
16. The people will tell of their wisdom: and the congregation will shew forth their praise.