

O God, our help in ages past

TiS 47. Tune: St Anne.

1. O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home:
2. under the shadow of your throne
your saints have dwelt secure:
sufficient is your arm alone,
and our defence is sure.
3. Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received its frame,
from everlasting Thou art God
to endless years the same.
4. A thousand ages in your sight
are like an evening gone:
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.
5. Time like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all of us away;
we fly forgotten as a dream
dies at the opening day.
6. Our God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
remain our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home.

Isaac Watts 1674-1748 alt.

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Fight the good fight

TiS 594. Tune: Duke Street.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is your strength, and Christ thy right;
lay hold on life, and it shall be
thy joy and crown eternally.
2. Run the straight race
through God's good grace,
lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
life with its way before us lies;
Christ is the way and Christ the prize.
3. Cast care aside; and on thy Guide
lean, and his mercy will provide,
lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4. Faint not, nor fear; his arm is near;
he changes not, and thou art dear;
only believe, and thou shalt see
that Christ is all in all to thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1811-75.

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Servant King

TiS 256 Tune: Servant King.

1. From heaven you came, helpless babe,
entered our world, your glory veiled;
not to be served, but to serve,
and give your life that we might live.

CHORUS

*This is our God, the Servant King,
he calls us now to follow him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the Servant King.*

2. There in the garden of tears,
my heavy load he chose to bear;
his heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not my will but yours', he said.

CHORUS

3. Come see his hands and his feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails surrendered.

CHORUS

4. So let us learn how to serve
and in our lives enthrone him;
each other's needs to prefer,
for it is Christ we're serving.

CHORUS

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Take my life and let it be

TiS 599(ii). Tune: Nottingham.

1. Take my life, and let it be
consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days,
let them flow in ceaseless praise.
2. Take my hands, and let them move
at the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
swift and beautiful for thee.
3. Take my voice, and let me sing
always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
filled with messages from thee.
4. Take my silver and my gold,
nothing, Lord, would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
every power as thou shalt choose.
5. Take my will and make it thine;
it shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own;
it shall be thy royal throne.
6. Take my love: my Lord, I pour
at thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
ever, only, all for thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal 1836-79 alt.

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Who would true valour see.

TiS 561. Tune: Monk's Gate.

1. Who would true valour see,
let them come hither;
those here will constant be,
come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
shall make them once relent
each from a vowed Intent,
to be a Pilgrim.
2. Those who so beset them round,
with dismal stories
cannot the brave confound:
their strength the more is.
No Lion can them fright,
They'll with a Giant Fight,
But each will have a right,
to be a Pilgrim.
3. Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
can daunt his Spirit:
they knows, they at the end,
shall life inherit.
then fancies fly away;
they'll scorn what people say,
and each work night and day,
to be a Pilgrim.

John Bunyan 1628-88 alt.

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