

Holton Road Baptist Church, Barry



HYMNS

to be sung at the

BROADCAST

of

SUNDAY HALF-HOUR

on Sunday, 7th July, 1968

8.30 p.m. to 9.0 p.m.

Rehearsal for balance and timing at 7.30 approx.

1. (41) Groningen

GOD is in His temple,
The almighty Father,
Round His footstool let us gather:
Him with adoration
Serve, the Lord most holy,
Who hath mercy on the lowly;
Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For His great salvation:
God is in His temple!

Christ comes to His temple:
We, His word receiving,
Are made happy in believing.
Lo! from sin delivered,
He hath turned our sadness,
Our deep gloom, to light and
gladness!
Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For our bonds are severed:
Christ comes to His temple!

Come and claim Thy temple,
Gracious Holy Spirit!
In our hearts Thy home inherit:
Make in us Thy dwelling,
Thy high work fulfilling,
Into ours Thy will instilling,
Till we raise
Hymns of praise,
Beyond mortal telling,
In the eternal temple.

2. (193) Crugybar

THE light of the morning is
breaking,
The shadows are passing away;
The nations of earth are awaking,
New peoples are learning to pray.
Let wrong, O Redeemer, be righted,
In knowing and doing Thy will;
And gather, as brothers united,
All men to Thy cross on the hill.

Thy love is the bond of creation,
Thy love is the peace of mankind:
Make safe with Thy love every
nation
In concord of heart and of mind.
Thy pity alone can deliver
The earth from her sorrows, dear
Lord:
Her pride and her hardness forgive
her,
Thy blood for her ransom was
poured.

Thy throne, O Redeemer, be
founded
In radiance of wisdom and love;
Thy name through the wide world
be sounded
Till earth be as heaven above.
Though hills and high mountains
should tremble,
Though all that is seen melt
away,
Thy voice shall in triumph assemble
Thy loved ones at dawning of
day.

3. (382) Stuttgart

LORD, Thy kingdom bring
triumphant,
Give this world Thy liberty,
May Thy Spirit's strong compulsion
Rule our tides of energy:

Where the vessel cleaves the ocean,
Or the pilot steers his plane,
Where the miner toils in darkness,
And the farmer sows the grain.

Consecrate Thy people's labour
At the airfield, mill and port;
With the gladness of Thy presence
Bless our homes and grace our
sport.

Let Thy mercy and Thy wisdom
Rule our courts and parliament,
And to soldier, sage and scholar
May Thy light and truth be sent.

By the pioneer's endeavour,
By the word of printed page,
By the martyr's dying witness,
And Thy saints in every age:

By the living voice of preacher,
By the skill of surgeon's hand,
By the far borne broadcast tidings
Speaking peace from land to land:

Lord, Thy kingdom bring
triumphant,
Visit us this living hour,
Let Thy toiling, sinning children
See Thy kingdom come in power.

4. (55) Rhydygroes
GREAT God of wonders, all Thy
ways
Are matchless, godlike, and
divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled
shine:

Refrain:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
Such dire offences to forgive,
Such guilty daring souls to spare;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour
share:

In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,
A pardon sealed with Jesus'
blood:

O may this glorious matchless love,
This God-like miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those
above,
To raise this song of lofty praise:

5. (576) : Great is Thy faithfulness.
GREAT is Thy faithfulness, O God
my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with
Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compass-
ions they fail not,
As Thou hast been Thou for ever
wilt be.

Refrain:

Great is Thy faithfulness!
Great is Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies
I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath
provided,—
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord,
unto me!

Summer and winter, and spring-
time and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their
courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold
witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy
and love.

Pardon for sin and a peace that
endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer
and to guide;
Strength for to-day and bright hope
for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten
thousand beside!

6. (570) Trewen
A SOVEREIGN protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
He smiles, and my comforts
abound;
His grace as the dew shall
descend,
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
 Thou shepherd and guardian of
 Thine,
 My all to Thy covenant care
 I sleeping and waking resign.
 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me;
 And, fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to
 Thee.

7. (258) St. Polycarp

HEAD of the Church and Lord of
 all,
 Hear from Thy throne our suppliant
 call:
 We come the promised grace to
 seek,
 Of which aforetime Thou didst
 speak.

"Lo, I am with you"—that sweet
 word,
 Lord Jesus, meekly be it heard,
 And stamped with all-inspiring
 power
 On our weak souls this favoured
 hour.

Without Thy presence, King of
 saints,
 Our purpose fails, our spirit faints;
 Thou must our wavering faith
 renew
 Ere we can yield Thee service true.

Thy consecrating might we ask,
 Or vain the toil, unblest the task,
 And impotent of fruit will be
 Love's holiest effort wrought for
 Thee.

"Lo, I am with you"; even so,
 Thy joy our strength, we fearless
 go;
 And praise shall crown the sup-
 pliant's call.
 Head of the Church, and Lord of
 all!

8. (689) Sennen

DAY is dying in the west,
 Heaven is touching earth with
 rest;
 Wait and worship while the night
 Sets her evening lamps alight
 Through all the sky.

Refrain:
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of
 hosts:
 Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
 Heaven and earth are praising
 Thee,
 O Lord most high.

Lord of life, beneath the dome
 Of the universe Thy home,
 Gather us, who seek Thy face,
 To the fold of Thy embrace;
 For Thou art nigh.

While the deepening shadows fall
 Heart of love enfolding all,
 Through the glory and the grace
 Of the stars that veil Thy face,
 Our hearts ascend.

When for ever from our sight
 Pass the stars, the day, the night,
 Lord of angels, on our eyes
 Let eternal morn arise,
 And shadows end.