

**1 All people that on earth do dwell,**  
sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
come ye before him, and rejoice.

**2** The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;  
without our aid he did us make;  
we are his folk, he doth us feed,  
and for his sheep he doth us take.

**3** O enter then his gates with praise,  
approach with joy his courts unto;  
praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
for it is seemly so to do.

**4** For why? The Lord our God is good;  
his mercy is for ever sure;  
his truth at all times firmly stood,  
and shall from age to age endure.

**5** To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom heaven and earth adore,  
from men and from the angel-host  
be praise and glory evermore.

**Words:** William Kethe  
**Music:** 'OLD HUNDREDTH' Genevan Psalter, 1551

**1 Father of heaven, whose love profound**  
a ransom for our souls hath found,  
before thy throne we sinners bend,  
to us thy pardoning love extend.

**2** Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
before thy throne we sinners bend,  
to us thy saving grace extend.

**3** Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
the soul is raised from sin and death,  
before thy throne we sinners bend,  
to us thy quickening power extend.

**4** Thrice Holy! Father, Spirit, Son;  
mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
before thy throne we sinners bend,  
grace, pardon, life to us extend.

**Words:** Edward Cooper  
**Music:** 'RIEVAULX' John Bacchus Dykes

**1 Before the throne of God above**  
I have a strong, a perfect plea,  
a great High Priest, whose name is Love,  
who ever lives and pleads for me.  
My name is graven on his hands,  
my name is written on his heart;  
I know that while in heaven he stands  
no tongue can bid me thence depart,  
no tongue can bid me thence depart.

**2** When Satan tempts me to despair,  
and tells me of the guilt within,  
upward I look, and see him there  
who made an end of all my sin.  
Because the sinless Saviour died,  
my sinful soul is counted free;  
for God, the Just, is satisfied

to look on him and pardon me,  
to look on him and pardon me.

**3** Behold him there! the risen Lamb!  
my perfect, spotless Righteousness,  
the great unchangeable I AM,  
the King of glory and of grace!  
One with my Lord, I cannot die;  
my soul is purchased by his blood;  
my life is hid with Christ on high,  
with Christ, my Saviour and my God,  
with Christ, my Saviour and my God.

**Words:** Charitie Lees De Chenez  
**Music:** 'BEFORE THE THRONE OF GOD ABOVE' Vikki Cook  
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**1 Here is love, vast as the ocean,**  
loving kindness as the flood,  
when the Prince of life, our ransom,  
shed for us his precious blood.  
Who his love will not remember?  
Who can cease to sing his praise?  
He can never be forgotten  
throughout heaven's eternal days.

**2** On the mount of crucifixion  
fountains opened deep and wide;  
through the floodgates of God's mercy  
flowed a vast and gracious tide.  
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,  
poured incessant from above,  
and heaven's peace and perfect justice  
with Christ, my Saviour and my God.

**Words:** William Rees *translated by:* William Edwards  
**Music:** 'DIM OND JESU' Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

**1 O worship the King, all glorious above;**  
O gratefully sing his power and his love;  
our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,  
pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.

**2** O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,  
whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;  
his chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,  
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

**3** Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;  
it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

**4** Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;  
thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

**5** O measureless might, ineffable love,  
while angels delight to hymn thee above,  
thy humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
with true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

**Words:** Charles Wesley  
**Music:** 'PADERBORN' German folk melody included in *Gesangbuch*,  
Paderborn, 1765. Arrangement: © Hymns Ancient & Modern Ltd