

Hymns for Sunday, September 18th, 2022

HYMN: CP 386, WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS; CP 386 ROCKINGHAM

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the cross of Christ, my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN: CP 537, IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY; CP 537 CROSS OF JESUS

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
towering o'er the wrecks of time;
all the light of sacred story
gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
never shall the cross forsake me:
lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
light and love upon my way,

from the cross the radiance streaming
adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
by the cross are sanctified;
peace is there that knows no measure,
joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
towering o'er the wrecks of time;
all the light of sacred story
gathers round its head sublime.

HYMN: CP 185, SING MY TONGUE, THE GLORIOUS BATTLE; SUNG TO CP 185 ORIEL

1 Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle;
sing the ending of the fray;
now above the cross, the trophy,
sound the loud triumphant lay:
tell how Christ, the world's redeemer,
as a victim won the day.

2 Tell how, when at length the fullness
of the appointed time was come,
Christ, the Word, was born of woman,
left for us his heavenly home;
showed us human life made perfect,
shone as light amid the gloom.

3 Thus, with thirty years accomplished,
went he forth from Nazareth,
destined, dedicated, willing,

wrought his work and met his death.
Like a lamb he humbly yielded
on the cross his dying breath.

4 Faithful cross, thou sign of triumph,
now for us the noblest tree,
none in foliage, none in blossom,
none in fruit thy peer may be;
symbol of the world's redemption,
for the weight that hung on thee!

5 Unto God be praise and glory:
to the Father and the Son,
to the eternal spirit honour
now and evermore be done;
praise and glory in the highest,
while the timeless ages run.