

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord !

Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice ;
tender to me the promise of his word ;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name !
Make known his might, the deeds his arm has done ;
his mercy sure, from age to age the same ;
his holy name, the Lord, the mighty one.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might !
Powers and dominions lay their glory by.
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word !
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore !

Timothy Dudley-Smith (*b.* 1926)
based on Luke 1.46-55 (*Magnificat, The Song of Mary*)

The splendour of the King

Clothed in majesty
Let all the earth rejoice
All the earth rejoice
He wraps Himself in light
And darkness tries to hide
And trembles at His voice
And trembles at His voice

*How great is our God
Sing with me
How great is our God
And all will see how great
How great is our God*

And age to age He stands
And time is in His hands
Beginning and the End
Beginning and the End
The Godhead three in one
Father Spirit Son
The Lion and the Lamb
The Lion and the Lamb

Name above all names
Worthy of all praise
My heart will sing
How great is our God

Ev'ryone needs compassion

Love that's never failing
Let mercy fall on me
Ev'ryone needs forgiveness
The kindness of a Saviour
The hope of nations

*Saviour He can move the mountains
My God is mighty to save
He is mighty to save
Forever Author of salvation
He rose and conquered the grave
Jesus conquered the grave*

So take me as You find me
All my fears and failures
Fill my life again
I give my life to follow
Ev'rything I believe in
Now I surrender

Shine your light and let the whole world see
We're singing
For the glory of the risen King
Jesus
Shine your light and let the whole world see
We're singing
For the glory of the risen King

- 1 **O love that wilt not let me go,**
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
that in thine ocean depths its flow
may richer, fuller be.
- 2 O light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
my heart restores its borrowed ray,
that in thy sunshine's blaze its day
may brighter, fairer be.
- 3 O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain,
that morn shall tearless be.
- 4 O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
and from the ground there blossoms red
life that shall endless be.

George Matheson (1842–1906)