

**Angel voices, ever singing,**  
Round thy throne of light,  
Angel harps, for ever ringing,  
Rest not day or night;  
Thousands only live to bless Thee,  
And confess Thee, Lord of might.

Thou who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we know that thou art near us  
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

Yea, we know that thou rejoicest  
O'er each work of thine;  
Thou didst ears and hands and voices  
For thy praise design;  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For thy pleasure all combine.

In thy house, great God, we offer  
Of thine own to thee;  
And for thine acceptance proffer,  
All unworthily,  
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,  
In our choicest psalmody.

Honour, glory, might and merit,  
Thine shall ever be,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Blessed Trinity!  
Of the best that thou hast given  
Earth and heaven render thee.

*Francis Pott (1832-1909)*

**Faithful one, so unchanging**

Ageless one, you're my rock of peace

Lord of all I depend on you

I call out to you, again and again

I call out to you, again and again

You are my rock in times of trouble

You lift me up when I fall down

All through the storm

Your love is, the anchor

My hope is in You alone

*Brian Doerksen © 1989 Thankyou Music*

## **How sweet the name of Jesus sounds**

In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

Jesus, my shepherd, brother, friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

*John Newton (1725-1807)*