



St Paul's

## Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup> August

**Holy God, we praise your name,**  
Lord of all, we bow before you;  
All on earth your sceptre claim,  
All in heaven above adore you;  
Infinite your vast domain;  
Everlasting is your reign.

Hark! The loud celestial hymn  
Angel choirs above are raising;  
Cherubim and seraphim  
In unceasing chorus praising,  
Fill the heavens with sweet accord:  
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

All apostles join the strain  
As your sacred name they hallow;  
Prophets swell the glad refrain,  
And the white-robed martyrs follow;  
And from morn to set of sun,  
Through us all the song goes on.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, three we name you;  
While in essence only one,  
Undivided God we claim you,  
Then, adoring bend the knee,  
While we own the mystery.

*Words: Ignaz Franz, transl.: Clarence Walworth;  
Music: anonym, Vienna 1776*

**Holy God, holy and strong**  
Holy and immortal,  
Have mercy upon us.

**In the darkness we were waiting without  
hope without light,**

Til from heaven you came running there was  
mercy in your eyes.  
To fulfil the law and prophets, to a virgin came  
the word,  
From a throne of endless glory, to a cradle in  
the dust.

*Chorus*

*Praise the father, praise the Son, praise the Spirit  
three in one,  
God of glory, majesty, praise for ever to the King of  
kings.*

To reveal the kingdom coming and to reconcile  
the lost,  
To redeem the whole creation you did not  
despise the cross,  
For even in your suffering you saw the other  
side,  
Knowing this was our salvation, Jesus for our  
sake you died.

*Chorus*

And the morning that you rose all of heaven  
held its breath,  
Til that stone was rolled removed for good, for  
the lamb had conquered death.  
And the dead rose from their tombs and the  
Angels stood in awe,  
For the souls of all who'd come to the Father  
are restored.

*Chorus*

And the church of Christ was born then the  
Spirit lit the flame,  
Now the Gospel truth of old shall not kneel,  
shall not fail,  
By his blood and in his name in his freedom I  
am free,  
For the love of Jesus Christ who has  
resurrected me.

*Chorus*

**Hillsong Worship (Lyrics)**

**Take my life, and let it be**  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move,  
At the impulse of thy love;  
Take my feet, and let them be,  
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my will, and make it thine;  
It shall be no longer mine:  
Take my heart, it is thine own;  
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour,  
At thy feet its treasure store:  
Take myself, and I will be,  
Ever, only, all for thee.

*Frances Ridley Havergal*

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