

WoW ENGLISH HYMNS - 1st September 2020

Methodist Hymn Book

Hymn 527 – Sometimes a light surprises

Words composed: William Cowper (pronounced "Cooper")	
b. Berkamstead, Hertfordshire, England, 1731; d. East Dereham, Norfolk, England, 1800)	
Key: Ab Major	
Tune: PETITION	Meter: 7.6.7.6.D
Composer: Franz Joseph Haydn (1797)	b. Rohrau, Austria, 1732; d. Vienna, Austria, 1809

1	Sometimes a light surprises The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who rises With healing in His wings: When comforts are declining, He grants the soul again A season of clear shining, To cheer it after rain.	2	In holy contemplation, We sweetly then pursue The theme of God's salvation, And find it ever new. Set free from present sorrow, We cheerfully can say, E'en let the unknown, to-morrow Bring with it what it may:
3	It can bring with it nothing But He will bear us through; Who gives the lilies clothing Will clothe His people too: Beneath the spreading heavens No creature but is fed; And He who feeds the ravens Will give His children bread.	4	Though vine nor fig-tree neither Their wonted fruit should bear, Though all the field should wither, Nor flocks nor herds be there, Yet, God the same abiding, His praise shall tune my voice; For, while in Him confiding, I cannot but rejoice.

Hymn 38 – FATHER of heaven, whose love profound

Words composed (1850):	Edward Cooper, (b. 1 July 1770; d. 26 February 1833)
Key: A Major	
Tune: WILTON	Meter: 8.8.8.8. = LM (Long Meter)
Composer: Samuel J. Stanley	b. 1767; d. 1822

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.

Hymn 353 – JUST as I am, without one plea

Words composed:	Charlotte Elliott (b. 18 March 1789, Clapham, London, England; d. 22 September 1871, Brighton, Sussex, England)
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Key: D Major		
Tune: SAFFRON WALDEN	Meter: 8.8.8.6	Composer: Arthur Henry Brown (1877)
b. 24 July 1830, Brentwood, Essex, England; d. 15 February 1926, Brentwood, Essex, England.		

1	JUST as I am, without one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!	2	Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
3	Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fighting and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come!	4	Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

5	Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve; Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!	6	Just as I am-Thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down- Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come!
7	Just as I am, of that free love the breadth, length, depth, and height to prove, Here for a season, then above, O Lamb of God, I come.		

Hymn 19 - PRAISE, O praise our God and King!

Words composed:	John Milton (b. 9 December 1608, London, England; d. 8 November 1674, London, England)
Words adapted:	Henry Williams Baker (b. 27 May 1821 London, England, UK; d. 12 February 1877, Monkland, Herefordshire, England)

Key: B \flat Major	
Tune: MONKLAND (1790)	Meter: 7.7.7.7
Composer: John Antes	b. Frederick, PA, 1740; d. Bristol, England, 1811
Adapter: John Bernard Wilkes	b. 1785; d. 1869

1	PRAISE, O praise our God and King! Hymns of adoration sing:	2	Praise Him that He made the sun Day by day his course to run:
3	And the silver moon by night, Shining with her gentle light:	4	Praise Him that He gave the rain To mature the swelling grain:
5	And hath bid fruitful field Crops of precious increase yield:	6	Praise Him for our harvest store, He hath filled the garner floor:
7	And for richer food than this, Pledge of everlasting bliss:	Chorus <i>For His mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.</i>	
8	Glory to our bounteous King! Glory let creation sing, Glory to the Father, Son, And blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.		

Hymn 511 – Begone unbelief

Words composed:	John Newton (b. London, England, 1725; d. London, 1807)		
Key: F Major			
Tune: HOUGHTON (Gauntlett) 1861	Meter: 10 10.11 11.	Composer: Henry J. Gauntlett	
b. Wellington, Shropshire, July 9, 1805; d. London, England, February 21, 1876			

1	BEGONE, unbelief; my Saviour is near, And for my relief will surely appear: By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform; With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.	2	Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide, 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide; Though cisterns be broken and creatures all fail, The word He hath spoken shall surely prevail,
3	His love in time past forbids me to think He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink; While each Ebenezer I have in review Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.	4	Why should I complain of want or distress, Temptation or pain? He told me no less; The heirs of salvation, I know from His word, Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
5	Since all that I meet shall work for my good, The bitter is sweet, the medicine food; Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long; And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!		

Hymn 503 – GOD moves in a mysterious way

Words composed (1774):	William Cowper – pronounced: ‘Cooper’ (b. Berkamstead, Hertfordshire, England, 1731; d. East Dereham, Norfolk, England, 1800))
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Key: F Major	Tune: IRISH	Meter: 8.6.8.6 = CM	Source: Irish Folk Song; Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems, 1749; Dublin Hymn Book, 1749
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1	GOD moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.	2	Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill He treasures up His bright designs, And works His sovereign will.
3	Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.	4	Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.
5	His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.		Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain; God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain.