

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

# Hymns of Praise

Sunday, 23 June 2024



### #304

We praise you, Creator, in earth, sea and sky,  
our Ruler, our Maker, our Sovereign most high.

Each new generation lifts voices in praise:  
how good your creation, how gracious your ways!

Each springtime the blossoms bloom fragrant once more;  
each summer, each autumn brings forth its rich store.

With witness compelling our praise and our prayer,  
creation is telling of your faithful care.

Your wondrous works teach us, Creator, to trace  
the limitless reaches of your love and grace.

Your grace dwells among us, your love goes before;  
from eldest to youngest, we praise and adore.



## #728

The storm is strong; we face the wind.  
The water rises; waves crash in.  
Where are we now? Where will we be?  
There is no mercy on this sea.

But you, Christ, you are with us here.  
We turn to you in all our fear.  
The single word you say is “peace”,  
and wind and waves and storm all cease.

Who can you be? What power you say  
that even winds and sea obey?  
Remove our fear of death and harm.  
Give us your faith and still our storm.



## #830 – Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
praise him all creatures here below;  
praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

#685

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
is laid for your faith in God's excellent word!  
What more can God say than to you hath been said  
to you that for refuge to Jesus have fled?

'Fear not, I am with thee; oh be not dismayed!  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand  
upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

“When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
the rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,  
for I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
and sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.”

'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
my grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply:  
the flames shall not hurt thee; I only design  
thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

“The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;  
that soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!”