

**Providence Baptist Chapel Bedford
Hymns – Sunday 22 March 2020 PM**

1 Let us love and sing and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hushed the Law's loud thunder,
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame:
He has washed us with His blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Called us by his grace and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
He has washed us with His blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He who washed us with His blood
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us wonder; grace and justice
Join, and point to mercy's store;
When through grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles and asks no more:
He who washed us with His blood
Has secured our way to God.

5 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted Him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast washed us with Thy blood;
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

John Newton

1 The King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never.
I nothing lack if I am his,
And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth;
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me;
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
within Thy house forever!

Henry Williams Baker, Psalm 23

1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells

1 O the bitter shame and sorrow
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered:
'All of self, and none of Thee!'

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray: 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly:
'Some of self, and Some of thee!'

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered:
'Less of self, and more of Thee!'

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my supplication –
'None of self, and all of Thee!'

Theodore Monod