

MP 631 Tell out my soul

1 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings give my spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of His word;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

2
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His name!
Make known His might,
the deeds His arm has done;
His mercy sure, from age to age the same;
His holy name, the Lord, the Mighty On

3
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His might!
Powers and dominions lay their glory by.
Proud hearts and stubborn wills
are put to flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

4
Tell out, my soul, the glories of His word!
Firm is His promise, and His mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore!

Timothy Dudley Smith

MP 990 I will offer up my life.

1 I will offer up my life
in spirit and truth
pouring out the oil of love
as my worship to You
in surrender I must give
my every part;
Lord receive the sacrifice
of a broken heart.

Jesus, what can I give,
What can I bring
to so faithful a friend,
to so loving a king?
Saviour what can be said?
What can be sung
as a praise of your name
for the things you have done?
Oh, my words could not tell,
not even in part,
of the debt of love that is owed
by this thankful heart.

2 You deserve my every breath,
for You've paid the great cost;
giving up Your life to death,
even death on a cross.
You took all my shame away,
there defeated my sin,
Opened up the gates of heaven
And have beckoned me in.
Jesus, what can I give

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MP 624 Take my life.

1 Take my life, and let it be
consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
take my moments and my days,
let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 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.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
always, only, for my King;
take my lips, and let them be
filled with messages from Thee.

Hymn Sheet for Sunday 09 May 2021

- 4 Take my silver and my gold,
not a mite would I withhold;
take my intellect, and use
every power as Thou shalt choose.

- 5 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.

Frances Ridley Havergall 1836-79
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