

Popular Funeral Hymns



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Abide with Me

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O Lord who changes not, abide with me.
I need your presence every passing hour.
What but your grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like yourself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
I fear no foe with you at hand to bless,
though ills have weight, and tears their bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, your victory?
I triumph still, if you abide with me.
Hold now your Word before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Alleluya, sing to Jesus

ALLELUYA, sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, his the throne;
Alleluya, his the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by his Blood.
Alleluya, not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluya, he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how;
Though the cloud from sight received him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
'I am with you evermore'?
Alleluya, Bread of Angels
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay;
Alleluya, here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.
Alleluya, King eternal,

Thee the Lord of lords we own:
Alleluya, born of Mary,
Earth thy footstool, Heaven thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

All people that on earth do dwell

All people that on earth do dwell,
sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
serve him with joy, his praises tell,
come now before him and rejoice!
Know that the Lord is God indeed,
he formed us all without our aid;
we are the flock he loves to feed,
the sheep who by his hand are made.
O enter then his gates with praise,
and in his courts his love proclaim;
give thanks and bless him all your days:
let every tongue confess his name.
For God, our mighty Lord is good,
his mercy is for ever sure;
his truth at all times firmly stood,
and shall from age to age endure.
Praise God the Father, God the Son,
and God the Spirit evermore;
all praise to God the Three - in - One,
let heaven rejoice and earth adore!

All things bright and beautiful

(Refrain)

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.
Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.
The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,

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The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;
ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.
The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits of the garden,
He made them every one.
ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.
The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows for our play,
The rushes by the water,
To gather every day;
ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.
He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear.
And Grace, my fears relieved.
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed.
Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'Tis Grace that brought me safe thus far
and Grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me.
His word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,

I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun.
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun.

As pants the hart for cooling streams

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine!
Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Be thou my vision

Lord, be my vision, supreme in my heart,
bid every rival give way and depart:
you my best thought in the day or the night,
waking or sleeping, your presence my light.
Lord, be my wisdom and be my true word,
I ever with you and you with me, Lord:
you my great father and I your true child,
once far away, but by love reconciled.
Lord, be my breastplate, my sword for the fight:
be my strong armour, for you are my might;
you are my shelter, and you my high tower
raise me to heaven, O Power of my power.
I need no riches, nor earth's empty praise:
you my inheritance through all my days;
all of your treasure to me you impart.
high King of heaven, the first in my heart
High King of heaven, when battle is done,
grant heaven's joy to me, bright heaven's sun;
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall

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still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Blest are the pure in heart

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.
The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;
Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.
Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Crown him with many crowns

Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon the throne,

While heaven's eternal anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died to be
Your Saviour and your matchless King
Through all eternity
Crown him the Lord of life
Triumphant from the grave,
who rose victorious from the strife
For those he came to save:
His glories now we sing
Who died and reigns on high;
He died eternal life to bring
And lives that death may die.
Crown him the Lord of love,
Who shows his hands and side
Those wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.
Crown him the Lord of peace -
His kingdom is at hand;
From pole to pole let warfare cease
And Christ rule every land!
A city stands on high,
His glory it displays,
And there the nations 'Holy' cry
In joyful hymns of praise.
Crown him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres
In majesty sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail,
For you have died for me;
Your praise shall never, never fail
Through all eternity!

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-cloth us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.
In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

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O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!
Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.
Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

For those in peril on the sea

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.
O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.
O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.
O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go:
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Fight the good fight with all thy might

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be

The joy and crown eternally.
Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul will prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

For all the Saints who from their labours rest

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
who Thee by faith before the world confessed;
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
and hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

But when there breaks a yet more glorious day;
the saints triumphant rise in bright array;
the King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
in praise of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Firmly I believe and truly

FIRMLY I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.

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And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love supremely, solely,
Him the Holy, Him the Strong.
And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church as His creation,
And her teachings as His own.
Adoration ay be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Glorious things of thee are spoken

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God.
He whose Word cannot be broken
formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
what can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
See, the streams of living waters,
springing from eternal love,
well supply thy sons and daughters
and all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
never fails from age to age.
Round each habitation hov'ring,
see the cloud and fire appear
for a glory and a cov'ring,
showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
light by night and shade by day,
safe they feed upon the manna
which God gives them when on their way.
Savior, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading are the world's best pleasures,
all its boasted pomp and show;
solid joys and lasting treasures

none but Zion's children know.

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer

Guide me, O my great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.
Open now the crystal fountain,
where the healing waters flow.
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
ever be my strength and shield,
ever be my strength and shield.
When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside.
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever sing to you,
I will ever sing to you.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
and drives away our fear.
It makes the wounded spirit whole
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.
O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
accept the praise I bring.
How weak the effort of my heart,
how cold my warmest thought;
but when I see you as you are,
I'll praise you as I ought.
Till then I would your love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of your name

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refresh my soul in death.

He who would valiant be

He who would valiant be 'against all disaster,
let him in constancy follow the Master.
There's no discouragement shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.
Who so beset him round with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound--his strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might, though he with giants fight;
he will make good his right to be a pilgrim.
Since, Lord, Thou dost defend us with Thy Spirit
we know we at the end shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, flee away! I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labor night and day to be a pilgrim.

How great thou art

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hands have made
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed
Then sings my soul, my saviour God to thee
'How great thou art, how great thou art'
Then sings my soul, my saviour God to thee
'How great thou art, how great thou art'
When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees
When I look down from lofty mountains grandeur
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze
And when I think that God, his Son not sparing
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burdens gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin
When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart
Then shall I bow, in humble adoration
And there proclaim 'my God, how great thou art!

I heard the voice of Jesus say

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
lay down, thou weary one, lay down

thy head upon My breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
so weary worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
and He has made me glad.
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
the living water; thirsty one,
stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
of that life-giving stream;
my thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
and now I live in Him.
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
and all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
in Him my Star, my Sun;
and in that Light of life I'll walk,
till all my journey's done.

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:
the love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
that lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
the love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
the love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.
2 And there's another country I've heard of long ago,
most dear to them that love her, most great to them that
know;
we may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
and soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
and her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are
peace.

I'll walk beside you

I'll walk beside you through the world today,
While dreams and songs and flowers bless your way,
I'll look into your eyes and hold your hand,
I'll walk beside you through the golden land,
I'll walk beside you through the world tonight,
Beneath the starry skies ablaze with light,

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And in your heart love's tender words I'll hide,
I'll walk beside you through the eventide
I'll walk beside you through the passing years,
Through days of cloud and sunshine, joy and tears;
and when the great call comes, the sunset gleams,
I'll walk beside you to the land of dreams

Immortal, invisible, God only wise

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.
Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice, like mountains, high soaring above
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.
To all, life Thou givest, to both great and small,
in all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
and wither and perish, but naught changeth Thee.
Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
all praise we would render, O help us to see
'tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee!

In heavenly love abiding

In heavenly love abiding,
no change my heart shall fear;
and safe is such confiding,
for nothing changes here:
the storm may roar without me,
my heart may low be laid;
but God is round about me,
and can I be dismayed?
Wherever he may guide me,
no want shall turn me back;
my Shepherd is beside me,
and nothing can I lack:
his wisdom ever waketh,
his sight is never dim,
he knows the way he taketh,
and I will walk with him.
Green pastures are before me,
which yet I have not seen;
bright skies will soon be o'er me,
where darkest clouds have been;
my hope I cannot measure,

my path to life is free;
my Saviour has my treasure,
and he will walk with me.

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
on England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
till we have built Jerusalem
in England's green and pleasant land.

Just as I am, without one plea

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, I come.
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, I come.
Just as I am, though tossed about
with many a conflict, many a doubt,
fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Jesus, Lover of my soul

Jesus, lover of my soul,

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let me to thy bosom fly,
while the nearer waters roll,
while the tempest still is high;
hide me, O my Savior, hide,
till the storm of life is past;
safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
Other refuge have I none;
hangs my helpless soul on thee;
leave, ah! leave me not alone,
still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
all my help from thee I bring;
cover my defenseless head
with the shadow of thy wing.
Plenteous grace with thee is found,
grace to cover all my sin;
let the healing streams abound;
make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
freely let me take of thee;
spring thou up within my heart,
rise to all eternity.

Alleluia.

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
o'er the world's tempestuous sea;
guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
for we have no help but thee;
yet possessing every blessing,
if our God our Father be.
Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us:
all our weakness thou dost know;
thou didst tread this earth before us,
thou didst feel its keenest woe;
lone and dreary, faint and weary,
through the desert thou didst go.
Spirit of our God, descending,
fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
love with every passion blending,
pleasure that can never cloy:
thus provided, pardoned, guided,
nothing can our peace destroy.

Jesus lives! thy terrors now

Jesus lives! thy terrors now
can, O death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia.
Jesus lives! henceforth is death
but the gate of life immortal:
this shall calm our trembling breath,
when we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia.
Jesus lives! for us he died;
then, alone to Jesus living,
pure in heart may we abide,
glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia.
Jesus lives! our hearts know well
naught from us his love shall sever;
life nor death nor powers of hell
tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia.
Jesus lives! to him the throne
over all the world is given:
may we go where he is gone,
rest and reign with him in heaven.

Love Divine, all loves excelling

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
all Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
pure, unbounded love Thou art;
visit us with Thy salvation;
enter ev'ry trembling heart.
Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit;
let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
end of faith, as its beginning,
set our hearts at liberty.
Come, Almighty, to deliver;
let us all Thy life receive;
suddenly return and never,
nevermore Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
glory in Thy perfect love.

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Finish then Thy new creation;
pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see Thy great salvation
perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
till in heav'n we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before Thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Love's redeeming work is done

Love's redeeming work is done;
fought the fight, the battle won:
lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
lo, he sets in blood no more.
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened paradise.
Lives again our glorious King;
where, O death, is now thy sting?
dying once, he all doth save;
where thy victory, O grave?
Soar we now where Christ has led,
following our exalted Head;
made like him, like him we rise;
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given:
thee we greet triumphant now;
hail, the Resurrection Thou!

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
lead thou me on;
the night is dark, and I am far from home;
lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
the distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
will lead me on,

o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
the night is gone,
and with the morn those angel faces smile,
which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Let all the world in every corner sing

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
"My God and King!"
The heav'ns are not too high,
God's praise may thither fly;
the earth is not too low,
God's praises there may grow.
Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
"My God and King!"
Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
"My God and King!"
The church with psalms must shout:
no door can keep them out.
But, more than all, the heart
must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
"My God and King!"

Look, you saints, the sight is glorious!

Tune Regent Square HTC 179
Look, you saints, the sight is glorious!
see the man of sorrows now
from the fight return victorious -
every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him,
crowns befit the victor's brow
Crown the saviour, angels, crown him!
rich the trophies Jesus brings;
in the seat of power enthrone him
while the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him,
crown the saviour King of kings.
Sinners in derision crowned him,
mocked the dying saviour's claim;
saints and angels crowd around him,
sing his triumph, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him,
spread abroad the victor's fame.

Popular Funeral Hymns



Hear the shout as he is greeted,
hear those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus Christ in glory seated -
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Loving Shepherd

Loving Shepherd of your sheep,
keep your lamb, in safety keep;
nothing can your power withstand,
none can tear me from your hand.
Loving Lord, you chose to give
your own life that we might live;
and your hands outstretched to bless
bear the cruel nails' impress.
Help me praise you every day,
gladly serve you and obey;
like your glorious ones above,
happy in your precious love.
Loving Shepherd ever near,
teach your lamb your voice to hear;
let my footsteps never stray
from the true and narrow way.
Where you lead me I will go,
walking in your steps below;
till, before my Father's throne,
I shall know as I am know

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord

Mine eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the Lord;
he is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored;
he hath loosed the fateful lightning
of his terrible swift sword;
his truth is marching on.

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires
of a hundred circling camps,

they have builded him an altar
in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence
by the dim and flaring lamps;
his day is marching on.

(Refrain)

He has sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
he is sifting out the hearts of men
before his judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer him;
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

(Refrain)

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
with a glory in his bosom
that transfigures you and me;
as he died to make men holy,
let us die to make men free,
while God is marching on.

(Refrain)

He is coming like the glory
of the morning on the wave,
he is wisdom to the mighty,
he is honor to the brave;
so the world shall be his footstool,
and the soul of wrong his slave.
Our God is marching on.

(Refrain)

Morning has broken

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world
Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass
Mine is the sunlight
Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise ev'ry morning
God's recreation of the new day
Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing

Popular Funeral Hymns



Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Now thank we all our God

Now thank we all our God
with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things has done,
in whom his world rejoices;
who from our mothers' arms
has blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.
O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
with ever joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us,
to keep us in his grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
of this world in the next.
All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given,
the Son and Spirit blest,
who reign in highest heaven
the one eternal God,
whom heaven and earth adore;
for thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
still all my song shall be,
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
yet in my dreams I'd be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;
angels to beckon me
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,

out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
so by my woes to be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
still all my song shall be,
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

O God, our help in ages past

Our God, our Help in ages past,
our Hope for years to come,
our Shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal Home.
Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is Thine arm alone,
and our defense is sure.
Before the hills in order stood
or earth received its frame,
from everlasting Thou art God,
to endless years the same.
A thousand ages in Thy sight
are like an ev'ning gone,
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.
Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all its sons away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the op'ning day.
Our God, our Help in ages past,
our Hope for years to come,
be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
and our eternal Home!

O Jesus, I have promised

O Jesus, I have promised
to serve Thee to the end;
be Thou forever near me,
my Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
if Thou art by my side,
nor wander from the pathway
if Thou wilt be my guide.
O let me feel Thee near me,

Popular Funeral Hymns



the world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
the tempting sounds I hear;
my foes are ever near me,
around me and within;
but, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
and shield my soul from sin.
O let me hear Thee speaking
in accents clear and still,
above the storms of passion,
the murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
to hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.
O Jesus, Thou hast promised
to all who follow Thee,
that where Thou art in glory,
there shall Thy servant be;
and, Jesus, I have promised
to serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
my Master and my Friend.

O love that wilt not let me go

O love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
that in thine ocean depths its flow
may richer, fuller be.
O light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
my heart restores its borrowed ray,
that in thy sunshine's blaze its day
may brighter, fairer be.
O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain
that morn shall tearless be.
O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
and from the ground there blossoms red
life that shall endless be.

Onward, Christian soldiers

Onward, Christian soldiers,
marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
going on before!
Christ, the royal Master,
leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
see his banner go!

Refrain:

Onward, Christian soldiers,
marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
going on before!

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
at the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
loud your anthems raise!

[Refrain]

Like a mighty army
moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
where the saints have trod;
We are not divided;
all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
one in charity.

[Refrain]

Onward, then, ye people,
join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
in the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
unto Christ the King;
This thro' countless ages
men and angels sing.

[Refrain]

O worship the King

O worship the King all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing his power and his love:
our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.
O tell of his might and sing of his grace,

Popular Funeral Hymns



whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
Your bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
in you do we trust, nor find you to fail.
Your mercies, how tender, how firm to the end,
our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
O measureless Might, unchangeable Love,
whom angels delight to worship above!
Your ransomed creation, with glory ablaze,
in true adoration shall sing to your praise!

On a hill far away...rough wooden cross

On a hill far away stood
a rough wooden cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I honour that cross
where the dearest and best
For the world of lost sinners was slain.
So I'll cherish the rough wooden cross,
Till my burdens at last I lay down;
And by grace I will carry my cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.
Oh that rough wooden cross,
so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God
left his glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.
So the rough wooden cross
I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach I'll gladly bear;
Then he'll call me some day
to my home far away,
Where his glory for ever I'll share.

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.
It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
and Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet your tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King!
Praise him for his grace and favor
to his people in distress.
Praise him, still the same as ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness!
Fatherlike he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows.
In his hand he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows!
Angels, help us to adore him;
you behold him face to face.
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace!

Praise to the Holiest in the height

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise:
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.
O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight
and to the rescue came.
O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive and should prevail;
And that a higher gift than grace
should flesh and blood refine,

Popular Funeral Hymns



God's presence and his very self,
and essence all-divine.
O generous love! that he, who smote
in Man for man the foe,
the double agony in Man
for man should undergo;
And in the garden secretly,
and on the cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and inspire
to suffer and to die.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise:
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

Psalm 23

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.
Yea though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
My table thou has furnished
In presence of my foes
My head thou dost with oil anoint
And my cup over flows.
Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise him, for he is your health and salvation!
Come, all who hear; now to his temple draw near,
join me in glad adoration.
Praise to the Lord, above all things so wondrously reigning;
sheltering you under his wings, and so gently sustaining!
Have you not seen all that is needful has been
sent by his gracious ordaining?

Praise to the Lord, who will prosper your work and defend you;
surely his goodness and mercy shall daily attend you.
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do,
if with his love he befriends you.
Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that has life and breath, come now with praises before him.
Let the Amen sound from his people again;
gladly forever adore him.

Rock of ages, cleft for me

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood,
from thy wounded side which flowed,
be of sin the double cure;
save from wrath and make me pure.
Not the labors of my hands
can fulfill thy law's demands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears forever flow,
all for sin could not atone;
thou must save, and thou alone.
Nothing in my hand I bring,
simply to the cross I cling;
naked, come to thee for dress;
helpless, look to thee for grace;
foul, I to the fountain fly;
wash me, Savior, or I die.
While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyes shall close in death,
when I soar to worlds unknown,
see thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.

The church's one foundation

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy Bride,
With his own Blood be bought her,
And for her life he died.

Popular Funeral Hymns



Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endured.
'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.
Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended

THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.
We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onwards into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

The King of love my Shepherd is

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.
Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.
Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder, gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
The rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.
Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth:
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!
And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

The Lord's my shepherd

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
My souls he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.
Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint
And my cup overflows.
Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Popular Funeral Hymns



The strife is o'er, the battle done

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluya!
Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluya!
On the third morn he rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluya!
He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell.
Alleluya!
Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee.
Alleluya!

There is a green hill far away

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious Blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
O, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming Blood,
And try his works to do.

There is a land of pure delight

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son

THINE be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes, where Thy body lay.
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won.
Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth; death has lost its sting.
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won.
No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is nought without Thee: aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors, through Thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won.

Popular Funeral Hymns



Through all the changing scenes of life

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
The hosts of God encamped around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

What a friend we have in Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pains we bear!
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Have we trials and temptations?
Is there troubles anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in Prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge -
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?

Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Who would true valour see

Who would true valour see
Let him come hither:
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.
Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.
Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

When I survey the wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.
See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Popular Funeral Hymns



Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That was a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.