

A. © David J. Evans

**1. Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here;
Come bow before Him now with reverence and fear.**

**In Him no sin is found, we stand on holy ground;
Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here.**

**2. Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around;
He burns with holy fire, with splendour He is crowned.
How awesome is the sight, our radiant King of light;
Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around.**

**3. Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place;
He comes to cleanse and heal, to minister His grace.
No work too hard for Him, in faith receive from Him;
Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place.**

B. © Caroline Maria Noel {1817 – 1877}

**1. At the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess him
King of glory now.**

**'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.**

**2. Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom he came,
Faithfully he bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death he passed:**

**3. Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures
To the central height,
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast;
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.**

**4. In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown him as your Captain
In temptation's hour:
Let his will enfold you
In its light and power.**

**5. For this same Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his angel train;
All the wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of Glory now.**

C. © John Bunyan {1628 – 1688}

**1. 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.**

**2. 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.**

**3. Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.**

D. Martin Rider (p.m. 16th Sept, 2001. To "Eventide" HP665– mod 22,06.08 / 30.0.2011)

**1. God's love prevails, whatever may befall;
His love is freely given unto all.
Though terror strikes and all is disbelief,
God stands with us and fully shares our grief.**

**2. Our hope lives on through evil's cruellest deed:
Amidst life's wreckage, God perceives our need.
His voice calls still, the Shepherd to His flock,
And keeps us strong when our opponents mock.**

**3. As anger burns while we lament our loss,
God knows our hurt – his Son died on a cross!
In evil's shadow, help us keep in sight
God's love for all, which is our guiding light.**

**4. We are God's hands and each is called to serve:
Trust in His grace and we shall keep our nerve.**

**Though deepest anguish wounds us like a knife,
God's Spirit helps us to rebuild our life.**

**5. God will prevail – for Him the victory:
Justice and mercy will set people free;
Helping your neighbour, seeking what is right,
Will vanquish evil in love's potent light.**

E. © Charles Wesley {1707 – 1788}

**1. Give me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again;
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.**

**2. I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone;
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.**

**3. My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word,
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinners' friend.**

**4. Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.**