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Let Heaven Highest Praises Bring

Bonaventura. L.M.

BONAVENTURA, tr. by HELOISE SOULE

JOHN H. GOWER

1. Let heav - en high - est prais - es bring, And earth her songs of glad - ness sing,
 2. May all the suffering Thou hast borne, The bleed - ing side, the cru - el thorn,
 3. By scourgings, spittings, stripes, and scars, Je - sus, the Mak - er of the stars,
 4. Fill us, O Sav - iour, with Thy love, Grant us e - ter - nal joys a - bove,

To mag - ni - fy our Sav - iour, King, Who bought us by His pre - cious blood.
 Our hearts to Thee in sor - row turn, And lead us safe - ly home to God.
 The gates of heaven for us un - bars, And bids us free - ly en - ter in.
 Oh, faith - ful to Thy prom - ise prove, And cleanse us from our ev - ery sin.

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Hark, My Soul! It Is the Lord

St. Bees. 7.7.7.7.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1768

JOHN B. DYKES, 1862

1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;
 2. "Mine is an un - chang - ing love, High - er than the heights a - bove;
 3. "Thou shalt see My glo - ry soon, When the work of grace is done;
 4. Lord, it is my chief complaint That my love is weak and faint;

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me?"
 Deep - er than the depths be - neath, Free and faith - ful, strong as death.
 Part - ner of My throne shalt he! Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me?"
 Yet I love Thee and a - dore; O for grace to love Thee more!