



Following hymns have been recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.

## Jesus Christ is waiting

- Jesus Christ is waiting, waiting in the streets; no one is his neighbour, all alone he eats. Listen, Lord Jesus, I am lonely too; make me, friend or stranger, fit to wait on you.
- Jesus Christ is raging, raging in the streets, where injustice spirals and real hope retreats. Listen, Lord Jesus I am angry too; in the Kingdom's causes let me rage with you.
- Jesus Christ is healing, healing in the streets; curing those who suffer, touching those he greets. Listen, Lord Jesus, I have pity too; let my care be active, healing, just like you.
- Jesus Christ is dancing, dancing in the streets, where each sign of hatred he, with love, defeats. Listen, Lord Jesus I should triumph too; where good conquers evil let me dance with you.
- Jesus Christ is calling, calling in the streets,
  'Who will join my journey? I will guide their feet.'
  Listen, Lord Jesus, let my fears be few:
  walk one step before me; I will follow you.

John L Bell (born 1949) and Graham Maule (1958-2019) © 1988 WGRG, c/o Iona Community, 21 Carlton Court, Glasgow, G5 9JP, Scotland. www.wildgoose.scot

## How great thou art

- O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder consider all the works Thy hand hath 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 mountain grandeur, and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze; **Refrain**
- 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 burden gladly bearing, he bled and died to take away my sin:

  \*\*Refrain\*\*
- 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!

  Refrain

Stuart K Hine (1899-1989)

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