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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 heaveo 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!