





Let all the world in every corner sing

sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields

- 1 Let all the world in every corner sing:
 My God and King!
 The heavens are not too high,
 his praise may thither fly;
 the earth is not too low,
 his praises there may grow.
 Let all the world in every corner sing:
 My God and King!
- 2 Let all the world in every corner sing: My God and King! The church with psalms must shout, no door can keep them out; but above all, the heart must bear the longest part. Let all the world in every corner sing: My God and King!

George Herbert (1593-1633)







All people that on earth do dwell

sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields

- All people that on earth do dwell, sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, come ye before him, and rejoice.
- The Lord, ye know, is God indeed; without our aid he did us make; we are his folk, he doth us feed, and for his sheep he doth us take.
- O enter then his gates with praise, approach with joy his courts unto; praise, laud, and bless his name always, for it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good; his mercy is for ever sure; his truth at all times firmly stood, and shall from age to age endure..
- To Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the God whom heaven and earth adore, from men and from the angel-host be praise and glory evermore.

William Kethe, (fl 1559-died 1594)







King of kings, majesty

sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields

- 1 King of kings, majesty,
 God of heaven living in me,
 gentle Saviour, closest friend,
 strong deliverer, beginning and end,
 all within me falls at your throne.
 Your majesty, I can but bow,
 I lay my all before you now.
 In royal robes I don't deserve
 I live to serve your majesty,
 I live to serve your majesty.
- 2 Earth and heaven worship you, love eternal, faithful and true, who bought the nations, ransomed souls, brought this sinner near to your throne; all within me cries out in praise. Chorus

Jarrod Cooper

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Forth in the peace of Christ we go

sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields

- 1 Forth in the peace of Christ we go; Christ to the world with joy we bring; Christ in our minds, Christ on our lips, Christ in our hearts, the world's true King.
- 2 King of our hearts, Christ makes us kings; kingship with him, his servants gain; with Christ, the Servant-Lord of all, Christ's world we serve to share Christ's reign.
- Priests of the world, Christ sends us forth this world of time to consecrate, our world of sin by grace to heal, Christ's world in Christ to re-create.
- 4 Prophets of Christ, we hear his Word; he claims our minds, to search his ways; he claims our lips, to speak his truth; he claims our hearts, to sing his praise.
- We are his Church, he makes us one; here is one hearth for all to find; here is one flock, one Shepherd-King; here is one faith, one heart, one mind.

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King of Glory – Grayston Ives

sung by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields

King of glory, King of peace, I will love thee; and, that love may never cease, I will move thee. Thou hast granted my request, thou hast heard me; thou didst note my working breast, thou hast spared me. Wherefore with my utmost art I will sing thee, and the cream of all my heart I will bring thee. Though my sins against me cried, thou didst clear me; and alone, when they replied, thou didst hear me. Seven whole days, not one in seven, I will praise thee; in my heart, though not in heaven, I can raise thee. Small it is in this poor sort to enrol thee; e'en eternity's too short to extol thee.

George Herbert (1593-1633)