

Sunday Worship Hymns

Mothering Sunday

2021

For the beauty of the earth

For the glory of the skies
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night
Hill and vale and tree and flower
Sun and Moon and stars of light
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise

For the joy of human love
Brother, sister, parent, child
Friends on earth and friends above
For all gentle thoughts and mild
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise

For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given
Graces human and divine
Flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise

John Rutter

All things bright and beautiful,

*all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful
the Lord God made them all.*
Each little flower that opens,
each little bird that sings,
he made their glowing colours,
he made their tiny wings:

The purple headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset and the morning
that brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden,
he made them every one:

He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God almighty,
who has made all things well:

Cecil Frances Alexander

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!

Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of his word;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his Name!
Make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;
his mercy sure, from age to age the same;
his holy Name, the Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!
Powers and dominions lay their glory by.
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore!

Timothy Dudley-Smith

This is to mother you

To comfort you and get you through
Through when your nights are lonely
Through when your dreams are only blue
This is to mother you

This is to be with you
To hold you and to kiss you, too
For when you need me I will do
What your own mother didn't do
Which is to mother you

All the pain that you have known
All the violence in your soul
All the wrong things you have done
I will take from you when I come
All mistakes made in distress
All your unhappiness
I will take away with my kiss, yes
I will give you tenderness
For child I am so glad I found you
Although my arms have always been around you
Sweet bird although you did not see me
I saw you

And I'm here to mother you...

This is to mother you

Sinead O'Connor