

St Laurence Frodsham – Sunday Worship Hymns 7th February 2021

Brother, sister, let me serve you;
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace to
let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
and companions on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christlight for you
in the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;
when you laugh I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow,
till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven,
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister, let me serve you;
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace to
let you be my servant too.

(Sung by Northumbria Community)

All creatures of our God and King

lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluia, alleluia.

Thou burning sun with golden beam,
thou silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise him, O praise him,
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise him, alleluia.

Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
ye lights of evening, find a voice;

Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
make music for thy Lord to hear,
Alleluia, alleluia.

Thou fire so masterful and bright,
that givest hearts both warmth and light:

Dear mother earth, who day by day
unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise him, alleluia.
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,
let them his glory also show:

Let all things their Creator bless,
and worship him in humbleness;
O praise him, alleluia.
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
and praise the Spirit, Three in One;
(sung by St Martin's Voices)

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Lord of all creation
Jesus, of God and Mary the Son;
thee will I cherish,
thee will I honour,
O thou my soul's delight and crown.

Fair are the meadows
fairer still the woodlands,
robed in the verdure and bloom of spring.
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
he makes the saddest heart to sing.

Fair are the flowers,
fairer still the sons of men.
in all the freshness of youth arrayed;
yet is their beauty
fading and fleeting;
my Jesus, thine will never fade.
(sung by St Martin's Voices)

O Lord of every shining constellation
that wheels in splendour through the midnight sky,
grant us your Spirit's true illumination
to read the secrets of your work on high.

You, Lord, have made the atom's hidden forces,
your laws its mighty energies fulfil;
teach us, to whom you give such rich resources,
in all we use, to serve your holy will.

O Life, awaking life in cell and tissue,
from flower to bird, from beast to brain of man
help us to trace, from birth to final issue,
the sure unfolding of your age-long plan.

You, Lord, have stamped your image on your creatures,
and, though they mar that image, love them still;
lift up our eyes to Christ, that in his features
we may discern the beauty of your will.

Great Lord of nature, shaping and renewing,
you made us more than nature's sons to be;
you help us tread, with grace our souls enduring,
the road to life and immortality.
(sung by St Martin's Voices)

Ubi Caritas – Taizé from Ubi Caritas

Ubi caritas, et amor
Ubi caritas, Deus ibi est
(Where love is, there God is)