

St Laurence Frodsham Sunday Worship Hymns 26th July 2020

**God, our Creator,
hear us sing in praise,**
God, always tender.
God who knows our ways.
God, always present,
God who really cares.
We offer thanks
for all the love you share.

We sing in praise
for the great gifts you give:
all of creation, ev'rything that lives,
glories of nature,
our own time on earth,
sending your Son among us
proves our worth.

*Loud is our praise as we sing of you,
one with people of faith,
ancient and new.
Bless us afresh
with your grace, we pray.
Help us witness your love today.*

Gathered together,
sisters-brothers all,
baptised in Jesus, faithful to your call,
we are one fam'ly.
May your will be done
and, for all people,
may your Kingdom come.
'God who is love',

you are our Father true;
Jesus, our brother, fully human too;
Spirit, your presence,
with us every day.
Love is your essence,
Love our truest way.

*Loud is our praise as we sing of you,
One with people of faith,
ancient and new.
Bless us afresh
with your grace, we pray.
Help us witness your love today.*

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hear us in sing in praise,
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God who really cares.
We offer thanks
for all the love you share.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
does his successive journeys run;
his kingdom stretch from shore to
shore
till moons shall rise and set no more.

People and realms of every tongue
declare his love in sweetest song,
and infant voices shall proclaim
their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where Jesus reigns
the prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
the weary find eternal rest,
and all who suffer want are blessed.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
and princes throng to crown his head;
his name like incense shall arise
with every morning sacrifice.

Let all creation rise and bring
distinctive honours to our King;
angels descend with songs again
and earth repeat the loud 'Amen!'

O Lord we want to praise you,
your holy name confess,
your mighty deeds acknowledge,
your awesome love express.
We want to give you worship,
To lift your name on high,
Yet somehow words are lacking
However hard we try.

O Lord we want to praise you,
Through all we say and do,
To so live out the Gospel,
That all may know it's true.
We want to bring you glory,
To help your kingdom grow,
Yet though we strive to serve you
It rarely seems to show.

O Lord we want to praise you,
To celebrate your love,
To thank you for the blessings
You pour down from above.
We want to bring you honour,
Respond with all our hearts,
Yet sacrifice is costly –
We rarely even start.

O Lord, we come to praise you,
Poor though our words may be;
Although our faults are many,
We come, still, joyfully.
For though we often fail you
And know you but in part,
You look beneath the surface
And see what's in the heart.

Nick Fawcett

Electricity –
from Billy Elliot – the Musical

I can't really explain it
I haven't got the words
It's a feeling that you can't control
I suppose its like forgetting
Losing who you are
And at the same time
Something makes you whole
Its like that there's a music
Playing in your ear
And I'm listening, and I'm listening
And then I disappear
And then I feel a change
Like a fire deep inside
Something bursting me wide open
Impossible to hide
And suddenly I'm flying
Flying like a bird
Like electricity
Electricity
Sparks inside of me
And I'm free, I'm free