

St Laurence Frodsham – Sunday Worship Hymns 24th January 2021

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven
who like thee his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him still the same for ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

Father-like he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows;
in his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes:
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore him,
ye behold him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space:
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

Everyday God

Earth's creator,
Every day God,
loving maker,
O Jesus,
you who shaped us,
O Spirit,
recreate us,
come, be with us.

In your presence...
we are gathered...
you have called us...
to restore us.
come, be with us.

Life of all lives,
love of all loves,
hope of all hopes,
light of all lights,
come, be with us.

In our resting,
in our rising,
in our hoping,
in our waiting,
come, be with us.

In our dreaming,
in our daring,
in our searching,
in our sharing,
come, be with us.

God of laughter,
God of sorrow,
home and shelter,
strong and patient,
come, be with us.

Way of freedom,
star of morning,
timeless healer,
flame eternal,
come, be with us.

Word of gladness,
word of mercy,
word of friendship,
word of challenge,
come, be with us.

Gentle father,
faithful brother,
tender sister,
loving mother,
come, be with us.

Our beginning,
our unfolding,
our enduring,
journey's ending,
come, be with us.

Alleluia,
now and always,
alleluia
through all ages,
come, be with us.

Bernadette Farrell

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:
he makes me down to lie
in pastures green; he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

*Francis Rous (1579-1659),
William Whittingham (1524-1579),
Scottish Psalter (1650)*

Jesus, be the centre,
be my source, be my light,
Jesus.

Jesus, be the centre,
be my hope, be my song,
Jesus.

Be the fire in my heart,
be the wind in these sails,
be the reason that I live,
Jesus, Jesus.

Jesus, be my vision,
be my path, be my guide,
Jesus.

Michael Frye