

O for a heart to praise my God
sung by St Martin's Voices

O for a heart to praise my God,
a heart from sin set free,
a heart that always feels thy blood
so freely spilt for me;

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
my dear redeemer's throne,
where only Christ is heard to speak,
where Jesus reigns alone;

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
believing, true, and clean;
which neither life nor death can part
from him that dwells within;

A heart in every thought renewed,
and full of love divine;
perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
a copy, Lord, of thine!

My heart, thou know'st, can never rest
till thou create my peace:
till of mine Eden repossess,
from self, and sin, I cease.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
come quickly from above,
write thy new name upon my heart,
thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

It is a thing most wonderful
sung by St Martin's Voices

It is a thing most wonderful,
almost too wonderful to be,
that God's own Son should come from heav'n,
and die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
and wept and toiled and mourned and died
for love of those who loved Him not.

But even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
of that great love which, like a fire,
is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
but 'tis more wonderful to see
my love for Him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
and I will love Thee more and more,
until I see Thee as Thou art.

William Walsham How (1823-1897)

**St Laurence Hymns for Sunday Worship –
21st March 2021**

All I once held dear,
Built my life upon,
All this world reveres,
And wars to own,
All I once thought gain
I have counted loss;
Spent and worthless now,
Compared to this.

*Knowing You, Jesus,
knowing You,
there is no greater thing.
You're my all,
You're the best,
You're my joy,
my righteousness,
and I love You, Lord.*

Now my heart's desire
Is to know You more,
To be found in You
And known as Yours.
To possess by faith
What I could not earn,
All-surpassing gift
Of righteousness.
Chorus

Oh, to know the power
Of Your risen life,
And to know You in
Your sufferings.
To become like You
In Your death, my Lord,
So with You to live
And never die.
Chorus

Graham Kendrick (born 1950)

Dwelling

I am not there
I am not then
I am nowhere else
but here.

I am not them
I am not you
I am myself.

I rest from doing,
need not achieve.

I do not ask
I do not need.
This is the place
for me to be.

Here I am.

Andrew Rudd