

# St Laurence Frodsham – Sunday Worship Hymns Remembrance – 14<sup>th</sup> November 2021

**O God, our help in ages past,**  
our hope for years to come,  
our shelter from the stormy blast,  
and our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of your throne,  
your saints have dwelt secure;  
sufficient is your arm alone,  
and our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
or earth received her frame,  
from everlasting you are God,  
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in your sight  
are like an evening gone;  
short as the watch that ends the night  
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
will bear us all away;  
we fade and vanish, as a dream  
dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
our hope for years to come,  
still be our guard while troubles last,  
and our eternal home.

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748) alt.*

**For the healing of the nations**  
Lord, we pray with one accord,  
for a just and equal sharing  
of the things that earth affords.  
To a life of love in action  
help us rise and pledge our word.

Lead us forward into freedom,  
from despair your world release,  
that, redeemed from war and hatred,  
all may come and go in peace.  
Show us how through care and goodness  
fear will die and hope increase.

All that kills abundant living,  
let it from the earth be banned:

pride of status, race or schooling,  
dogmas that obscure your plan.  
In our common quest for justice  
may we hallow life's brief span.

You, Creator-God, have written  
your great name on humankind;  
for our growing in your likeness  
bring the life of Christ to mind;  
that by our response and service  
earth its destiny may find.

*Fred Kaan (1929-2009)*

**All my hope on God is founded**  
he doth still my trust renew.  
Me through change and chance he guideth,  
only good and only true.  
God unknown,  
he alone  
calls my heart to be his own.

Human pride and earthly glory,  
sword and crown betray his trust;  
what with care and toil he buildeth,  
tower and temple, fall to dust.  
But God's power,  
hour by hour,  
is my temple and my tower.

God's great goodness ay endureth,  
deep his wisdom, passing thought:  
splendour, light, and life attend him,  
beauty springeth out of nought.  
Evermore,  
from his store  
new-born worlds rise and adore.

Daily doth the almighty giver  
bounteous gifts on us bestow;  
his desire our soul delighteth,  
pleasure leads us where we go.  
Love doth stand  
at his hand;  
joy doth wait on his command.

Still from man to God eternal  
sacrifice of praise be done,  
high above all praises praising  
for the gift of Christ his Son.  
Christ doth call  
one and all:  
ye who follow shall not fall.