

First hymn

Morning has broken
like the first morning,
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing,
praise for the morning,
praise for them, springing
fresh from the Word!

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning,
born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's recreation
of the new day!

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dew-fall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness
where his feet pass.

E. Farjeon (1881-1965) Music: Bunessan

*After the Reading the Choir will sing verses from Psalm 65 in 4 sections
all join in the response:*

Happy are they whom you chose to dwell in your courts

At the end please stand for the Alleluia

Offertory hymn:

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
beside the Syrian sea,
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word
rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share with thee
the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love!

Thou whose almighty Word
chaos and darkness heard
and took their flight;
hear us, we humbly pray,
and where the Gospel day
sheds not its glorious ray
let there be light!

Thou who didst come to bring
on thy redeeming wing
healing and sight,
health to the sick in mind,
sight to the inly blind,
ah! now to all mankind
let there be light!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and stress
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

J. Whittier (1807-92) Tune: Repton

Final Hymn

Spirit of truth and love,
life-giving, holy Dove,
speed forth thy flight!
Move on the waters' face
bearing the lamp of grace,
and in earth's darkest place
let there be light!

Blessèd and holy Three,
glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
boundless as ocean tide
rolling in fullest pride,
through the world far and wide
let there be light!

J. Marriott (1780-1825) Tune: Moscow