

First hymn:

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!

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

The Choir sing verses form Psalm 136— we all sign the response after each line

For his mercy endures for ever

Offertory hymn:

All creatures of our God and King,
lift up your voice and with us sing alleluia, alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
thou silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise him, O praise him, Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
ye clouds that sail in heaven along, O praise him, alleluia!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
ye lights of evening, find a voice; *O praise him...*

Dear mother earth, who day by day
unfoldest blessings on our way, O praise him, alleluia!
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,
Let them his glory also show; *O praise him...*

And all ye folks of tender heart,
forgiving others, take your part, O sing ye alleluia!
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
praise God and on him cast your care; *O praise him...*

And thou, most kind and gentle death,
waiting to hush our latest breath, O praise him, alleluia!
Thou leadest home the child of God,
and Christ our Lord the way hath trod; *O praise him...*

Let all things their creator bless,
and worship him in humbleness; O praise him, alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
and praise the Spirit, three in One; *O praise him...*

Communion Hymn

Father, I place into your hands the things I cannot do;
Father, I place into your hands the times that I've been through:
Father, I place into your hands the way that I should go,
for I know I always can trust you.

Father, I place into your hands my friends and family.
Father, I place into your hands the things that trouble me.
Father, I place into your hands the person I would be,
for I know I always can trust you.

Father, we love to see your face, we love to hear your voice.
Father, we love to sing your praise and in you name rejoice.
Father, we love to walk with you and in your presence rest,

for we know we always can trust you.

Father, I want to be with you and do the things you do.

Father, I want to speak the words that you are speaking too.

Father, I want to love the ones that you will draw to you.

for I know I always can trust you.

Words J Hewer

Music Fratton by Moles

Final 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!

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.

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!

E. Farjeon (1881-1965)

Music: Bunessan