

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings:

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset, and the morning  
That brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one:

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water  
We gather every day:

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God almighty,  
Who has made all things well:

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-95)

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease:  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

When we've been there a thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

John Newton (1725-1807) vv.1-6  
Anon v.7

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountain green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake (1757-1827)

Be our chief guest, Lord, Lord of all living,  
Lord of all loving, this wedding day;  
Bind us together, in your sure keeping,  
So we may never wander away.

Bless all who have brought us up from our childhood,  
Caring, forgiving, through the long day;  
May the same spirit shine in our home, Lord,  
Lighting our pathway, we humbly pray.

Bless all our friends, Lord, happy and true friends,  
Laughing or crying, always the same;  
Bright with this friendship, may our own home be,  
Ready to welcome all in your name.

Be our chief guest, Lord, Lord of all living,  
Warm with compassion, showing the way;  
Keep us together, in loving service,  
Families and friends, Lord, this wedding day.

Anon

Bind us together, Lord,  
bind us together  
with cords that cannot be broken.  
Bind us together, Lord,  
Bind us together,  
O bind us together with love.

There is only one God,  
there is only one King;  
there is only one Body,  
That is why we sing :

Made for the glory of God,  
purchased by His precious Son;  
born with the right to be clean,  
for Jesus the victory has won :

You are the family of God,  
You are the promise divine;  
You are God's chosen desire,  
You are the glorious new wine :

Bob Gillman (b. 1946)

Give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,  
Give me joy in my heart, I pray,  
Give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,  
Keep me praising till the break of day.

Sing hosanna, sing hosanna,  
Sing hosanna to the King of kings!  
Sing hosanna, sing hosanna,  
Sing hosanna to the King.

Give me peace in my heart, keep me resting,  
Give me peace in my heart, I pray,  
Give me peace in my heart, keep me resting,  
Keep me resting till the break of day :

Give me love in my heart, keep me serving,  
Give me love in my heart, I pray;  
Give me love in my heart, keep me serving,  
Keep me serving till the break of day :

Traditional

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land.  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.  
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more;  
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises, songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee;  
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams (1717-91) altd

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth,  
At Bethlehem I had my birth :

Dance, then, wherever you may be;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.  
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be,  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,  
But they would not dance and they would not follow me;  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;  
They came to me and the dance went on :

I danced on the Sabbath when I cured the lame,  
The holy people said it was a shame;  
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high;  
And they left me there on a cross to die :

I danced on a Friday and the sky turned black;  
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back;  
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,  
But I am the dance and I still go on :

They cut me down and I leapt up high,  
I am the life that'll never, never die;  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he :

Sydney Carter (1915-2004)



Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Jan Struther (1901-53)

Love Divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesu, thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation:  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in thee;  
Changed from glory into glory  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Charles Wesley (1707-88)

Make me a channel of your peace.  
Where there is hatred let me bring your love;  
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord;  
And where there's doubt, true faith in you:

O Master, grant that I may never seek  
So much to be consoled as to console;  
To be understood as to understand;  
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace.  
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope;  
Where there is darkness, only light;  
And where there's sadness, ever joy:

O Master, grant that I may never seek  
So much to be consoled as to console;  
To be understood as to understand;  
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace.  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,  
In giving of ourselves that we receive,  
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928-97)

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 dewfall 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 re-creation of the new day.

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)

One more step along the world I go,  
One more step along the world I go.  
From the old things to the new  
Keep me travelling along with you.  
And it's from the old I travel to the new,  
Keep me travelling along with you.

Round the corners of the world I turn,  
More and more about the world I learn.  
All the new things that I see  
You'll be looking at along with me.  
And it's from the old I travel to the new,  
Keep me travelling along with you.

As I travel through the bad and good  
Keep me travelling the way I should.  
Where I see no way to go  
You'll be telling me the way, I know.  
And it's from the old I travel to the new,  
Keep me travelling along with you.

Give me courage when the world is rough,  
Keep me loving though the world is tough.  
Leap and sing in all I do,  
Keep me travelling along with you.  
And it's from the old I travel to the new,  
Keep me travelling along with you.

You are older than the world can be,  
You are younger than the life in me.  
Ever old and ever new,  
Keep me travelling along with you.  
And it's from the old I travel to the new,  
Keep me travelling along with you.

Sydney Carter (1915-2004)

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,  
To his feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me his praise should sing?  
Praise him! Praise him!  
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!  
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!  
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 him! Praise him!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Lyte (1793-1847)

We pledge to one another, before the Lord above,  
entire and whole and perfect, this union of our love —  
a love that will be patient, a love that will be wise,  
that will not twist with envy, nor lose itself in lies;  
a love that will not falter, a love to hold us fast,  
and bind us to each other as long as life shall last.

We pray that God will guide us through all the years to be,  
our lives be shaped by courage, hope and serenity.  
Through joy and celebration, through loneliness and pain,  
may loyalty, compassion and tenderness remain,  
that those who share the blessing of love that cannot cease  
may walk the paths of gentleness into the place of peace.

Jill Jenkins (b 1937)