

Congregational hymns, March 7/21

Morning Has Broken (VT 495)

Verse 1:

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.

Verse 2:

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 God's feet pass.

Verse 3:

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning,
born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise ev' ry morning,
God's recreation of the new day.

Text: Eleanor Farjeon (England), Enlarged Songs of Praise, 1931, alt., © David Higham Assoc., Ltd.

Lent 2021 Theme Song: Ô toi, Seigneur / O God, We Call (VT 683)

Ô toi, Seigneur, nous t'appelons.
Du fond de notre coeur, nous t'appelons, Seigneur.
Oui, nous te désirons, Seigneur.

O God, we call, O God, we call.
From deep inside, we yearn, from deep inside, we yearn,
from deep inside, we yearn for you.

Text: French and English; Linnea Good (Canada) © 1994 Borealis Music

Children's Song: Your Love is Washing Over Me (VT 166)

Verse 1:

Your love is washing over me, Your love is washing over me.
Your love is washing over me, and I won't be frightened any more.

Verse 2:

Your mercy's washing over me, Your mercy's washing over me.
Your mercy's washing over me, and I won't be frightened any more.

Verse 3:

Your peace is washing over me, Your peace is washing over me.
Your peace is washing over me, and I won't be frightened any more.

Verse 4:

Your joy is washing over me, Your joy is washing over me.
Your joy is washing over me, and I won't be frightened any more.

Verse 5:

Your grace is washing over me, Your grace is washing over me.
Your grace is washing over me, and I won't be frightened any more.

Verse 6:

Your hope is washing over me, Your hope is washing over me.
Your hope is washing over me, and I won't be frightened any more.

Text: Jaylene Johnson (Canada), © 2015 Jaylene Johnson

Planets Humming as They Wander (VT 175)

Verse 1:

Planets humming as they wander, stars aflame with silent song:
galaxies that spin on, endless; melodies afar but strong.
God's creation tunes its carol, far beyond our mortal gaze.
Heav'nly bodies help us listen to the boundless song of praise.

Verse 2:

Atoms quiv'ring deep inside us, cells abuzz with energy.
Particles are chanting psalms in tiny, holy synergy.
All these molecules provide us patterns of the craft of God.
Off'ring up melodic first fruit, grateful hymns which leave us awed.

Verse 3:

Human voices praise our Maker, part of the created choir:
rumbling tones of space below us, neutron's descant ever higher.
Hymns arise from all around us, thankful praise our whole life long,
to the One who made us, knows us, Author of the endless song!

Text: Heather Josselyn-Cranson (USA), alt., © 2010 Heather Josselyn-Cranson

Slowly Turning, Ever Turning (SJ 23)

Verse 1

Slowly turning, ever turning from our lovelessness like ice,
from our unforgiving spirit, from the grip of envy's vise,
slowly turning, ever turning toward the lavish life of spring,
toward the word of warmth and pardon, toward the mercy welcoming!

Verse 2

Slowly turning, ever turning from our ego-centered gaze,
from our self-enclosing circle, from our narrow, petty ways,
slowly turning, ever turning toward the foreigner as friend,
toward the city without ghetto, toward the greatness without end!

Verse 3

Slowly turning, ever turning from our fear of death and loss,
from our terror of the darkness, from our scorning of the cross,
slowly turning, ever turning toward the true and faithful one,
toward the light of daybreak dawning, toward the phoenix-risen sun!

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