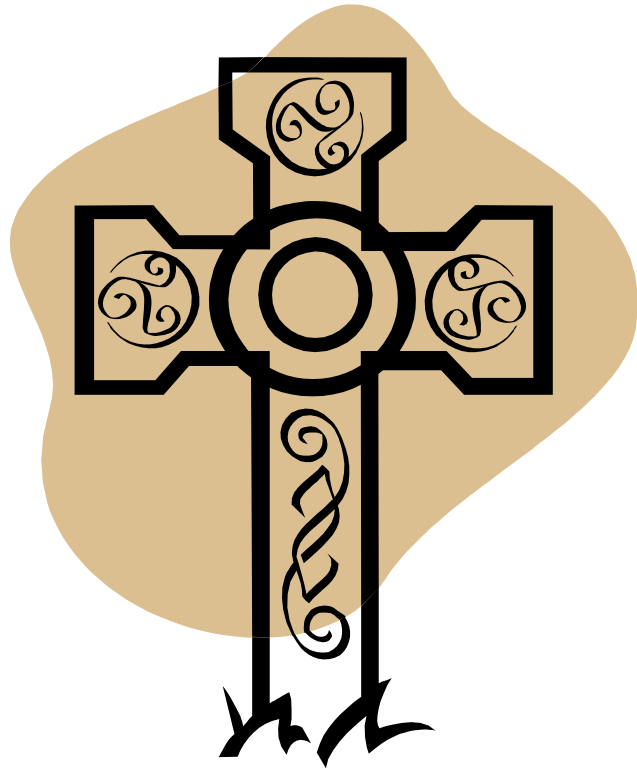


OUR LADY OF LOURDES CATHOLIC CHURCH, WANSTEAD



FUNERAL SERVICE HYMN CHOICES

WALK WITH ME

Estelle White

*Walk with me, O my Lord,
through the darkest night and brightest day.
Be at my side, oh Lord,
hold my hand and guide me on my way.*

Sometimes the road seems long,
my energy is spent.
Then, Lord, I think of you
and I am given strength.

Stones often bar my path
and there are times I fall,
but you are always there
to help me when I call.

Just as you calmed the wind
and walked upon the sea,
conquer, my living Lord,
the storms that threaten me.

Help me to pierce the mists
that cloud my heart and mind,
so that I shall not fear
the steepest mountain-side.

As once you healed the lame
and gave sight to the blind,
help me when I'm downcast
to hold my head up high

MY GOD LOVES ME

Sandra Joan Billington

My God loves me. His love will never end.
He rests within my heart for my God loves me.

His gentle hand he stretches over me.
Though storm clouds threaten the day he will set me free.

He comes to me in sharing bread and wine.
He brings me life that will reach past the end of time.

My God loves me, his faithful love endures.
And I will live like a child held in love secure.

The joys of love as offerings now we bring.
The pains of love will be lost in the praise we sing.

O LORD MY GOD

Carl Boberg (1850-1940) tr. Stuart K Hine

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder,
consider all the worlds thy hand has made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.
*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:
How great thou art, how great thou art. (2)*

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in
that on the cross my burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away my sin.

Then sings my soul . . .

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home what joy shall fill my heart;
when I shall bow in humble adoration,
and there proclaim: my God, how great thou art.

Then sings my soul . . .

PRAISE MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

Henry Francis Lyte

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! (2) 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! (2) 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! (2) 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! (2) Praise with us the God of grace.

DO NOT BE AFRAID

Gerald Markland

*Do not be afraid, for I have redeemed you.
I have called you by your name; you are mine.*
When you walk through the waters I'll be with you.
You will never sink beneath the waves.

When the fire is burning all around you,
you will never be consumed by the flames.

When the fear of loneliness is looming,
then remember I am at your side.

When you dwell in the exile of the stranger,
remember you are precious in my eyes.

You are mine, O my child, I am your Father,
and I love you with a perfect love.

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

Crimond

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
in pastures green, He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the path of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill.
For thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou has furnished
in presence of my foes,
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me.
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

GOD IS LOVE

Percy Dearmer

God is love, his the care, tending each, everywhere.
God is love, all is there! Jesus came to show him,
that we all might know him!

Sing aloud, loud, loud! Sing aloud, loud, loud!

God is good! God is truth! God is beauty! Praise him

None can see God above; humankind we can love;
thus may we Godward move, finding God in others,
sisters all, and brothers:

Jesus lived here for all: strove and died, rose once more,
rules our hearts evermore; for he came to save us
by the truth he gave us:

To our Lord praise we sing, light and life, friend and king
coming down love to bring, pattern for our duty,
showing God in beauty:

ALL MY HOPE ON GOD IS FOUNDED

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.

Pride of man and earthly glory.
sword and crown betray God's trust;
what with lavish care man 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.

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.

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And on that final day of days,
His voice shall bid me rise again:
Unending joy, unceasing praise!

This hope I cherish in my heart:
To stand on earth, my flesh restored,
And, not a stranger but a friend,
Behold my Saviour and my Lord.

GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT REDEEMER

W Williams

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
 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, (2)

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. (2)

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 bid my anxious fears subside,
 death of death, and hell's destruction,
 land me safe on Canaan's side;
 songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee, (2)

LORD FOR TOMORROW AND ITS NEEDS

Sister M Xavier

Lord for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray;
 keep me, my God, from stain of sin, just for today.

Let me both diligently work and duly pray;
 let me be kind in word and deed, just for today.

Let me be slow to do my will, prompt to obey;
 help me to mortify my flesh, just for today.

Let me no wrong or idle word unthinking say;
 set thou a seal upon my lips, just for today.

And if today my tide of life should ebb away,
 give me thy sacraments divine, sweet Lord, today.

So, for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray;
 but keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, just for today.

JERUSALEM

William Blake (1756-1827)

And did those feet in ancient time
 walk upon England's mountains 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 bow of burning gold!
 Bring me my arrow 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.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

Now thank we all our God,
 with hearts and hands and voices,
 who wondrous things hath done,
 in whom this world rejoices;
 who from our mother's arms
 hath blessed us on our way
 with countless gifts of love, and still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
 through all our life be near us,
 with ever joyful hearts
 and blessed peace to cheer us;
 and keep us in his grace,
 and guide us when perplexed,
 and free us from all ills in this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
 the Father now be given,
 the Son, and him who reigns
 with them in highest heaven,
 the one Eternal God,
 whom earth and heaven adore;
 for thus it was, is now, and shall be evermore.

HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME

Holy God, we praise thy name;
Lord of all, we bow before thee!
All on earth thy sceptre own,
all in heaven above adore thee.
Infinite thy vast domain,
everlasting is thy reign.

Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
angel choirs above are raising;
cherubim and seraphim,
in unceasing chorus praising,
fill the heavens with sweet accord,
holy, holy, holy Lord.

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, three we name thee,
while in essence only one
undivided God we claim thee;
and, adoring, bend the knee
while we own the mystery.

Spare thy people, Lord, we pray,
by a thousand snares surrounded;
keep us without sin today;
never let us be confounded.
Lo, I put my trust in thee,
never, Lord, abandon me.

AS I KNEEL BEFORE YOU

As I kneel before you,
as I bow my head in prayer,
take this day, make it yours
and fill me with your love.

*Ave, Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum, benedicta tu.*

All I have I give you,
ev'ry dream and wish are yours.
Mother of Christ, Mother of mine,
present them to my Lord.

Maria Parkinson

PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST IN THE HEIGHT

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise,
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight
and to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
and Essence all divine.

O generous love! that he who smote
in man for man the foe,
the double agony in man
for man should undergo.

And in the garden secretly
and on the Cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and inspire
to suffer and to die.

Praise to the holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise,
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

BLEST ARE YOU, LORD GOD

Aniceto Nazareth

Blest are you, Lord, God of all creation,
thanks to your goodness this bread we offer:
fruit of the earth, work of our hands,
it will become the bread of life.

*Blessed be God! Blessed be God!
Blessed be God! forever! Amen! (2)*

Blest are you, Lord, God of all creation,
thanks to your goodness this wine we offer:
fruit of the earth, work of our hands,
it will become the cup of life.

FOR ALL THE SAINTS

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest:
Alleluia, alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true light:
Alleluia, alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine:
Alleluia, alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest:
sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.
Alleluia, alleluia!

But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on his way:
Alleluia, alleluia!

MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF YOUR PEACE

Sebastian Temple

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.

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.

Oh, 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 to all men that we receive,
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

TELL OUT MY SOUL

Timothy Dudley-Smith

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of his word;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name!
Make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;
his mercy sure, from age to age the same;
his holy name - The Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!
Powers and dominions lay their glory by.
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore!

YAHWEH, I KNOW YOU ARE NEAR

Daniel Schutte SJ

*Yahweh, I know you are near,
standing always at my side.
You guard me from the foe
and you lead me in ways everlasting.*

Lord, you have searched my heart
and you know when I sit and when I stand.
Your hand is upon me, protecting me from death,
keeping me from harm.

When can I run from your love?
If I climb to the heavens, you are there.
If I fly to the sunrise or sail beyond the sea
still I'd find you there.

You know my heart and its ways,
you who formed me before I was born,
in secret of darkness, before I saw the sun,
in my mother's womb.

Marvellous to me are your works;
how profound are your thoughts my Lord!
Even if I could count them, they number as the stars,
you would still be there.

PRAISE WE OUR GOD WITH JOY

Frederick Oakeley (1802-80)

Praise we our God with joy and gladness never ending;
angels and saints with us their grateful voices blending.
He is our Father dear, o'er filled with parent's love;
mercies unsought, unknown, he showers from above.

He is our shepherd true; with watchful care unsleeping,
on us, his erring sheep an eye of pity keeping;
he with a mighty arm the bonds of sin doth break,
and to our burden'd hearts in words of peace doth speak.

Graces in copious stream from that pure fount are welling,
where, in our heart of hearts, our God hath set his dwelling.
His word our lantern is; his peace our comfort still;
his sweetness all our rest; our law, our life, his will.

LOVE DIVINE ALL LOVES EXCELLING

Charles Wesley

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, 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 life 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 sinless 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.

OH THE LOVE OF MY LORD

Estelle White

Oh, the love of my Lord is the essence
of all that I love here on earth.
All the beauty I see he has given to me
and his giving is gentle as silence.

Every day, every hour, every moment
have been blessed by the strength of his love.
At the turn of each tide he is there at my side,
and his touch is as gentle as silence.

There've been times when I've turned from his presence,
and I've walked other paths, other ways.
But I've called on his name in the dark of my shame,
and his mercy was gentle as silence.

BE THOU MY VISION Irish (8th c.) tr. Mary Byrne, versified by Eleanor Hull

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
naught be all else to me save that thou art;
thou my best thought in the day and night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, and I thy true son;
thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breast-plate, my sword for the fight,
be thou my armour, and be thou my might,
thou my soul's shelter, and thou my high tower,
raise thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I need not, nor man's empty praise,
thou mine inheritance through all my days;
thou, and thou only, the first in my heart,
high King of heaven, my treasure thou art!

High King of heaven, when battle is done,
grant heaven's joy to me, O bright heaven's sun;
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

BE STILL FOR THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD

David J Evans

Be still for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here,
Come bow before Him now with reverence and fear.
In Him no sin is found, we stand on Holy ground,
Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy one is here.

Be still for the glory of the Lord is shining all around,
He burns with holy fire, with splendour He is crowned,
How awesome is the sight, our radiant King of Light,
Be still for the glory of the Lord is shining all around.

Be still for the power of the Lord, is moving in this place,
He comes to cleanse and heal, to minister his grace.
No work too hard for him, in faith receive from him,
Be still for the power of the Lord, is moving in this place.

PRAISE TO THE LORD

Joachim Neander

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise him, for he is your health and salvation.
All you who hear, now to his altar draw near,
join in profound adoration.

Praise to the Lord, let us offer our gifts at his altar;
let not our sins and transgressions now cause us to falter.
Christ, the High Priest, bids us all join in his feast,
gathered with him at the altar.

Praise to the Lord, who will prosper our work and defend us;
surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend us;
ponder anew all the Almighty can do,
he who with love will befriend us.

Praise to the Lord, oh, let all that is in us adore him!
All that has life and breath, come now in praises before him.
Let the Amen sound from his people again,
now as we worship before him.

THE DAY THOU GAVEST

John Ellerton (1826-93)

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended:
the darkness falls at thy behest;
to thee our morning hymns ascended;
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping,
and rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day.
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away,

The sun that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empire, pass away;
thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
till all thy creatures own thy sway.

THINE BE THE GLORY

Edmond Louis Budry

Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death has won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes, where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo, Jesus meets us risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord is living, death has lost its sting.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is nought without thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love;
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

DEAR LORD AND FATHER

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-92)

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 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,
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!
interpreted by love!

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 your peace.
The beauty of your 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!
O still small voice of calm!

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I'm 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 hath 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.

SOUL OF MY SAVIOUR

Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast;
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest;
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,
wash me with water flowing from thy side.

Strength and protection may thy Passion be;
O Blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;
deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;
so shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign;
in death's dread moments make me only thine;
call me, and bid me come to thee on high,
when I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.

I WATCH THE SUNRISE

John Glynn

I watch the sunrise lighting the sky,
casting its shadows near.
And on this morning bright though it be,
I feel those shadows near me.

*But you are always close to me
following all my ways.*

*May I be always close to you
following all your ways, Lord.*

I watch the sunlight shine through the clouds
warming the earth below.
And at the mid-day, life seems to say:
"I feel your brightness near me." *For you are always.....*

I watch the sunset fading away,
lighting the clouds with sleep.
And as the evening closes its eyes,
I feel your presence near me. *For you are always.....*

I watch the moonlight guarding the night,
waiting till morning comes.
The air is silent, earth is at rest -
only your peace is near me. *Yes, you are always.....*

CHRIST BE BESIDE ME

Christ be beside me, Christ be before me,
Christ be behind me, King of my heart.
Christ be within me, Christ be below me,
Christ be above me, never to part.

Christ on my right hand, Christ on my left hand,
Christ all around me, shield in the strife.
Christ in my sleeping, Christ in my sitting,
Christ in my rising, light of my life.

Christ be in all hearts thinking about me.
Christ be in all tongues telling of me.
Christ be the vision in eyes that see me,
in ears that hear me, Christ ever be.

ABIDE WITH ME

Henry Francis Lyte

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
when other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine though the gloom, and point me to the skies;
heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

WALK IN THE LIGHT

Damian Lundy

The Spirit lives to set us free, *walk, walk in the light*
He binds us all in unity, *walk, walk in the light.*
Walk in the light, (3) walk in the light of the Lord

Jesus promised life to all.
The dead were wakened by his call.
He died in pain on Calvary,
to save the lost like you and me.

We know his death was not the end.
He gave his Spirit to be our friend.
By Jesus's love our wounds are healed.
The Father's kindness is revealed.

The Spirit lives in you and me.
His light will shine for all to

MORNING HAS BROKEN.

Eleanor Farjeon

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 ev'ry morning,
God's re-creation of the new day!

LORD OF ALL HOPEFULNESS

Jan Struther

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
whose trust ever child-like, 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.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

C F Alexander

*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 for our play,
the rushes by the water,
to gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we may tell
how great is God Almighty,
who has made all things well.

LONDONDERRY AIR

W Y Fullerton

I cannot tell why he whom angels worship
should set his love upon the sons of men,
or why as shepherd he should seek the wanderers,
to bring them back, they know not how nor when.
But this I know, that he was born of Mary
when Bethlehem's manger was his only home,
and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured;
and so the saviour, saviour of the world, has come.

I cannot tell how silently he suffered
as with his peace he graced this place of tears,
nor how his heart upon the cross was broken,
the crown of pain to three and thirty years.
But this I know, he heals the broken-hearted
and stays our sin and calms our lurking fear,
and lifts the burden from the heavy laden;
for still the saviour, saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell how he will win the nations,
how he will claim his earthly heritage,
how satisfy the needs and aspirations
of east and west, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see his glory,
and he shall reap the harvest he has sown;
and some glad day his sun will shine in splendour
when he the saviour, saviour of the world, is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
when at his bidding every storm is stilled,
or who can say how great the jubilation
when all our hearts with love for him are filled.
But this I know, the skies will sound his praises,
ten thousand, thousand human voices sing,
and earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, will answer,
'At last the saviour, saviour of the world, is king!'