

Jesus is Lord! Creation's voice proclaims it

for by his power each tree and flower was planned and made.

Jesus is Lord! The universe declares it -

sun, moon and stars in heaven cry: `Jesus is Lord!'

Jesus is Lord, Jesus is Lord! Praise him with alleluias, for Jesus is Lord.

Jesus is Lord! Yet from his throne eternal

in flesh he came to die in pain on Calvary's tree.

Jesus is Lord! From him all life proceeding -

yet gave his life a ransom thus setting us free.

Jesus is Lord, Jesus is Lord! Praise him with alleluias, for Jesus is Lord.

Jesus is Lord! O'er sin the mighty conqueror;

from death he rose and all his foes shall own his name.

Jesus is Lord! God sends his Holy Spirit

to show by works of power that Jesus is Lord.

Jesus is Lord, Jesus is Lord! Praise him with alleluias, for Jesus is Lord.

D.J. Mansell (b. 1936)

We love the place, O God,

wherein thine honour dwells;

the joy of thine abode

all earthly joy excels.

We love the house of prayer,

wherein thy servants meet;

and thou, O Lord, art there

thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the word of life,

the word that tells of peace,

of comfort in the strife,

and joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
for mercies freely given;
but O we long to know
the triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace
on earth to love thee more,
in heaven to see thy face,
and with thy saints adore.

William Bullock (1798-1874), Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;

be all else but naught to me, save that thou art.
Be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
Both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

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

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight.
be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;
be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower.
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise;
be thou mine inheritance, now and always.
be thou and thou only the first in my heart,
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant mee its joys after victory is won;
great Heart of my heart, whatever befall,
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Translated by: May Byrne (1880-1931);

Versified by Eleanor Hull (1860-1935)

'Forgive our sins as we forgive',

you taught us, Lord, to pray,
but you alone can grant us grace
to live the words we say.

How can your pardon reach and bless
the unforgiving heart
that broods on wrongs, and will not let
old bitterness depart?

In blazing light your cross reveals
the truth we dimly knew,
how small the debts are owed to us,
how great our debt to you!

Lord, cleanse the depths within our souls,
and bid resentment cease;
then, bound to all in bonds of love,
our lives will spread your peace.

Rosamund Eleanor Kerklots (1905-1987)