

MP 200 Great is Thy faithfulness

- 1 Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father,
there is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions they
fail not,
as Thou hast been Thou for ever wilt be.

*Great is Thy faithfulness,
great is Thy faithfulness;
morning by morning
new mercies I see;
all I have needed
Thy hand hath provided –
great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me!*

- 2 Summer and winter, and spring-time and
harvest,
sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
join with all nature in manifold witness
to Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Great is Thy faithfulness . . .

- 3 Pardon for sin, and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to
guide;
strength for today and bright hope for
tomorrow,
blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

Great is Thy faithfulness . . .

Thomas O Chisholm (1866–1960)
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MP 806 Beauty for brokenness

- 1 Beauty for brokenness,
hope for despair,
Lord, in Your suffering world
this is our prayer.
Bread for the children,
justice, joy, peace,
sunrise to sunset,
Your kingdom increase!

- 2 Shelter for fragile lives,
cures for their ills,
work for the craftsmen,
trade for their skills;

land for the dispossessed,
rights for the weak,
voices to plead the cause
of those who can't speak.

*God of the poor,
friend of the weak,
give us compassion we pray:
melt our cold hearts,
let tears fall like rain;
come, change our love
from a spark to a flame.*

- 3 Refuge from cruel wars,
havens from fear,
cities for sanctuary,
freedoms to share.
Peace to the killing-fields,
scorched earth to green,
Christ for the bitterness,
His cross for the pain.

- 4 Rest for the ravaged earth,
oceans and streams
plundered and poisoned –
our future, our dreams.
Lord, end our madness,
carelessness, greed;
make us content with
the things that we need.

God of the poor . . .

- 5 Lighten our darkness,
breathe on this flame
until Your justice
burns brightly again;
until the nations
learn of Your ways,
seek Your salvation
and bring You their praise.

God of the poor . . .

Graham Kendrick
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MP 1268 Creation sings the Father's song

1 Creation sings the Father's song:
He calls the sun to wake the dawn
and run the course of day,
till evening falls in crimson rays.
His fingerprints in flakes of snow,
His breath upon this spinning globe;
He charts the eagle's flight,
commands the newborn baby's cry.

Hallelujah!

Let all creation stand and sing:

'Hallelujah!'

*Fill the earth with songs of worship,
tell the wonders of creation's King.*

2 Creation gazed upon His face;
the ageless One, in time's embrace,
unveiled the Father's plan
of reconciling God and man.
A second Adam walked the earth,
whose blameless life would break the curse,
whose death would set us free
to live with Him eternally.

Hallelujah . . .

3 Creation longs for His return,
when Christ shall reign upon the earth;
the bitter wars that rage
are birthpains of a coming age.
When He renews the land and sky
all heaven will sing and earth reply
with one resplendent theme:
the glory of our God and King!

Hallelujah . . .

Keith and Kristyn Getty, Stuart Townend

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