



St Paul's

Sunday 10th October

All creatures of our God and King,

Lift up your voice and with us sing,

Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou burning sun with golden beam,

Thou silver moon with softer gleam,

Chorus

O praise him, O praise him,

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou flowing water, pure and clear,

Make music for thy Lord to hear,

Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou fire so masterful and bright,

That givest man both warmth and light,

Chorus

Dear mother earth, who day by day,

Unfoldest blessings on our way,

O praise him, Alleluia!

The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,

Let them his glory also show;

Chorus

Let all things their Creator bless,

And worship him in humbleness;

O praise him, Alleluia!

Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,

And praise the Spirit, three in one;

Chorus

*Based on St. Francis of Assisi's Canticle of the Sun
1225*

**Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy,
Lord have mercy upon us.**

Christ have mercy, Christ have mercy,
Christ has mercy up us.

Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy,
Lord have mercy upon us.

(Chant)

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.

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I will sing the wondrous story,

Of the Christ who died for me;

How He left his home in glory,

For the cross on Calvary.

I was lost but Jesus found me,

Found the sheep that went astray;

Threw his loving arms around me,

Drew me back into his way.

I was bruised but Jesus healed me,

Faint was I from many a fall;

Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,

But He freed me from them all.

Days of darkness still come o'er me,

Sorrow's paths I often tread,

But the Saviour still is with me,

By His hand I'm safely led.

He will keep me till the river

Rolls its waters at my feet,

Then he'll bear me safely over,

All my joys in him complete.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story

Of the Christ who died for me;

Sing it with the saints in glory,

Gathered by the crystal sea.

*Francis Harold Rawley © Marshall Morgan &
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