

**ST JAMES CHURCH, RHOSDDU**  
**ST JOHN'S CHURCH, RHOSNESNI**

**Hymns and Songs for Streamed Worship – 13 November 2022**

**WE ARE MARCHING** in the light of God,  
we are marching in the light of God.  
We are marching in the light of God,  
we are marching in the light of God.  
We are marching, marching,  
we are marching, oh,  
we are marching in the light of God.  
We are marching, marching,  
we are marching, oh,  
we are marching in the light of God.  
  
We are living in the love of God . . . .  
  
We are moving in the pow'r of God . . .

Xhosa (South African) traditional hymn  
v 1 Anders Nyberg (1955 - )  
vv 2& 3, Andrew Maries (1949 - )

**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!

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.*

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.

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 . . .*

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 . . .*

### **HOW DEEP THE FATHER'S LOVE FOR US,**

how vast beyond all measure,  
that he should give his only Son  
to make a wretch his treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss;  
the Father turns his face away,  
as wounds which mar the chosen One  
bring many souls to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,  
my sin upon his shoulders;  
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
call out among the scoffers.  
It was my sin that held him there,  
until it was accomplished;  
his dying breath has brought me life -  
I know that 'it is finished.'

I will not boast in anything,  
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
his death and resurrection.  
Why should I gain from his reward?  
I cannot give an answer;  
but this I know with all my heart,  
his wounds have paid my ransom.

Stuart Townend (1963 - )  
Copyright © 1995 Kingsway's Thankyou Music

### **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 forever will 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!*

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.

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!

Thomas O Chisholm (1866 - 1960)  
Copyright © 1951 Hope Publishing Co