



TEA AND HYMNS

Perry Picnic

PSALM 65

Praise awaits you, our God, in Zion; to you our vows will be fulfilled. You who answer prayer, to you all people will come. When we were overwhelmed by sins, you forgave our transgressions. Blessed are those you choose and bring near to live in your courts! We are filled with the good things of your house, of your holy temple. You answer us with awesome and righteous deeds, God our Saviour, the hope of all the ends of the earth and of the farthest seas, who formed the mountains by your power, having armed yourself with strength, who stilled the roaring of the seas, the roaring of their waves, and the turmoil of the nations. The whole earth is filled with awe at your wonders; where morning dawns, where evening fades, you call forth songs of joy. You care for the land and water it; you enrich it abundantly. The streams of God are filled with water to provide the people with corn, for so you have ordained it. You drench its furrows and level its ridges; you soften it with showers and bless its crops. You crown the year with your bounty, and your carts overflow with abundance. The grasslands of the wilderness overflow; the hills are clothed with gladness. The meadows are covered with flocks and the valleys are mantled with corn; they shout for joy and sing.

Tea & Hymns 20th June 2021

In Christ there is no east or west,
in him no south or north,
but one great fellowship of love
throughout the whole wide earth.

In him shall true hearts everywhere
their high communion find;
his service is the golden cord
close-binding humankind.

Join hands then all the human race,
whate'er your nation be;
all children of the living God
are surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both east and west,
in him meet south and north;
all Christlike souls are one in him,
throughout the whole wide earth.

As we gather in this place - **God is here**
Praise him in this outdoor space - **God is here**

Walking, running, standing still - **God is here**

Down the valleys, up the hills - **God is here**
Praise him all you flying birds - **God is here**
Praise him all you digging worms - **God is here**

Praise him all you lofty trees - **God is here**
Praise him beetles, bugs and bees - **God is here**

Praise him clouds, and sun, and rain - **God is here**

Praise him people on your way - **God is here**

Say it to each other now - **God is here**
Say it to the world around - **God is here**
All creation sings God's praise - **God is here**
We join in that praise and say - **God is here.**

All creatures of our God and king,
lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluia, alleluia!

Bright burning sun with golden beam,
soft shining moon with silver gleam,
O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Swift rushing wind so wild and strong,
white clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise him, alleluia!
New rising dawn in praise rejoice,
you lights of evening find a voice;

O praise him ...

Cool flowing water, pure and clear,
make music for your Lord to hear,
Alleluia, alleluia!

Fierce fire so masterful and bright
giving to us both warmth and light,

O praise him ...

People and nations, take your part,
love and forgive with all your heart;
Alleluia, alleluia!

All who long pain and sorrow bear,
trust God and cast on him your care;

O praise him ...

Let all things their Creator bless
and worship him in lowliness,
Alleluia, alleluia!

Praise, praise the Father, praise the
Son,
and praise the Spirit, Three-in-One,

O praise him ...

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In Christ alone my hope is found;
he is my light, my strength, my song.
This Cornerstone, this solid Ground,
firm through the fiercest drought and
storm.

What heights of love, what depths of
peace
when fears are stilled, when strivings
cease!

My Comforter, my All in All,
here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! – who took on flesh,
fulness of God in helpless babe!
This Gift of love and righteousness,
scorned by the ones he came to save,
till on that cross as Jesus died
the wrath of God was satisfied –
for every sin on him was laid:
here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground his body lay:
Light of the world by darkness slain.
Then bursting forth in glorious day,
up from the grave he rose again!
And as he stands in victory,
sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
for I am his and he is mine –
bought with the precious blood of
Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death;
this is the power of Christ in me;
from life's first cry to final breath
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of Hell, no scheme of man
can ever pluck me from his hand:
till he returns or calls me home,
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

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For the beauty of the earth
For the beauty of the skies
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies
Over and around us lies

Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise

For the beauty of the hour
Of the day and of the night
Hill and vale and tree and flower
Sun and moon and stars of light
Sun and moon and stars of light

Lord of all...

For the joy of human love
Brother, sister, parent, child
Friends on earth and friends above
For all gentle thoughts and mild
For all gentle thoughts and mild

Lord of all...

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*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 green wood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day:

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Psalm 133 (Tune: Camp meeting)

Behold, how good a thing it is,
and how becoming well,
Together such as people are
in unity to dwell!

Like precious ointment on the head,
that down the beard did flow,
Ev'n Aaron's beard, and to the skirts,
did of his garments go.

As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
on Zion's hills descend:
For there the blessing God commands,
life that shall never end.