

Hymns on Mothering Sunday

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flow'r that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountains,
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.

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

HYMN BEFORE THE GOSPEL

God of Eve and God of Mary,
God of love and mother-earth,
thank you for the ones who with us
shared their life and gave us birth.

As you came to earth in Jesus,
so you come to us today;
you are present in the caring
that prepares us for life's way.

Thank you, that the Church, our Mother,
gives us bread and fills our cup,
and the comfort of the Spirit
warms our hearts and lifts us up.

Thank you for belonging, shelter,
bonds of friendship, ties of blood,
and for those who have no children,
yet are parents under God.

God of Eve and God of Mary,
Christ our Brother, human Son,
Spirit, caring like a Mother,
take our love and make us one!

HYMN AT THE OFFERTORY

For Mary, Mother of the Lord,
God's holy name be praised;
who first the Son of God adored
as on her child she gazed.

The angel Gabriel brought the word
she should Christ's mother be;
Our Lady, handmaid of the Lord,
made answer willingly.

The heavenly call she thus obeyed,
and so God's will was done;
the second Eve love's answer made
which our redemption won.

She gave her body as God's shrine,
her heart to piercing pain;
and knew the cost of love divine
when Jesus Christ was slain.

Dear Mary, from your lowliness
and home in Galilee,
there comes a joy and holiness
to every family.

Hail Mary, you are full of grace,
above all women blest,
blest is your son, whom you embrace,
in birth and death confessed.

HYMNS DURING COMMUNION

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love.
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord,
And where there's doubt true faith in you.

*Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console;
To be understood as to understand;
To be loved as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope,
Where there is darkness, only light,
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek...

Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving of ourselves that we receive,
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Fathers and mothers,
sisters and brothers,
all those who love us,
for whom we care:
help and befriend them,
keep and defend them,
Jesus our Saviour,
this is our prayer.

And for those others,
fathers and mothers,
children who hunger,
they must be fed:

we would be caring,
readily sharing,
one with another
our daily bread.

Sisters and brothers,
fathers and mothers,
we who together
offer our praise:
hear our thanksgiving,
God ever living,
may we walk with you
all of our days.

FINAL HYMN

Now thank we all our God,
with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things hath done,
in whom this world rejoices;
who from our mother's arms
hath blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
with ever joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us;
and keep us in his grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
in this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given,
the Son, and him who reigns,
with them in highest heaven,
the one eternal God,
whom earth and heaven adore;
for thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.