



Thanks to John Tomlin 12-13-2005
JUST ... A CLOSER WALK WITH ME ...



Thanks to Stacy Jackson 03-27-2009
OUR GOD, IS A GNAWSOME GOD ...

Spiritual Practices

Practice Three



Joyful Singing

Love the Lord you God with all your heart and soul and mind and strength

“Practice” means the repeated performance of a task or action regularly over time. A spiritual practice is exactly what the word suggests, a way to be deliberate about matters of the soul. Spiritual practices - and there are heaps of them - are tools for becoming aware of God within our daily life; they bring out the sacred in experiences that could otherwise seem just everyday. Down through the centuries the way of Jesus has been understood to require deliberate and attentive spiritual practices. Orienting our energies toward God and one another can help counter apathy and despair as we create space for God. Singing is one way to do this.

“A godshaped life is a flourishing tree”

Proverbs 11:28

Spiritual Practices

About Singing and Spirituality

There's something significant about the fact that whenever Christians gather, we sing. But singing isn't the point - at the heart of our singing is a shared experience. Some people enjoy singing and belt it out with passion and energy. That energy is crucial because there are always those among us who can't find it in ourselves to sing the words, but just hearing it on someone else's lips gives hope. But there are also those among us who are less inclined to belt it out and more prone to ponder the words. That kind of deep engagement and reflection is just as crucial. Yet whether a person likes to sing or not, singing isn't the point. At the heart of our singing is the shared experience of encountering God together. Often we sing really old songs, songs full of enthronement language: kings, servants, robes, crowns, and diadems. But most of us haven't used a diadem in years—like, hundreds of years. Yet we keep using this kind of language to sing about God. Why? To remind ourselves that even though the world is constantly changing there is something, someone, unchanging.

Some traditions have even used songs as maps, as if the words and notes laid down a trail for others to follow. So we join the chorus of those who for thousands of years have acknowledged that there is something "More" by routinely, intentionally, and often musically creating space to remind ourselves of and orient ourselves around this "More". The singing isn't about what people like but rather about together orienting ourselves around God. Most of what we sing is poetic and not literal: in the Psalms God is like a rock or a shepherd, the righteous are like palm trees or the cedars of Lebanon. There is a point at which literal language fails and poetry is all we're left with for describing the beauty and truth of who God is. Poetry is porous; it invites a broad spectrum of interpretation and meaning. It's why we can sing the same song and read the same Bible and have endlessly different experiences. Poetry might be the only equipment we have for wrapping our minds around the bigness of God.

Ironically, there can be a moment in our singing when a leading voice drops away and together we find a collective voice. Somehow in that moment everyone is leading and no one is leading. This is the kind of thing that happens when a group of people start tapping into the reality and mystery of a God who is "one". We begin to become one ourselves. The shared experience of singing together is a deeply subversive, counter-cultural act of mutual submission.

- *Are there songs or particular phrases in songs that are difficult for you to sing? If so, which ones and why?*
- *What particular songs have served like maps for you, helping you better understand what it means to follow God?*
- *Where else do we see the counter-cultural practice of mutual submission ?*
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Sing to the LORD, for he has done wonderful things. Make known his praise around the world.
Isaiah 12:5

Sing a new song to the LORD! Sing his praises from the ends of the earth!
Sing, all you who sail the seas, all you who live in distant coastlands.
Join in the chorus, you desert towns; let the villages of Kedar rejoice!
Let the people of Sela sing for joy; shout praises from the mountaintops!
Isaiah 42:10-11

Sing to the LORD! Praise the LORD! For though I was poor and needy, he rescued me from my oppressors.
Jeremiah 20:13

Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout aloud, O Israel! Be glad and rejoice with all your heart!
Zephaniah 3:14

Don't be drunk with wine, because that will ruin your life. Instead, be filled with the Holy Spirit, singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs among yourselves, and making music to the Lord in your hearts. And give thanks for everything to God the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Ephesians 5:18-20

Let the message about Christ, in all its richness, fill your lives. Teach and counsel each other with all the wisdom he gives. Sing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs to God with thankful hearts.
Colossians 3:16

Are any of you suffering hardships? You should pray. Are any of you happy? You should sing praises.
James 5:13



worship. Take time to "practise" singing together. Try singing things you know without accompaniment (though a starting pitch is often a good idea), or with a gentle rhythm instrument or bass line. Spread a hymn or song throughout the service, using several stanzas at one point and the remaining at another (making sure that it flows with the other components. Let accompanying instruments drop out for a stanza of a familiar song. Practise singing together often, to begin meetings, at potluck suppers, while working on a mission project. Singing as a communal spiritual practice can deepen your worship, strengthen your relationship with God, and energize your congregation.

*Adapted from an article at
<http://worshipconnection.cokesbury.com/content.aspx?dyn=1751>*

Songs for Sharing

This selection was used in a one-hour "Songs of Faith" event at Eastview in May2010. There are many more great songs we can sing, so augment this selection from time to time.

How Great Thou Art

"How Great Thou Art" is a top sacred hymn based on the Bible scripture Psalm 145:3 "*Great is the Lord, and most worthy of praise; his greatness no one can fathom.*" The original Swedish text was a poem entitled "O Store Gud," written in 1886 by Swedish preacher Carl Boberg. His inspiration for the poem came from a visit to a beautiful country estate on the southeast coast of Sweden, where he got caught in a midday thunderstorm with awe-inspiring moments of flashing violence, followed by a clear brilliant sun, and the sweet songs of the birds in nearby trees. Years later, while attending a public gathering in Varmländ, Boberg was surprised to hear the congregation sing his poem to the tune of an old Swedish melody. The translation to English was written by Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989).

Scriptures that Encourage the Practice of Singing

Let the whole earth sing to the LORD! Each day proclaim the good news that he saves. 1 Chronicles 16:23

Sing praises to the LORD who reigns in Jerusalem. Tell the world about his unforgettable deeds. Psalms 9:11

Praise the LORD with melodies on the lyre; make music for him on the ten-stringed harp. Sing a new song of praise to him; play skillfully on the harp, and sing with joy. Psalm 33:2 - 3

Shout joyful praises to God, all the earth! Sing about the glory of his name! Tell the world how glorious he is. Psalm 66:1- 2

It is good to give thanks to the LORD, to sing praises to the Most High. It is good to proclaim your unfailing love in the morning, your faithfulness in the evening, accompanied by the ten-stringed harp and the melody of the lyre. Psalm 92:1-3

Come, let us sing to the LORD! Let us shout joyfully to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come to him with thanksgiving. Let us sing psalms of praise to him. Psalm 95:1-2

Worship the LORD with gladness. Come before him, singing with joy. Psalm 100:2

O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder.
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee:
How great Thou art. how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee:
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.....

And when I think that God, His son not sparing,
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin:

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art.....

Mine eyes have seen the Glory

It was April 1968. An exhausted Martin Luther King had just made an impromptu speech about American civil rights at Memphis, Tennessee. He shared with the listeners his vision of God's purpose in words from a hymn by Julia Ward Howe, composed in the era of the fight against slavery. The next day he was shot on his motel balcony by a hidden assassin.

Mine eyes have seen the Glory of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

*Glory Glory Hallelujah, Glory Glory Hallelujah
Glory Glory Hallelujah, His truth is marching on.
(last line repeated from previous verse)*

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea.
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,
While God is marching on.

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
He is wisdom to the mighty; He is succour to the brave
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of time His slave:
Our God is marching on!

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old rugged cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross and exchange it some day for a crown.*

O, the old rugged cross, so despised by the world, has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left His glory above to bear it to dark Calvary.
So I'll cherish...

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, a wondrous beauty I see;
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died to pardon and sanctify me.
So I'll cherish...

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then he'll call me some day to my home far away, when His glory for ever I'll share.
So I'll cherish...

of us, giving us the language of faith, of prayer, and of witness we are shaped as Christian disciples. Together as communities of faith we teach our children and those new to the faith who we are as God's people and practice the ways God is calling us in this time for the needs of this world.

Singing together in worship is helped if we follow some simple guidelines. John Wesley wrote "Directions for Singing" for the fledgling Methodist movement in 1761 and they can be found in many hymnals still today:

- See that you join with the congregation
- Sing lustily and with good courage.
- Strive to unite your voices together
- Sing in time
- Above all, sing spiritually.

The first is a direction of encouragement, but also a reminder that spiritual disciplines are to be practised. We don't gain musical skill or athletic prowess without embodied practice. So it is with the spiritual life. This practice may require courage as we immediately feel vulnerable, too quickly judging our own abilities and contribution to the whole. It may feel easier to not sing, to not use the energy needed to breathe and make sound, to not open our mouths and hearts. Yet Wesley goes on in this direction to say, "If it is a cross to you, take it up, and you will find it a blessing." Through singing with others, many have experienced a sense of God's nearness, being uplifted or re-energized for the life of discipleship. Other have found their tunefulness improved over time!

The second direction is followed by Wesley's reminder to "Beware of singing as if you were half dead or half asleep; but lift up your voice with strength." The psalmist reminds us that we are simply asked to make a "joyful noise." To sing with good courage requires us to take deep breaths, to breathe in to inspire the Holy Spirit.

Uniting our voices and singing in time requires us to listen to each other, to start and stop together. Here is where communal practice can shape us as the body of Christ, as we practice attending to each other as children of God (1 Corinthians 12), breathing together and finding a common rhythm. Blending our voice with others means also listening to ourselves as a part of the whole, finding our voice in the midst of Christ's body.

"Above all, sing spiritually." When we truly experience ourselves as children of God, blessed in the midst of life's trials, our thanks and praise and hopes flow out in song. The congregation whose worship is focused on God, who knows themselves as forgiven and redeemed, who find themselves caring about their neighbours far and near, is a congregation who has learned to sing spiritually.

So, how do we sing as a community spiritual practice? Begin with what you know—familiar songs, perhaps even refrains or single verses known by heart. Don't rush through singing as though it were only an item on the worship "check-off list." Use leaders with pleasant voices and engaging personalities who can gently encourage others and who understand the communal nature of sung

How sweet to hold a newborn baby,
And feel the pride and joy he gives.
But greater still the calm assurance,
This child can face uncertain days because He lives.

*Because He lives, I can face tomorrow.
Because He lives, All fear is gone.
Because I know He holds the future,
And life is worth the living just because He lives.*

And then one day I'll cross the river,
I'll fight life's final war with pain.
And then as death gives way to victory,
I'll see the lights of glory and I'll know He lives.

More Thoughts on Singing as a Spiritual Practice

Robyn Knowles Wallace

Within worshiping communities we develop certain spiritual practices—prayer, praise, listening for God's word, lament, gratitude, faithful living, kindness, reconciliation, forgiveness, and love. Some of these are explicit in our worship (such as praying the Lord's Prayer together); others are more often implicit (passing the peace as a sign of hospitality and reconciliation).

Christians, like their spiritual forebears the Jews, developed the practice of singing together to involve themselves more deeply in prayer; to express praise, gratitude, and lament; to teach the language of faith; and to express unity. Yet, congregations have not always entered into singing as fully as we might, preferring to be passive, entertained, and silent or overshadowed by instruments and microphones. How do we recapture the imperatives of the psalmists and the writer to the Ephesians (5.19) to "Sing a new song!" "Praise the Lord!" and to "Sing psalms, hymns and spiritual songs"?

Perhaps it is time to consider singing in congregational worship as a communal spiritual practice. Spiritual practices are patterns of behaviour which open us up for relationship with God, form us as Christian disciples, focus us on what is important, and teach us a language of faith and prayer. Communal spiritual practices teach us what we cannot learn on our own, and bring the encouragement and support of the community to our practice, while drawing us closer to God also draw us closer to each other (Mark 14.28-31), and give us a place to practice the holy living to which God call us.

As we sing the songs passed down to us through scriptures and tradition, as we learn new truths and affirm those we hold dear, as texts and music become part

When I survey

When I survey the wondrous Cross,
on which the Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See! From His head, His hands, His feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did o'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown.

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Amazing Grace

John Newton went to sea at the age of eleven and grew to become a hard-living sailor, involved in the African slave trade. In March 1748, his ship was in a terrifying storm and he cried out God for help. To his amazement he survived, and over a period of time became a committed Christian. On his return to England, he was ordained as a curate, and was one of those who encouraged William Wilberforce to go into politics, where he strived for many years to change the English law on slavery. Our usual tune for Amazing Grace is an American one, not linked with the hymn till 60 years after Newton wrote it.

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years
bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we're first begun.

ROCK OF AGES

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood,
from thy wounded side which flowed,
be of sin the double cure;
save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
can fulfill thy law's commands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears forever flow,
all for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
simply to the cross I cling;
naked, come to thee for dress;
helpless, look to thee for grace;
foul, I to the fountain fly;
wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyes shall close in death,
when I soar to worlds unknown,
see thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus Toplady wrote this song
on a scrap of paper while sheltering
from a storm between two massive
limestone rocks n Burrington Coombe
in Somerset in 1776.

NEARER STILL NEARER

*Nearer, still nearer, close to Thy heart,
Draw me, my Saviour, so precious Thou art!
Fold me, oh, fold me close to Thy breast.
Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest";
Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."*

*Nearer, still nearer, nothing I bring,
Naught as an offering to Jesus, my King;
Only my sinful, now contrite heart.
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth
impart.
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth
impart.*

*Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine!
Sin, with its follies, I gladly resign,
All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride,
Give me but Jesus, my Lord, crucified.
Give me but Jesus, my Lord, crucified.*

*Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last.
Till safe in glory my anchor is cast;
Through endless ages ever to be
Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee;
Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee!*

**I cannot tell how silently he suffered,
as with his peace he graced this place of tears,
or how his heart upon the cross was broken,
the crown of pain to three and thirty years.
But this I know, he heals the broken-hearted,
and stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,
and lifts the burden from the heavy laden,
for yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.**

**I cannot tell how he will win the nations,
how he will claim his earthly heritage,
how satisfy the needs and aspirations
of east and west, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see his glory,
and he shall reap the harvest he has sown,
and some glad day his sun shall shine in splendour
when he the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is known.**

**I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
when, at his bidding, every storm is stilled,
or who can say how great the jubilation
when every heart with perfect love is filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad, myriad human voices sing,
and earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, will answer:
'At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!'**

Because He Lives

This beautiful song was written by Gloria Gaither at the time of the birth of her and Bill's third baby, during the Cuban missile crisis. They were concerned about the kind of world their child would encounter, but their faith assured them they could face uncertain days because Christ lives.

God sent His son, they called Him Jesus
He came to love, heal, and forgive.
He lived and died to buy my pardon,
An empty grave is there to prove my Saviour lives.

*Because He lives, I can face tomorrow.
Because He lives, All fear is gone.
Because I know He holds the future,
And life is worth the living just because He lives.*

Just as I am

This song was sung the night William Franklin Graham was converted under Mordecai Ham's preaching in South Carolina in 1934. Billy Graham went on to become a renowned evangelist and often used this hymn as the altar call.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

When Peace like a River

In 1873 prominent Chicago lawyer Horatio Spafford was working at home when he received the dreadful news that the ship carrying his wife and four daughters ahead of him to a family holiday in England had been lost crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Mrs Spafford was found floating in the water and was revived, but had to telegraph her husband the chilling words 'Saved Alone'. The agony of grief was softened only by the knowledge that in the weeks before their fatal voyage each of the children had received Christ at a Moody/Sankey evangelistic meeting. Two years later Spafford wrote a hymn in memory of his children, using the ancient prayer of Julian of Norwich as his theme: "that all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well."

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
when sorrows like sea billows roll;
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

*It is well with my soul, It is well with my soul,
it is well, it is well with my soul.*

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
let this blest assurance control,
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
and hath shed his own blood for my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
the trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
even so, it is well with my soul.

I Cannot Tell

I cannot tell why He, whom angels worship,
should set His love upon the sons of men,
or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the wanderers,
to bring them back, they know not how or when.
But this I know, that he was born of Mary,
when Bethlehem's manger was his only home,
and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.

Have Thine own Way

Adelaide Pollard was raised a Christian in nineteenth century Iowa and her orthodox Presbyterian family often despaired of her fanatical interest in deliverance, healing and the second coming. Despite frail health she travelled to Europe and Africa in missionary endeavours but it was while teaching at a missionary college in New York that she penned the prayer-poem based on Jeremiah's parable of Gods work in shaping the life of the nation and the individual believer.

Have Thine own way! Lord, have Thine own way!
Thou art the Potter; I am the clay,
Mould me and make me after Thy will,
While I am waiting yielded and still.

Have Thine own way! Lord, have Thine own way!
Search me and try me, Master today!
Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just now,
As in Thy presence humbly I bow.

Have Thine own way! Lord, have Thine own way!
Wounded and weary, help me, I pray!
Power, all power, surely is Thine!
Touch me and heal me, Saviour Divine!

Have Thine own way! Lord, have Thine own way!
Hold o'er my being absolute sway!
Fill with Thy Spirit till all shall see
Christ only, always, living in me!

What a Friend we have in Jesus

Irishman Joseph Scriven's fiancée was tragically drowned just before the wedding. He emigrated to Canada and became engaged again but this fiancée also died. In spite of loneliness, poverty and ill-health, he served God through a ministry to the disabled. He wrote this hymn for his mother when she was feeling sad and distressed.

What a Friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged; take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness; take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge, take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do your friends despise, forsake you? Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield you; you will find a solace there.

Lord Make me an Instrument

From a twelfth-century prayer by Saint Francis of Assisi, who was raised as a wealthy merchant's son, but after a conversion to Christ gave it up to work with lepers and the poor, and to found a brotherhood of friars in rural Italy.

Lord make me an instrument of peace
Where there is hate, let me sow love,
Where there is in-jury let me sow
A pardon deep as the flowing sea.

Where there is doubt let me sow faith
Where there's despair let me sow hope
Where there is darkness let me sow light
Where there is pain let me sow joy.

O loving Lord may I not seek
To be understood but to understand
To be consoled but to console
Or to be loved but to love man

For it's in giving that we receive
Its in forgiving that we're forgiven
and its in dying that we are born
To eternal life, to eternal life.

Seek ye First

Seek ye first the kingdom of God
and his righteousness
And all these things shall be added unto you
Hal—le—lu, Hal—le—lu—Jah

*Hal le lu jah, Hal le lu, Hal le lu jah
Hal le lu jah, Hal le lu, Hal le lu jah*

We shall not live by bread alone
But by every word
That proceeds from the mouth of God
Hal—le—lu, Hal—le—lu—Jah

*Hal le lu jah, Hal le lu, Hal le lu jah
Hal le lu jah, Hal le lu, Hal le lu jah*

Ask and it shall be given unto you
Seek and you shall find
Knock and it shall be opened unto you
Hal—le—lu, Hal—le—lu—Jah

*Hal le lu jah, Hal le lu, Hal le lu jah
Hal le lu jah, Hal le lu, Hal le lu jah*

Mrs Cecil Frances Alexander wrote over four hundred hymns, some at a children's level of understanding. Her aim was to explain various sections of the Apostles Creed to her godchildren. "All things bright and beautiful" explains "Creator of heaven and earth" and "Green Hill" is to explain the section "He was crucified dead and buried". The hill is said to be based on one she loved in County Derry; the hill where Christ was crucified is unlikely to have been green at Passover.

All things bright and beautiful

*Refrain:
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. *Refrain*

The purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset, and the morning
that brightens up the sky. *Refrain*

The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden,
he made them every one. *Refrain*

He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty,
who has made all things well. *Refrain*

There is a green hill

There is a green hill far away,
outside a city wall,
where our dear Lord was crucified
who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
what pains he had to bear,
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
he died to make us good,
that we might go at last to heaven,
saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
to pay the price of sin,
he only could unlock the gate
of heaven and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved!
And we must love him too,
and trust in his redeeming blood,
and try his works to do.

