



I come with joy, a child of God

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields
in their homes, and edited together.*

- 1 I come with joy, a child of God,
forgiven, loved and free,
the life of Jesus to recall,
in love laid down for me.
- 2 I come with Christians far and near
to find, as all are fed,
the new community of love
in Christ's communion bread.
- 3 As Christ breaks bread, and bids us share,
each proud division ends.
The love that made us, makes us one,
and strangers now are friends.
- 4 The Spirit of the risen Christ,
unseen, but ever near,
is in such friendship better known,
alive among us here.
- 5 Together met, together bound
by all that God has done,
we'll go with joy, to give the world
the love that makes us one.

Brian Wren (b.1936)

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Praise to the Holiest in the height

sung by St Martin's Voices

- 1 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise:
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.
- 2 And that a higher gift than grace
should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
and essence all-divine.
- 3 And in the garden secretly,
and on the Cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and inspire
to suffer and to die.
- 4 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise:
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

John Henry Newman (1801-1890)

There's a wideness in God's mercy

sung by St Martin's Voices

- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy
like the wideness of the sea;
there's a kindness in his justice
which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's sorrows
are more felt than up in heaven;
there is no place where earth's failings
have such kindly judgement given.
- 2 For the love of God is broader
than the measure of our mind,
and the heart of the eternal
is most wonderfully kind.
But we make his love too narrow
by false limits of our own;
and we magnify his strictness
with a zeal he would not own.
- 3 There is plentiful redemption
through the blood that has been shed;
there is joy for all the members
in the sorrows of the head.
There is grace enough for thousands
of new worlds as great as this;
there is room for fresh creations
in that upper home of bliss.

- 4 If our love were but more simple
we should take him at his word;
and our lives would be all gladness
in the joy of Christ our Lord.

Frederick William Faber (1814-1863)

Second half of tune: