





O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care & sadness, most beautiful, most bright; on you, the high & lowly, through ages joined in tune, Sing "Holy, holy, holy," to the great God Triune.















blackbird has spoken like the first bird. Praise for the singing, praise for the morning, praise for them springing fresh from the word.





Praise with elation, praise every morning, God's re-creation of the new day.





song by Julie Brasington

sung to "Frere Jacques"





























You who know our fears and sadness, grace us with your peace and gladness. Spirit of all comfort, fill our hearts. Reference Healer of our every ill, light of each tomorrow, give us peace beyond our fear, and hope beyond our sorrow.

















In simple trust like theirs who heard, beside the Syrian sea, the gracious calling of the Lord, let us, like them, without a word rise up and follow thee.



drop thy still dews of quietness, till all our strivings cease. Take from our souls the strain & stress, and let our ordered lives confess the beauty of thy peace.







