

Water You turned into wine
Opened the eyes of the blind
There's no one like you
None like you

Into the darkness You shine
Out of the ashes we rise
There's No one like you
None like you

***Our God is greater, our God is stronger
God You are higher than any other
Our God is Healer, awesome in power
Our God, Our God***

(mid section)

And if Our God is for us,
then who could ever stop us?
And if our God is with us,
then what can stand against?
then what can stand against?

...

O Come let us adore Him (second time)

***Our God is greater, our God is stronger
God You are higher than any other
Our God is Healer, awesome in power
Our God, Our God***

Brother, sister, let me serve you;

Let me be as Christ to you;

Pray that I might have the grace to

Let you be my servant, too.

We are pilgrims on a journey;

And companions on the road;

We are here to help each other

Walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you

In the night-time of your fear;

I will hold my hand out to you,

Speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;

When you laugh I'll laugh with you;

I will share your joys and sorrow

Till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in Heaven

We shall find such harmony,

Born of all we've known together

Of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister, let me serve you;

Let me be as Christ to you;

Pray that I might have the grace to

Let you be my servant, too.

Richard A M Gillard (b. 1953)

LONGING FOR LIGHT, WE WAIT IN DARKNESS.

Longing for truth, we turn to You.

Make us Your own, Your holy people,

Light for the world to see.

Christ, be our light!

Shine in our hearts.

Shine through the darkness.

Christ, be our light!

Shine in Your church gathered today.

Longing for peace, our world is troubled.

Longing for hope, many despair.

Your word alone has power to save us.

Make us Your living voice.

Longing for food, many are hungry.

Longing for water, many still thirst.

Make us Your bread, broken for others,

Shared until all are fed.

Longing for shelter, many are homeless.

Longing for warmth, many are cold.

Make us Your building, sheltering others,

Walls made of living stone.

Many the gifts, many the people,
Many the hearts that yearn to belong.
Let us be servants to one another,
Making Your kingdom come.

Bernadette Farrell © 1993 OCP

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