**Hymn-words for Judith Deeley’s Order of Service:**

*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:

The purple headed mountain,

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 fruit 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:

*All things bright and beautiful,*

*all creatures great and small,*

*all things wise and wonderful,*

*the Lord God made them all.*

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;

he makes me down to lie -

in pastures green; he leadeth me -

the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,

and me to walk doth make -

within the paths of righteousness,

e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,

yet will I fear no ill;

for thou art with me, and thy rod -

and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished

in presence of my foes;

my head thou dost with oil anoint ,

and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life

shall surely follow me;

and in God's house, for evermore

my dwelling place shall be.

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,

The emblem of suff'ring and shame;

and I love that old 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.*

Oh, 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 the old rugged cross...*

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 the old rugged cross...*

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,

Where his glory for ever I'll share.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...*