

This World Is His

Lyrics for the musical

By Grant Thorpe

(A full manuscript and score is available on request)

Creation

Our Father, Creator; all things that you have made,
Declare a living Maker and give to you their praise.
And we who are made like God, have charge of what you made,
That we may share in all your works and understand your ways.

Our Father's gracious nature to us has been made clear,
And no-one has a reason for not knowing he is here.
Creation is a work of love, and love controls it still;
And those who love will know him as they choose to do his will.

Creator and Father, with grace you labour still
To make a world where all men delight to do your will.
But we have chosen our way, and lost the power to rule,
And you have sent your only Son, our broken world to heal.

For he has come, the true Son, to do his Father's will,
And gather 'round him many sons God's pleasure to fulfil.
We Christ's brothers, like him, who mind not toil or pain,
Shall reign in life, and in the end time, share his kingly reign.

Father, dear Father, your love is waiting still
That we forgiven may upright stand, our task to yet fulfil.
And though all things 'till now are not subdued beneath our hand,
Christ our Saviour rules in heaven, in sea, and sky, and land.

Our Father's gracious nature to us has been made clear,
And no-one has a reason for not knowing he is here.
Creation is a work of love, and love controls it still;
And those who love will know him as they choose to do his will.

Fill all the earth

Fill all the earth with good creatures who with you
Will take its resources and make a great plan;
Find all you can about things that are living
And make this whole earth a great haven for man.
The sun will give warmth and rich foliage raise,
And will measure the length of your years and your days.
Use all these things and enjoy what you do,
I've designed all these things to be suited to you.

Big thoughts and new thoughts will press for attention,
New lands and high mountains you may explore.
Very small things that are hidden from vision
Will burst with their story when brought to the fore.
The earth is so full of these great and small wonders,
And each one will lead to a great many more.
The earth must be filled to inhabit its wideness
And taught how to work to release its great store.

*'For I am no God who loves to be silent,
Hiding myself from the creatures I've formed.
But you'll know me in actions and sharing my labours.
You are made in my image to create and to know.
All of my nature is clearly portrayed for you
There in the way that all things have been made.'*

Harness the forces of rivers and waters.
Find how to use what all creatures can do.
Open up places and ways for each other,
For what's to be done can't be done by a few.
Help one another be patient and thorough;
Rewards only come with persistence and toil.
Consider what others perceive in their labours;
What's shown to the least must be shouted to all.

My plan is that people may work with their neighbours,
So each can provide for the needs of the whole.
In the warmth of this care and providing of plenty,
A Father Creator all men will behold.

When I have grown up

(A child)

I wonder what I'll be when I have grown up
A driver of busses or a man with a truck!
There's so many things I could do that are good,
And I'd very much like to do what I could.

My dad has a car and a bag and a suit,
And leaves us each morning with a kiss and a toot.
It must really be fun to be busy and working,
To think about things and to keep them all running.

I don't know what I'd do where big people go,
There's so many things there to do and to know.
I'll just have to grow up until I'm a man
And be strong like my daddy and learn all I can.

God wants me to honour my mummy and daddy—
I think it must be 'cause they've grown big already.
It really is good I have someone to watch me,
To show me the things I will need to be ready.

I wonder what I'll be when I have grown up.
A driver of busses or a man with a truck?
There's so many things I could do that are good,
And I'd very much like to do what I could.
It must really be fun to be busy and working,
To think about things and to keep them all running and running and running....

Song of despair

(Different characters)

Have we all lost our moorings? Is our world in a spin?
If we know its beginning then what is its end?
It seems awfully strange that an idea so fine
Should derail and crash a short way down the line.

If no-one was greedy and everyone cared;
If nobody stole but worked hard for their fare;
I'm sure that the way things were planned would be fine,
And we wouldn't be worried with business decline.

**I agree sir, your words have a sound that is grand,
But we'll never force people to do as was planned.**

I've looked at our living as well as I can,
And I've thought as I've watched all the ways of a man
To see if there's patterns and ways to be found,
That the people could follow without losing ground.

I've seen many things that are all good to know.
And I know that I've seen that they really are so.
But now I can see something very astounding,
Our problems get bigger and very confounding.

**I think I shall need to acknowledge defeat
And retire to a cosy and distant retreat.**

Our world is all wrong and it's going downhill.
And who could reverse it? It must have to spill.
It's direction is hell-bent. There's a power behind,
Twisting up things, making life a long grind.

**Ah God! Who can stop it? We really must find
A someone who cares this great knot to unwind.**

Sovereign Lord

Sovereign Lord your hand is guiding
All the destinies of man.
Nations, families, cultures, kingdoms,
Flow as water through your hand.
Yet your rule is kind and good, Strong and wise and gentle;
Leaving none who seek you crushed
But calmed and gladly humbled.

Sovereign Judge the world is aching
Through its shame and wrongful ways.
You are showing your displeasure
In the tumults of our age
Yet your wrath is righteousness,
Purging our pollution;
Wishing not we be condemned,
But that we be chastened.

Sovereign Father, all your actions
Lead us to your own dear Son,
By whose death all failure's terrors
Are absolved, forever shunned.
By your unexpected love You have won us Father.
Let us do what pleases you,
Be your new creation.

Sovereign Lord and Judge and Father,
Hallowed by your holy name.
May your kingdom come in glory,
May your gracious will be done.

Who is he?

Who is he? Who is he?
Who the people talk of- who is he?
Jesus of Palestine.
Lived among us, yes, but who is he?

I have heard that he lived for his Father
And for those he longed to have as brothers;
That he felt their longing and their sorrows;
Knew the way of freedom they could follow.

It was he who saw life's meaning clearly;
Was not fooled or swayed by what he saw;
Did no wrong nor restlessly accused us;
Saw that we were hiding from our sin.

All the Father's love was then released,
Waiting not 'till all men understood.
Jesus bore the wrongness of our blame;
Led us to his Father, free of shame.

He is here and given to us freely.
Let us see his patience with us all.
Let his grace defuse all our defiance;
Form in us a mind to do his will.

Who is he? Who is he?
Who the people talk of- who is he?
Jesus! Living Lord!
Here among us - this is he.

Something that's making me shout

Hey, I have found something that's making me shout
And it isn't because all my plans have worked out.
Yes I have found something that's making me shout
And I'd like you to hear and know what it's about.
So he has found something that's making him shout.
Let's listen and hear what this story's about.

I fought to uphold my own pride and esteem
But the Lord has done more than I ever did dream,
For now I am his and he's keeping me clean,
And I'm only beginning to see what this means.
Yes he has found something that's making him shout.
Let's listen some more and know what it's about.

In Christ I am blameless and share with the Son
All the Father's own love for his greatly loved One.
And still there is more - we have only begun;
We will share in his glory in ages to come.
So this is the story that's making him shout,
And there's something he still wants to tell us about.

I'm sure that by striving no person could gain
Such a love that is strong and unlikely to change.
He pardons my failures again and again,
And shows me the prize I am sure to attain.
This really is big and it's making him shout.
There must be some more we can find out about.

Well now I am his and this world is his too,
I am looking about for some work I can do.
I know that my Father has plans that are true,
So I'm ready to do what he shows me to do.
Well now that we all know what this is about,
We all have a reason for wanting to shout.

In all our history

In all our history we have had
Authorities who failed
To strive for true society
Where each man's worth was hailed,
But sought instead to keep their rank
And ride a narrow ledge
'Tween personal gain and pleasing all-
Their judgement lies ahead.

We hear the cries of discontent,
Of hate and jealousy,
From those who say life's given them
No opportunity.
We see the silent moody crowd
Who give less than their best;
For reasons best known to themselves,
Withdrawn to wishfulness.

But we must search until we find
What our vocation is,
For all of us are called to live
For God—this world is his.
The people who retreat from life
Are hostile to their God,
And welcome life's unfriendliness
As a useful alibi.

The failure of the many gives
No cause for us to wait,
For Jesus blazed a trail of love
Through envy, pride and hate;
And by his work has shown to us
The Father's kingly plan
In which we live as his own sons
Within a rebel land.

We are now responsible
Under Christ as Lord,
To fill the earth with useful works
His gospel to adorn.
And this no longer seems too hard
For we have been made one
With the Father and with all his saints

In the kingdom of his Son.

This world is His

Our God has made all things;
In all things we see
His hand as it shapes us
His people to be.

Our Lord who bore all things
That we may be free,
Is risen and reigning
His people to lead

This world is the Father's
This world is the Son's
And we by the Spirit
With them are made one.

This world is a work of love.
This world is His.
In loving we know him.
This world is His.
And his will is our will.
This world is His.

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