



**26th May 2024**

**Trinity Sunday**

**Hymns**

♪ **Hymn (810)** ♪

Thou, whose almighty word  
chaos and darkness heard,  
and took their flight;  
hear us, we humbly pray,  
and, where the Gospel-day  
sheds not its glorious ray,  
let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring  
on Thy redeeming wing  
healing and sight;  
health to the sick in mind,  
sight to the inly blind,  
O now to humankind,  
let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,  
life-giving, holy Dove,  
speed forth Thy flight!  
Move on the waters' face  
bearing the lamp of grace,  
and, in earth's darkest place,  
let there be light!

Holy and blessed Three,  
glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might;  
boundless as ocean's tide,  
rolling in fullest pride,  
through the earth far and wide,  
let there be light!

*John Marriott (1780-1825)*

♪ **Hymn (197)** ♪

*Alleluia, alleluia,  
give thanks to the risen Lord.  
Alleluia, alleluia, give praise to His name.*

Jesus is Lord of all the earth:  
He is the King of creation:

Spread the good news o'er all the earth:  
Jesus has died and has risen:

We have been crucified with Christ:  
now we shall live for ever:

God has proclaimed the just reward:  
life for the world, alleluia!

Come, let us praise the living God,  
joyfully sing to our Saviour:

*Donald Fishel (b. 1950) © 1979 International Liturgy  
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♪ **Hymn (754)** ♪

O worship the King,  
all glorious above;  
O gratefully sing  
His power and His love;  
our Shield and Defender,  
the Ancient of Days,  
pavilioned in splendour  
and girded with praise.

O tell of His might,  
O sing of His grace,  
whose robe is the light,  
whose canopy space;  
His chariots of wrath  
the deep thunder clouds form,  
and dark is His path  
on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care,  
what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air,  
it shines in the light;  
it streams from the hills,  
it descends to the plain,  
and sweetly distils  
in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,  
and feeble as frail,  
in Thee do we trust,  
nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies how tender,  
how firm to the end!  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless might!  
Ineffable love!  
While angels delight  
to hymn Thee above,  
Thy humbler creation,  
though feeble their lays,  
with true adoration  
shall sing to Thy praise.

*Robert Grant (1779-1838), based on Psalm 104*

### ♪ Chant (600) ♪

Bless the Lord, my soul.  
And bless God's holy name.  
Bless the Lord, my soul,  
Who leads me into life.

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### ♪ Hymn (661) ♪

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord,  
holy is the Lord God Almighty.  
Holy, holy, holy is the Lord,  
holy is the Lord God Almighty:  
who was, and is, and is to come;  
holy, holy, holy is the Lord.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus is the Lord,  
Jesus is the Lord God almighty.  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus is the Lord,  
Jesus is the Lord God almighty:  
who was, and is, and is to come;  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus is the Lord.

Worthy, worthy, worthy is the Lord,  
worthy is the Lord God Almighty.  
Worthy, worthy, worthy is the Lord,  
worthy is the Lord God Almighty:  
who was, and is, and is to come;  
worthy, worthy, worthy is the Lord.

Glory, glory, glory to the Lord,  
glory to the Lord God almighty.  
Glory, glory, glory to the Lord,  
glory to the Lord God almighty:  
who was, and is, and is to come;  
glory, glory, glory to the Lord.

*Unknown*

### ♪ Hymn (676) ♪

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,  
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,  
most blessed, most glorious,  
the Ancient of Days,  
Almighty, victorious,  
Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,  
nor wanting, nor wasting,  
Thou rulest in might;  
Thy justice like mountains  
high soaring above,  
Thy clouds which are fountains of  
goodness and love.

To all life Thou givest,  
to both great and small;  
in all life Thou livest, the true life of all;  
we blossom and flourish  
as leaves on the tree,  
and wither and perish;  
but naught changeth Thee.

Great Father of glory,  
pure Father of light,  
Thine angels adore Thee,  
all veiling their sight;  
all laud we would render:  
O help us to see  
'tis only the splendour  
of light hideth Thee.

*Walter Chalmers Smith (1824-1908) based on 1 Timothy 1.17*