



2nd June 2024

First Sunday after Trinity Sunday

Hymns

♪ **Hymn (291)** ♪

Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the Head and Cornerstone,
chosen of the Lord, and precious,
binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
and her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
dearly loved of God on high,
in exultant jubilation
pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring,
in glad hymns eternally.

To this temple, where we call Thee,
come, O Lord of Hosts, today;
with Thy wonted loving-kindness
hear Thy servants as they pray;
and Thy fullest benediction
shed within its walls always.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants,
what they ask of Thee to gain;
what they gain from Thee for ever
with the blessed to retain,
and hereafter in Thy glory
evermore with Thee to reign.

Laud and honour to the Father,
laud and honour to the Son,
laud and honour to the Spirit,
ever Three and ever One,
consubstantial, co-eternal,
while unending ages run.

*'Urbs beata Jerusalem' (c. 7th century)
trans. John Mason Neale (1818-1866)*

♪ **Hymn (663)** ♪

How shall I sing that Majesty
which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high;
ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
whilst I Thy footsteps trace;
a sound of God comes to my ears,
but they behold Thy face.
They sing, because Thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;
for where heaven is but once begun
there alleluias be.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
in flame it with love's fire;
then shall I sing and bear a part
with that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
with all my fire and light;
yet when Thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.

How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
to sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore,
a sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

John Mason (c. 1645-1694)

♪ **Hymn (537)** ♪

For the beauty of the earth,
for the beauty of the skies,
for the love which from our birth
over and around us lies:

*Lord of all, to Thee we raise
this our sacrifice of praise.*

For the beauty of each hour
of the day and of the night,
hill and vale, and tree and flower,
sun and moon and stars of light:

For the joy of human love,
brother, sister, parent, child,
friends on earth, and friends above,
pleasures pure and undefiled:

For each perfect gift of Thine,
to our race so freely given,
graces human and divine,
flowers of earth and buds of heaven:

For Thy church which evermore
lifteth holy hands above,
offering up on every shore
her pure sacrifice of love:

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint (1835-1917)

♪ **Hymn (595)** ♪

Be Thou my vision,
O Lord of my heart,
be all else but naught to me,
save that Thou art;
be Thou my best thought
in the day and the night,
both waking and sleeping,
Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom,
be Thou my true word,
be Thou ever with me,
and I with Thee, Lord;
be Thou my great Father
and I Thy true son;
be Thou in me dwelling,
and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my breastplate,
my sword for the fight;
be Thou my whole armour,
be Thou my true might;
be Thou my soul's shelter,
be Thou my strong tower:
O raise Thou me heavenward,
great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not,
nor man's empty praise,
be Thou mine inheritance
now and always;
be Thou and Thou only
the first in my heart;
O Sovereign of heaven,
my treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven,
Thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant me its joys after
victory is won;
great Heart of my own heart,
whatever befall,
still be Thou my vision,
O Ruler of all.

*Irish 8th century, trans. Mary Byrne(1880-1931) and
Eleanor Hull (1860-1935) © Copyright control*

♪ 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 (593) ♪

At the Name of Jesus,
every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
'tis the Father's pleasure
we should call Him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty Word.

Humbled for a season,
to receive a name
from the lips of sinners
unto whom He came,
faithfully He bore it,
spotless to the last,
brought it back victorious,
when from death He passed.

Name Him, Christians, name Him,
with love strong as death,
but with awe and wonder
and with bated breath:
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
ever to be worshipped,
trusted, and adored.

Surely, this Lord Jesus
shall return again,
with His Father's glory,
with His angel train;
for all wreaths of empire
meet upon His brow,
and our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Caroline Maria Noel (1817-1877)