



15th June 2025

Trinity Sunday

♪ Hymn (276) ♪

Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning
our song shall rise to Thee;
holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons,
blessèd Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy!
All the saints adore Thee,
casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;
cherubim and seraphim
falling down before Thee,
which wert and art,
and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy!
Though the darkness hide Thee,
though the eye of sinful man
Thy glory may not see;
only Thou art holy,
there is none beside Thee,
perfect in power,
in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty!
all Thy works shall praise Thy Name,
in earth, and sky, and sea;
holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons,
blessèd Trinity!

Reginald Heber (1783-1826)

♪ 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 blessèd 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 (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.

The earth with its store
of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
hath founded of old;
hath stablished it fast
by a changeless decree,
and round it hath cast,
like a mantle, the sea.

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 (634) ♪

Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
and I next acknowledge duly
manhood taken by the Son.

And I trust and hope most fully
in that manhood crucified;
and each thought and deed unruly
do to death, as He has died.

Simply to His grace and wholly
light and life and strength belong,
and I love supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.

And I hold in veneration,
for the love of Him alone,
Holy Church as His creation,
and her teachings as His own.

Adoration ay be given,
with and through the angelic host,
to the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

John Henry Newman (1801-1890)

♪ Hymn (676) ♪

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessèd, 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*