

# 17th August 2025 Ninth Sunday after Trinity Sunday Hymns

### **□** Hymn (30) **□**

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus, born to set Thy people free; from our fears and sins release us; let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation, hope of all the earth Thou art; dear desire of every nation, joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver; born a child and yet a King; born to reign in us for ever; now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thy own eternal Spirit, rule in all our hearts alone: by Thy all-sufficient merit, raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

### **□** Hymn (506) **□**

The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord; she is His new creation by water and the Word: from heaven He came and sought her to be His holy bride; with His own blood He bought her, and for her life He died.

Elect from every nation, yet one o'er all the earth, her charter of salvation, one Lord, one faith, one birth; one holy Name she blesses, partakes one holy food, and to one hope she presses with every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder men see her sore oppressed, by schisms rent asunder, by heresies distressed; yet saints their watch are keeping, their cry goes up, 'How long?' And soon the night of weeping shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation, and tumult of her war, she waits the consummation of peace forevermore; 'til with the vision glorious, her longing eyes are blessed, and the great Church victorious shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union with God the Three in One, and mystic sweet communion with those whose rest is won: O happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grace that we, like them, the meek and lowly, on high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel John Stone (1839-1900)

# **□** Hymn (787) **□**

Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee; take my moments and my days, let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move at the impulse of Thy love; take my feet, and let them be swift and beautiful for Thee. Take my voice, and let me sing always, only, for my King; take my lips, and let them be filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold; not a mite would I withhold; take my intellect, and use every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine: it shall be no longer mine; take my heart: it is Thine own; it shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour at Thy feet its treasure-store; take myself, and I will be ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)

# □ 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 (373) **□**

Purify my heart, let me be as gold and precious silver. Purify my heart, let me be as gold, pure gold.

Refiner's fire, my heart's one desire is to be holy, set apart for You, Lord. I choose to be holy, set apart for You, my Master, ready to do Your will.

Purify my heart, cleanse me from within and make me holy. Purify my heart, cleanse me from my sin, deep within.

Brian Doerksen (b.1965) © 1990 Mercy/Vineyard Publishing/CopyCare

# **□** Hymn (784) **□**

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner, it must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory His army He shall lead, till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, the solemn watchword hear; if while ye sleep He suffers, away with shame and fear. Where'er ye meet with evil, within you or without, charge for the God of battles, and put the foe to rout.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, stand in His strength alone; the arm of flesh will fail you, ye dare not trust your own. Put on the Gospel armour, each piece put on with prayer; where duty calls or danger be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, the strife will not be long; this day the noise of battle, the next the victor's song. To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be; he with the King of glory shall reign eternally.

George Duffield (1818-1888)