



7th September 2025 Twelfth Sunday after Trinity Sunday

Hymns

♪ Hymn (754) ♪

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

○ tell of His might,
○ 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.

○ 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

♪ 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:
○ help us to see
'tis only the splendour
of light hideth Thee.

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

♪ Hymn (584) ♪

All my hope on God is founded;
He doth still my trust renew.
Me through change and chance He
guideth,
only good and only true.
God unknown, He alone
calls my heart to be His own.

Human pride and earthly glory,
sword and crown betray his trust;
what with care and toil he buildeth,
tower and temple fall to dust.
But God's power, hour by hour,
is my temple and my tower.

God's great goodness aye endureth,
deep His wisdom, passing thought:
splendour, light and life attend Him,
beauty springeth out of naught.
Evermore, from His store
new-born worlds rise and adore.

Daily doth th' Almighty Giver
bounteous gifts on us bestow;
His desire our soul delighteth,
pleasure leads us where we go.
Love doth stand at His hand;
joy doth wait on His command.

Still from earth to God eternal
sacrifice of praise be done,
high above all praises praising
for the gift of Christ His Son.
Christ doth call one and all:
ye who follow shall not fall.

Robert Bridges (1844-1930)
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♪ 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 (604) ♪

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
and companions on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
in the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;
when you laugh, I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven,
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

*Richard A. M. Gillard (b. 1953) © 1977 Scripture in
Song/Maranatha! Music*

♪ Hymn (671) ♪

I will sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me;
how He left the realms of glory
for the cross on Calvary:
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me —
sing it with His saints in glory,
gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost but Jesus found me,
found the sheep that went astray,
raised me up and gently led me,
back into the narrow way.
Days of darkness still may meet me,
sorrow's path I oft may tread;
but His presence still is with me,
by his guiding hand I'm led.

He will keep me till the river
rolls its waters at my feet:
then He'll bear me safely over,
made by grace for glory meet.
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me —
sing it with His saints in glory,
gathered by the crystal sea.

Francis Harold Rowley (1854-1952)