



26th October 2025

**The Last Sunday after
Trinity**

Bible Sunday

♪ **Hymn** ♪

Word of life! Such transformation!
bringing light to darkest space;
loving mother of creation,
forging life in every place.
Shine that light on every nation,
gather us in your embrace.

Word of truth! You spoke though
history,
prophets knew you as their friend;
As you shared with earth the mystery
of your love that knows no end.
Yet your fullest glory must be
More than words can comprehend.

Word made flesh! You came to meet us,
pitched your tent among our own,
Born on earth so heaven could greet us:
God in human heart and bone.
Teach us, lead us, tend us, feed us
with the life that's yours alone.

Words of scripture, here you teach us,
All you speak is here received.
Shared by print and voice to reach us:
written, read and now believed;
Speak again to all and each, as
faith is grown and life is lived.

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♪ **Hymn (383)** ♪

Lord, Thy Word abideth,
and our footsteps guideth;
who its truth believeth
light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
and dark clouds before us,
then its light directeth,
and our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
who recount the treasure,
by Thy Word imparted
to the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
comfort to the dying.

O that we discerning
its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
evermore be near Thee!

Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)

♪ **Hymn (589)** ♪

Angel-voices, ever singing
round Thy throne of light,
angel-harps for ever ringing,
rest not day nor night;
thousands only live to bless Thee
and confess Thee Lord of might.

Thou who art beyond the farthest
mortal eye can scan,
can it be that Thou regardest
songs of sinful man?

Can we know that Thou art near us,
and wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
o'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
for Thy praise design;
craftsman's art and music's measure
for Thy pleasure all combine.

In Thy house, great God, we offer
of Thine own to thee;
and for Thine acceptance proffer
all unworthily
hearts and minds and hands and voices,
in our choicest psalmody.

Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
earth and heaven render Thee.

Francis Pott (1832-1909)

♪ 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 (601) ♪

Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine:
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
born of His Spirit, washed in His blood:

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.*

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture burst on my sight;
angels descending bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love:

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with His goodness, lost in His love:

Fanny Crosby (Frances Jane van Alstyne) (1820-1915)

♪ Hymn (721) ♪

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heaven, to earth come down,
fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
all Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
pure unbounded love Thou art;
visit us with Thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
into every troubled breast;
let us all in Thee inherit,
let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
end of faith, as its beginning,
set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all Thy grace receive;
suddenly return, and never,
never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation:
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see Thy great salvation
perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before Thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)