



28th July 2024

**Ninth Sunday after
Trinity Sunday
Hymns**

♪ **Hymn (652)** ♪

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fiery cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong Deliverer,
be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side;
songs and praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

*William Williams (1717-1791)
trans. Peter Williams (1727-1796)*

♪ **Hymn (388)** ♪

Speak, O Lord, as we come to you
to receive the food of your holy word.
Take your truth, plant it deep in us;
shape and fashion us in your likeness,
that the light of Christ might be seen
today

in our acts of love and deeds of faith.
Speak, O Lord, and fulfil in us
all your purposes, for your glory.

Teach us, Lord, full obedience,
holy reverence, true humility.

Test our thoughts and our attitudes
in the radiance of your purity.

Cause our faith to rise, cause our eyes
to see

your majestic love and authority.

Words of power that can never fail;
let their truth prevail over unbelief.

Speak, O Lord, and renew our minds;
help us grasp the heights of your plan
for us.

Truths unchanged from the dawn of
time

that will echo down through eternity.

And by grace we'll stand on your
promises,

and by faith we'll walk as you walk with
us.

Speak, O Lord, till your church is built
and the earth is filled with your glory.

Keith Getty (b.1974) and Stuart Townend (b.1963)

♪ Hymn (CAHON 299) ♪

I am the bread of life;
you who come to me shall not hunger;
and who believe in me shall not thirst.
No one can come to me unless the
Father beckons.

*Refrain: And I will raise you up,
and I will raise you up,
and I will raise you up on the last day.*

The bread that I will give
is my flesh for the life of the world,
and if you eat of this bread,
you shall live for ever,
you shall live for ever.

Refrain

Unless you eat
of the flesh of the Son of Man,
and drink of his blood,
and drink of his blood,
you shall not have life within you.

Refrain

I am the resurrection,
I am the life.
If you believe in me,
even though you die,
you shall live for ever.

Refrain

Yes, Lord I believe
that you are the Christ,
the Son of God
who has come into the world.

Refrain

*Suzanne Toolan (b. 1927) © 1966 GIA Publications
Inc.*

♪ Chant (844) ♪

Laudate omnes gentes,
Laudate Dominum
Sing praises all you peoples,
sing praises to the Lord.

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♪ Hymn (284) ♪

For the fruits of all creation,
thanks be to God;
for the gifts to every nation,
thanks be to God;
for the ploughing, sowing, reaping,
silent growth while we are sleeping,
future needs in earth's safe-keeping,
thanks be to God.

In the just reward of labour,
God's will is done;
in the help we give our neighbour,
God's will is done;
in our world-wide task of caring
for the hungry and despairing,
in the harvests we are sharing,
God's will is done.

For the harvests of the Spirit,
thanks be to God;
for the good we all inherit,
thanks be to God;
for the wonders that astound us,
for the truths that still confound us,
most of all, that love has found us,
thanks be to God.

*Fred Pratt Green (1903-2000) © 1970 Stainer & Bell
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♪ Hymn (588) ♪

And can it be that I should gain
an interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
Amazing love! How can it be,
that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all: the Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
to sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
let angel minds inquire no more.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;
let angel minds inquire no more.

He left his Father's throne above —
so free, so infinite His grace —
emptied Himself of all but love,
and bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
for O my God, it found out me!
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
for O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
my chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee;
my chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
and clothed in righteousness divine,
bold I approach the eternal throne,
and claim the crown, through Christ, my
own;
bold I approach the eternal throne,
and claim the crown, through Christ my
own.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)