

Hymns, Collect and Readings

31st July 2022

Trinity 7

First Hymn (19)

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,
sord and crown betray his trust;
what with care and toil he buildeth,
tow'r and temple, fall to dust.
But God's power, hour by hour,
is my temple and my towe'r.

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.

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.

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Collect

**Generous God,
you give us gifts and make them grow:
though our faith is small as mustard
seed,
make it grow to your glory
and the flourishing of your kingdom;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.**

First Reading

Ecclesiastes 1.2, 12-14; 2.18-23

“Meaningless! Meaningless!”
says the Teacher.
“Utterly meaningless!
Everything is meaningless.”

I, the Teacher, was king over Israel in
Jerusalem. I applied my mind to study and
to explore by wisdom all that is done
under the heavens. What a heavy burden
God has laid on mankind! I have seen all
the things that are done under the sun; all
of them are meaningless, a chasing after
the wind.

I hated all the things I had toiled for under
the sun, because I must leave them to the
one who comes after me. And who knows
whether that person will be wise or
foolish? Yet they will have control over all
the fruit of my toil into which I have
poured my effort and skill under the sun.

This too is meaningless. So, my heart began to despair over all my toilsome labour under the sun. For a person may labour with wisdom, knowledge and skill, and then they must leave all they own to another who has not toiled for it. This too is meaningless and a great misfortune. What do people get for all the toil and anxious striving with which they labour under the sun? All their days their work is grief and pain; even at night their minds do not rest. This too is meaningless.

Gradual Hymn (169)

Fight the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
lay hold on life, and it shall be
thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good
grace,
lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
life with its way before us lies;
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
his boundless mercy will provide;
trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, his arms are near;
he changeth not, and thou art dear;
only believe, and thou shalt see
that Christ is all in all to thee.

John Monsell (1811-1875)

Gospel Reading

Luke 12.13-21

Someone in the crowd said to him,
"Teacher, tell my brother to divide the
inheritance with me."

Jesus replied, "Man, who appointed me a
judge or an arbiter between you?" Then
he said to them, "Watch out! Be on your
guard against all kinds of greed; life does
not consist in an abundance of
possessions."

And he told them this parable: "The
ground of a certain rich man yielded an
abundant harvest. He thought to himself,
'What shall I do? I have no place to store
my crops.'

"Then he said, 'This is what I'll do. I will
tear down my barns and build bigger ones,
and there I will store my surplus
grain. And I'll say to myself, "You have
plenty of grain laid up for many years.
Take life easy; eat, drink and be merry.'"

"But God said to him, 'You fool! This very
night your life will be demanded from
you. Then who will get what you have
prepared for yourself?'

"This is how it will be with whoever stores
up things for themselves but is not rich
toward God."

Offertory Hymn (70)

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
naught be all else to me save that thou
art;
thou my best thought in the day and the
night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true
word,
I ever with thee and thou with me Lord;
thou my great Father, and I thy true heir;
thou in me dwelling, and I in thy care.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the
fight,
be thou my armour, and be thou my
might,
thou my soul's shelter, and thou my strong
tow'r,
raise thou me heav'nward, O Pow'r of my
pow'r.

Riches I need not, nor all the world's
praise,
thou mine inheritance through all my
days;
thou, and thou only, the first in my heart,
high King of heaven, my treasure thou art!

High King of heaven, when battle is done,
grant heaven's joy to me, O bright heav'n's
sun;
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Trad. Irish Melody

Final Hymn (296)

How shall I sing that majesty
which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
sing, sing, ye heav'enly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
thy throne, O God most high;
ten thousand times ten thousand sound
thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
whilst I thy footsteps trace;
a sound of God comes to my ears,
but they behold thy face.
They sing, because thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;
for where heav'n is but once begun
there alleluias be.

How great a being, Lord, is thine,
which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
to sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore,
a sun without a sphere;
thy time is now and evermore,
thy place is ev'rywhere.

John Mason (1645-1694)