



**BLACKBURN  
CATHEDRAL**

## The Sixth Sunday after Trinity Sunday 27 July 2025

### Choral Evensong

Kelly in C

O Clap your Hands - Rutter

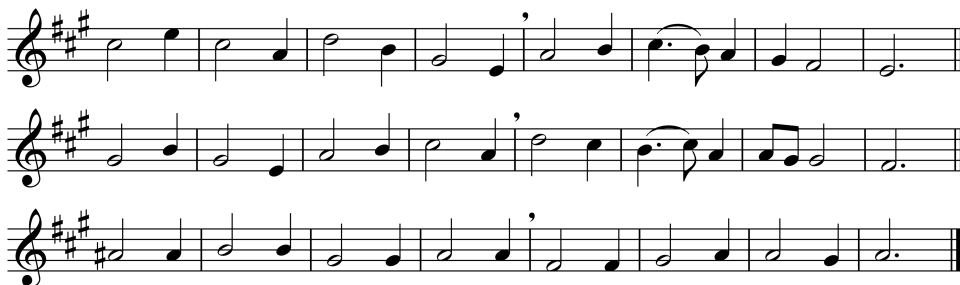
Jack Wilson Responses

Psalm 88

The order for the service is on the cream card.

### Office Hymn

WESTMINSTER ABBEY



Christ is made the sure foundation,  
and the precious corner-stone,  
who, the two walls underlying,  
bound in each, binds both in one,  
holy Sion's help for ever,  
and her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,  
dearly loved by God on high,  
in exultant jubilation  
pours perpetual melody;  
God the one, in threefold glory,  
singing everlastingly.

To this temple, where we call thee,  
come, O Lord of Hosts, today;  
with thy wonted loving-kindness,  
hear thy people as they pray;  
and thy fullest benediction  
shed within its walls for ay.

Here vouchsafe to all thy servants  
gifts of grace by prayer to gain;  
here to have and hold for ever,  
those good things their prayers  
obtain,  
and hereafter, in thy glory,  
with thy blessed ones to reign.

Laud and honour to the Father,  
laud and honour to the Son,  
laud and honour to the Spirit,  
ever three and ever one,  
one in love, and one in splendour,  
while unending ages run.

*Latin c 7th century tr. J.M. Neale (1818-66)*

# The Word of God

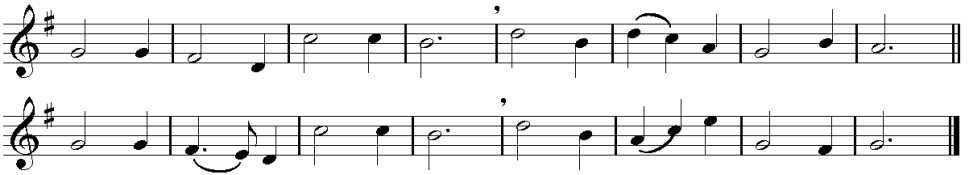
**Psalmody** 88  
**First reading** Genesis 42.1–25  
**Second reading** I Corinthians 10.1–24

## Anthem

O Clap Your Hands – John Rutter (b.1945)

## Final Hymn

NOTTINGHAM



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 R Havergal (1836-1879)*

## The Organ Voluntary



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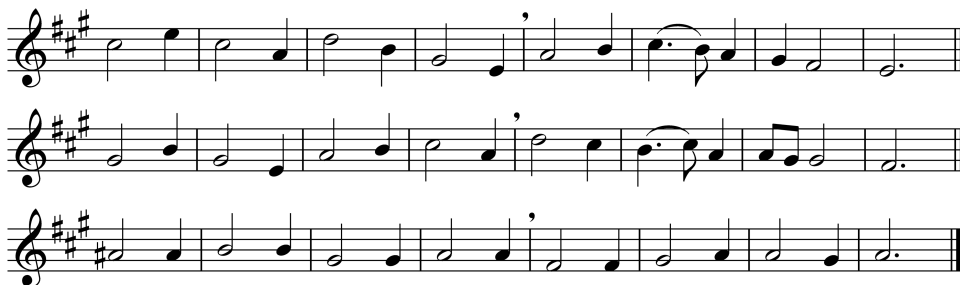
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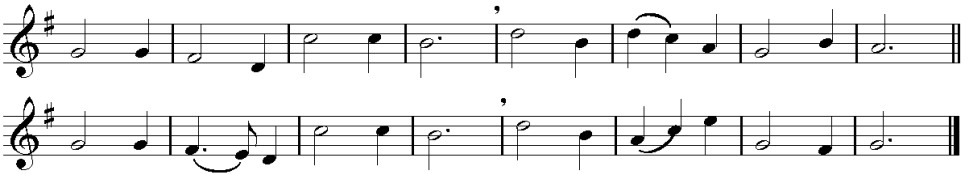
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