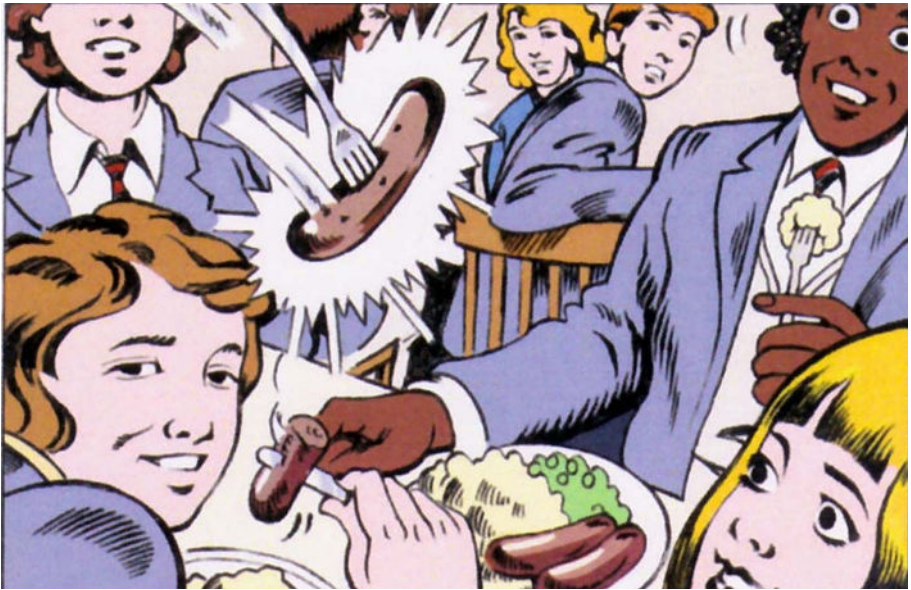




Where all find a welcome and are nurtured in their journey with Christ.



Assembly Bangers

Sunday 25 January 2026

Welcome to St Mary's



Support our work

St Mary's is a charity which receives no funding from the government and is entirely dependent on donations and fees to keep its doors open, continue its work in the community, and maintain its buildings and outdoor spaces.

If you would like to donate to support us you can give during the service as giving plates are passed around. Alternatively, you can place your offering on the plate by the door as you leave or tap your contactless card or device, or give online by card or directly from your bank by scanning this QR Code with your phone's camera or by visiting wkrk.uk/donate.



If you'd like to give in some other way, find out about planned giving, or learn how we use donations then please ask any member of our team.



Accessible for everyone

We aim to be accessible for everyone. For more information on accessibility at St Mary's please see wkrk.uk/access or ask any member of our team.



Our stewards are here to help

Please follow all instructions from our stewards. If you need extra help during a service, or if you would need help to leave the building in an emergency, please let us know.



Digital order of service available

If you prefer, you can follow our order of service on your own phone or tablet. Just visit wkrk.uk/oos on your browser or scan this QR Code.





Children welcome

We love having children at our services and we want them - and their families - to love being here. If your children need to move around or make noise during the service, please don't feel uncomfortable. We are glad to hear and see them; they are the future of the church!

Toys and activities are available in our Tots' Corner are near the main door, and children are welcome to make use of these either in this area or in their pew. This area is not supervised; children must be always supervised by a responsible adult.



Safeguarding

Our Parish Safeguarding team can be contacted at any time. You can talk to Rev'd Claire or to Janet Blenkinsop, our Parish Safeguarding Officer, you can email safeguarding@whitkirkchurch.org.uk, or you can find more information and contact details at wkrk.uk/safe.



Welcome

Nostalgia trip

Old-fashioned school songs

1

Give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,
give me joy in my heart, I pray.
Give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,
keep me praising till the end of day.

Sing hosanna! Sing hosanna!
Sing hosanna to the King of kings!
Sing hosanna! Sing hosanna!
Sing hosanna to the King!

Give me peace in my heart, keep me resting,
give me peace in my heart, I pray.
Give me peace in my heart, keep me resting,
keep me resting till the end of day.

Sing hosanna!...

Give me love in my heart, keep me serving,
give me love in my heart, I pray.
Give me love in my heart, keep me serving,
keep me serving till the end of day.

Sing hosanna! Sing hosanna!
Sing hosanna to the King of kings!
Sing hosanna! Sing hosanna!
Sing hosanna to the King!

Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning
give me oil in my lamp, I pray.
Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning,
keep me burning till the end of day.

Sing hosanna!...

2

When a knight won his spurs in the stories of old,
he was gentle and brave, he was gallant and bold;
with a shield on his arm and a lance in his hand,
for God and for valour he rode through the land.

No charger have I, and no sword by my side,
yet still to adventure and battle I ride,
though back into story-land giants have fled,
and the knights are no more and the dragons are dead.

Let faith be my shield and let joy be my steed
'gainst the dragons of anger the ogres of greed;
and let me set free with the sword of my youth,
from the castle of darkness the pow'r of the truth.

3

He's got the whole world in his hands.
He's got the whole wide world in his hands.
He's got the whole world in his hands.
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got you and me, brother, in his hands. (x3)
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got you and me, sister, in his hands. (x3)
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got the little tiny baby in his hands. (x3)
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got everybody here in his hands. (x3)
He's got the whole world in his hands.

Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah,
kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah,
kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah,
O Lord, kum ba yah.

Someone's crying, Lord, kum ba yah,
someone's crying, Lord, kum ba yah
someone's crying, Lord, kum ba yah,
O Lord, kum ba yah.

Someone's singing, Lord, kum ba yah,
someone's singing, Lord, kum ba yah,
someone's singing, Lord, kum ba yah,
O Lord, kum ba yah.

Someone's praying, Lord, kum ba yah,
someone's praying, Lord, kum ba yah,
someone's praying, Lord, kum ba yah,
O Lord, kum ba yah.

Poem: Timothy Winters
(Charles Causley)

To be a pilgrim

The journey of life

5

He who would valiant be
'gainst all disaster,
let him in constancy
follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent
to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound -
his strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
though he with giants fight:
he will make good his right
to be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend
us with thy Spirit,
we know we at the end
shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
to be a pilgrim.

I danced in the morning
when the world was begun,
and I danced in the moon
and the stars and the sun,
and I came down from heaven
and I danced on the earth;
at Bethlehem
I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
and I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.*

I danced for the scribe
and the pharisee,
but they would not dance
and they wouldn't follow me;
I danced for the fishermen,
for James and John;
they came with me
and the dance went on.

Dance, then, wherever you may be...

I danced on the Sabbath
and I cured the lame:
the holy people
said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped
and they hung me high,
and they left me there
on a cross to die.

Dance, then, wherever you may be...

I danced on a Friday
when the sky turned black;
it's hard to dance
with the devil on your back.
They buried my body
and they thought I'd gone;
but I am the dance
and I still go on.

Dance, then, wherever you may be...

They cut me down
and I leapt up high;
I am the life
that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you
if you'll live in me:
I am the Lord
of the Dance, said he.

Dance, then, wherever you may be...

One more step along the world I go,
one more step along the world I go;
from the old things to the new
keep me travelling along with you.

*And it's from the old I travel to the new,
keep me travelling along with you.*

Round the corners of the world I turn,
more and more about the world I learn;
all the new things that I see
you'll be looking at along with me.

*And it's from the old I travel to the new,
keep me travelling along with you.*

Give me courage when the world is rough,
keep me loving though the world is tough.
Leap and sing in all I do,
keep me travelling along with you.

*And it's from the old I travel to the new,
keep me travelling along with you.*

You are older than the world can be,
you are younger than the life in me;
ever old and ever new,
keep me travelling along with you.

*And it's from the old I travel to the new,
keep me travelling along with you.*

The Parable of the Chopsticks

Who made everything?

Nature songs

8

If I were a butterfly,
I'd thank you, Lord, for giving me wings,
and if I were a robin in a tree,
I'd thank you, Lord, that I could sing,
and if I were a fish in the sea,
I'd wiggle my tail and I'd giggle with glee,
but I just thank you, Father, for making me me.

*For you gave me a heart
and you gave me a smile,
you gave me Jesus
and you made me your child,
and I just thank you, Father,
for making me me.*

If I were an elephant,
I'd thank you, Lord, by raising my trunk,
and if I were a kangaroo,
you know I'd hop right up to you,
and if I were an octopus,
I'd thank you, Lord, for my fine looks,
but I just thank you, Father, for making me me.

*For you gave me a heart
and you gave me a smile,
you gave me Jesus
and you made me your child,
and I just thank you, Father,
for making me me.*

If I were a wiggly worm,
I'd thank you, Lord, that I could squirm,
and if I were a billy goat,
I'd thank you, Lord, for my strong throat,
and if I were a fuzzy wuzzy bear,
I'd thank you Lord for my fuzzy wuzzy hair,
But I just thank you, Father, for making me me.

For you gave me a heart...

Who put the colours in the rainbow?
Who put the salt into the sea?
Who put the cold into the snowflake?
Who made you and me?

Who put the hump upon the camel?
Who put the neck on the giraffe?
Who put the tail upon the monkey?
Who made hyenas laugh?

Who made whales and snails and quails?
Who made hogs and dogs and frogs?
Who made bats and rats and cats?
Who made everything?

Who put the gold into the sunshine?
Who put the sparkle in the stars?
Who put the silver in the moonlight?
Who made Earth and Mars?

Who put the scent into the roses?
Who taught the honey bee to dance?
Who put the tree into the acorn?
It surely can't be chance!

Who made seas and leaves and trees?
Who made snow and winds that blow?
Who made streams and rivers flow?
God made all of these!

Cauliflowers fluffy and cabbages green,
strawberries sweeter than any I've seen,
beetroot purple and onions white:
all grow steadily day and night.

*The apples are ripe, the plums are red,
broad beans are sleeping in a blankety bed.*

Blackberries juicy and rhubarb sour,
marrows fattening hour by hour,
gooseberries hairy and lettuces fat,
radishes round and runner beans flat.

*The apples are ripe, the plums are red,
broad beans are sleeping in a blankety bed.*

Orangey carrots and turnips cream,
reddening tomatoes that used to be green,
brown potatoes in little heaps
down in the darkness where the celery sleeps.

*The apples are ripe, the plums are red,
broad beans are sleeping in a blankety bed.*

Poem:

Please Dr Honess

(with apologies to Allan Ahlberg)

Let there be light.

11

*This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.*

The light that shines is the light of love,
lights the darkness from above,
it shines on me and it shines on you,
and shows what the power of love can do.
I'm gonna shine my light both far and near,
I'm gonna shine my light both bright and clear.
Where there's a dark corner in this land,
I'm gonna let my little light shine.

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine...

On Monday he gave me the gift of love.
Tuesday peace came from above.
On Wednesday he told me to have more faith.
On Thursday he gave me a little more grace.
Friday he told me just to watch and pray.
Saturday he told me just what to say.
On Sunday he gave me the power divine
to let my little light shine.

*This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.*

12

Colours of day dawn into the mind,
the sun has come up, the night is behind.
Go down in the city, into the street,
and let's give the message to the people we meet.

*So light up the fire and let the flame burn,
open the door, let Jesus return,
take seeds of his Spirit, let the fruit grow,
tell the people of Jesus, let his love show.*

Go through the park, on into the town;
the sun still shines on; it never goes down.
The light of the world is risen again;
the people of darkness are needing our friend.

So light up the fire and let the flame burn...

Open your eyes, look into the sky,
the darkness has come, the sun came to die.
The evening draws on, the sun disappears,
but Jesus is living, and his Spirit is near.

So light up the fire and let the flame burn,

13

Lord, the light of your love is shining,
in the midst of the darkness, shining;
Jesus, Light of the World, shine upon us,
set us free by the truth you now bring us.
Shine on me, shine on me.

*Shine, Jesus, shine, fill this land with the Father's glory;
blaze, Spirit, blaze, set our hearts on fire.
Flow, river, flow, flood the nations with grace and mercy;
send forth your Word, Lord, and let there be light.*

Lord, I come to your awesome presence,
from the shadows into your radiance;
by the blood I may enter your brightness,
search me, try me, consume all my darkness.
Shine on me, shine on me.

Shine, Jesus, shine...

As we gaze on your kingly brightness
so our faces display your likeness,
ever changing from glory to glory,
mirrored here may our lives tell your story.
Shine on me, shine on me.

*Shine, Jesus, shine, fill this land with the Father's glory;
blaze, Spirit, blaze, set our hearts on fire.
Flow, river, flow, flood the nations with grace and mercy;
send forth your Word, Lord, and let there be light.*

14

We are marching in the light of God,
we are marching in the light of God.
We are marching in the light of God,
we are marching in the light of God.

*We are marching, we are marching, O-o,
we are marching in the light of God.
We are marching, we are marching, O-o,
we are marching in the light of God.*

We are living in the love of God,
we are living in the love of God.
We are living in the love of God,
we are living in the love of God.

*We are living, we are living, O-o,
we are living in the love of God.
We are living, we are living, O-o,
we are living in the love of God.*

We are moving in the love of God,
we are moving in the love of God.
We are moving in the love of God,
we are moving in the love of God.

*We are moving, we are moving, O-o,
we are moving in the love of God.
We are moving, we are moving, O-o,
we are moving in the love of God.*

The Lord's Prayer

Finale

15

You shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace,
and the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you.
There'll be shouts of joy, and the trees of the field
shall clap, shall clap their hands.
And the trees of the field shall clap their hands,
and the trees of the field shall clap their hands,
and the trees of the field shall clap their hands,
and you'll go out with joy.

Thank you for being with us today!
We hope you've had a great time.
Stay for refreshments and come again soon!

Our regular services

All of these take place in the church unless otherwise stated.

Sung Eucharist:	Every Sunday at 10.00 am
Said Eucharist:	Every Wednesday at 10.00 am
Choral Evensong:	First Sunday of the month at 6.00 pm
Compline:	First Wednesday of the month at 8.30 pm
Sanctuary:	Second Thursday of the month at 6.30 pm
Sacred Space:	Last Thursday of the month at 6.00 pm
Pilgrims in the Park:	Last Saturday of the month at 2.00 pm at Temple Newsam Park
Daily Prayers:	Tuesday to Saturday at 8.30 am and 5.30 pm

Upcoming events

31 January at 3.00 pm:	Lantern-making for Candlemas
17 February at 5.30 pm:	Pancake Party (in the Community Centre)

Contact us

If you'd like to get in touch you can call us on **0113 264 5790**, send an email to **hello@whitkirkchurch.org.uk**, or find more details on our website at **whitkirkchurch.org.uk/contact**.

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