



**Welcome to the Cathedral Church of St Andrew**

## **CHORAL EVENSONG**

10 November 2019, 6.30 pm

**Remembrance Sunday**

The Very Rev'd Isaac Poobalan, Provost

The Cathedral Choir

Director of Music and Organist: Professor Andrew Morrisson

## **Introit** (*sung by the choir*)

Peter Aston, *So they gave their bodies to the Commonwealth*

So they gave their bodies to the commonwealth  
and received praise that will never die,  
and a home in the minds of men.  
Their story lives on without visible symbol,  
woven into the stuff of other men's lives.

## **Preces and Responses:** Thomas Tomkins

### **Psalm 90, Chant** Hylton Stewart

- 1 Lord, thou hast been our refuge : from one generation to another.
- 2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made : thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.
- 3 Thou turnest man to destruction : again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.
- 4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday : seeing that is past as a watch in the night.
- 5 As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep : and fade away suddenly like the grass.
- 6 In the morning it is green, and groweth up : but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.
- 7 For we consume away in thy displeasure : and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.
- 8 Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee : and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
- 9 For when thou art angry all our days are gone : we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.
- 10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years : yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.
- 11 But who regardeth the power of thy wrath : for even thereafter as a man feareth, so is thy displeasure.
- 12 So teach us to number our days : that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.
- 13 Turn thee again, O Lord, at the last : and be gracious unto thy servants.
- 14 O satisfy us with thy mercy, and that soon : so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.
- 15 Comfort us again now after the time that thou hast plagued us : and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

16 Shew thy servants thy work : and their children thy glory.

17 And the glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us : prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handy-work.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

**First Lesson:** Lamentations 3:17-26, 31-33

**Office Hymn 579 (A&M)**

(Words: Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, a diplomat; he wrote this as a poem which he called *Urbs Dei*. Music: *Thaxted*, adapted by Gustav Holst from a melody in *The Planets -Jupiter*)

1 I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,  
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;  
The love that asks no questions, the love that stands the test,  
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

2 And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,  
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;  
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;  
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;  
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,  
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace.

**Canticles:** Thomas Weelkes, *Short Service*

**Second Lesson:** 1 Peter 1:3-9

**Anthem:** John Ireland, *Greater love hath no man*

Many waters cannot quench love,  
neither can the floods drown it. Love is strong as death.  
Greater love hath no man than this,  
that a man lay down his life for his friends.  
Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree,  
That we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.  
Ye are washed, ye are sanctified,

ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus.  
Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation;  
That ye should show forth the praises of him  
who hath call'd you out of darkness into his marvellous light.  
I beseech you brethren, by the mercies of God,  
that you present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy,  
acceptable unto to God, which is your reasonable service.

### **Hymn 331 (NEH)**

(Words: H.F. Lyte, an Irish clergyman. He was said to have written the hymn for a dying friend, basing it on Luke 24:29 and 1 Corinthians 15:55; he published it some years later, shortly before he died of TB. Music: W.H. Monk, organist and church musician, *Eventide*)

- 1 Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
  
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
  
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
  
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
  
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

**Organ Voluntary:** Herbert Brewer, *March Héroïque*