



The Third Sunday before Lent Sunday 5 February 2023

Choral Evensong
Stanford in G
Ave maris stella - Grieg

Responses *Leighton*
Psalm 4

The Order for Evening prayers starts on page 56 of the *Book of Common Prayer*.

Office Hymn

CHRISTE SANCTORUM 149 ii



Father most holy, merciful and tender;
Jesus our Saviour, with the Father reigning;
Spirit all-kindly, advocate, defender, light never waning;

Trinity sacred, unity unshaken;
deity perfect, giving and forgiving,
light of the angels, life of the forsaken, hope of all living;

Maker of all things, all thy creatures praise thee;
lo, all things serve thee through thy whole creation.
hear us, almighty, hear us, as we raise thee heart's adoration.

To the all-ruling triune God be glory:
highest and greatest, help thou our endeavour,
we too would praise thee, giving honour worthy, now and for ever.

O Pater sancte (10th Century) tr Percy Dearmer (1867-1936)

© Oxford University Press. Used By Permission.

The Word of God

Psalmody 4
First reading Amos 2.4-16
Second reading Ephesians 4.17-32

page 413

Anthem

Ave maris stella, Dei Mater alma,
atque semper virgo, felix coeli porta.
Solve vincla reis, profer lumen caecis,
mala nostra pelle, bona cuncta posce.
Vitam praesta puram, iter para tutum,
ut videntes Jesum, semper collaetemur.
Sit laus Deo Patri,
summo Christo decus
Spiritus Sancto, tribus honor unus. Amen.

Hail, star of the sea, loving Mother of God,
and also always a virgin, happy gate of heaven.
Break the chains of sinners, bring light to the blind,
drive away our evils, ask for all good.
Keep life pure, make the journey safe,
so that, seeing Jesus, we may always rejoice together.
Let there be praise to God the Father,
glory to Christ in the highest,
to the Holy Spirit, One honour to all three. Amen.

Music by Edvard Grieg (1843-1907), Translation by Allen H. Simon (b. 1959)



Final Hymn

EVENTIDE 331

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

The Organ Voluntary

Tocatta in G

François-Clément Théodore Dubois (1837-1924)