



# Sunday Next Before Lent

## Sunday 11 February 2024

### Choral Evensong

*Batten The Fourth Service*

*St Asaph Te Deum - Meirion Wynn Jones*

*Responses Smith*

*Psalm 2*

The order for the service is on the cream card.

### Office Hymn

SLANE



Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,  
be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

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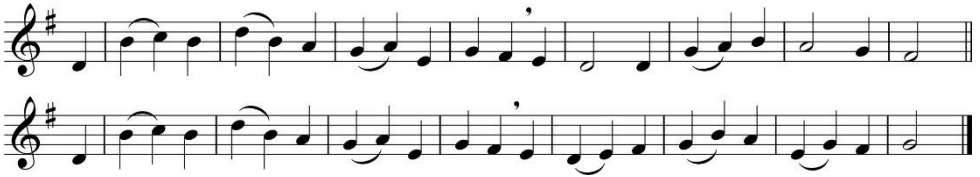
## The Word of God

|                       |                  |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| <b>Psalmody</b>       | 2                |
| <b>First reading</b>  | 1 Kings 19.1-16  |
| <b>Second reading</b> | 2 Peter 1.16-end |

**Anthem**

**Final Hymn**

ST CLEMENT



The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
the darkness falls at thy behest;  
to thee our morning hymns ascended,  
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church, unsleeping  
while earth rolls onward into light,  
through all the world her watch is keeping  
and rests not now by day nor night.

As o'er each continent and island  
the dawn leads on another day,  
the voice of prayer is never silent,  
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
believers 'neath the western sky,  
and hour by hour fresh lips are making  
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,  
like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
till all thy creatures own thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826-93)

**The Organ Voluntary**



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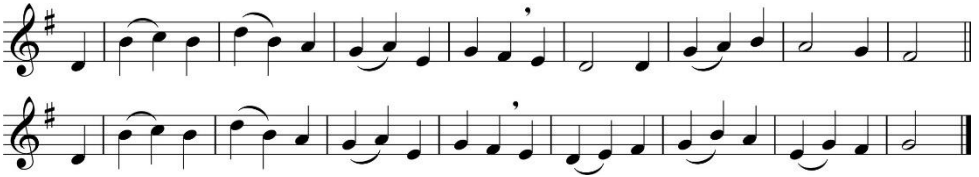
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