

**The Seventh Sunday of Easter
(Sunday after Ascension Day)
Sunday 29 May 2022**



3.30pm Evensong

sung by the choirs of Holy Trinity, Hereford and St Mary the Virgin, Shipton-under-Wychwood

Organ Prelude: *Voluntary, Op. 6 No 6, John Stanley (1712-86)*

Preces and Responses: William Smith (1603-45)

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis: *Evening Service in C, Charles Stanford (1852-1924)*

INTROIT sung by the choir from the North Transept

Cantate Domino canticum novum:

laus eius in ecclesia sanctorum.

Laetetur Israel in eo qui fecit eum:

et filiae Sion exultent in rege suo.

O sing unto the Lord a new song:

let the congregation of saints praise him.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him:

*and let the daughters of Sion be joyful in
their king.*

Words: Psalm 149: 1, 2

Music: Giuseppe Ottavio Pitoni (1657-1743)

OFFICE HYMN

Eternal Monarch, King most high

*(penultimate Office Hymn at
back of Evensong booklet)*

PSALM 68 *(verses 1-20 & 24-35)*

(page 426 in the Book of Common Prayer)

But now hear, O Jacob my servant,
Israel whom I have chosen!
Thus says the Lord who made you,
who formed you in the womb and will help you:
Do not fear, O Jacob my servant,
Jeshurun whom I have chosen.
For I will pour water on the thirsty land,
and streams on the dry ground;
I will pour my spirit upon your descendants,
and my blessing on your offspring.
They shall spring up like a green tamarisk,
like willows by flowing streams.
This one will say, 'I am the Lord's',
another will be called by the name of Jacob,
yet another will write on the hand, 'The Lord's',
and adopt the name of Israel.

Thus says the Lord, the King of Israel
and his Redeemer, the Lord of hosts:
I am the first and I am the last;
besides me there is no god.
Who is like me? Let them proclaim it,
let them declare and set it forth before me.
Who has announced from of old the things to come?
Let them tell us what is yet to be.
Do not fear, or be afraid;
have I not told you from of old and declared it?
You are my witnesses!
Is there any god besides me?
There is no other rock; I know not one.

But each of us was given grace according to the measure of Christ's gift. Therefore it is said,

'When he ascended on high he made captivity itself a captive;
he gave gifts to his people.'

(When it says, 'He ascended', what does it mean but that he had also descended into the lower parts of the earth? He who descended is the same one who ascended far above all the heavens, so that he might fill all things.) The gifts he gave were that some would be apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers, to equip the saints for the work of ministry, for building up the body of Christ, until all of us come to the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to maturity, to the measure of the full stature of Christ. We must no longer be children, tossed to and fro and blown about by every wind of doctrine, by people's trickery, by their craftiness in deceitful scheming. But speaking the truth in love, we must grow up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ, from whom the whole body, joined and knitted together by every ligament with which it is equipped, as each part is working properly, promotes the body's growth in building itself up in love.'

COLLECT FOR THE DAY

O God the King of Glory,
who hast exalted thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto
thy kingdom in heaven;
We beseech thee, leave us not comfortless;
but send to us thine Holy Ghost to comfort us,
and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone
before;
who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost,
one God, world without end.
Amen.

ANTHEM *sung by the choir*

God is gone up with a triumphant shout:
The Lord with sounding trumpets' melodies:
Sing praise, sing praise, sing praise, sing praises out,
Unto our King sing praise seraphic-wise!
Lift up your heads, ye lasting doors, they sing,
And let the King of Glory enter in.

Methinks I see heaven's sparkling courtiers fly
In flakes of glory down him to attend;
And hear heart cramping notes of melody
Surround his chariot as it did ascend,
Mixing their music, making ev'ry string
More to enravish, as they this tune sing.

Words: Edward Taylor (c.1646–1729)

Music: Gerald Finzi (1901–56)

HOMILY *given by the Revd Paul Rattigan, Canon Missioner*

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION *led by the Very Revd Nicola Sullivan, Dean of Southwell*

HYMN: The Church's one foundation (NEH 484 omitting * verses, t. 167)

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Final Rhapsodique (from Suite Française)

Jean Langlais (1907-1991)

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