

The First Sunday after Trinity

Sunday 19 June 2022



3.30pm Evensong

Preces and Responses: Humphrey Clucas (b. 1941)

Setting: *Evening Service in E flat (No 2)*, Charles Wood (1866-1926)

ORGAN PRELUDE

Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott, BWV 652

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

INTROIT *sung by the choir from the North Transept*

Domine, Jesu Christe, qui me
creasti, redemisti, et
preordinasti ad hoc quod sum,
tu scis quid de me facere vis;
fac de me secundum
voluntatem tuam cum
misericordia. Amen.

*Jesu Christ, Lord Almighty, who didst
create me, and redeem me, and hast
brought me now to that which I am. Thou
knowest what thou wilt have me to be, deal
with me according to thy loving kindness,
and show me thy mercy, Lord.
Amen.*

Words: attributed to King Henry VI (1421-71)

Music: Henry Ley (1887-1962)

OFFICE HYMN



O blest Creator of the light,
Who makest day with radiance bright,
And o'er the forming world didst call
The light from chaos first of all;

**Whose wisdom joined in meet array
The morn and eve, and named them Day:
Night comes with all its darkling fears;
Regard thy people's prayers and tears:**

Lest, sunk in sin and whelm'd with strife,
They lose the gift of endless life;
While, thinking but the thoughts of time,
They weave new chains of guilt and crime.

**But grant them grace that they may strain
The heavenly gate and prize to gain:
Each harmful lure aside to cast,
And purge away each error past.**

**O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son,
Who with the Spirit and with thee
Doth live and reign eternally.
Amen.**

*Words: Latin, 8th century or earlier
trans. Percy Dearmer (1867-1936)*

*Tune: LUCIS CREATOR NEH 150 (t. i)
Mode viii*

PSALM 57

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth
in thee:

and under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge, until this
tyranny be over-past.

I will call unto the most high God:

even unto the God that shall perform the cause which I have in hand.

He shall send from heaven:

and save me from the reproof of him that would eat me up.

God shall send forth his mercy and truth:

my soul is among lions.

And I lie even among the children of men, that are set on fire:

whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.

Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens:

and thy glory above all the earth.

They have laid a net for my feet, and pressed down my soul:

they have digged a pit before me, and are fallen into the midst of
it themselves.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed:

I will sing, and give praise.

Awake up, my glory; awake, lute and harp:

I myself will awake right early.

I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the people:

and I will sing unto thee among the nations.

For the greatness of thy mercy reacheth unto the heavens:

and thy truth unto the clouds.

Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens:

and thy glory above all the earth.

*Chants: James Turlle (1802-82)
& Joseph Barnby (1838-96)*

Now Abraham was old, well advanced in years; and the Lord had blessed Abraham in all things. Abraham said to his servant, the oldest of his house, who had charge of all that he had, 'Put your hand under my thigh and I will make you swear by the Lord, the God of heaven and earth, that you will not get a wife for my son from the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I live, but will go to my country and to my kindred and get a wife for my son Isaac.' The servant said to him, 'Perhaps the woman may not be willing to follow me to this land; must I then take your son back to the land from which you came?' Abraham said to him, 'See to it that you do not take my son back there. The Lord, the God of heaven, who took me from my father's house and from the land of my birth, and who spoke to me and swore to me, "To your offspring I will give this land", he will send his angel before you; you shall take a wife for my son from there. But if the woman is not willing to follow you, then you will be free from this oath of mine; only you must not take my son back there.' So the servant put his hand under the thigh of Abraham his master and swore to him concerning this matter.

Then the servant took ten of his master's camels and departed, taking all kinds of choice gifts from his master; and he set out and went to Aram-naharaim, to the city of Nahor. He made the camels kneel down outside the city by the well of water; it was towards evening, the time when women go out to draw water. And he said, 'O Lord, God of my master Abraham, please grant me success today and show steadfast love to my master Abraham. I am standing here by the spring of water, and the daughters of the townspeople are coming out to draw water. Let the girl to whom I shall say, "Please offer your jar that I may drink", and who shall say, "Drink, and I will water your camels" — let her be the one whom you have appointed for your servant Isaac. By this I shall know that you have shown steadfast love to my master.'

Before he had finished speaking, there was Rebekah, who was born to Bethuel son of Milcah, the wife of Nahor, Abraham's brother, coming out with her water-jar on her shoulder. The girl was very fair to look upon, a virgin whom no man had known. She went down to the spring, filled her jar, and came up. Then the servant ran to meet her and said, 'Please let me sip a little water from your jar.' 'Drink, my lord,' she said, and quickly lowered her jar upon her hand and gave him a drink. When she had finished giving him a drink, she said, 'I will draw for your camels also,

until they have finished drinking.' So she quickly emptied her jar into the trough and ran again to the well to draw, and she drew for all his camels. The man gazed at her in silence to learn whether or not the Lord had made his journey successful.

When the camels had finished drinking, the man took a gold nose-ring weighing a half-shekel, and two bracelets for her arms weighing ten gold shekels, and said, 'Tell me whose daughter you are. Is there room in your father's house for us to spend the night?' She said to him, 'I am the daughter of Bethuel son of Milcah, whom she bore to Nahor.' She added, 'We have plenty of straw and fodder and a place to spend the night.' The man bowed his head and worshipped the Lord and said, 'Blessed be the Lord, the God of my master Abraham, who has not forsaken his steadfast love and his faithfulness towards my master. As for me, the Lord has led me on the way to the house of my master's kin.'

SECOND READING

Mark 5: 21-43

When Jesus had crossed again in the boat to the other side, a great crowd gathered round him; and he was by the lake. Then one of the leaders of the synagogue named Jairus came and, when he saw him, fell at his feet and begged him repeatedly, 'My little daughter is at the point of death. Come and lay your hands on her, so that she may be made well, and live.' So he went with him.

And a large crowd followed him and pressed in on him. Now there was a woman who had been suffering from haemorrhages for twelve years. She had endured much under many physicians, and had spent all that she had; and she was no better, but rather grew worse. She had heard about Jesus, and came up behind him in the crowd and touched his cloak, for she said, 'If I but touch his clothes, I will be made well.' Immediately her haemorrhage stopped; and she felt in her body that she was healed of her disease. Immediately aware that power had gone forth from him, Jesus turned about in the crowd and said, 'Who touched my clothes?' And his disciples said to him, 'You see the crowd pressing in on you; how can you say, "Who touched me?" ' He looked all round to see who had done it. But the woman, knowing what had happened to her, came in fear and trembling, fell down before him, and told him the whole truth. He said to her, 'Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace, and be healed of your disease.'

While he was still speaking, some people came from the leader's house to say, 'Your daughter is dead. Why trouble the teacher any further?' But overhearing what they said, Jesus said to the leader of the synagogue, 'Do not fear, only believe.' He allowed no one to follow him except Peter, James, and John, the brother of James. When they came to the house of the leader of the synagogue, he saw a commotion, people weeping and wailing loudly. When he had entered, he said to them, 'Why do you make a commotion and weep? The child is not dead but sleeping.' And they laughed at him. Then he put them all outside, and took the child's father and mother and those who were with him, and went in where the child was. He took her by the hand and said to her, 'Talitha cum', which means, 'Little girl, get up!' And immediately the girl got up and began to walk about (she was twelve years of age). At this they were overcome with amazement. He strictly ordered them that no one should know this, and told them to give her something to eat.

COLLECT FOR THE DAY

O God, the strength of all them that put their trust in thee,
mercifully accept our prayers;
and because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can do no
good thing without thee,
grant us the help of thy grace,
that in keeping of thy commandments we may please thee both in will
and deed;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

ANTHEM sung by the choir

Richte mich, Gott, und führe meine Sache
wider das unheilige Volk, und errette
mich von den falschen und bösen Leuten.
Denn du bist der Gott meiner Stärke;
warum verstößest du mich? Warum
lässest du mich so traurig gehen, wenn
mein Feind mich drängt?
Sende dein Licht und deine Wahrheit,
daß sie mich leiten zu deinem heiligen
Berge und zu deiner Wohnung.
Daß ich hineingehe zum Altar Gottes, zu
dem Gott, der meine Freude und Wonne
ist, und dir, Gott, auf der Harfe danke,
mein Gott!
Was betrübst du mich, meine Seele, und
bist so unruhig in mir?
Harre auf Gott! Denn ich werde ihm
noch danken, daß er meines Angesichts
Hilfe und mein Gott ist.

Words: Psalm 43

*Give judgement for me, O God, and defend
my cause against an ungodly people; deliver
me from the deceitful and the wicked.
For you are the God of my refuge; why have
you cast me from you, and why go I so
heavily, while the enemy oppresses me?*

*O send out your light and your truth, that
they may lead me, and bring me to your holy
hill and to your dwelling,
That I may go to the altar of God, to the God
of my joy and gladness; and on the lyre I will
give thanks to you, O God my God.*

*Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul,
and why are you so disquieted within me?
O put your trust in God; for I will yet give
him thanks, who is the help of my
countenance, and my God.*

Music: Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809–47)

HOMILY given by the Revd Dr Richard Frith, Canon Precentor

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION led by Canon Angela Ashwin, Reader

HYMN during which a collection is taken for the mission and ministry of the Cathedral

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old

(NEH 324)

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Fugue in E flat, BWV 552ii

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

The Minster Centre, Church Street, Southwell, NG25 0HD.

Tel.: 01636 812649

office@southwellminster.org.uk

www.southwellminster.org

Facebook: @SouthwellMinster

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