

The Fourth Sunday of Lent
Sunday 19 March 2023



**Southwell
Minster**
THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF
THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

3.30pm First Evensong of Joseph of Nazareth

Preces and Responses: William Byrd (c. 1540-1623)

Setting: *Evening Service in B flat*, Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

ORGAN PRELUDE

Allegretto
(from *Six Short Preludes and Postludes*)

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

INTROIT *sung by the choir from the North Transept*

Oculi omnium in te sperant Domine:
et tu das escam illorum in
tempore opportuno.
Gloria tibi Domine.
Amen.

*The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord:
and thou givest them their meat
in due season.
Glory be to thee, O Lord.
Amen.*

Words: Psalm 145: 15

Music: Charles Wood (1866-1926)

PRECES (*see page 4 of Evensong booklet*)

OFFICE HYMN



Let angels chant thy praise, pure spouse of purest bride,
While Christendom's sweet choirs the gladsome strains repeat,
To tell thy wondrous fame, to raise the pealing hymn,
Wherewith we all they glory greet.

**When doubts and bitter fears thy heavy heart oppressed,
And filled thy righteous soul with sorrow and dismay,
An angel quickly came, the wondrous story told,
And drove thy anxious griefs away.**

Thy arms thy new-born Lord, with tender joy embrace;
Him then to Egypt's land thy watchful care doth bring;
Him in the temple's courts once lost thou dost regain,
And 'mid thy tears dost greet thy King.

**Not till death's pangs are o'er do others gain their crown,
But, Joseph, unto thee the blessed lot was given
While life did yet endure, thy God to see and know,
As do the Saints above in heaven.**

**Grant us, great Trinity, for Joseph's holy sake,
In highest bliss and love, above the stars to reign,
That we in joy with him may praise our loving God,
And sing our glad eternal strain.
Amen.**

*Words: Latin, c. 17th century
sometimes attributed to Juan de la Concepción (1702-53)
trans. T. C. Potter*

Tune: Mode i

PSALMODY

Psalm 132

Lord, remember David:
and all his trouble;

How he swore unto the Lord:
and vowed a vow unto the Almighty God of Jacob;
I will not come within the tabernacle of mine house:
nor climb up into my bed;
I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eye-lids to slumber:
neither the temples of my head to take any rest;
Until I find out a place for the temple of the Lord:
an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.
Lo, we heard of the same at Ephrata:
and found it in the wood.
We will go into his tabernacle:
and fall low on our knees before his footstool.
Arise, O Lord, into thy resting-place:
thou, and the ark of thy strength.
Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness:
and let thy saints sing with joyfulness.
For thy servant David's sake:
turn not away the presence of thine Anointed.
The Lord hath made a faithful oath unto David:
and he shall not shrink from it;
Of the fruit of thy body:
shall I set upon thy seat.
If thy children will keep my covenant, and my testimonies that I shall
learn them:
their children also shall sit upon thy seat for evermore.
For the Lord hath chosen Sion to be an habitation for himself:
he hath longed for her.
This shall be my rest for ever:
here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein.
I will bless her victuals with increase:
and will satisfy her poor with bread.
I will deck her priests with health:
and her saints shall rejoice and sing.
There shall I make the horn of David to flourish:
I have ordained a lantern for mine Anointed.
As for his enemies, I shall clothe them with shame:
but upon himself shall his crown flourish.

Chants: Robert Ashfield (1911-2006)

When Israel was a child, I loved him,
and out of Egypt I called my son.
The more I called them,
the more they went from me;
they kept sacrificing to the Baals,
and offering incense to idols.

Yet it was I who taught Ephraim to walk,
I took them up in my arms;
but they did not know that I healed them.
I led them with cords of human kindness,
with bands of love.
I was to them like those
who lift infants to their cheeks.
I bent down to them and fed them.

They shall return to the land of Egypt,
and Assyria shall be their king,
because they have refused to return to me.
The sword rages in their cities,
it consumes their oracle-priests,
and devours because of their schemes.
My people are bent on turning away from me.
To the Most High they call,
but he does not raise them up at all.

How can I give you up, Ephraim?
How can I hand you over, O Israel?
How can I make you like Admah?
How can I treat you like Zeboiim?
My heart recoils within me;
my compassion grows warm and tender.
I will not execute my fierce anger;
I will not again destroy Ephraim;
for I am God and no mortal,
the Holy One in your midst,
and I will not come in wrath.

ANTIPHON *before and after the MAGNIFICAT (see page 5 of Evensong booklet)*

Behold a faithful a wise servant,
Whom the Lord hath made ruler over his servant.

SECOND READING

Luke 2: 41–52

Now every year his parents went to Jerusalem for the festival of the Passover. And when he was twelve years old, they went up as usual for the festival. When the festival was ended and they started to return, the boy Jesus stayed behind in Jerusalem, but his parents did not know it. Assuming that he was in the group of travellers, they went a day's journey. Then they started to look for him among their relatives and friends. When they did not find him, they returned to Jerusalem to search for him. After three days they found him in the temple, sitting among the teachers, listening to them and asking them questions. And all who heard him were amazed at his understanding and his answers. When his parents saw him they were astonished; and his mother said to him, 'Child, why have you treated us like this? Look, your father and I have been searching for you in great anxiety.' He said to them, 'Why were you searching for me? Did you not know that I must be in my Father's house?' But they did not understand what he said to them. Then he went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was obedient to them. His mother treasured all these things in her heart.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and in years, and in divine and human favour.

NUNC DIMITTIS *(see page 6 of Evensong booklet)*

THE APOSTLES' CREED *(see page 6 of Evensong booklet)*

LESSER LITANY, LORD'S PRAYER AND RESPONSES (*see page 7 of Evensong booklet*)

including

COLLECT FOR JOSEPH OF NAZARETH

O God our Father,
who from the house of thy servant David
didst raise up Joseph the carpenter
to be the guardian of thine incarnate Son
and husband of the Blessed Virgin Mary:
give us grace to follow him in faithful obedience to thy commands;
through Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord,
who liveth and reigneth with thee,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.
Amen.

and THE COLLECT FOR LENT

Almighty and everlasting God,
who hatest nothing that thou hast made,
and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent;
Create and make in us new and contrite hearts,
that we worthily lamenting our sins,
and acknowledging our wretchedness,
may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy,
perfect remission and forgiveness;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

ANTHEM *sung by the choir*

Justorum animae in manu Dei
sunt, et non tanget illos
tormentum malitiae.
Visi sunt oculis insipientium
mori: illi autem sunt in pace.

*The souls of the righteous are in the
hand of God, and there shall no
torment touch them.
In the sight of the unwise they
seemed to die: but they are in peace.*

Words: Wisdom 3: 1-3

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

HOMILY *given by Canon Angela Ashwin, Reader*

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION *led by the Dean*

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



O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the master's feet:
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-88)

Tune: CORNWALL NEH 424
Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-76)

THE BLESSING AND THE DISMISSAL

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Toccatà (from Suite)

Maurice Duruflé (1902-86)

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