

CHORAL EVENSONG

Introit Bruckner, *Locus iste*

Locus iste a Deo factus est inaeestimabile sacramentum; irreprehensibilis est.

[This place was made by God to be a mystery of incalculable worth; it is without reproach.]

Gradual from the Mass for the Dedication of a Church

Responses Clucas

Psalms 126 and 127

Psalm 126

In convertendo

H Brooksbank



- 1 When the Lord turned again the cap'tivity of ' Sion : then were we ' like . unto ' them that ' dream.
- 2 Then was our ' mouth . filled with ' laughter : and ' our ' tongue with ' joy.
- 3 Then said ' they among the ' heathen : The ' Lord . hath done ' great things ' for them.
- 4 Yea the Lord hath done great things ' for us al'ready : where 'of ' we re' joice.
- 5 Turn our cap'tivity O ' Lord : as the ' rivers ' in the ' south.
- 6 They that ' sow in ' tears : shall ' reap ' in ' joy.
- 7 **[Second Part]** He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth ' forth good ' seed : shall doubtless come again with joy, and ' bring his ' sheaves ' with him.

Glory ' be . to the ' Father : and to the ' Son and . to the ' Holy ' Ghost; as it was in the be'ginning is ' now : and ever shall be, ' world without ' end. A'men.

Psalm 127
Nisi Dominus

P C Buck



- 1 Except the Lord ' build the ' house : their labour ' is but ' lost that ' build it.
- 2 Except the Lord ' keep the ' city : the watchman ' waketh ' but in ' vain.
- 3 It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the ' bread of ' carefulness : for so he ' giveth . his be'lovèd ' sleep.
- 4 Lo, children and the ' fruit of the ' womb : are an heritage and ' gift that ' cometh of the ' Lord.
- 5 Like as the arrows in the ' hand of the ' giant : even ' so . are the ' young ' children.
- 6 Happy is the man that hath his ' quiver ' full of . them : they shall not be ashamed, when they ' speak . with their ' enemies in the ' gate.

Gloria (as before)

Office Hymn

Teach me, my God and King

Canticles

Stanford in C

Anthem

Mendelssohn, *Hear my prayer*

Hear my prayer, O God, incline thine ear! Thyself from my petition do not hide! Take heed to me: hear how in prayer I mourn to thee! Without thee all is dark, I have no guide. The enemy shouteth, the godless come fast; iniquity, hatred upon me they cast. The wicked oppress me; ah, where shall I fly? Perplexed and bewildered, O God hear my cry! My heart is sorely pained within my breast, my soul with deathly terror is oppressed; trembling and fearfulness upon me fall. With horror overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call! O for the wings of a dove: far away would I rove; in the wilderness build me a nest, and remain there for ever at rest.

Psalm 55: 1-7

Hymn

Lord, for the years

Welcome to Choral Evensong
from the church of
St Peter and St Paul, Uppingham
27 September 2020
(Trinity XVI)