

RESPONSES

The Lord be with you.
And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

All kneel

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father which art in heaven,
hallowed be thy Name,
thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive them that trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil. Amen.

O Lord, shew thy mercy upon us.
And grant us thy salvation.

O Lord, save the Queen.
And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee.

Endue thy ministers with righteousness.
And make thy chosen people joyful.

O Lord, save thy people.
And bless thine inheritance.

Give peace in our time, O Lord.
Because there is none other that fighteth for us,
but only thou, O God.

O God, make clean our hearts within us.
And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

THE COLLECT OF THE DAY

O Lord, we beseech thee favourably to hear the prayers
of thy people; that we, who are justly punished for our
offences, may be mercifully delivered by thy goodness,
for the glory of thy Name; through Jesus Christ our
Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the
Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

THE COLLECT FOR PEACE

THE COLLECT FOR AID AGAINST ALL PERILS

All sit for the ANTHEM

This worldes joie (1922)

Wynter wakeneth al my care,
Nou this leves waxeth bare;
Ofte I sike ant mourne sare
When hit cometh in my thoht
Of this worldes joie,
Hou hit goth al to noht.

Nou hit is, ant nou hit nys,
Al so hit ner nere, ywys.
That moni mon seith, soth hit ys:
Al goth bote Godes wille:
Alle we shule deye, thah us like ylle.

Al that gren me graueth grene
Nou hit faleweth albydene:
Jesu, help that hit be sene
Ant shild us from helle!
For y not whider y shal,
Ne hou longe her duelle.

*Winter wakens all my care, Now these leaves grow
bare; Often I sigh and sorely mourn When this
world's joy Comes into my thought, How it all
comes to nought.*

*Now it is, and now it is not, As though it had never
been, I believe. Many men say that it is true:
Everything vanishes except God's will: We shall all
die, though we like it ill.*

*Everything green grows green for me, Now it fades
altogether: Jesus, help it to be seen And shield us
from hell! For I know not whither I shall go, Nor
how long I shall dwell here.*

*Words: Anon. (c. 1300)
Music: Arnold Bax (1883–1953)*

All sit or kneel for the PRAYERS

All stand for the HYMN

NEH 248 (ii)

STRENGTH AND STAY

*Words: St Ambrose (340–397),
trans. John Ellerton (1826–93) and F.J.A. Hort (1828–92)
Music: John Bacchus Dykes (1823–76)*

FINAL RESPONSES

Marlow

All remain standing as the choir, clergy and Fellows recess

VOLUNTARY

Fancy for a Double Organ

Gibbons