Wingrave Singers

Wakefield Cathedral

June 3-4th, 2023

V3

Evensong, Saturday 3 June			
Responses: Holmes			
Psalm 97			
Hymn: Bright the vision that delighted (NEH 343)			
Magnificat: Gibbons Short Service			
Nunc Dimittis: Gibbons Short Service			
Anthem: Honor, virtus et potestas – Tallis	21		
Eucharist, Sunday 4 June			
Hymn: Immortal Invisible (NEH 377)	26a		
Mass setting: Missa in honorem Sanctissimae Trinitatis KV 167 – Mozart			
Gloria	27		
Psalm 8	36a		
Hymn: Lord you give the great commission (A&M 499)	36c		
Sanctus	37		
Benedictus	40		
Agnus Dei	43		
Anthem: Benedictus es Domine – Michael Haydn			
Hymn: Holy, holy, holy (NEH 146)	58a		
Evensong, Sunday 4 June			
Psalm 93	58c		
Hymn: The God of Abraham praise	58e		
Magnificat: Truro Service – Gabriel Jackson	59		
Nunc Dimittis: Truro Service – Gabriel Jackson	65		
Anthem: Hymn to the Trinity – Tchaikowsky			
Hymn: How shall I sing that majesty			

343

REDHEAD No. 46 87 87

Richard Redhead 1820–1901 Descant by Percy Whitlock 1903–46



BRIGHT the vision that delighted Once the sight of Judah's seer; Sweet the countless tongues united To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated Cherubim and seraphim Filled his temple, and repeated Each to each the alternate hymn:

'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven; Earth is with its fullness stored; Unto thee be glory given, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.'

- Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' singing,
 'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.'
- With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:
- 6 'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven; Earth is with its fullness stored; Unto thee be glory given, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.'

Adapted from a Welsh song set to a hymn in John Roberts's Caniadau y Cyssegre 1839



IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise, In light inaccessible hid from our eyes, Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,

Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

- 2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light, Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might; Thy justice like mountains high soaring above Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.
- To all life thou givest—to both great and small; In all life thou livest, the true life of all; We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree, And wither and perish—but nought changeth thee.
- 4 Great Father of glory, pure Father of light, Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight; All laud we would render: O help us to see 'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.



Lord, You Give the Great Commission

Lord, you give the great commission: "Heal the sick and preach the word." Lest the Church neglect its mission, And the Gospel go unheard, Help us witness to your purpose With renewed integrity; With the Spirit's gifts empower us For the work of ministry.

Lord, you call us to your service:
"In my name baptize and teach."
That the world may trust your promise,
Life abundant meant for each,
Give us all new fervour, draw us
Closer in community;
With the Spirit's gifts empower us
For the work of ministry.

Lord, you make the common holy:
"This my body, this my blood."
Let us all, for earth's true glory,
Daily lift life heavenward,
Asking that the world around us
Share your children's liberty;
With the Spirit's gifts empower us
For the work of ministry.

Lord, you show us love's true measure: "Father, what they do, forgive."
Yet we hoard as private treasure
All that you so freely give.
May your care and mercy lead us
To a just society;
With the Spirit's gifts empower us
For the work of ministry.

Lord, you bless with words assuring:
"I am with you to the end."
Faith and hope and love restoring,
May we serve as you intend,
And, amid the cares that claim us,
Hold in mind eternity;
With the Spirit's gifts empower us
For the work of ministry.

Jeffrey Rowthorn



HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty! God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,

Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty! God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

SUNDAY 4 JUNE EVENSONG

PSALM 93



The Lord is King, and hath put on | glorious ap-|parel : the Lord hath put on his apparel and | girded him-|self with | strength.

He hath made the round | world so | sure : that | [x] it | cannot be | moved.

Ever since the world began hath thy | seat been • pre-|pared : thou | art from | ever-| lasting.

The floods are risen 0 Lord, the floods have | lift up • their | voice : the | floods lift | up their | waves.

The waves of the sea are mighty and | rage | horribly : but yet the Lord who | dwelleth on | high is | mightier.

Thy testimonies O Lord are | very | sure : holiness be-|cometh thine | house for | ever.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning is now and | ever | shall be : world without | end. A-|--|men.

LEONI 66 84 D

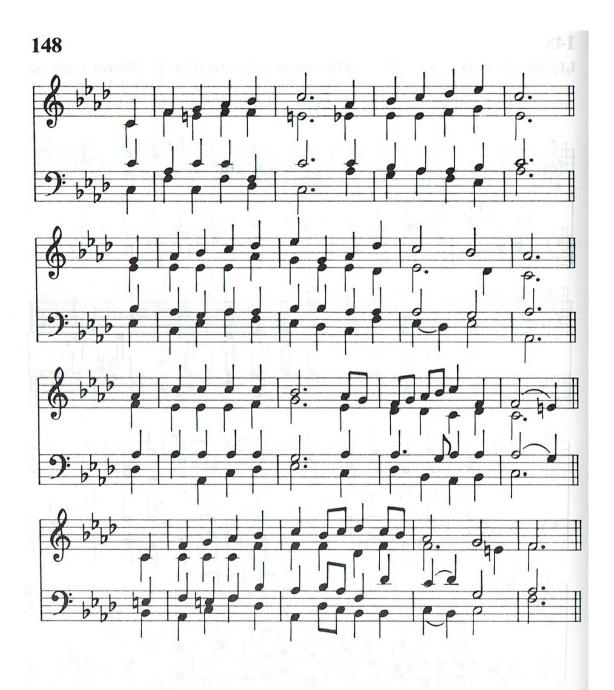
Hebrew melody noted by T. Olivers 1725–99 from the singing of Meyer Lyon of the London Great Synagogue. Adapted c 1770



Suitable for use in Procession

THE God of Abraham praise
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
To him uplift your voice,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise and seek the joys
At his right hand.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds we urge our way
At his command.
The watery deep we pass,
With Jesus in our view,
And through the howling wilderness
Our way pursue.



- 3* The goodly land we see,
 With peace and plenty blest,
 A land of sacred liberty
 And endless rest;
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound,
 And trees of life for ever grow
 With mercy crowned.
- There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace:
 On Sion's sacred height
 His kingdom he maintains,
 And glorious with his saints in light
 For ever reigns.

- 5* Before the Saviour's face
 The ransomed nations bow,
 O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace
 For ever new:
 He shows the prints of love—
 They kindle to a flame,
 And sound through all the worlds above
 The slaughtered Lamb.
- 7 The God who reigns on high
 The great archangels sing,
 And 'Holy, holy, holy' cry
 'Almighty King!'
 Who was, and is the same,
 And evermore shall be:
 Eternal Father, great I AM,
 We worship thee.'
- 6 Before the great Three-One
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders he has done
 Throughout the land:
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame,
 And sing in songs which never end
 The wondrous name.
- 8 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high:
 'Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost'
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
 (I join the heavenly lays)
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

THOMAS OLIVERS 1725-99 based on the Hebrew Yigdal



HOW shall I sing that majesty
Which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise; but who am I?

- Thy brightness unto them appears,
 Whilst I thy footsteps trace;
 A sound of God comes to my ears,
 But they behold thy face.
 They sing because thou art their Sun;
 Lord, send a beam on me;
 For where heaven is but once begun
 There alleluyas be.
- Inflame it with love's fire;
 Then shall I sing and bear a part
 With that celestial choir.
 I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
 With all my fire and light;
 Yet when thou dost accept their gold,
 Lord, treasure up my mite.
- 4 How great a being, Lord, is thine,
 Which doth all beings keep!
 Thy knowledge is the only line
 To sound so vast a deep.
 Thou art a sea without a shore,
 A sun without a sphere;
 Thy time is now and evermore,
 Thy place is everywhere.

John Mason c 1645-1694