

March 5th, 2021

Choral Prelude

My soul, there is a country – C. Hubert H. Parry

My soul, there is a country far beyond the stars,
where stands a winged sentry,
All skilful in the wars:
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles
And, One, born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And O my soul awake!
Dis in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flow'r of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy casw.
Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes
Thy God Thy life Thy cure.

vv. 1-2

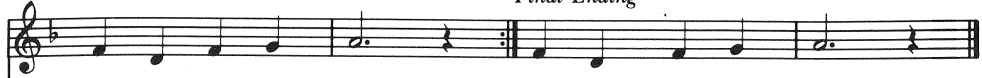
1 What does the Lord re - quire for praise and of - fer - ing?
 2 Rul - ers of earth, give ear! Should you not jus - tice show?
 3 Still down the a - ges ring the pro - phet's stern com - mands.
 4 How shall my soul ful - fill God's law so hard and high?

What sac - ri - fice de - sire, or trib - ute bid you
 Will God your plead - ing hear, while crime and cruel - ty
 To mer - chant, work - er, king he brings God's high de -
 Let Christ en - due our will with grace to for - ti -

bring? Do just - ly; love mer - cy; walk
 grow? Do just - ly; love mer - cy; walk
 mands. Do just - ly; love mer - cy; walk
 fy. Then just - ly, in mer - cy we'll

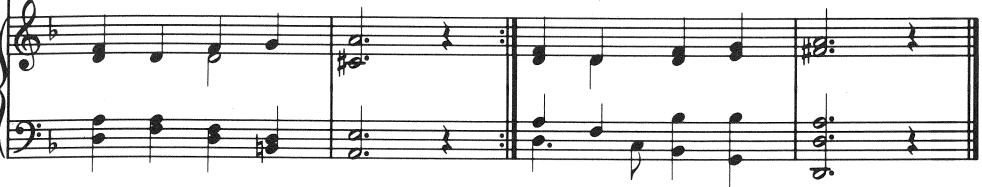
1-3

Final Ending



hum - bly with your God.
hum - bly with your God.
hum - bly with your God.
(hum - bly walk with God.)

hum - bly walk with God.



Words: Albert F. Bayly (1901-1984), alt.
Music: *Sharphorne*, Erik Routley (1917-1982)

♩=50
66. 66. 33. 6

Noonday

15

vv. 1, 3

1 O God, cre - a - tion's se - cret force, your - self un -
 2 Grant us, when this short life is past, the glo - rious
 *3 Al - might - y Fa - ther, hear our cry through Je - sus

moved, all mo - tion's source, you, from the morn till
 eve - ning that shall last; that, by a ho - ly
 Christ, our Lord Most High, whom with the Spi - rit

eve - ning's ray, through all its chan - ges guide the day:
 death at - tained, e - ter - nal glo - ry may be gained.
 we a - dore for ev - er and for ev - er - more.

Alternative tune: *O Heiland, reiss*, 14.

Words: Ambrose of Milan (340-397); tr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866), alt.

St. 3, James Waring McCrady (b. 1938)

Music: *Te lucis ante terminum*, plainsong, Mode 8, *Antiphonale Sarisburiense*, Vol. II;

acc. Gerard Farrell (b. 1919)