

1 **Offertorium 'O hearken Thou'**

Words from Psalm 5 v 2

O hearken Thou unto the voice of my calling, my King and my God: for  
unto Thee will I make my prayer.

2 **Strengthen ye the weak hands**

Tenor soloist: Ben Alden

Words from Ecclesiasticus 38 vv 4, 6, 9, 10, 12; Isaiah 35 vv 1-6 and Book  
of Common Prayer

The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth;  
and he that is wise will not abhor them.

And he hath giv'n men skill, that he might be  
honour'd in his marvellous works.

My son, in thy sickness Leave off from sin,  
and order thy hands aright, and cleanse thy  
heart from all wickedness.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm  
the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart,  
Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will  
come; he will come and save you.

Then shall the eyes of the blind be open'd, and  
the ears of the deaf shall be unstopp'd.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and  
the tongue of the dumb shall sing: for in the  
wilderness shall waters break out, and  
streams in the desert.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall  
be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice,

and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice  
with joy and singing:

the glory of Lebanon shall be giv'n unto it,  
the excellency of Carmel and Sharon,  
they shall see the glory of the Lord, and  
the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm  
the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart,  
Be strong, fear not: behold, your God  
will come; he will come and save you.

O Saviour of the world, who by thy Cross  
and precious Blood hast redeem'd us,  
Save us and help us, we humbly beseech  
thee, O Lord.

### 3 **Faire is the heav'n**

Words from An hymne of heavenly beautie  
by Edmund Spenser (1552-1599)

Faire is the heav'n,  
Where happy soules have place  
In full enjoyment of felicitie;  
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face  
Of the Divine, Eternall Majestie;  
Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins  
Which all with golden wings are overdight.  
And those eternall burning Seraphins  
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;  
Yet fairer than they both and much more bright,

Be th' Angels and Archangels  
Which attend on God's owne person  
without rest or end.  
These then in faire each other farre excelling  
As to the Highest they approach more neare,  
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling  
Fairer than all the rest which there appeare.  
Though all their beauties joynd together were;  
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse  
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

4 **Love of love and light of light**

Tenor soloist: Ronan Busfield  
Words by Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

Love of love, and Light of light  
Heav'nly Father all maintaining  
Wisdom hid in highest height,  
To thy creature fondly deigning  
Maker, wonderful and just,  
Thou hast called my heart to trust.  
What are life's unnumbered cares,  
Sorrow, torment passing measure?  
O'er my short lived pains and fears,  
Surely ruleth Thy good pleasure.  
Boundless is Thy love for me,  
Boundless then my trust shall be.  
Every burden weigheth light,  
Since in Thee my hope abideth;  
Sweetly bright my darkest night,  
While on Thee my mind confideth.

Give Thy gift I Thee implore,  
Thee to trust for evermore.

5 **King of glory**

Words by George Herbert (1593-1633)

King of glory, King of peace, I will love Thee;  
And that love may never cease, I will move Thee.  
Thou hast granted my request, Thou hast  
heard me;  
Thou didst note my working breast, Thou hast  
spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art I will sing Thee,  
And the cream of all my heart I will bring Thee.  
Though my sins against Thee cried Thou didst  
clear me;  
And alone when they replied  
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven  
I will praise Thee  
In my heart though not in heaven  
I can raise Thee.  
Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,  
Thou relentedst,  
And when justice call'd for fears Thou dissentedst.  
Small it is in this poor sort to enrol Thee,  
Even Eternity's too short to extol Thee.

King of glory, King of Peace, I will love Thee;

And that love may never cease, I will move Thee.  
Wherefore with my utmost art I will sing Thee,  
And the cream of all my heart I will bring Thee.

6 **Praise the Lord, O my soul (Psalm 103)**

Bass soloist: Giles White

Praise the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me praise his holy Name.  
Praise the Lord, O my soul: and forget not all  
his benefits;  
Who forgiveth all thy sin: and healeth all  
thine infirmities;  
Who saveth thy life from destruction: and crowneth thee with mercy and  
loving kindness;  
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things: making thee young and lusty as  
an eagle.  
The Lord executeth righteousness and judgement: for all them that are  
oppressed  
with wrong.  
He shewed his ways unto Moses: his works  
unto the children of Israel.  
The Lord is full of compassion and mercy:  
long suff'ring and of great goodness.  
He will not always be chiding: neither keepeth  
he his anger for ever.  
He hath not dealt with us after our sins: nor  
rewarded us according to our wickednesses.  
For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth: so great is his  
mercy also toward  
them that fear him.  
Look how wide also the east is from the west:

So far hath he set our sins from us.  
Like as a father pitieth his own children: ev'n so  
is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him.  
For he knoweth whereof we are made:  
he remembereth that we are but dust.  
The days of man are but as grass: for he  
flourisheth as a flower of the field.  
For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone:  
and the place thereof shall know it no more.  
But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth  
for ever upon them that fear him: and his  
righteousness upon children's children;  
Ev'n upon such as keep his covenant: and think  
upon his commandments to do them.  
The Lord hath prepared his seat in heaven: and  
his kingdom ruleth over all.  
O praise the Lord ye angels of his, ye that excel  
in strength: ye that fulfil his commandment, and  
hearken unto the voice of his words.  
O praise the Lord all ye his hosts: ye servant of  
his that do his pleasure.  
O speak good of the Lord all ye works of his in  
all places of his dominion: praise thou  
the Lord, O my soul.

7 **Evening Hymn 'The night is come'**

Bass soloist: James Birchall

Words by Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682)

The night is come like to the day,  
Depart not Thou, great God, away,

Let not my sins, black as the night,  
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.  
Keep still in my horizon, for to me  
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.  
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,  
On my temples sentry keep;  
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes  
Whose eyes are open while mine close,  
Let no dreams my head infest  
But such as Jacob's temples blest.  
While I do rest, my soul advance,  
Make my sleep a holy trance;  
That I may, my rest being wrought,  
Awake into some holy thought.  
And with as active vigour run  
My course, as doth the nimble sun.  
Sleep is a death, O make me try  
By sleeping what it is to die,  
And as gently lay my head  
On my grave, as now my bed.  
Now ere I rest, great God, let me  
Awake again at last with Thee.  
And thus assured, behold I lie  
Securely, or to wake or die.  
These are my drowsy days, in vain  
I do now wake to sleep again.  
O come that hour, when I shall never  
Sleep again, but wake for ever!

8 **The shepherd-men**

Words by Anthony C. Deane (b.1870)

The Shepherd-men were keeping  
A little flock from ill,  
When other folk were sleeping,  
Lying still;  
The Shepherds heard the music  
Of Angels in the sky;  
No other stirr'd, no other heard  
The melody.

The Shepherds heard the singing,  
Over the plain they trod,  
While all the air was ringing  
Glory to God;  
Never a neighbour met them,  
Never a one with them  
Or knew the sign or sought the shrine –  
Bethlehem.

The Shepherd-men were able  
To welcome Christ the Lord;  
They found Him in a stable  
And adored;  
The town was dark and silent.  
The Shepherds, only they,  
When others slept, arose and kept  
Christmas Day.

But we will quit our labour  
And ev'ry one shall bring  
A friend, a child, a neighbour

To the King;  
Now we will give our praises  
Before the manger-throne,  
And He will take the gift we make  
For His own.

9 **Evening hymn, 'O joyful light'**

Words from the Greek (7th century)

Bass soloist: Giles White

O joyful light of the heavenly glory of the  
everlasting Father which is in heaven.  
Holy and blessed, Jesu Christ our Lord.  
We are come unto the going down of the sun,  
and at eventide we have seen light.  
Therefore we give thanks and praise to the Father  
and to the Son and to the Holy spirit of God.  
Worthy are Thou at all times to be praised with  
holy voices Son of God giver of life Therefore  
doth the world glorify Thee.  
O joyful light of the heavenly glory of the  
everlasting Father which is in heaven.  
Amen.

10 **From a heart made whole**

Words by A. C. Swinburne (1837-1909)

From a heart made whole  
Take as Thou givest us blessing; never tear  
Shall stain for shame, nor groan un-tune the song  
That as a bird shall spread and fold its wings

Here in Thy praise for ever. There is no grief  
Great as the Joy to be made one in will  
With Him that is the heart and rule of life  
And Thee, God born of God; Thy Name is ours  
And Thy large grace more great than our desire.

11 **I said to the man**

Bass soloist: Gareth Dayus-Jones

Words by Minnie Louise Haskins (1875-1957)

I said to the man who stood at the Gate of the Year 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown'. And he replied 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light, and safer than a known way'.

*The Gate of the Year* from *The Desert* by Minnie Louise Haskins (copyright © M. Louise Haskins, 1908), is reproduced by permission of Sheil Land Associates Ltd. on behalf of The Estate of M. Louise Haskins.

12 **Bring us, O Lord God**

Words by John Donne (1572-1631)

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening  
into the house and gate of heav'n  
to enter into that gate and dwell in that house,  
where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling,  
but one equal light;  
no noise nor silence, but one equal music;  
no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession;  
no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity;  
in the habitation of thy glory and dominion,

world without end. Amen.

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