



Friday 6 November 2020

# Morning Song

Choral Worship to Start the Day

Officiant  
Revd Richard Carter

The Choral Scholars  
of St Martin-in-the-Fields

Directed by  
Gabriella Noble

# Welcome

## Introit    Crossing the bar    *Parry*

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,  
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the  
boundless deep  
Turns again home.  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;  
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

*Words: Alfred Lord Tennyson.*

## Preces *John Harper*



O Lord, o - pen our lips and our mouth shall pro - claim your praise.



Give us the joy of your sa - ving help



and sus - tain us with your life - giv - ing Spi - rit.



Bless - ed is the Lord, for he has heard the voice of our prayer;



therefore shall our hearts dance for joy



and in our song will we praise our God.

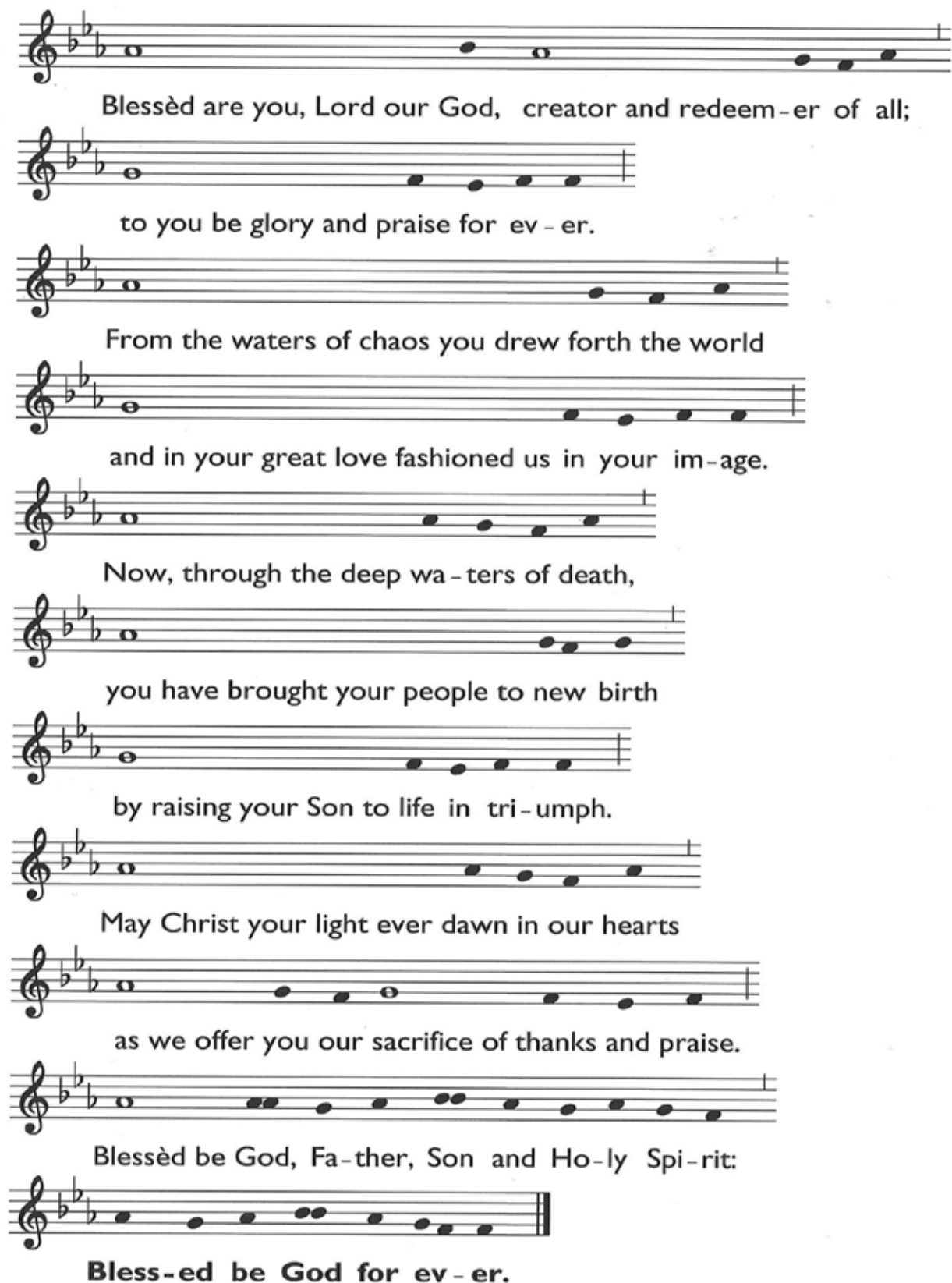
The night has passed, and the day lies open before us; let us pray with one heart and mind.

*Silence is kept.*

As we rejoice in the gift of this new day, so may the light of your presence, O God, set our hearts on fire with love for you; now and for ever.

*All* **Amen.**

## Prayer of Thanksgiving



Blessèd are you, Lord our God, creator and redeem-er of all;  
to you be glory and praise for ev - er.

From the waters of chaos you drew forth the world  
and in your great love fashioned us in your im-age.

Now, through the deep wa - ters of death,  
you have brought your people to new birth  
by raising your Son to life in tri-umph.

May Christ your light ever dawn in our hearts  
as we offer you our sacrifice of thanks and praise.

Blessèd be God, Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Spi-rit:  
**Bless-ed be God for ev - er.**

Psalmody Psalm 16

## Old Testament Reading Daniel 3.19-end

Then Nebuchadnezzar was so filled with rage against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego that his face was distorted. He ordered the furnace to be heated up seven times more than was customary, and ordered some of the strongest guards in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego and to throw them into the furnace of blazing fire. So the men were bound, still wearing their tunics, their trousers, their hats, and their other garments, and they were thrown into the furnace of blazing fire. Because the king's command was urgent and the furnace was so overheated, the raging flames killed the men who lifted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. But the three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, fell down, bound, into the furnace of blazing fire. Then King Nebuchadnezzar was astonished and rose up quickly. He said to his counsellors, 'Was it not three men that we threw bound into the fire?' They answered the king, 'True, O king.' He replied, 'But I see four men unbound, walking in the middle of the fire, and they are not hurt; and the fourth has the appearance of a god.' Nebuchadnezzar then approached the door of the furnace of blazing fire and said, 'Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, servants of the Most High God, come out! Come here!' So Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego came out from the fire. And the satraps, the prefects, the governors, and the king's counsellors gathered together and saw that the fire had not had any power over the bodies of those men; the hair of their heads was not singed, their tunics were not harmed, and not even the smell of fire came from them. Nebuchadnezzar said, 'Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who has sent his angel and delivered his servants who trusted in him. They disobeyed the king's command and yielded up their bodies rather than serve and worship any god except their own God. Therefore I make a decree: Any people, nation, or language that utters blasphemy against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego shall be torn limb from limb, and their houses laid in ruins; for there is no other god who is able to deliver in this way.' Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the province of Babylon.

## Canticle A Song of the Lamb

## New Testament Reading Revelation 3. 14-end

‘And to the angel of the church in Laodicea write: The words of the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the origin of God’s creation: ‘I know your works; you are neither cold nor hot. I wish that you were either cold or hot. So, because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I am about to spit you out of my mouth. For you say, “I am rich, I have prospered, and I need nothing.” You do not realize that you are wretched, pitiable, poor, blind, and naked. Therefore I counsel you to buy from me gold refined by fire so that you may be rich; and white robes to clothe you and to keep the shame of your nakedness from being seen; and salve to anoint your eyes so that you may see. I reprove and discipline those whom I love. Be earnest, therefore, and repent. Listen! I am standing at the door, knocking; if you hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to you and eat with you, and you with me. To the one who conquers I will give a place with me on my throne, just as I myself conquered and sat down with my Father on his throne. Let anyone who has an ear listen to what the Spirit is saying to the churches.’

Gospel Canticle Benedictus *Plainsong*

### Prayers

*The response to the prayers is:*

Lord, in your mercy,  
*All* **hear our prayer.**

### Collect for the Day

Almighty and eternal God, you have kindled the flame of love in the hearts of the saints: grant to us the same faith and power of love, that, as we rejoice in their triumphs, we may be sustained by their example and fellowship; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever.

*All* **Amen.**

Lord's Prayer *N Rimsky-Korsakov, arr. David Stancliffe*

### Notices

### Blessing

Anthem    My soul, there is no country    *Parry*

My soul, there is a country  
Far beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry  
All skilful in the wars:  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious Friend,  
And—O my soul, awake!—  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges;  
For none can thee secure  
But One who never changes—  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

*Words: Henry Vaughan (1622-1695)*

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**Thank you.**

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