



Light in our Darkness



A Procession with Music and Readings
for Advent Sunday

Sunday 3rd December 2023 at 6:30pm

Welcome to Coventry Cathedral

We are delighted that you have joined us for this service, which we hope you will really enjoy. You will get the most out of it by taking a few moments to read through the text of the service beforehand, as the Cathedral will be lit only dimly for much of the service.

There are instructions on when to sit and stand printed, however please do stay seated if you would prefer! We say and sing the words in **bold** together.

You are welcome to take this booklet home with you
at the end of the service.

'Advent' means 'coming'. For centuries, Christians have observed a season of preparation for Christmas, the celebration of the birth of Jesus. This has varied in length, but has been set at four weeks for around the last 1,400 years.

This service is designed to reflect one of the major themes of the season: that we await the light of Jesus to enter the darkness overshadowing humanity. This darkness can be defined as how we are separated from God by the choices we make and the impact they have on ourselves and on others. The light of Jesus, coming into the world at Christmas, dispels this darkness.

The service is based upon the great Antiphons of Advent, ancient prayers which date from the 8th century. Each begins with an Old Testament name or attribution for God, and ends with an invocation to the coming Saviour. Each antiphon inspires us to use words from the Bible and music to explore a different aspect of the hope we place in our God, revealed in Jesus.

The service is sung by the Cathedral Choir, directed by Rachel Mahon, Director of Music. The organists are Luke Fitzgerald, Assistant Director of Music, and Stephen Crookes, Organ Scholar.

Before the service begins, Stephen Crookes will play the following organ pieces:

Praeludium in G minor BuxWV 150 by Dieterich Buxtehude (1637-1707)

Nun komm', der Heiden Heiland BWV 659 by J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Nun komm', der Heiden Heiland BWV 599 by J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Herr Christ, der einge Gottes Sohn BWV 601 by J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen Op. 122, No. 4

by Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897)

At 6:30pm the choir and ministers assemble in the Retro Choir, where their candles and lights are lit. After the Very Reverend John Witcombe, Dean of Coventry, has welcomed everyone, the Cathedral lighting is dimmed and the choir sings.

Matin Responsory

I look from afar: and lo,
I see the power of God coming,
and a cloud covering the whole earth.
Go ye out to meet him and say:
Tell us, art thou he that should come
to reign over thy people Israel?
High and low, rich and poor, one with another,
Go ye out to meet him and say:
Hear, O thou Shepherd of Israel,
thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep,
tell us, art thou he that should come?
Stir up thy strength, O Lord,
and come to reign over thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit.

*from First Matins Responsory for Advent Sunday
music adapted from a Magnificat
by Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594)*

Hymn

We *STAND* to sing.

**O come, O come, Emmanuel,
and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here,
until the Son of God appear:**

*Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.*

**O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
thine own from Satan's tyranny;
from depths of hell thy people save,
and give them victory o'er the grave:**

**O come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer
our spirits by thine advent here;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
and death's dark shadows put to flight;**

**O come, thou Key of David, come,
and open wide our heavenly home;
make safe the way that leads on high,
and close the path to misery:**

**O come, O come, thou Lord of Might,
who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
in ancient times did give the law
in cloud and majesty and awe:**

*Translated from Latin Advent Antiphons by J.M. Neale (1818-1866)
Tune CP 32 Veni Emmanuel Thomas Helmore (1811-1890)*

O Sapientia

We SIT. The choir sings the plainsong antiphon.

O Wisdom,
which camest out of the mouth of the most High,
and reachest from one end to another,
mightily and sweetly ordering all things:
come and teach us the way of truth.

Bible Reading

Read by the Reverend Charlotte Gale, co-leader of St Clare's at the Cathedral, and Cathedral Associate minister.

Where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
Mortals do not know the way to it,
and it is not found in the land of the living.
The deep says, "It is not in me",
and the sea says, "It is not with me."
It cannot be bought for gold,
and silver cannot be weighed out as its price.
It cannot be valued in the gold of Ophir,
in precious onyx or sapphire.
Gold and glass cannot equal it,
nor can it be exchanged for jewels of fine gold.
No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal;
the price of wisdom is above pearls.
The chrysolite of Ethiopia cannot compare with it,
nor can it be valued in pure gold.
Where then does wisdom come from?
And where is the place of understanding?
It is hidden from the eyes of all living,
and concealed from the birds of the air.
Abaddon and Death say,
"We have heard a rumour of it with our ears."
God understands the way to it,
and he knows its place.

For he looks to the ends of the earth,
and sees everything under the heavens.
When he gave to the wind its weight,
and apportioned out the waters by measure;
when he made a decree for the rain,
and a way for the thunderbolt;
then he saw it and declared it;
he established it, and searched it out.
And he said to humankind,
“Truly, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
and to depart from evil is understanding.”

Job 28:12 – 28

The choir sings:

O virtus Sapientiae,
quae circuiens circuisti
comprehendendo omnia
in una via, quae habet vitam,
tres alas habens,
quarum una in altum volat,
et altera de terra sudat,
et tertia undique volat.
Laus tibi sit, sicut te decet,
O Sapientia.

O strength of Wisdom
who, circling, circled,
enclosing all
in one lifegiving path,
three wings you have:
one soars to the heights,
one distils its essence upon the earth,
and the third is everywhere.
Praise to you, as is fitting,
O Wisdom.

‘O Virtus Sapientiae’ by Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)

Translation by Kate Quartano Brown

Poem

Read by the Reverend Charlotte Gale.

Of all that God has shown me
I can but speak the smallest word,
nor more than a honeybee
takes on his foot
from an over-spilling jar.

Mechthild of Magdeburg (c.1207-c.1282)

Silence is kept.

Prayer

The Reverend Charlotte Gale prays:

Keep us, O Lord, while we tarry on this earth,
in a serious seeking after thee,
and in an affectionate walking with thee,
every day of our lives;
that when thou comest, we may be found not hiding our talent,
nor serving the flesh,
nor yet asleep with our lamp unfurnished,
but waiting and longing for our Lord,
our glorious King,
for ever and ever.

Amen.

Richard Baxter (1615-1691)

Hymn

We STAND to sing.

**Ye servants of the Lord,
each in his office wait,
observant of his heavenly word,
and watchful at his gate.**

**Let all your lamps be bright,
and trim the golden flame;
gird up your loins as in his sight,
for awful is his name.**

**Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
and while we speak, he's near;
mark the first signal of his hand,
and ready all appear.**

**O happy servant he
in such a posture found!
he shall his Lord with rapture see,
and be with honour crowned.**

**Christ shall the banquet spread
with his own royal hand,
and raise that faithful servant's head
amid the angelic band.**

*Words by Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)
Tune CP 40 Narenza adapted from J. Leisentritt*

O Adonai

We SIT. The choir sings the plainsong antiphon.

O Adonai, and Leader of the house of Israel,
who appearedst in the bush to Moses in a flame of fire:
and gavest him the law in Sinai:
come and deliver us with an out-stretched arm.

Bible Reading

Read by Donald Parr, Reader for Coventry Cathedral.

Now the boy Samuel was ministering to the LORD under Eli. The word of the LORD was rare in those days; visions were not widespread. At that time Eli, whose eyesight had begun to grow dim so that he could not see, was lying down in his room; the lamp of God had not yet gone out, and Samuel was lying down in the temple of the LORD, where the ark of God was. Then the LORD called, 'Samuel! Samuel!' and he said, 'Here I am!' and ran to Eli, and said, 'Here I am, for you called me.' But he said, 'I did not call; lie down again.' So he went and lay down. The LORD called again, 'Samuel!' Samuel got up and went to Eli, and said, 'Here I am, for you called me.' But he said, 'I did not call, my son; lie down again.' Now Samuel did not yet know the LORD, and the word of the LORD had not yet been revealed to him. The LORD called Samuel again, a third time. And he got up and went to Eli, and said, 'Here I am, for you called me.' Then Eli perceived that the LORD was calling the boy. Therefore Eli said to Samuel, 'Go, lie down; and if he calls you, you shall say, "Speak, LORD, for your servant is listening."' So Samuel went and lay down in his place. Now the LORD came and stood there, calling as before, 'Samuel! Samuel!' And Samuel said, 'Speak, for your servant is listening.'

1 Samuel 3:1 – 10

The choir sings:

*O Adonai, et Dux domus Israel,
qui Moysi in igne flammae rubi apparuisti,
et ei in Sina legem dedisti:
veni ad redimendum nos in brachio extento.*

O Adonai, composed by Roderick Williams (b.1965)

Poem

Read by John Lloyd, Reader for Coventry Cathedral.

History says, don't hope
on this side of the grave.
But then, once in a lifetime,
the longed-for tidal-wave
of justice can rise up,
and hope and history rhyme.

So hope for a great sea-change
on the far side of revenge.
Believe that further shore
is reachable from here.
Believe in miracle
and cures and healing wells.

Seamus Heaney (1939-2013), from 'The Cure at Troy'

Silence is kept.

Prayer

John Lloyd prays:

God, our hope and our desire,
we wait for your coming
as a woman longs for the birth,
the exile for her home,
the lover for the touch of his beloved,
and the humble poor for justice.

Amen.

Janet Morley (b. 1952)

Hymn

We *STAND* to sing.

**Come, thou long expected Jesus,
born to set thy people free;
from our fears and sins release us;
let us find our rest in thee.**

**Israel's strength and consolation,
hope of all the earth thou art;
dear desire of every nation,
joy of every longing heart.**

**Born thy people to deliver;
born a child and yet a king;
born to reign in us for ever;
now thy gracious kingdom bring.**

**By thine own eternal Spirit,
rule in all our hearts alone:
by thy all sufficient merit,
raise us to thy glorious throne.**

Words by Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Tune CP 24 Cross of Jesus John Stainer (1840-1901)

O Radix Jesse

We SIT. The choir sings the plainsong antiphon.

O Root of Jesse,
which standest for an ensign to the people,
at whom kings shall shut their mouths,
whom Gentiles shall seek:
come and deliver us, and tarry not.

Bible Reading

Read by the Reverend Naomi Nixon, co-leader of St Clare's at the Cathedral and Cathedral Associate Minister.

The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad,
the desert shall rejoice and blossom;
like the crocus it shall blossom abundantly,
and rejoice with joy and singing.

The glory of Lebanon shall be given to it,
the majesty of Carmel and Sharon.

They shall see the glory of the LORD,
the majesty of our God.

Strengthen the weak hands,
and make firm the feeble knees.

Say to those who are of a fearful heart,
'Be strong, do not fear!

Here is your God.

He will come with vengeance,
with terrible recompense.

He will come and save you.'

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened,

and the ears of the deaf unstopped;

then the lame shall leap like a deer,

and the tongue of the speechless sing for joy.

For waters shall break forth in the wilderness,
and streams in the desert;

the burning sand shall become a pool,

and the thirsty ground springs of water;

the haunt of jackals shall become a swamp,
the grass shall become reeds and rushes.
And the ransomed of the LORD shall return,
and come to Zion with singing;
everlasting joy shall be upon their heads;
they shall obtain joy and gladness,
and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Isaiah 35:1 - 7, 10

The choir sings:

A spotless Rose is blowing
sprung from a tender root,
of ancient seers' foreshowing,
of Jesse promised fruit;
its fairest bud unfolds to light
amid the cold, cold winter
and in the dark midnight.

The Rose which I am singing,
whereof Isaiah said,
is from its sweet root springing
in Mary, purest Maid;
for through our God's great love and might
the blessed babe she bare us
in a cold, cold winter's night.

'A Spotless Rose' by Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Poem

The Reverend Naomi Nixon reads:

Just these two words He spoke
changed my life,
'Enjoy Me.'
What a burden I thought I was to carry –
a crucifix, as did He.
Love once said to me, 'I know a song,
would you like to hear it?'
And laughter came from every brick in the street
and from every pore in the sky.
After a night of prayer,
He changed my life
when He sang,
'Enjoy me.'

Teresa of Ávila (1515 - 1582)

Silence is kept.

Prayer

The Reverend Naomi Nixon prays:

O God our father,
we would thank thee for all the bright things of life.
Help us to see them, and to count them,
and to remember them,
that our lives might flow in ceaseless praise;
for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

Reverend John Henry Jowett (1846-1923)

Hymn

We *STAND* to sing.

**Hills of the North, rejoice,
river and mountain-spring,
hark to the advent voice;
valley and lowland, sing.
Christ comes in righteousness and love,
he brings salvation from above.**

**Isles of the Southern seas,
sing to the listening earth,
carry on every breeze
hope of a world's new birth:
In Christ shall all be made anew,
his word is sure, his promise true.**

**Lands of the East, arise,
he is your brightest morn,
greet him with joyous eyes,
praise shall his path adorn:
Your seers have longed to know their Lord;
to you he comes, the final word.**

**Shores of the utmost West,
lands of the setting sun,
welcome the heavenly guest
in whom the dawn has come:
He brings a never-ending light
who triumphed o'er our darkest night.**

**Shout, as you journey on,
songs be in every mouth,
lo, from the North they come,
from East and West and South:
In Jesus all shall find their rest,
in him the universe be blest.**

*Words by Editors of English Praise (1975)
based on Charles E. Oakley (1832-1865)
Tune CP 29 Little Cornard Martin Shaw (1875-1958)*

O Clavis David

We SIT. The choir sings the plainsong antiphon.

O Key of David, and Sceptre of the house of Israel;
that openest, and no man shutteth;
and shuttest and no man openeth:
come, and bring the prisoner out of the prison-house,
and him that sitteth in darkness and the shadow of death.

Bible Reading

Read by the Reverend Mary Gregory, Canon for Arts and Reconciliation.

The spirit of the Lord GOD is upon me,
because the LORD has anointed me;
he has sent me to bring good news to the oppressed,
to bind up the broken-hearted,
to proclaim liberty to the captives,
and release to the prisoners;
to proclaim the year of the LORD's favour,
and the day of vengeance of our God;
to comfort all who mourn;
to provide for those who mourn in Zion—
to give them a garland instead of ashes,
the oil of gladness instead of mourning,
the mantle of praise instead of a faint spirit.
They will be called oaks of righteousness,
the planting of the LORD, to display his glory.
They shall build up the ancient ruins,
they shall raise up the former devastations;
they shall repair the ruined cities,
the devastations of many generations.

Isaiah 61.1-4

The choir sings:

Adam lay y-bounden,
bounden in a bond;
four thousand winter
thought he not too long.

And all was for an apple,
an apple that he took,
as clerkes finden
written in their book.

Ne had the apple taken been,
the apple taken been,
ne had never our Lady
a-been heavene queen.

Blessed be the time
that apple taken was,
therefore we moun singen
deo gracias!

*Words: Anon. 15th Century.
Music by Boris Ord (1897-196)*

Poem

Canon Mary Gregory reads:

The dancers are stretching, loosening
in their dressing rooms, half made-up
in a mess of costume rails, water-glasses
topped with a dusting of rouge.

Although it's still too soon to dance,
look at the rush of guttered rain through grids
to join the surge towards an open sea.
See how the dry leaves catch in corners,
petals of a burnt manifesto
caught in a breeze between tenements.

And after curfew watch our flags
lift in unison like unbowed heads to mock us,
because the dance, though fugitive, is here,
and will not be held back.

Already it breaks on the roofs of our mouths
and we can barely contain the taste.

It is there in the off-key buskers, dog-howls,
click of the heels of those uniformed men
who think they hold this city captive still,
and soon must think again.

*Michael Symmons Roberts (b.1963),
'Rehearsal for the Day of Joy'*

Silence is kept.

Prayer

Canon Mary Gregory prays:

As a bird soars high
in the free holding of the wind,
clear of the certainty of ground,
opening the imagination of wings
into the grace of emptiness
to fulfil new voyagings,
may your life awaken
to the call of its freedom.

Amen.

John O'Donohue (1956-2008)

O Oriens

The choir sings the plainsong antiphon.

O Dayspring, Brightness of Light everlasting,
and Sun of Righteousness:
come, and enlighten him that sitteth in darkness,
and the shadow of death.

Bible Reading

Read by the Reverend Canon Sacha Slavic, Cathedral Associate Minister.

You know what time it is, how it is now the moment for you to wake from sleep. For salvation is nearer to us now than when we became believers; the night is far gone, the day is near. Let us then lay aside the works of darkness and put on the armour of light; let us live honourably as in the day, not in revelling and drunkenness, not in debauchery and licentiousness, not in quarrelling and jealousy. Instead, put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to gratify its desires.

Romans 13:11 – 14

The choir sings:

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
glory there the sun outshines whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

'Never weather-beaten sail' by Richard Shephard (1949-2021)

Poem

Read by Margaret East, Reader for Coventry Cathedral.

Carrying a candle
from one little place of shelter
to another
is an act of love.

To move through the huge
and hungry darkness, step by step,
against the invisible wind
that blows for ever around the world,
carrying a candle,
is an act of foolhardy hope.

Surely it will be blown out:
the wind is contemptuous,
the darkness cannot comprehend it.
How much light can this tiny flame shed
on all the great issues of the day?
It is as helpless as a newborn child.

Look how the human hand,
that cradles it, has become translucent:
fragile and beautiful; foolish and loving.
Step by step.

The wind is stronger than this hand,
and the darkness infinite
around this tiny here-and-now flame
that wavers, but keeps burning:
carried with such care
through an uncaring world
from one little place of shelter to another.
An act of love.

The light shines in the darkness
and the darkness can never put it out.

Silence is kept.

Jan Sutch Pickard (b.1944)

Prayer

Margaret East prays:

O Lord Jesus Christ,
who art the very bright Sun of the world,
ever rising, never going down:
shine, we beseech thee, upon our spirit,
that the night of sin and error being driven away by thy inward light,
we may walk without stumbling, as in the day.
Grant this, O Lord,
Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost
for evermore.
Amen.

Primer, 1559 (based on Erasmus, 1467-1536)

O Rex Gentium

The choir sings the plainsong antiphon.

O King of the nations, and their Desire;
the Cornerstone, who makest both one:
come, and save mankind, whom thou formedst of clay.

Bible Reading

Read by the Reverend Su McClellan, Curate at Coventry Cathedral.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter Zion!
Shout aloud, O daughter Jerusalem!
Lo, your king comes to you;
triumphant and victorious is he,
humble and riding on a donkey,
on a colt, the foal of a donkey.
He will cut off the chariot from Ephraim
and the warhorse from Jerusalem;
and the battle-bow shall be cut off,
and he shall command peace to the nations;
his dominion shall be from sea to sea,
and from the River to the ends of the earth.

Zechariah 9:9 – 10

The choir sings:

Lift up your heads O ye gates!
And be ye lift up ye everlasting doors!
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord, strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord God of hosts!
He is the King of glory.

from Psalm 24:7-10
Music by William Mathias (1934-1993)
Arranged by Liam Condon (b. 1997)

Poem

The Reverend Su McClellan reads:

Lord, not you,
it is I who am absent.
At first
belief was a joy I kept in secret,
stealing alone
into sacred places;
a quick glance, and away – and back,
circling.
I have long since uttered your name
but now
I elude your presence.
I stop to think about you, and my mind
at once
like a minnow darts away,
darts
into the shadows, into gleams that fret
unceasing over the river's purling and passing.

Not for one second
will my self hold still, but wanders
anywhere,
everywhere it can turn.

Not you,
it is I who am absent.
You are the stream, the fish, the light,
the pulsing shadow,
you the unchanging presence, in whom all
moves and changes.
How can I focus my flickering, perceive
at the fountain's heart
the sapphire I know is there?

Denise Levertov (1923-1997)

Silence is kept.

Prayer

The Reverend Su McClellan prays:

O Lord,
never suffer us to think that we can stand by ourselves
and not need thee.

Amen.

John Donne (1573-1631)

Hymn

We *STAND* to sing.

**Let all mortal flesh keep silence
and with fear and trembling stand;
ponder nothing earthly-minded,
for with blessing in his hand
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
our full homage to demand.**

**King of kings, yet born of Mary,
as of old on earth he stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture -
in the body and the blood -
he will give to all the faithful
his own self for heavenly food.**

**Rank on rank the host of heaven
spreads its vanguard on the way,
as the Light of light descendeth
from the realms of endless day,
that the powers of hell may vanish
as the darkness clears away.**

**At his feet the six-winged seraph;
cherubim with sleepless eye
veil their faces to the Presence,
as with ceaseless voice they cry,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord most high.**

*Words from the Liturgy of St James
translated by G. Moultrie (1829-1885)*

Tune CP 309 Picardy harmonised by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

O Emmanuel

We SIT. The choir sings the plainsong antiphon.

O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver,
the Desire of all nations, and their Salvation:
come and save us, O Lord, our God.

Bible Reading

Read by the Very Reverend John Witcombe, Dean of Coventry.

Now the birth of Jesus the Messiah took place in this way. When his mother Mary had been engaged to Joseph, but before they lived together, she was found to be with child from the Holy Spirit. Her husband Joseph, being a righteous man and unwilling to expose her to public disgrace, planned to dismiss her quietly. But just when he had resolved to do this, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream and said, 'Joseph, son of David, do not be afraid to take Mary as your wife, for the child conceived in her is from the Holy Spirit. She will bear a son, and you are to name him Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins.' All this took place to fulfil what had been spoken by the Lord through the prophet:
'Look, the virgin shall conceive and bear a son,
and they shall name him Emmanuel',
which means, 'God is with us.'

Matthew 1:18 – 23

The choir sings:

My soul doth magnify the Lord:
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded:
the lowliness of his handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth:
all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me:
and holy is his Name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him:
throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with his arm:
he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat:
and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things:
and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel:
as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, 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. Amen.

'Magnificat in G' by Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

Poem

The Dean reads:

Who says we've got to offer
with the thorn's splinters gouging,
when there is such a star, and such
a scent, roses and donkeys?

Who makes the stars shine so,
glowing like roses in the dawn?
Who warms the frosty night to be
a sable fur around the king's shoulders?

Here in the stable, no before and afters:
Just the heart's wild excess and the wisps of straw.
What in the end binds to one other? The cross?
No. The child's birthcord.

*Translated by Rowan Williams (b.1950),
from the Russian of Inna Lisnianskaya (1928-2014)*

Silence is kept.

The Advent Collect

The Dean prays:

Almighty God,
give us grace to cast away the works of darkness
and to put on the armour of light,
now in the time of this mortal life,
in which your Son Jesus Christ came to us in great humility;
that on the last day,
when he shall come again in his glorious majesty
to judge the living and the dead,
we may rise to the life immortal;
through him who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.
Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

Awaiting his coming in glory,
as our Saviour taught us, so we pray:

**Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours
now and for ever.
Amen.**

We *STAND* to sing.

**Lo, he comes with clouds descending,
once for favoured sinners slain;
thousand thousand saints attending
swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign.**

**Every eye shall now behold him
robed in dreadful majesty;
we who set at naught and sold him,
pierced and nailed him to the Tree,
deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.**

**Those dear tokens of his passion
still his dazzling body bears,
cause of endless exultation
to his ransomed worshippers:
with what rapture, with what rapture,
with what rapture gaze we on those glorious scars!**

**Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
high on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
claim the kingdom for thine own:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone!**

*Words by Charles Wesley (1707-1788) and John Cennick (1718-1755)
Tune CP 31 Helmsley melody noted by Thomas Olivers (1725-1799)*

The Blessing

The Dean prays:

Christ the Sun of Righteousness shine upon you,
scatter the darkness from before your path,
and make you ready to meet him when he comes in glory;
And the blessing of God Almighty,
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
be among you and remain with you always.
Amen.

The Dismissal

Our Lord says, 'Surely, I come quickly.'
Even so; come, Lord Jesus.

Revelation 22:20

Voluntary

*Please do stay and enjoy the organ voluntary, performed today by
Luke Fitzgerald, Assistant Director of Music.*

Wachet Auf, Ruft uns die Stimme BWV 645 by
J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

*If you would like to make a one-off donation to the Cathedral via your
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