

All Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Words *H. F. Lyte (1793] 1847)*
Music 'E ventide,' *W. H. Monk (1823] 89)*
arr. *Graham Ross (1985] , Clare 2010)*

All sit

Psalm 148

O praise the Lord of heaven: praise him in the height.
2 Praise him, all ye angels of his: praise him, all his host.
3 Praise him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars and light.
4 Praise him, all ye heavens: and ye waters that are above the heavens.
5 Let them praise the Name of the Lord: for he spake the word, and they were made; he commanded, and they were created.
6 He hath made them fast for ever and ever: he hath given them a law which shall not be broken.
7 Praise the Lord upon earth: ye dragons, and all deeps;
8 Fire and hail, snow and vapours: wind and storm, fulfilling his word;
9 Mountains and all hills: fruitful trees and all cedars;
10 Beasts and all cattle: worms and feathered fowls;
11 Kings of the earth and all people: princes and all judges of the world;
12 Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord: for his Name only is excellent, and his praise above heaven and earth.
13 He shall exalt the horn of his people; all his saints shall praise him: even the children of Israel, even the people that serveth him.
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.

Chant *Christopher Robinson (1936]*)

All sit

Reading Ecclesiastes 3

Here begins the 3rd chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes.

To everything there is a season,
and a time for every purpose under heaven:
a time to be born and a time to die,
time for every purpose under heaven

6 a time to search and a time to give up,
a time to keep and a time to throw away,
7 a time to tear and a time to mend,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,
8 a time to love and a time to hate,
a time for war and a time for peace.

9 What do workers gain from their toil?

Hymn

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.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
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.

Choir

A Clare Benediction

May the Lord show his mercy upon you;
may the light of his presence be your guide:
May he guard you and uphold you;
may his spirit be ever by your side.
When you sleep, may his angels watch over you;
when you wake, may he fill you with his grace:
May you love him and serve him all your days,
Then in heaven may you see his face.

Words and Music *Sir John Rutter (1945) , Clare 1964)*

The Choir and clergy leave, after which the congregation is seated