

The Diocese of West Texas

Presents

All Saints, Triumphant, Raise the Song!

A Festival of Hymns for the Church Year

Dr. Robert Delcamp, conductor

Brett Patterson, organist

Daniel Miller, trumpet
Ben Chapman, trumpet

Justin Gonzales, horn
Andrew Converse, trombone

Mike Woods, tuba

St. David's Episcopal Church

The Rev. Lisa Mason, rector

Dr. Benjamin Carlisle, director of music

Saturday, May 6, 2017

4:30 pm

PRELUDE

ALL SAINTS

Please stand for every hymn and sing, and then be seated for the reading that follows.

Hymn 618

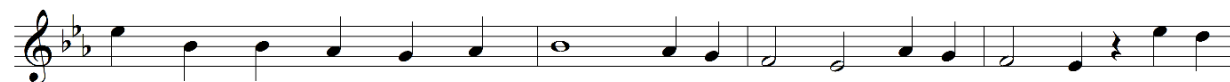
Lasst uns erfreuen, setting by Richard Webster (b. 1952)



1. Ye watch - ers and ye ho - ly ones, bright ser - aphs, cher - u - bim, and thrones,
2. O high - er than the cher - u - bim, more glo - rious than the ser - a - phim,
3. Re - spond, ye souls in end - less rest, ye pa - tri - archs and pro - phets blest,
4. O friends, in glad - ness let us sing, su - per - nal an - thems ech - o - ing,



raise the glad strain, Al - le - lu - ia! Cry out do - min - ions, prince - doms, powers, vir -
lead their prai - ses, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou bear - er of the e - ter - nal Word, most
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Ye ho - ly twelve, ye mar - tyrs strong, all
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, and



tues, arch - an - gels, ang - els' choirs,
gra - cious, mag - ni - fy the Lord, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -
saints tri - um - phant raise the song,
God the Spi - rit, three in One,



lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

A READING: "Goodbye to the Listeners' Row"

from *The Metropolitan Diary* section of *The New York Times* (April 21, 2017)

Dear Diary:

1937, second grade. The class is practicing a song to sing to our first-grade teacher, who is on maternity leave and coming to visit. I am really excited and singing my heart out. The teacher taps me on the shoulder and says, "Go sit in the listeners' row."

1941, the local settlement house. Private music lessons are 25 cents. My father would love to hear me play the violin. We go to Mr. Gerber's music store, and for \$10 I get a violin, a bow, resin and a cardboard carrying case. I have my first lesson and practice religiously for a week. The next week I return with quarter in hand and joyously play for my teacher. "Why don't you try another instrument?" he says.

1951, Brooklyn College. I am working toward my degree in elementary education. One of the required courses is how to teach music. At the end of the semester, the professor says, "Be sure you always have a record player to teach vocal music."

2017, the Riverdale Y senior center. Andy is returning to start a chorus. Everyone had so much fun with him last year. I work up my courage and go into the room. "Sure," he says, "come on and join us."

After 80 years, I can sing.

ADVENT

Hymn 59

Merton, setting by R. Webster and Eberhard Ramm



1. Hark! a thrill - ing voice is sound - ing. "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
2. Wak - ened by the sol - emn warn - ing, from earth's bond - age let us rise;
3. Lo! the Lamb, so long ex - spect - ed, comes with pard - on down from heaven;
4. so when next he comes with glo - ry, and the world is wrapped in fear,
5. Hon - or, glo - ry, might, and bless - ing to the Fa - ther and the Son,



"Cast a - way the works of dark - ness, O ye child - ren of the day."
Christ, our sun, all sloth dis - pell - ing, shines up - on the morn - ing skies.
let us haste, with tears of sor - row, one and all to be for - given;
may he with his mer - cy shield us, and with words of love draw near.
with the ev - er - last - ing Spi - rit while un - end - ing a - ges run.

A READING: *from the writings of Alice Parker (b. 1925)*

A song does not exist until it is sung, or re-created, by a human voice. Every incarnation is different, and no one sound is the only right one. This is a paradox. A page of music seems to present a finished product, yet it contains no sound. (Hold it up to your ear: Can you hear it?) The song doesn't live until it comes off the page and resumes its natural state as sound. The page cannot more substitute for living sound than a recipe can for edible food. Singing is the most human, most companionable of the arts. It joins us together in the whole realm of sound, forging a group identity where there were only individuals and making a communicative statement that far transcends what any one of us could do alone. It is a paradigm of union with the Creator.

Hymn 57 *Helmsley*, Setting by John Rutter (b. 1945), R. Webster, & David Willcocks (1919-2015)

1. Lo! he comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, once for our sal - va - tion
 2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold him, robed in dread - ful ma - jes -
 3. Those dear to - kens of his pas - sion still his daz - zling bo - dy
 4. Yea, a - men! let all a - dore thee, high on thine e - ter - nal
 slain; thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing swell the tri - umph
 ty; those who set at nought and sold him, pierced, and nailed him
 bears, cause of end - less ex - ul - ta - tion to his ran - somed
 throne; Sa - vior, take the power and glo - ry; claim the king - dom
 of his train: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 to the tree, deep - ly wail - ing, deep - ly wail - ing,
 wor - ship - ers; with what rap - ture, with what rap - ture,
 for thine own: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord re - turns to reign.
 deep - ly wail - ing, shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
 with what rap - ture gaze we on those glo - rious scars!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Thou shalt reign, and thou a - lone.

CHRISTMAS

A READING, *Annunciation*, from *La Corona*, John Donne (1607)

Salvation to all that will is nigh;
 That All, which always is All everywhere,
 Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
 Which cannot die, yet cannot choose but die,
 Lo, faithful Virgin, yields himself to lie
 In prison, in thy womb; and though He there
 Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet He'll wear,
 Taken from thence, flesh, which death's force may try.
 Ere by the spheres time was created, thou
 Wast in His mind, who is thy Son, and Brother,
 Whom thou conceiv'st, conceived; yea thou art now
 Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother;
 Thou hast light in dark, and shutst in little room,
 Immensity cloistered in thy dear womb.

Hymn 83

Adeste fideles, Setting by Craig Phillips (b. 1961) and D. Willcocks



1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O come ye, O
 2. God, from God, Light from Light e - ter - nal, lo! he ab -
 3. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, sing, all ye
 4. Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this hap - py mor - ning; Je - sus, to



come ye to Beth - le - hem; come, and be - hold him, born the King of an - gels;
 hors not the Vir - gin's womb; on - ly - be - got - ten Son of the Fa - ther;
 ci - ti - zens of heaven a - bove; glo - ry to God, glo - ry in the high - est;
 thee be glo - ry - given; Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing;



O come, let us a-dore him, O come, let us a-dore him, O come, let us a-dore him, Christ, the Lord.

EPIPHANY

A READING: *Journey of the Magi*, T.S. Eliot

'A cold coming we had of it,
 Just the worst time of the year
 For a journey, and such a journey:
 The ways deep and the weather sharp,
 The very dead of winter.'
 And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
 Lying down in the melting snow.
 There were times we regretted
 The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
 And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
 Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
 And running away, and wanting their liquor and women,
 And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,
 And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
 And the villages dirty and charging high prices:
 A hard time we had of it.
 At the end we preferred to travel all night,
 Sleeping in snatches,
 With the voices singing in our ears, saying
 That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
 Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
 With a running stream and a water-mill beating the darkness,
 And three trees on the low sky,
 And an old white horse galloped in away in the meadow.
 Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
 Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,

And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like
Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.

Please remain seated while the choir sings

AN ANTHEM, *We Three Kings*

We three Kings of orient are,
bearing gifts we traverse afar.
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
gold I bring to crown him again.
King forever, ceasing never
over us all to reign.

(Refrain:) O star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright;
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.

arr. Philip Stopford, b. 1977

Frankincense to offer have I.
Incense owns a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
worship him, God most high.
Myrrh is mine its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb. (Refrain)

Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and sacrifice,
Heaven sings 'Alleluia,'
'Alleluia', the earth replies. (Refrain.)

LENT

A READING: *from the writings of Dietrich Bonhoeffer (1906-1945)*

Why do Christians sing when they are together? The reason is, quite simply, because in singing together it is possible for them to speak and pray the same Word at the same time; in other words, because they can unite in the Word. There should be singing, not only at devotions, but at regular times of the day or week. The more we sing, the more joy will we derive from it. But above all, the more devotion and discipline and joy we put into our singing, the richer will be the blessing that will come to the whole life of the fellowship from singing together. It is not you that sings; it is the Church that is singing, and you, as a member of the Church, may share in its song. Thus all singing together that is right must serve to widen our spiritual horizon and make us see our little company as a member of the great Christian Church on earth, and help us willingly and gladly to join our singing, be it feeble or good, to the song of the Church.



All 1. My song is love un-known, my Sa-vior's love to me, love
Men 2. He came from his blest throne, sal-va-tion to be-stow, but
All 3. Some-times they strew his way, and his strong prai-ses sing, re-
Women 4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He
Choir only 5. They rise, and needs will have, my dear Lord made a-way; a
All 6. Here might I stay and sing, no sto-ry so di-vine: nev-

to the love-less shown that they might love-ly be. O
men made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know. But
sound-ing all the day ho-san-nas to their King. Then
made the lame to run, he gave the blind their sight. Sweet
mur-der-er they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet
er was love, dear King, nev-er was grief—like thine. This

who am I that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die?
O my friend, my friend in-deed, who at my need his life did spend.
"Cru-ci-fy!" is all their breadth, and for his death they thirst and cry.
in-ju-ries! Yet they at these them-selves dis-please, and 'gainst him rise.
stead-fast he to suf-fering goes, that he his foes from thence might free.
is my friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could glad-ly spend.

PASSIONTIDE

A READING: *from a sermon of Peter Chrysologus, Bishop of Ravenna (ca. 450)*

Offer your soul to God, make him an oblation of your fasting, so that your soul may be a pure offering, a holy sacrifice, a living victim, remaining your own and at the same time made over to God. Whoever fails to give this to God will not be excused, for if you are to give him yourself you are never without the means of giving. To make these acceptable, mercy must be added. Fasting bears no fruit unless it is watered by mercy. Fasting dries up when mercy dries up. Mercy is to fasting as rain is to the earth. However much you cultivate your heart, clear the soil of your nature—root out vices, sow virtues—if you do not release the springs of mercy, your fasting will bear no fruit. When you fast, your mercy is thin, your harvest will be thin; when you fast, what you pour out in mercy overflows into your barn. Therefore, do not lose by saving, but gather in by scattering. Give to the poor, and you give to yourself. You will not be allowed to keep what you have refused to give others.



1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san-na cry; thy hum - ble
2. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die; O Christ, thy
3. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! The an - gel ar - mies of the sky look down with
4. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Thy last and fier - cest strife is nigh; the Fa - ther
5. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die; bow thy meek



beast pur - sues his road with palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.
 tri - umphs now be - gin o'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
 sad and won - dering eyes to see the ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
 on his sap - phire throne ex - pects his own a - noint - ed Son.
 head to mor - tal pain, then take, O God, thy power and reign.

EASTER

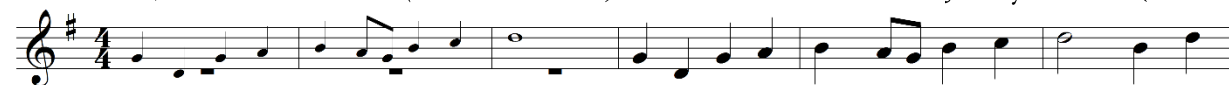
A READING: from *The Road to Emmaus*, Fredrick Beuchner (1966)

The sacred moments, the moments of miracle, are often the everyday moments, the moments which, if we do not look with more than our eyes or listen with more than our ears, reveal only...the gardener, a stranger coming down the road behind us, a meal like any other meal. But if we look with our hearts, if we listen with all of our being and our imagination—if we live our lives not from vacation to vacation, from escape to escape, but from the miracle of one instant of our precious lives to the miracle of the next—what we may see is Jesus himself, what we may hear is the first faint sound of a voice somewhere deep within us saying that there is a purpose in this life, in our lives, whether we can understand it completely or not; and that this purpose follows behind us through all our doubting and being afraid, through all our indifference and boredom, to a moment when suddenly we know for sure that everything does make sense because everything is in the hands of God, one of whose names is forgiveness, another is love. This is what the stories about Jesus' coming back to life mean, because Jesus was the love of God, alive among us, and not all the cruelty and blindness of men could kill him.

Please remain seated to sing the canticle. The refrain is sung at the beginning and where indicated.

A CANTICLE, *Christ our Passover (Pascha Nostrum)*

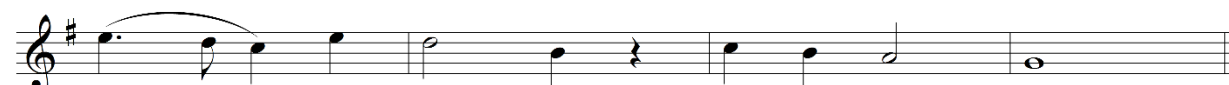
Jeffrey Rickard (b.1942)



Al - le - lu - ia! Christ our Pass - ov - er has been



sac - ri - ficed for us; there - fore let us keep the feast, Al - le - lu - ia,



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

Not with the old leaven, the leaven of malice and evil,
 but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth, Alleluia! (*Refrain*)

Christ being raised from the dead will never die again; death no longer has dominion over Him.
 The death that He died, He died to sin, once for all; but the life He lives, He lives to God.
 So also consider yourselves dead to sin, and alive to God in Jesus Christ our Lord. Alleluia! (*Refrain*)

Christ being raised from the dead, the first fruits of them who have fallen asleep.
 For since by a man came death, by a man has come also the resurrection of the dead.
 For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive.
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia! (*Refrain*)

Please stand and sing

Hymn 207

Easter Hymn, Setting by C. Phillips

1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - le - lu - ia! our tri - um - phant
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia! un - to Christ, our
 3. But the pains which he en - dured, Al - le - lu - ia! our sal - va - tion
 4. Sing we to our God a - bove, Al - le - lu - ia! praises e - ter - nal

ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia! who did once up - on the cross,
 heaven - ly King, Al - le - lu - ia! who en - dured the cross and grave,
 have pro - cured, Al - le - lu - ia! now a - bove the sky he's King,
 as his love, Al - le - lu - ia! praise him, all ye heaven - ly host,

Al - le - lu - ia! suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! where the an - gels ev - er sing. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Al - le - lu - ia!

THE HOLY TRINITY

A READING: *An Apostrophe to the Heavenly Hosts, drawn from Eastern Liturgies*

Invoking the thrice-threelfold company of the heavenly hosts, sing we:
 Fire unquenchable encircling the resplendent and life-giving Trinity,
 Ye six-winged Seraphim, and ye, the many-eyed Cherubim
 who soar aloft and are borne on pinions,
 Hymning in answering ranks the Thrice Holy,
 And ye, the Thrones that unite with them in the first hierarchy of heaven,
 Praise, O praise the King of Glory, and transform our praises into
 the likeness of your heavenly song. *Amen.*
 Ye who perform the one eternal will,
 Ye orders of Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
 Conform our will to his, the Strong, the Holy, the Unchanging Lord. *Amen.*
 Ye ministering angels, messengers of grace,
 Virtues, who govern men,
 And myriad hosts of Archangels and Angels, succour and defend us.
 Hail, ye countless hosts,
 Praise with us the One Holy, the One Holy Strong, the One Holy Immortal. *Amen.*

Hymn

St. Patrick's Breastplate

All. 1. I bind un - to my - self to - day, The strong name
of the Tri - ni - ty, By in - vo - ca - tion of the
same, The Three in One, and One in Three.

~Stanzas 2-7 begin here..~

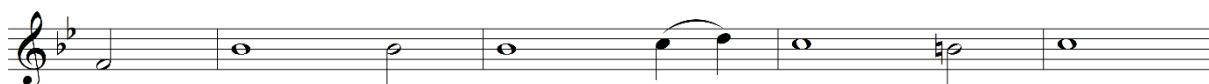
Men. 2. I bind this day to me for ev - er,
Women. 3. I bind un - to my - self the power
All. 4. I bind un - to my - self to day
Choir only. 5. I bind un - to my - self to - day
All. 6. A - gainst the de - mon snares of sin,
All. 7. A - gainst all Sa - tan's spells and wiles,

2. By pow - er of faith, Christ's In - car - na - tion;
— 3. Of the great love of Cher - u - bim;
4. The vir - tues of the star - lit heaven,
5. The pow - er of God to hold and lead,
6. The vice that gives temp - ta - tion force,
7. A - gainst fake words of he - re - sy,

2. His bap - tism in Jor - dan ri - ver;
3. The sweet "Well - done in judge - ment hour;
4. The glo - rious sun's life - giv - ing ray,
5. His eye to watch, His might to stay,
6. The na - tu - ral lusts that war with - in
7. A - gainst the know - ledge that de - files,

2. His death on cross for my sal - va - tion;
3. The ser - vice of the Ser - a - phim,
4. The white - ness of the moon at e - ven,
5. His ear to heark - en to my need.
6. The hos - tile men that mar my course.
7. A gainst the heart's i - do - la - try.

~The Hymn continues on the next page. Please return to this page for the start of stanzas 3-7.~



All. 2. His burst - ing from the spic - ed tomb;
Men. 3. Con - fess - ors' faith, A - pos - tles' word,
(All.) 4. The flash - ing of the light - ning free,
All. 5. The wis - dom of my God to teach,
(All.) 6. Or few or ma - ny far or nigh,
(All.) 7. A - gainst the wiz - ard's e - vil craft,



2. His rid - ing up the heaven - ly way;
 3. The Pa - triarch's prayers, the Pro - phets' scrolls,
 4. The whirl - ing winds' tem - pes - tuous shocks,
 5. His hand to guide, His shield to ward;
 6. In ev' - ry place, and in all hours,
 7. A - gainst the death - wound and the burning,



2. His com - ing at the day of doom;
All. 3. All good deeds done un - to the Lord,
 4. the sta - ble earth, the deep salt sea,
 5. The word of God to give me speech,
 6. A - gainst their fierce hos - ti - li - ty,
 7. The chok - ing wave, the poi - soned shaft,



2. I bind un - to my - self to - day
 3. And pu - ri - ty of vir - gin souls.
 4. A - round the old e - ter - nal rocks.
 5. His heaven - ly host to be my guard.
 6. I bind to me these ho - ly powers
 7. Pro - tect me, Christ, till Thy re - turning.

~ Please return to the previous page for the start of stanzas 3-7.~
 ~Stanza 8 follows, below.~



All. 8. Christ be with me, Christ with-in me, Christ be-hind me, Christ be-fore me,
Choir only. Christ be - neath me, Christ a - bove me, Christ in qui - et, Christ in dan - ger,



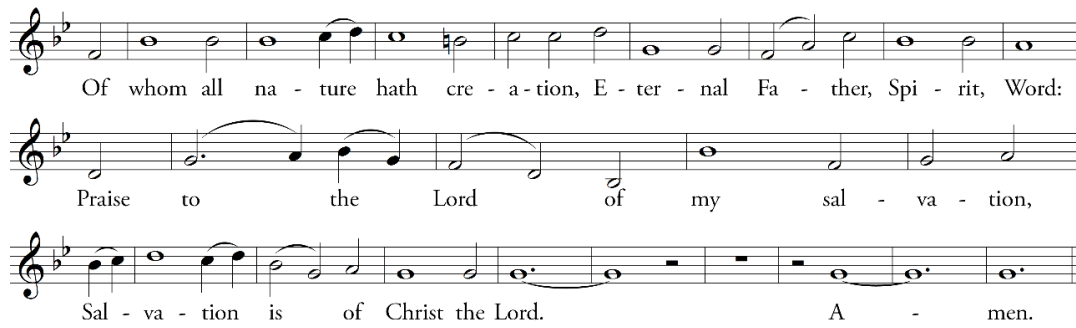
Christ be-side me, Christ to win me, Christ to com - fort and re - store me,
 Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stran - ger.



9. I bind un - to my - self the Name, The strongname of the Tri - ni - ty;



~The hymn continues on the next page.~



Of whom all na - ture hath cre - a - tion, E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Spi - rit, Word:
Praise to the Lord of my sal - va - tion,
Sal - va - tion is of Christ the Lord. A - men.

THE VOICE OF CREATION

A READING: *from the writings of Abraham Herschel (1907-1972)*

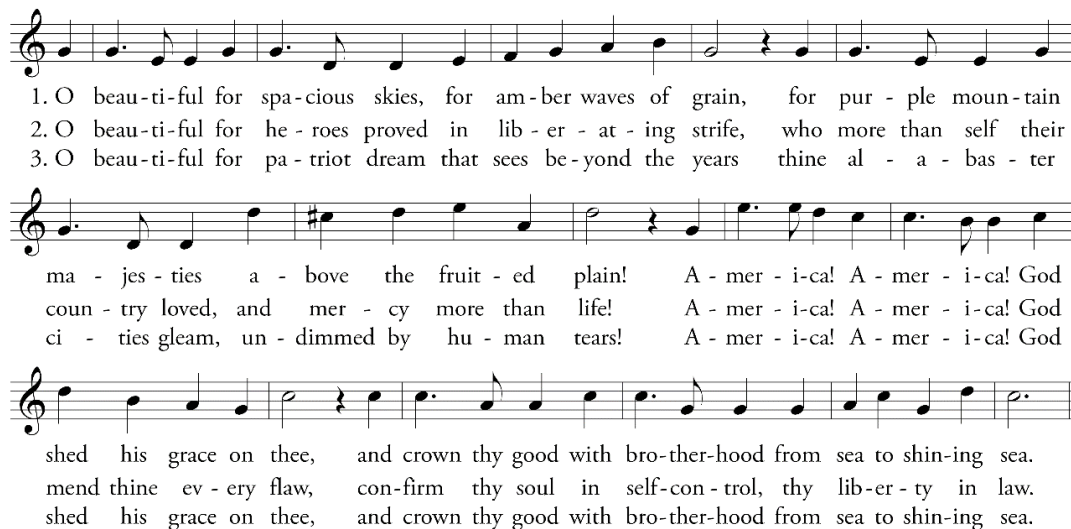
The Hebrew word or “cantor” is ba’al tefillah, ‘master of prayer.’ The cantor does not stand before the Ark as an artist in isolation, trying to demonstrate skill or displaying vocal feats. The cantor stands before the Ark not as an individual but with a congregation. “The heavens declare the glory of God.” How do they declare it? “There is no speech nor language; neither is there a voice to hear.” The heavens have no voice; their glory is inaudible. It is the task of people to reveal what is concealed; to be the voice of the glory, to sing its silence, to utter what is in the heart of all things. The glory is there—invisible and silent. Man is the voice; woman is the voice; their task is to be the song. The cosmos is a congregation in need of a cantor. Humanity is the cantor of the universe. To sing means to sense and to affirm that the Spirit is real and that glory is present. In singing we perceive what is otherwise beyond perceiving. Song, and particularly liturgical song, is not only an act of expression, but also a way of bringing down the Spirit from heaven to earth.

A PRAYER:

As cantors of the universe, let us pray for this land which God has entrusted to us. Almighty God, who hast given us this good land for our heritage: We humbly beseech thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of thy favor and glad to do thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Save us from violence, discord, and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Defend our liberties, and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those to whom in thy Name we entrust the authority of government, that there may be justice and peace at home, and that, through obedience to thy law, we may show forth thy praise among the nations of the earth. In the time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble, suffer not our trust in thee to fail; all which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Hymn

Materna, arr. R. Webster



1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, for am-ber waves of grain, for pur-ple moun-tain
2. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved in lib-er-at-ing strife, who more than self their
3. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream that sees be-yond the years thine al-a-bas-ter
ma-jes-ties a-bove the fruit-ed plain! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
coun-try loved, and mer-cy more than life! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
ci-ties gleam, un-dimmed by hu-man tears! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
shed his grace on thee, and crown thy good with bro-ther-hood from sea to shin-ing sea.
mend thine ev-ery flaw, con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, thy lib-er-ty in law.
shed his grace on thee, and crown thy good with bro-ther-hood from sea to shin-ing sea.

POSTLUDE