



Great Sacred Music

Before the ending of the day

1pm Thursday 18 November 2021

A 35-minute sequence to speak to heart, head and soul, led by **Revd Dr Sam Wells**, exploring through song and word the great classical music of our religious heritage.

Performed by **St Martin's Voices**

Directed and accompanied by **Polina Sosnina**

Choir: Te lucis ante terminum – Plainsong

Hymn: The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended

Choir: Miserere mihi Domine – Byrd

Choir: Nunc dimittis from 'Short Service' – Byrd

Choir: Abendlied – Rheinberger

Hymn: Abide with me

Choir: The long day closes – Sullivan

Join us:

**Every Thursday at 1pm for
Great Sacred Music**

**and this Sunday 21 November at 3.15pm for
the final Choral Classics of 2021**

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended (t. Saint Clement)

- 1 The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
 The darkness falls at thy behest;
 To thee our morning hymns ascended,
 Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.
- 2 We thank thee that thy church unsleeping,
 While earth rolls onward into light,
 Through all the world her watch is keeping,
 And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
 The dawn leads on another day,
 The voice of prayer is never silent,
 Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
 Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
 Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
 Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826–1893)

Abide with me (t. Eventide)

- 1 Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
when other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 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.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

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*St Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, London , WC2N 4JJ
Telephone: 020 7766 1100; www.smitf.org; email: clergyoffice@smitf.org*