

St Alban's Church Bristol

Evensong Trinity Sunday June 2008

Hymns from Common Praise (Large print copies are available)

1. When Israel came | out of | Egypt:
And the house of Jacob from a | mong the | strange | people,

2. Judah | was his | sanctuary :
And | Israel | his do | minion.

3. The sea saw | that and | fled :
Jor | dan was | driven | back,

4. The mountains | skipped like | rams :
And the little | hills like | young | sheep.

5. What aileth thee O thou | sea • that thou | fleddest:
And thou Jordan that | thou wast | driven | back ?

6. Ye mountains that ye | skipped like | rams :
And ye little | hills like | young | sheep ?

7. Tremble thou earth at the presence | of the | Lord :
At the presence | of the | God of | Jacob ;

8. Who turned the hard rock into a | standing | water :
And the flint-stone | into • a | springing | well.

Glory | be • to the | Father;
and to the Son, | and • to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the be | ginning • is | now:
And ever shall be, | world with • out | end A | men.

Opening hymn	368 All my hope on God is founded
Psalm	114 (Please join in)
Hymn	386 Be thou my vision
Canticles	Walmisley in D minor
Anthem	Legend - Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
Hymn	15 God that madest earth and heaven
Closing hymn	400 City of God

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893) is best known as the composer of 6 symphonies and some of the world's most performed ballets including Swan Lake, The Nutcracker and Sleeping Beauty.

The haunting 'Legend', from his 'Childrens' Songs, was arranged by the composer for mixed voices. We are singing an English translation:-

Fair was the garden, blest with flowers,
Where Jesus strayed in childhood's hours;
Tending the red rose blossoms there,
Meet for a crown for him to wear.
To see the roses in their prime,
The children came at morning time,
They plucked the flowers in wanton play,
Strewing yhe petals on their way.
"How wilt thou twine a garland fair,
The flowers are dead, the tree is bare"
Then he replied "I surely gain
A crown of thorns, for they remain"
Then of the thorns the children made
A crown of glory ne'er to fade,
And in the red rose blossoms place
Were drops of blood, His brow to grace.