Sunday Service Sheet

10.30am Sunday 1st November 2026
All Saints Day
Ordinary Time Booklet
President: The Ven. Michael Everitt
Preacher: The Revd. Canon Benjamin Carter
Setting: Haydn *Missa Brevis*

Organ Voluntary

J.S. Bach Trio Sonata No.6 in G major, BWV 530

Processional Hymn

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Alleluya! Alleluya!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress,
and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true light.

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

O blest communion! Fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest:
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on his way.

From earth's wide bounds,
from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl
streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

REH 255. Words: W. Walsham How (1823-97)
Music: Sine nomine, by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

The Collect

Almighty God, you have knit together your elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of your Son Christ our Lord: grant us grace so to follow your blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those inexpressible joys that you have prepared for those who truly love you; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

The First Reading

After this I looked, and there was a great multitude that no one could count, from every nation, from all tribes and peoples and languages, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, robed in white, with palm branches in their hands. They cried out in a loud voice, saying, 'Salvation belongs to our God who is seated on the throne, and to the Lamb!' And all the angels stood around the throne and around the elders and the four living creatures, and they fell on their faces before the throne and worshipped God, singing, 'Amen! Blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honour and power and might be to our God for ever and ever! Amen.' Then one of the elders addressed me, saying, 'Who are these, robed in white, and where have they come from?' I said to him, 'Sir, you are the one that knows.' Then he said to me, 'These are they who have come out of the great ordeal; they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. For this reason they are before the throne of God, and worship him day and night within his temple, and the one who is seated on the throne will shelter them. They will hunger no more, and thirst no more; the sun will not strike them, nor any scorching heat; for the Lamb at the centre of the throne will be their shepherd, and he will guide them to springs of the water of life, and God will wipe away every tear from their eyes.'

Revelation 7. 9-end

Gradual Hymn

Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through his cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
'Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, that made them so.

They were mortal too like us;
Ah! When we like them must die,
May our souls translated thus
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

REH 312. Words: James Montgomery (1771–1854)
Music: Palms of Glory, by William Dalrymple Maclagan (1826–1910)

The Gospel Reading

When Jesus saw the crowds, he went up the mountain; and after he sat down, his disciples came to him. Then he began to speak, and taught them, saying: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. 'Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted. 'Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth. 'Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God. 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God. 'Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. 'Blessed are you when people revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great in heaven, for in the same way they persecuted the prophets who were before you.

Matthew 5. 1-12

Offertory Hymn

Who are these, like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand;
Whence comes all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, like priests, have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve him still:
Now, in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face.

REH 313. Words: Heinrich Theobald Schenck (1656–1727)
translated by Frances Cox (1812–97)
Music: All Saints from Geistreiches Gesangbuch Darmstadt, 1698
adapted by William Henry Monk (1823–89)

Music during Communion

Thiman *Saraband on a Ground*
Willan *O how glorious*

Post Communion Prayer

Lord of heaven, in this eucharist you have brought us near to an innumerable company of angels and to the spirits of the saints made perfect: as in this food of our earthly pilgrimage we have shared their fellowship, so may we come to share their joy in heaven; through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

Final Hymn

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blessed,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

REH 490. Words: Bernard of Cluny (1090–1153)
Music: Ewing. By Alexander Ewing (1830–95)

Organ Voluntary

Dupré *Toccata "Placare Christus Servulis"*