

Evensong, St. John the Evangelist Episcopal Church

60 Kent Street, St. Paul, MN

The Choir of St. John the Evangelist

Sonya Subbayya Sutton, Interim Director of Music

Sophia Subbayya Vastek, pianist

Sunday, April 15, 2018

The Third Sunday of Easter

Preces and Responses: John Graham, "The Crosier Service"

Magnificat and Nunc dimittis: David Hogan, "Mount St. Albans"

Anthems

Cantate Domino

Claudio Monteverdi

Cantate Domino canticum novum,	Sing to the Lord a new song,
Cantate et benedicite nomini ejus,	sing and give praise to his name,
Quia mirabilia fecit.	for he has done marvelous deeds.
Cantate et exultate et psallite	Sing and exult and praise
In cythara et voce psalmi,	with harp and the sound of psalms,
Quia mirabilia fecit.	for he has done marvelous deeds.

Sing a New Song

James McMillan

Oh, sing to the LORD a new song! Sing to the LORD, all the earth.
Sing to the LORD, bless His name; Proclaim the good news of His salvation from day to day. (Psalm 96:1-2)

The hymn is sung by all, standing

HYMN 420

When in our music God is glorified

ENGELBERG

Serenade to Music

Ralph Vaughan Williams

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:

There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st but in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, *we cannot hear it.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn! With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

And draw her home with music.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music. The reason is, your spirits are attentive –

The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; The motions of his spirit are dull as night

And his affections dark as Erebus:

Let no such man be trusted. Music! hark!

It is your music of the house. Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Silence bestows that virtue on it how many things by season season'd are

To their right praise and true perfection!

Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion and would not be awak'd.

Soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony. (Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V:1)

The Music of Living

Dan Forrest

Giver of life, Creator of all that is lovely, teach me to sing the words to your song. I want to feel the music of living; and not fear the sad songs but from them make new songs composed of both laughter and tears.

Giver of life, creator of all that is lovely, teach me to dance to the sounds of your world. I want to move in rhythm with your plan. Help me to follow your leading, to risk even falling, to rise and keep trying, for you are leading the dance.