

HOLY INNOCENTS FALLOWFIELD

“In peace I will lie down and sleep”
A Vigil for the late Queen.



Sunday 18th September 2022, 7.15pm

*This evening's meditation is made up of music,
light and silence and some parts of the Office of Compline.
The poems are not read aloud but are there for reflection.*

Music is heard, please join in if you wish.

It will end at 8pm,

with the national silence at the door of the church.

It begins with organ music, as individual candles are lit.

We hear:

Now is eternal life, if risen with Christ we stand,
In him to life reborn, and holden in his hand;
No more we fear death's ancient dread,
in Christ arisen from the dead.

And God, the living God, stooped down to our estate;
By death destroying death, Christ opened wide life's gate.
He lives, who died; he reigns on high;
who lives in him shall never die.

Unfathomed love divine, reign thou within my heart;
From thee nor depth nor height, nor life nor death can part;
Our life is hid in God with thee,
now and through all eternity.

Charles Wesley (sung by Holy Innocents' Choir)

The Lord Almighty grant us a quiet night and a perfect end.

Amen.

Our help is in the name of the Lord.

Who has made heaven and earth.

A time of silence follows.

Evening will come, however determined the late afternoon,
Limes and oaks in their last green flush,
pearled in September mist.

I have conjured a lily to light these hours, a token of thanks,
Zones and auras of soft glare framing the brilliant globes.
A promise made and kept for life - that was your gift -
Because of which, here is a gift in return, glovewort to some,
Each shining bonnet guarded by stern lance-like leaves.
The country loaded its whole self into your slender hands,
Hands that can rest, now, relieved of a century's weight.

Evening has come. Rain on the black lochs and dark Munros.
Lily of the Valley, a namesake almost, a favourite flower
Interlaced with your famous bouquets, the restrained
Zeal and forceful grace of its lanterns, each inflorescence
A silent bell disguising a singular voice. A blurred new day
Breaks uncrowned on remote peaks and public parks, and
Everything turns on these luminous petals and deep roots,
This lily that thrives between spire and tree, whose brightness
Holds and glows beyond the life and border of its bloom.

ELIZABETH (Simon Armitage, Poet Laureate)



**God, that madest earth and heaven, darkness and light;;
Who the day for toil hast given, for rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us, each livelong night.**

**Guard us waking, guard us sleeping; And, when we die,
may we in thy mighty keeping all peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us - with thee on high.**

(A recording by Holy Innocents' Choir – soloist Emyr Lloyd Jones)

*Candles are placed around the picture of the late Queen, on the font.
The Paschal Candle is lit as we hear:*

Wisdom shines like the sun – so she may soon be found by
those who seek. And her light shall never fade or die –
easily discerned by those who love her well.
She seeks out all who want to know her,
to free them from their care: all who think, watch or wait
shall see her in their paths and in their every thought.
So that wisdom may grow for learning we should have such
great desire - that from learning wisdom grows in its turn,
and our hearts will ever heed her holy laws.
Thus, a lifelong search for wisdom, if we keep it all our days
In our hearts will abide
and guide us by God's grace to our eternal home.

*(Words from the book of Wisdom, to music by Anne Dudley,
soloists Joanna Gait and Joel Heritage)*

After a time of silence:

Music: Thomas Tallis (c1515–85), Third Mode Melody

Some verses from Psalm 91 are read, then:

The servants of the Lamb shall see the face of God,
whose name will be on their foreheads.
There will be no more night: they will not need the light
of a lamp or the light of the sun, for God will be their light,
and they will reign for ever and ever.

Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.
Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.
For you have redeemed me, Lord God of truth.
I commend my spirit.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.
Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

We hear:

Faire is the heaven, where happy soules have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Majestie;
Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternall burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On God's owne Person, without rest or end.
These then in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is the Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the rest which there appear,
Though all their beauties joynd together were;
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

(Anthem by WH Harris, to words by Edmund Spenser)

When we lose from our accustomed world
 Something that had been part of the map
 By which we thought we might manage
 To find a way along what seems
 like an increasingly difficult path,
 We know there is little point
 in dwelling too long on the inevitability
 That dictates that everything ends;
 Yet knowing the way a story concludes
 Doesn't make the actual ending any easier,
 nor transform to any extent
 The way in which the playwright writes the concluding act,
 the final lines.

Our picture of the world we inhabit
 is made up of the daily and the familiar,
 Of places that form the background
 Of our ordinary lives, always present,
 Like certain people we assume
 will not really have to leave us,
 And then suddenly are no longer there,
 And we notice their loss,
 as if the lights have been suddenly dimmed,
 Or a clock that was ticking has fallen silent, its hands
 Stopping at an arbitrary and unremarkable time:
 A moment when most of us were doing nothing special,
 Before we were told that something we knew must happen,
 has happened.

It is at such times that reaching the end of the final act,
 the point at which the stage curtain must fall,
 We realise what it is that we miss
 in the normal way we lead our lives;
 And we look for things that are permanent,
 And not glibly imitated, nor for sale:
 Duty and kindness, old-fashioned virtues
 that we should never have dreamed
 We did not need,
 but without which the play in which we all are actors
 Will not end well; we see these qualities,
 and understand, with sudden shock,
 How much we need one another,
 how much we want to do better
 With our bruised and suffering world,
 How much we want love, not selfishness,
 to be the note to which the orchestra tunes,
 The note taken up by the chorus, and sung
 Loud enough to drown out all the other noise.

A DAY IN SEPTEMBER *Alexander McCall Smith*

Almighty God,
 by triumphing over the powers of darkness
 Christ has prepared a place for us in the new Jerusalem:
 may we, who have this day given thanks for his resurrection,
 praise him in the eternal city of which he is the light;
 through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

Music:
 J.S. Bach (1685-1750), Sarabande in G minor, BWV 839



A time of silence follows.

**Now rest beneath night's shadow
 The woodland, field, and meadow;
 the world in slumber lies.
 But you, my heart, awaking
 And prayer and music making,
 let praise to your Creator rise.**



**The radiant sun has vanished,
 His golden rays are banished from dark'ning skies of night;
 But Christ, the Sun of gladness,
 Dispelling all our sadness,
 shines down on us in warmest light.**



**Now all the heav'nly splendour
 Breaks forth in starlight tender
 from myriad worlds unknown;
 And we, this marvel seeing,
 Forget our selfish being, for joy of beauty not our own.**

**Lord Jesus, since You love me,
 Now spread Your wings above me
 and shield me from alarm.
 Though evil would devour me,
 Let angel guards sing o'er me:
 this child of God shall meet no harm.**



**So, loved ones, rest securely,
 For God this night will surely
 from peril guard your head.
 Sweet slumbers may He send you
 And bid His hosts attend you
 and through the night watch o'er your bed.**

(Innsbruck, sung by the choir of Holy Innocents)

*As we approach 8pm, we hear a setting of the Nunc Dimittis.
 Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace
 According to thy word.
 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
 which thou hast prepared before the face of all people.
 To be a light to lighten the Gentiles
 and to be the glory of thy people Israel.
 Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the holy
 Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,
 world without end, Amen.*

*While it is sung, please move to collect a candle and carry it to the
 door of church, where we keep a minute's silent witness with our
 local community. Then we say together:*

**Into your hands, O merciful Saviour
 we commend your servant, a sheep of your own fold,
 a lamb of your own flock,
 a sinner of your own redeeming.
 Receive her into the arms of your mercy,
 into the blessed rest of everlasting peace,
 and into the glorious company of the saints in light.
 Amen.**

**Rest eternal grant to her, O Lord,
 And let light perpetual shine upon her.**

In peace we will lie down and sleep;
for you alone, Lord, make us dwell in safety.
 Abide with us, O Lord
for the night is at hand and the day is now past.

The Lord bless us and watch over us;
 the Lord make his face to shine upon us
 and be gracious to us;
the Lord look kindly on us and give us peace. Amen.

Please leave the church quietly.