



**St Stephen Walbrook**

City of London



# **Music and Readings for Ukraine**

**Friday 18<sup>th</sup> March 2022 at 6pm**

***In support of the Red Cross  
Appeal for Ukraine***



Choir: The Choral Scholars of St Stephen Walbrook

Directed & accompanied by: Phoebe Tak Man Chow

Introduced by: Revd Stephen Baxter, Parish Priest

All donations by cash or contactless received this evening will be paid by the church to the Red Cross Ukraine Crisis Appeal.

If you are a UK tax payer, please complete a Gift Aid envelope.

Link to Red Cross website for donations:

<https://donate.redcross.org.uk/appeal/ukraine-crisis-appeal>

## **Choir: Lead kindly light**

*Words by John Henry Newman (1801-90); tune: Sandon by Charles H Purday (1799-1885)*

## **Welcome**

## **Reading: Psalm 31**

*Read by Phillip Dawson, Ordinand*

In you, O Lord, I seek refuge;  
do not let me ever be put to shame;  
in your righteousness deliver me.  
Incline your ear to me;  
rescue me speedily.  
Be a rock of refuge for me,  
a strong fortress to save me.  
You are indeed my rock and my fortress;  
for your name's sake lead me and guide me,  
take me out of the net that is hidden for me,  
for you are my refuge.  
Into your hand I commit my spirit;  
you have redeemed me, O Lord, faithful God.  
You hate those who pay regard to worthless idols,  
but I trust in the Lord.  
I will exult and rejoice in your steadfast love,  
because you have seen my affliction;  
you have taken heed of my adversities,  
and have not delivered me into the hand of the enemy;  
you have set my feet in a broad place.  
But I trust in you, O Lord;  
I say, 'You are my God.'  
My times are in your hand;  
deliver me from the hand of my enemies and persecutors.  
Let your face shine upon your servant;  
save me in your steadfast love.  
O how abundant is your goodness  
that you have laid up for those who fear you,  
and accomplished for those who take refuge in you,  
in the sight of everyone!  
In the shelter of your presence you hide them  
from human plots;  
you hold them safe under your shelter  
from contentious tongues.  
Blessed be the Lord,  
for he has wondrously shown his steadfast love to me  
when I was beset as a city under siege.  
I had said in my alarm,

'I am driven far from your sight.'  
But you heard my supplications  
when I cried out to you for help.  
Love the Lord, all you his saints.  
The Lord preserves the faithful,  
but abundantly repays the one who acts haughtily.  
Be strong, and let your heart take courage,  
all you who wait for the Lord

### **Choir: Give me justice**

*Sir James Macmillan (b.1959). An Introit for the Fifth Sunday of Lent based on Psalm 42*

### **Reading: Isaiah 2:1-4**

*Read by Anita Harding*

The word that Isaiah son of Amoz saw  
concerning Judah and Jerusalem.  
In days to come  
the mountain of the Lord's house  
shall be established as the highest of the mountains,  
and shall be raised above the hills;  
all the nations shall stream to it.  
Many peoples shall come and say,  
'Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord,  
to the house of the God of Jacob;  
that he may teach us his ways  
and that we may walk in his paths.'  
For out of Zion shall go forth instruction,  
and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.  
He shall judge between the nations,  
and shall arbitrate for many peoples;  
they shall beat their swords into ploughshares,  
and their spears into pruning-hooks;  
nation shall not lift up sword against nation,  
neither shall they learn war any more.

### **Words from the Red Cross**

*Solangela Garbutt, President, British Red Cross, London*

### **Choir: Lord's Prayer**

*Sung in English to a tune by the Ukrainian composer Mykola Leontovich (1877-1921)*



## **Reading: Missa in tempore bello by Boris Khersonsky (b.1950)**

*Read by Alison Baxter*

*Written after the invasion of Crimea and reissued three weeks ago.*

*Translated from Ukrainian by Martha M.F. Kelly*

### *Kyrie*

Lord, have mercy on us,  
if You are for us, who can be against us?  
Christ, have mercy on us,  
especially if our hours are numbered.  
Lord, have mercy on us,  
especially in days of war  
Kyrie eleison.  
Christe eleison  
Kyrie eleison

### *Sanctus*

Holy, holy, holy, the Lord, God of might!  
In other words — God of the heavenly hosts, or of the heavenly lights!  
You went out with us to war, you seized the foe by the throat!  
You filled earth and heaven with Your glory like a jug with wine.  
You let the earth turn upside down.  
Hosannah in the highest! We'll see you around in the next world.

### *Benedictus*

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord in a glorious  
and frightening time, a time of troubles, a time of war,  
blessed are those who walk row by row, each one shall be a hero,  
salvos three and into the ground they go.  
And once again — Hosannah in the highest! Hosannah on high!  
The further into battle, the fewer heroes left behind.

### *Agnus Dei*

Lamb of God, who has freed all people from deadly snares,  
Lamb of God, who has borne the immeasurable weight of our sins,  
Lamb of God, who has counted and pardoned every fall,  
Lamb of God, have mercy on us all.  
Lamb of God, Son of the Father, Light from true Light,  
Lamb of God, Saviour of constellations, planets and stars in the sky,  
Lamb of God, who crown your iconostasis,  
Lamb of God, have mercy on us.  
Lamb of God, little lamb lain on the altar,  
a time of war has come. Cinders rise from the earth.  
Grant us peace, we are sated with eternal fire.  
They say, "We're starting a war again."  
Dona nobis pacem. Amen.

## **Choir: Agnus Dei**

*From "The Armed Man" by Karl Jenkins (b.1944)*

*During the singing of Agnus Dei, members of the audience are invited to light candles on the votive candle stand placed by the altar.*

## **Reading: Resistance by Simon Armitage, Poet Laureate**

*Read by John Garbutt JP, Alderman of Walbrook Ward*

It's war again: a family  
carries its family out of a pranged house  
under a burning thatch.

The next scene smacks  
of archive newsreel: platforms and trains  
(never again, never again),

toddlers passed  
over heads and shoulders, lifetimes stowed  
in luggage racks.

It's war again: unmistakable smoke  
on the near horizon mistaken  
for thick fog. Fingers crossed.

An old blue tractor  
tows an armoured tank  
into no-man's land.

It's the ceasefire hour: Godspeed the columns  
of winter coats and fur-lined hoods,  
the high-wire walk

over buckled bridges  
managing cases and bags,  
balancing west and east - Godspeed.

It's war again: the woman in black  
gives sunflower seeds to the soldier, insists  
his marrow will nourish

the national flower. In dreams  
let bullets be birds, let cluster bombs  
burst into flocks.

False news is news  
with the pity  
edited out. It's war again:

an air-raid siren can't fully mute  
the cathedral bells -  
let's call that hope.

**Prayers accompanied by Kyrie eleison (Lord have mercy) sung by the choir**

*Traditional Ukrainian tune*

**Message from Ukraine**

*Read by Maryna Kharkova, a Ukrainian employee of Luxoft*

**Blessing**

**Choir: A Prayer of St Patrick**

*John Rutter (b.1945)*

**Organ: Ukrainian National Anthem**

*Please stay for a drinks reception, if you are able.*

*Drinks have been kindly provided by Luxoft*