Opening Voluntary: “ELEGY”


Opening Hymn 287, stanzas 1-2 & 7-8, “For all the saints”

*music: Sine Nomine, Ralph Vaughan Williams (1923-1897)
text: William Walsham How (1823-1958)*

The Collect for All Saints

Almighty God, you have knit together your elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of your Son Christ our Lord: Give us grace so to follow your blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those ineffable joys that you have prepared for those who truly love you; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with you and the Holy Spirit lives and reigns, one God, in glory everlasting. Amen.
Choral Anthem, “In Heaven soaring up”

In Heaven soaring up, I dropt an Eare
On Earth: and oh! sweet Melody!
And listening, found it was the Saints who were
Encoacht for Heaven that sang for Joy.
For in Christ’s Coach they sweetly sing,
As they to Glory ride therein.

Oh! joyous hearts! Enfir’d with holy Flame!
Is speech thus tasseled with praise?
Will not your inward fire of Joy contain,
That it in open flames doth blaze?
For in Christ’s Coach Saints sweetly sing,
As they to Glory ride therein.

Some few not in; and some whose Time and Place
Block up this Coaches way, do goe
As Travellers afoot: and so do trace
The Road that gives them right thereto;
While in this Coach these sweetly sing,
As they to Glory ride therein.

A Reading from the Gospel According to Matthew, 5:1-12

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.” [Here ends the Lesson.]

Choral Anthem, “There is a land of pure delight”

There is a land of pure delight where saints immortal reign; infinite day excludes the night and pleasures banish pain. There everlasting spring abides and never withering flowers; Death like a narrow sea divides that heavenly land from ours. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood stand dressed in living green; so to the Jews old Canaan stood while Jordan rolled between. But timorous mortals start and shrink to cross the narrow sea, and linger shivering on the brink, and fear to launch away. O could we make our doubts remove, those gloomy doubts that rise, and see the Canaan that we love with unclouded eyes. Could we but climb where Moses stood and view the landscape over; not Jordan’s stream, nor death’s cold flood should fright us from the shore.

A Poem for All Saints: The Rev. Laura F. Gettys

At Blackwater Pond

Mary Oliver (1935-2019)

A Blessing for All Saints

May God, to whose glory we celebrate this festival of all the Saints, and who has bound us together in the company of the elect, in this age and the age to come, attend to the prayers of faithful servants on your behalf, as God hears your prayers this day for them. Amen.
Closing Hymn 625, “Ye Holy Angels Bright”


1 Ye holy angels bright, who wait at God’s right hand, or
2 Ye blessed souls at rest, who ran this earth by race and
3 Ye saints, who toil below, a dore your heavenly King, and
4 My soul, bear thou thy part, triump in God above: and

with a well-tuned heart sing thou the songs of love! Let all thy
through the realms of light fly at your Lord’s command, as assist our
now, from sin released, behold the Savior’s face, God’s praises
onward as ye go some joyful anthem sing; take what he

days till life shall end, what e’er he send, be filled with praise.
song, for else the theme too high doth seem for mortal tongue.
sound, as in his sight with sweet delight ye do a bound.
gives and praise him still, through good or ill, who ever lives.
days till life shall end, what e’er he send, be filled with praise.

Closing Voluntary, “Improvisation on Darwall’s 148th”

Members of the Grace-St. Luke’s Choir
Debbie Smith, Assistant Organist-Cheirmaster
Dr. Patrick A. Scott, Director of Music & Organist
The Rev. Laura F. Gettys, Associate Rector
The Rev. Ollie V. Rencher, Rector

Patrick A. Scott