



A SERVICE
to mark the Anniversary of
the Death of King Richard III



5.30pm
Saturday 22 August 2020

ORDER OF SERVICE

All sing

The Hymn

**Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
to his feet thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like me his praise should sing?
Alleluia, alleluia,
praise the everlasting King.**

**Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him still the same for ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia, alleluia,
glorious in his faithfulness.**

**Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
blows the wind and it is gone;
but, while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on:
Alleluia, alleluia,
praise the high eternal One.**

**Angels, help us to adore him;
ye behold him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space:
Alleluia, alleluia,
praise with us the God of grace.**

*PRAISE MY SOUL (AM766)
John Goss (1800–1880)*

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)
based on Psalm 103*

The Welcome and Bidding Prayer

We gather at a distance but in the presence of Almighty God,
King of kings and Lord of lords,
from whom all authority in heaven and earth derives.

On this anniversary of the death of Richard,
one-time monarch of this realm,
we give thanks for the safe ordering of our own society
under the governing hand of God.

We remember all who have lost their lives in the conflicts of war
and we submit our lives to the judgement of the Almighty,
trusting in the power of his forgiving love,
as shown in the life, death and resurrection of his Son,
Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns in unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

The Old Testament Reading

Job 19.7–27a

Read by Professor Turi King, University of Leicester

The first reading is taken from the Book of Job.

Even when I cry out, “Violence!” I am not answered;

I call aloud, but there is no justice.

He has walled up my way so that I cannot pass,
and he has set darkness upon my paths.

He has stripped my glory from me,
and taken the crown from my head.

He breaks me down on every side, and I am gone,
he has uprooted my hope like a tree.

He has kindled his wrath against me,
and counts me as his adversary.

His troops come on together;
they have thrown up siege-works against me,
and encamp around my tent.

'He has put my family far from me,
and my acquaintances are wholly estranged from me.
My relatives and my close friends have failed me;
the guests in my house have forgotten me;
my serving-girls count me as a stranger;
I have become an alien in their eyes.
I call to my servant, but he gives me no answer;
I must myself plead with him.
My breath is repulsive to my wife;
I am loathsome to my own family.
Even young children despise me;
when I rise, they talk against me.
All my intimate friends abhor me,
and those whom I loved have turned against me.
My bones cling to my skin and to my flesh,
and I have escaped by the skin of my teeth.
Have pity on me, have pity on me, O you my friends,
for the hand of God has touched me!
Why do you, like God, pursue me,
never satisfied with my flesh?

'O that my words were written down!
O that they were inscribed in a book!
O that with an iron pen and with lead
they were engraved on a rock for ever!
For I know that my Redeemer lives,
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth;
and after my skin has been thus destroyed,
then in my flesh I shall see God,
whom I shall see on my side,
and my eyes shall behold, and not another.

Hear the Word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

All sing

The Hymn

Each of the last two lines of each verse is sung twice.

**Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore.**

**Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fiery cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong deliverer,
be thou still my strength and shield.**

**When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side:
songs and praises
I will ever give to thee.**

CWM RHONDDA (AM652)
John Hughes (1873–1932)

Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch
William Williams (1717–1791)
translated by Peter Williams (1727–1796)

The New Testament Reading

Luke 11.1–4

Read by Alison Smith MBE, High Sheriff of Leicestershire

The second reading is taken from the Gospel of Luke.

Jesus was praying in a certain place, and after he had finished, one of his disciples said to him, 'Lord, teach us to pray, as John taught his disciples.' He said to them, 'When you pray, say:
Father, hallowed be your name.

Your kingdom come.

Give us each day our daily bread.

And forgive us our sins,

for we ourselves forgive everyone indebted to us.

And do not bring us to the time of trial.'

Hear the Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Homily

The Revd Mark Poskitt, Rector of Bosworth Benefice and Area Dean of Sparkenhoe West Deanery

Laying of Roses at the Tomb of King Richard III

The Dean says

On this day 535 years ago Richard, monarch of this realm, yielded his crown, his kingdom and his life in battle at Bosworth Field.

We are gathered now to remember that day, to commend again to God's keeping both Richard and all who gave up their lives, and to commit ourselves to live peaceably, bound by all due loyalties.

We lay these roses as a sign of that intent.

Roses are laid at the Tomb by Sally Henshaw from the Richard III Society.

A short silence is kept.

The Dean says

We lift our prayers to heaven, in recognition of our frailty, using words King Richard himself is thought to have used:

Lord Jesus Christ,
deign to free us
from every tribulation, sorrow and trouble
in which we are placed.
Hear us, in the name of all your goodness,
for which we give thanks,
and for all the gifts granted to us,
because you made us from nothing
and redeemed us out of your bounteous love and pity
from eternal damnation to the promise of eternal life.
Amen.

The Anthem

Ghostly Grace

And lo! an exceeding fair rose went forth from God's heart and covered all his breast.

My soul thirsted to God, the well of life: when shall I come before the face of God?

Though my bones be broken altogether; mine enemies, that trouble me, despise me. They say to me every day, over and over, where is thy God?

And lo! an exceeding fair rose went forth from God's heart and covered all his breast.

For all worldly joyes they wull not endure,
they are soon passed, and away doth glyde.
For when death striketh he sparith no creature,
nor giveth no warning, but takith them one by one.
And now he abydith God's mercy and hath no other socure,
for, as ye see hym here, he lieth under this stone.

*Judith Bingham (b.1952)
composed for the Reinterment of King Richard III*

*Revelation of St Mechtilde;
Psalm 42, from a Wycliffe Bible;
Epitaph of Sir Marmaduke Constable*

The Prayers

The prayers conclude with

The Lord's Prayer

Gathering our prayers and praises into one,
let us pray with confidence in the words of The Lord's Prayer:

**Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.**

All sing

The Hymn

**All my hope on God is founded;
he doth still my trust renew.
Me through change and chance he guideth,
only good and only true.
God unknown,
he alone
calls my heart to be his own.**

**Pride of man and earthly glory,
sword and crown betray his trust;
what with care and toil he buildeth,
tower and temple, fall to dust.
But God's power,
hour by hour,
is my temple and my tower.**

**God's great goodness aye endureth,
deep his wisdom, passing thought:
splendour, light, and life attend him,
beauty springeth out of naught.
Evermore
from his store
new-born worlds rise and adore.**

**Daily doth th' Almighty Giver
bounteous gifts on us bestow;
his desire our soul delighteth,
pleasure leads us where we go.
Love doth stand
at his hand;
joy doth wait on his command.**

**Still from man to God eternal
sacrifice of praise be done,
high above all praises praising
for the gift of Christ his Son.
Christ doth call
one and all:
ye who follow shall not fall.**

*MICHAEL (AM584)
Herbert Howells (1892–1983)*

*Robert Bridges (1844–1930)
based on Meine Hoffnung stehet feste
by Joachim Neander (1650–1680)*

The Dean leads

The Blessing

God grant to the living, grace;
to the departed, rest;
to the Church, the Queen, the Commonwealth,
and all humankind, peace and concord;
and to all your servants, life everlasting;
and the blessing of God almighty,
the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,
be with you and remain with you always.
Amen.

All sing

The National Anthem

**God save our gracious Queen,
long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
happy and glorious,
long to reign over us:
God save the Queen.**

NATIONAL ANTHEM
Thesaurus Musicus (c.1743)

Anonymous

XXX, plays the following Voluntary:

XXX XXX

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