

The Temple Church



CHORAL EVENSONG

We remember especially in our prayers this
evening

John Morrissey

(Middle Temple Porter 2003-2024)

Wednesday 8th October 2025
6.00 p.m.



John Morrissey

10th February 1953 – 17th December 2024

The full words of the service are in the white service booklets, pp 47-54.

ORGAN PRELUDE

Elegy in B flat

Sir George Thalben-Ball (1896-1987)

All stand at the entrance of the Choir.

INTROIT

God be in my head, and in my understanding;
God be in my eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at mine end, and at my departing.

Music: Sir Henry Walford Davies (1869-1941)

Words: Sarum Primer, 1558

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 forever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely as his mercy flows.

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.

Music: Sir John Goss (1800-1880)

Words: Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

All sit or kneel for the confession.

All stand at "Glory be...." THE RESPONSES (Radcliffe)

PSALM 121 (*Walford Davies*)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord:
 who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
 and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord himself is thy keeper:
 the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day:
 neither the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
 yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in:
 from this time forth for evermore.
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.

All sit.

THE FIRST LESSON
Ecclesiastes 3. 1-8

*Read by The Rt Hon. Lady Justice Thirlwall DBE
Treasurer of The Honourable Society of the Middle Temple*

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
 a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
 a time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
 a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
 a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

All stand.

MAGNIFICAT (*Stanford in G*)
(*p. 49 of white booklet*)

All sit.

THE SECOND LESSON
1 Corinthians 13

Read by Christa Richmond

Director of Education of The Honourable Society of the Middle Temple

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

All stand.

NUNC DIMITTIS (*Stanford in G*)
(*p. 51 of white booklet*)

In the tradition of the Temple Church, we face east to say together:

THE CREED
(*p. 51 of white booklet*)

All sit or kneel.

THE COLLECTS

O Lord, we beseech thee, let thy continual pity cleanse and defend thy Church; and, because it cannot continue in safety without thy succour, preserve it evermore by thy help and goodness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE ANTHEM

There is an old belief,
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief
Dear friends shall meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of Time
And Sin and Fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep
That hope I'll ne'er forgo,
Eternal be the sleep,
If not to waken so.

Music: Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918)

Words: John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854)

TRIBUTES TO JOHN MORRISSEY

Emma and Andrew

&

Sir Christopher Ghika KCVO CBE

Under Treasurer of The Honourable Society of The Middle Temple

THE PRAYERS

All stand.

HYMN

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Music: Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918)

Words: William Blake (1757-1827)

THE BLESSING

All are invited to sit after the departure of the Choir and Clergy for

THE ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Fugue in E flat BWV552

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

There will be a collection in John's memory as you leave the church for the Middle Temple Charity Appeal Fund. If you prefer to donate online, kindly scan the QR code below.


