

**PARISHES OF TETBURY, BEVERSTON, SHIPTON MOYNE AND LONG  
NEWNTON**

**Readings and hymns for Ash Wednesday 2021**

**Old Testament Reading**

**Joel 2:1-2, 12-17**

Blow the trumpet in Zion;  
    sound the alarm on my holy mountain!  
Let all the inhabitants of the land tremble,  
    for the day of the LORD is coming, it is near –

a day of darkness and gloom,  
    a day of clouds and thick darkness!  
Like blackness spread upon the mountains  
    a great and powerful army comes;  
their like has never been from of old,  
    nor will be again after them  
in ages to come.

Yet even now, says the LORD,  
    return to me with all your heart,  
with fasting, with weeping, and with mourning;

    rend your hearts and not your clothing.  
Return to the LORD, your God,  
    for he is gracious and merciful,  
slow to anger, and abounding in steadfast love,  
    and relents from punishing.

Who knows whether he will not turn and relent,  
    and leave a blessing behind him,  
a grain-offering and a drink-offering  
    for the LORD, your God?

Blow the trumpet in Zion;  
    sanctify a fast;  
call a solemn assembly;

    gather the people.  
Sanctify the congregation;  
    assemble the aged;  
gather the children,  
    even infants at the breast.

Let the bridegroom leave his room,  
    and the bride her canopy.

Between the vestibule and the altar  
    let the priests, the ministers of the LORD, weep.  
Let them say, ‘Spare your people, O LORD,  
    and do not make your heritage a mockery,  
a byword among the nations.

Why should it be said among the peoples,  
    “Where is their God?”

For the word of the Lord  
**Thanks be to God**

## Dear Lord and Father of mankind

*sung by St Martin's Voices*

- 1 Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
forgive our foolish ways;  
re-clothe us in our rightful mind;  
in purer lives thy service find,  
in deeper reverence, praise.
- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard  
beside the Syrian sea  
the gracious calling of the Lord,  
let us, like them, without a word  
rise up and follow thee.
- 3 Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
till all our strivings cease;  
take from our souls the strain and stress,  
and let our ordered lives confess  
the beauty of thy peace.
- 4 Breathe through the heats of our desire  
thy coolness and thy balm;  
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,  
O still small voice of calm.

*John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)  
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## Gospel

## Matthew 6.1-6, 16-21

'Beware of practising your piety before others in order to be seen by them; for then you have no reward from your Father in heaven.

'So whenever you give alms, do not sound a trumpet before you, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, so that they may be praised by others. Truly I tell you, they have received their reward. But when you give alms, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing, so that your alms may be done in secret; and your Father who sees in secret will reward you.

'And whenever you pray, do not be like the hypocrites; for they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and at the street corners, so that they may be seen by others. Truly I tell you, they have received their reward. But whenever you pray, go into your room and shut the door and pray to your Father who is in secret; and your Father who sees in secret will reward you.

'And whenever you fast, do not look dismal, like the hypocrites, for they disfigure their faces so as to show others that they are fasting. Truly I tell you, they have received their reward. But when you fast, put oil on your head and wash your face, so that your fasting may be seen not by others but by your Father who is in secret; and your Father who sees in secret will reward you.

'Do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust consume and where thieves break in and steal; but store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust consumes and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.

For the word of the Lord

**Thanks be to God**

## **Guide me, O thou great redeemer**

*recorded remotely by the Choral Scholars of St Martin-in-the-Fields in their homes, and edited together.*

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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 of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

*Arglwydd arwain drwy'r anialwch  
William Williams (1717-1791), tr Peter Williams (1727-1796)  
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