



A Pilgrim’s Evening Praise

Opening: (John 8:12, 9:5; Luke 24:29; Revelation 22:20; John 1:5;) Jesus Christ is the light of the world. The light no darkness can overcome. Stay with me Lord, for it is evening — the day is almost over. Let your light shine in the darkness. Lord, come to me and enlighten your church.

Phos Hilaron

The Gentle light of eventide is like the Father’s face. The day now done we turn to you and rest in your embrace. Our Holy Lord and Love’s pure light, the blessed Son of God, Has dwelt with us throughout the day, the light of truth and grace.

Now as we come at setting sun to worship you aright, and lift our songs of grateful praise as daylight turns to night. We join in song with saints of old to praise the One-Yet-Three, Whose love and mercy never cease, in whom our souls delight.



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The evening comes, the daylight fades, still praise of you abounds. All creatures great and small alike in chorused praise resound. So we your people gladly meet to sing with joyful voice, The source of life, and help, and hope in Jesus we have found.

Psalm 141 †

Refrain D D:C# Bm F#m7 PHL

Let my prayer rise be - fore you like in - cense. — The

3 G D Em7 A7sus A7 D D:C#

rais-ing of my hands like an ev - 'ning o - blat - ion. Let my prayer rise be-

6 Bm F#m7 G D Em7 A D

fore you like in - cense, — the rais ing of my hands like an even ing sac ri fice.

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Omit these if 4 lines PHL

R
O LORD, I call to you; come to me quickly;
hear my voice when I cry to you.
Let my prayer rise before you as incense,
the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

Set a watch before my mouth, O LORD,
and guard the door of my lips.
Let not my heart incline to any evil thing.
let me not be occupied in wickedness with evildoers,*
nor eat of their sweet foods. **R**

Let the righteous strike me;
their rebukes, as oil upon the head,
are not to be refused.

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Yet my prayers are continually against the deeds of the wicked.

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Let their rulers be thrown down upon the stones,
that they may hear my words, for they are sweet.

Just as one who tills the earth breaks the rock,
so let their bones be scattered at the mouth of the grave.
But my eyes are turned to you, Lord GOD;
in you I take refuge; strip me not of my life.
Guard me from the trap that they have laid for me *
and from the snares of evildoers.
Let the wicked fall into their own nets,*
while I alone pass through. **R**

Silent Reflection

Mary’s Song - PHL RESIGNATION CDM

My soul proclaims that God is great. My spirit with joy swells.
My Savior has improved my fate, with favor his eye dwells.
So from this day they’ll call me blessed, each generation tell,
Great things, the Lord upon me pressed. My heart and soul are well.

God’s love and mercy rest on those who live in reverence,
And each new generation knows God’s merciful presence.
The strength of God is shown in this — the mighty fall from power.
And from below our God does lift the lowly up, that hour.

God fills the hungry with good things. The rich are sent away.
To Israel God’s aid does spring, and shows the faithful way.
The promise made to Abraham, that promise rests secure.
Throughout the earth in every land the love of God is sure!

Let their rulers be thrown down upon the stones,
that they may hear my words, for they are sweet.

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Evening Collect (John 8:12, 9:5; Luke 24:29; Revelation 22:20; Psalm 141:2; Psalm 139:7-12; Colossians 3:12-16; Jeremiah 6:16; Luke 11:4;)

You are the bread of heaven, the staff of life. In you there is manna which satisfies the hungry heart. For everything which has nourished me today and which has revitalized your life within me I give thanks. Throughout the day you have remained with me — for where could I go where your light did not reach me? Even if I was to say, “ ‘Let the darkness cover me, and the light around me be night,’ even darkness is not dark to you and night is as clear as the day.” I give all praise to you who are sovereign over both the day and the night.

Especially I praise you:
† for the sparkle of sunlight on water,
† for candle glow and fireplace flickering,
† for the radiance of an inner light I see in the saints I meet,
† for the lamp of your Word illuminating the path for my feet,
† For these and many other blessings of the light I offer praise and thanksgiving.

I know of your word, spoken through the prophet, that I stand at the crossroads, and look, and ask for the ancient paths, where the good way lies; and walk in it, and find rest for my soul. I also know that sometimes I respond as did my ancestors saying, “I will not walk in it.” So I pause at this hour to reflect on my day in examination of conscience - expecting to find you in both my successes and failures as a disciple. Help me, Lord, to practice self-examination with clarity, honesty, and trust.

— a few minutes of silence are observed for the practice of the *examen* —

You have offered me the bread of life — yet I see that sometimes I have preferred junk-food. Forgive me Lord, as I forgive those who are indebted to me. Save me from the time of trial and deliver me from evil. Instruct me in both

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consolation and desolation about where the good way lies, and help me to more faithfully walk in it.

As the shadows lengthen and the daylight fades, I seek your mercy in helping me to cast off the sin which clings to me that I might put on the wardrobe of your love and light. Clothe me in your compassion and keep me from all harm, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

More Like You - PHL ADORO TE DEVOTE

Lord, in love you come to me full of truth & grace.
Bid me come and follow you, walking in your way.
With you at my right hand, Lord, I fear not though I fall.
Here I am, your servant Lord, answering your call.

Take my dry and dusty heart, sprinkle it with grace.
Let my heart awaken, God, enlightened by your face.
Shape me by your presence God, a vessel tried and true.
Cast me in your image, Lord. make me more like you.

Holy Spirit come now! Come disturb my sleep —
That I may weep with you, and with those who weep.
May those things which break your heart, Lord,
break my heart too. Fill me with compassion, Lord. Make me more like you!

Final Blessing (Phil.4:7)

May the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, guard my heart and mind in Christ Jesus, that I may be found blameless at the coming of the Lord.
Bless the Lord. The Lord’s name be praised.

† *The Psalms are taken from The Book of Common Worship: Daily Prayer; Westminster John Knox Press. Used by Permission.*

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