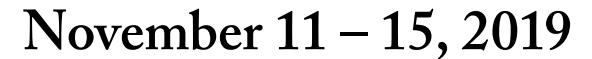


## The Memorial Church

Appleton Chapel • 8:30AM to 8:45AM



*Please silence all electronic devices upon entering Appleton Chapel.*

*See reverse for text and translation of anthems.*

*HCDR. CHC. US Navy (Retired)*

*CoFounder of Black Voters Matter Fund, IOP Resident Fellow*

*Harvard Chaplain, Student Conservative Minyan Advisor and Director of Graduate Programming, Harvard Hillel*

*Librettist, Retreat Leader*

*Harvard Divinity School*

Prelude:	Chorale	<i>William Mathias (1934–1992)</i>
Anthem:	Vidi aquam	<i>Iain Quinn (b. 1973)</i>
Hymn:	No. 265, “We Come unto Our People’s God”	<i>Nun freut euch</i>

*Please join us every Wednesday after Morning Prayers for MemCafé from 8:45–9:45 a.m.  
Enjoy coffee, conversation, and community!*

## Monday

For the Fallen

*Alex Patterson*

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.

*Laurence Binyon (1869–1943)*

## Tuesday

A Thin Place

*Jonathan Wikeley*

This is a thin place, where Christ our Lord is risen, and everything changes.

## Wednesday

Vidi aquam

*Iain Quinn*

I saw water flowing from the right side of the temple. Alleluia.  
And all to whom this water came were saved, and they shall say: Alleluia!

*Antiphon for the Asperges (sung in Latin)*

## Thursday

Circumdederunt me

*Cristobal de Morales*

Circumdederunt me gemitus mortis dolores inferni circumdederunt me.

*The groanings of death have encircled me: the sorrows of hell have enclosed me.*

*Psalms 116:3*

## Friday

My Spirit Sang All Day

*Gerald Finzi*

My spirit sang all day  
O my joy.  
Nothing my tongue could say,  
Only My joy!  
My heart an echo caught  
O my joy  
And spake,  
Tell me thy thought,  
Hide not thy joy.  
My eyes gan peer around,  
O my joy  
What beauty hast thou found?  
Shew us thy joy.  
My jealous ears grew whist;  
O my joy  
Music from heaven is't,  
Sent for our joy?  
She also came and heard;  
O my joy,  
What, said she, is this word?  
What is thy joy?  
And I replied,  
O see, O my joy,  
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:  
Thou art my joy.

*Robert Bridges (1844–1930)*