

# CHANTRY QUIRE

A Meditation in Words and Music for Passiontide

Conducted by Peter Allwood



## Saviour of the World

Programme - £1

Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup> April 2019 – 7.30pm

Proudly supported by

**Rathbones**

Look forward

Chantry Quire is supporting  
**The Aldingbourne Trust**

*Ubi Caritas* - plainsong

Reading: *Exodus 15.13* Poem: *The Coming* by R S Thomas

*Kyrie* from *Mass à 4* - William Byrd

*Salvator Mundi* - Thomas Tallis

Reading: *Isaiah 43.1a and 3a* Poem: *Lent* by Jean Watt

*Drop, drop slow tears* - William Walton

*O Saviour of the world* from *Requiem* - Herbert Howells

Reading: *Isaiah 53.4-5* Poem: *He Retraced his Steps* by Stephen Cottrell

*Miserere Mei* - James MacMillan

Reading: *Matthew 26.36,38-39* Prayer: *Evening prayer* by Dietrich Bonhoeffer

*Sanctus* from *Mass à 4* - William Byrd

*Remember not Lord our offences* - Henry Purcell

Reading: *Psalms 103.10-12* Poem: *A Hymn to God the Father* by John Donne

*Benedictus* from *Mass à 4* - William Byrd

*The Deer's Cry* - Arvo Pärt

Reading: *Matthew 27.39-43* Poem: *Crucifixion* by R S Thomas

*Agnus Dei* from *Mass à 4* - William Byrd

*Justorum animae* - Charles Villiers Stanford

Reading: *1 John 4.9 & 14; Titus 3.4-5*

Poem: *I saw him standing* - from *Yr Arghwydd Iesu* by Ann Griffiths  
translation Rowan Williams

*Ubi Caritas* - Maurice Duruflé

### *Ubi caritas*

ubi caritas est vera, Deus ibi est. Where true charity is, there God is.  
congregavit nos in unum Christi amor. The love of Christ has gathered us into  
exultemus et in ipso iucundemur. one. Let us rejoice and be glad in him.  
timeamus et amemus Deum vivum. et Let us fear and love the living God.  
ex corde diligamus nos sincero. And let us love one another with a true  
simul ergo cum in unum congregamur heart.  
ne nos mente dividamur, caveamus. And since we are gathered into one,  
cessent iurgia maligna, cessent lites et let us beware lest we disagree.  
in medio nostri sit Christus Deus May quarrels and disputes cease and  
simul quoque cum beatis videamus Christ our God be in the midst of us.  
glorianter vultum tuum, Christe Deus, And may we glory with the blessed to  
gaudium quod est immensum atque see your face, Christ our God, a joy  
probum. which is measureless and righteous.  
saecula per infinita saeculorum. World without end.

### *The Coming* by R S Thomas

And God held in his hand  
A small globe. Look, he said.  
The son looked. Far off,  
As through water, he saw  
A scorched land of fierce  
Colour. The light burned  
There; crusted buildings  
Cast their shadows; a bright  
Serpent, a river  
Uncoiled itself, radiant with slime.

On a bare  
Hill a bare tree saddened  
The sky. Many people  
Held out their thin arms  
To it, as though waiting  
For a vanished April  
To return to its crossed  
Boughs. The son watched  
Them. Let me go there, he said

*Kyrie*

Kyrie eleison Lord have mercy  
Christe eleison Christ have mercy  
Kyrie eleison Lord have mercy

*Salvator mundi*

salvator mundi, salva nos.	O Saviour of the world, save us.
qui per crucem et sanguinem	Who by thy cross and blood
redemisti nos,	hast redeemed us,
auxiliare nobis te deprecamur	help us we beseech thee
Deus noster	our God.

*Lent* by Jean Watt

Lent is a tree without a blossom, without leaf,  
than blackthorn in its winter sleep,  
all unadorned. Unlike Christmas which decrees  
the setting-up, the dressing-up of trees,  
Lent is a taking down, a stripping bare,  
a starkness after all has been withdrawn  
of surplus and superfluous,  
leaving no hiding-place, only an emptiness  
between black branches, a most precious space  
before the leaf, before the time of flowers;  
lest we should see only the leaf, the flower,  
lest we should miss the stars.

*Drop, drop slow tears*

Drop, drop slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet,  
Which brought from heaven the news and Prince of Peace.  
Cease not, wet eyes, His mercy to entreat,  
To cry for vengeance sin doth never cease.  
In your deep flood drown all my faults and fears,  
Nor let His eyes see sin but through my tears.

*O Saviour of the world*

O Saviour of the world, who by thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us,  
save us and help us we humbly beseech thee O Lord

*He Retraced his Steps* by Stephen Cottrell

He retraced his steps back  
to the point of decision  
and failure, and scanned the  
horizon for a new route.

It is not an exact science,  
and the knowledge he carried  
was a heavy weight. There,  
in a gap between the trees,

was the path he took before.  
Its obvious unsuitability  
mocked him. And seeing  
how one thing led to

another, he stared down  
The Roman Road straightness  
of all the things that  
hindsight could correct.

Enough. There were reasons  
as well as excuses. Pushing  
aside the branches, he strode  
again the path he knew was his.

*Miserere mei*

miserere mei Deus: secundum magnam  
misericordiam tuam  
et secundum multitudinem miserationum  
tuarum dele iniquitatem meam.

Have mercy upon me O God after thy  
great goodness: according to the  
multitude of thy mercies do away mine  
offences.

amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea: et a  
peccato meo munda me.  
quoniam iniquitatem meam cognosco: et  
peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Wash me thoroughly from my  
wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.  
For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin  
is ever before me.

PLEASE TURN QUIETLY

tibi soli peccavi, et malam coram te feci:  
ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis, et  
vincas cum judicaris.

ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum:  
et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.  
ecce enim veritatem dilexisti: incerta et  
occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi.  
asperges me hyssop et mundabor: lavabis  
me et super nivem dealbabor.

auditui meo dabis gaudium et laetitiam: et  
exultabunt ossa humiliata.  
averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis: et  
omnes iniquitates meas dele.  
cor mundum crea in me Deus: et spiritum  
rectum innova in visceribus.  
ne proicias me a facie tua: spiritum  
sanctum tuum ne auferas a me.

redde mihi laetitiam salutaris tui: et  
spiritu principali confirma me.  
docebo iniquos vias tuas: et impii ad te  
convertentur.  
libera me de sanguinibus Deus, Deus  
salutatis meae: et exultabit lingua mea  
justitiam tuam.

domine labia mea aperies: et os meum  
annuntiabit laedem tuam.  
quoniam si voluisses sacrificium  
dedissem utique: holocaustis non  
delectaberis.  
sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus:  
cor contritum et humiliatum Deus non  
despicias.  
benigne fac Domine in bona voluntate tua  
Sion: ut aedificentur muri Jerusalem.  
tunc acceptabis sacrificium justitiae,  
oblaciones et holocausta: tunc imponent  
super altare tuum vitulos.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done  
this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest  
be justified in thy saying, and clear when  
thou art judged.

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and  
in sin hath my mother conceived me.  
But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward  
parts: and shalt make me to understand  
wisdom secretly.  
Thou shalt purge me with hyssop and I  
shall be clean: thou shalt wash me and I  
shall be whiter than snow.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and  
gladness: and the bones which thou hast  
broken may rejoice.  
Turn thy face from my sins: and put out  
all my misdeeds.  
Make me a clean heart O God: and renew  
a right spirit within me.  
Cast me not away from thy presence: and  
take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore the joy of thy salvation: and  
stablish me with thy free spirit.  
I shall teach the wicked thy ways: and  
sinners shall be converted unto thee.  
Deliver me from blood-guiltiness O God,  
thou God of my salvation: and my tongue  
shall sing of thy righteousness.

O Lord open thou my lips: and my mouth  
shall show forth thy praise.  
For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would  
I give it thee: but thou delightest not in  
burnt offerings.  
The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit: a  
broken and contrite Heart O God shalt  
thou not despise.  
O be favourable and gracious unto Sion:  
build thou the walls of Jerusalem.  
Then shalt thou be pleased with the  
sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-  
offerings and oblations: then shall they  
offer young bullocks upon thine altar.

*Evening Prayer of Dietrich Bonhoeffer\* (1906-1945)*

O Lord my God,  
thank you for bringing this day to a close.  
Thank you for giving me rest  
in body and soul.  
Your hand has been over me  
and has guarded and preserved me.  
Forgive my lack of faith  
and any wrong that I have done today,  
and help me to forgive all who have wronged us.  
Let me sleep in peace under your protection,  
and keep me from all the temptations of darkness.  
Into your hands I commend my loved ones.  
I commend to you my body and soul.  
O God, your holy name be praised.

\* Bonhoeffer, Lutheran pastor and theologian, was executed at Flossenbug concentration camp on 9<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

*Sanctus*

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus	Holy, holy, holy
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.	Lord God of hosts.
Pleni sunt coeli gloria tua.	Heaven and earth are full of thy
Hosanna in excelsis.	glory. Hosanna in the highest.

*Remember not Lord our offences*

Remember not Lord our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers: neither take thou vengeance of our sins, but spare us, good Lord. Spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

*A Hymn to God the Father* by John Donne

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,  
Which was my sin, though it were done before?  
Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run,  
And do run still, though still I do deplore?  
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won  
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?  
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
A year or two, but wallow'd in, a score?  
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun  
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;  
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son  
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;  
And, having done that, thou hast done;  
I fear no more.

*Benedictus*

Benedictus qui venit in nomine	Blessed is he that cometh in the
Domini.	name of the Lord.
Hosanna in excelsis.	Hosanna in the highest.

*The Deer's Cry*

Christ with me.  
Christ, before me, Christ behind me.  
Christ in me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ on my right, Christ  
on my left, Christ when I lie down, Christ when I sit down, Christ in me  
when I arise, Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me, Christ in the  
mouth of every man who speaks of me.  
Christ in every eye that sees me, Christ in every ear that hears me.  
Christ with me.



*Crucifixion* by R S Thomas

God's fool, God's jester  
capering at his right hand  
in torment, proving the fallacy  
of the impassible, reminding  
him of omnipotence's limits.

I have seen the figure  
on our human tree, burned  
into it by thought's lightning  
and it writhed as I looked.

A god has no alternative  
but himself. With what crown  
plurality but with thorns?  
whose is the mirthless laughter  
at the beloved irony  
at his side? The universe over,  
omniscience warns, the crosses  
are being erected from such  
material as is available  
to remorse. What are the stars  
but time's fires going out  
before ever the crucified  
can be taken down?

Today there is only this one option  
before me. Remembering,  
as one goes out into space,  
on the way to the sun,  
how dark it will grow,  
I stare up into the darkness  
of his countenance, knowing it  
a reflection of the three days and nights  
at the back of love's looking-  
glass even a god must spend.

*Agnus Dei*

agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi,  
miserere nobis.

Lamb of God who takest away the  
sins of the world, have mercy on us.

agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi,  
dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God who takest away the  
sins of the world, grant us peace.

*Justorum animae*

justorum animae in manu Dei sunt,  
et non tanget illos tormentum  
malitiae.

The souls of the righteous are in the  
hand of God, and there shall no  
torment touch them.

visi sunt oculis insipientium mori,  
illi autem sunt in pace.

In the sight of the unwise they  
seemed to die, but they are in peace.

*I Saw Him Standing* by Ann Griffiths, trans. Rowan Williams

Under the dark trees, there he stands,  
there he stands; shall he not draw my eyes?  
I thought I knew a little  
how he compels, beyond all things, but now  
he stands there in the shadows. It will be  
Oh, such a daybreak, such a bright morning,  
when I shall wake to see him as he is.

He is called Rose of Sharon, for his skin  
is clear, his skin is flushed with blood,  
his body lovely and exact; how he compels  
beyond ten thousand rivals. There he stands,  
my friend, the friend of guilt and helplessness,  
to steer my hollow body over the sea.

The earth is full of masks and fetishes,  
what is there here for me? Are these like him?  
Keep company with him and you will know:  
no kin, no likeness to those empty eyes.  
He is a stranger to them all, great Jesus.  
What is there here for me? I know  
what I have longed for. Him to hold me always.

*Ubi caritas*

ubi caritas et amor Dei ibi est.  
congregavit nos in unum Christi  
amor.  
exultemus et in ipso iucundemur.  
timeamus et amemus Deum vivum,  
et ex corde diligamus nos sincero.

Where charity and love are, there  
God is. The love of Christ has  
gathered us into one.  
Let us rejoice and be glad in it.  
Let us fear and love the living God,  
and love each other with a true  
heart.

*Our next concert*

***Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> June 7.30pm for 8pm***

***St Paul's Church, Chichester PO19 6FT***

***The Seven Ages of Man***

*Join us for a glass of wine and an evening of summer music,  
as part of this year's Festival of Chichester*

If you would like to join our mailing list (for details of future concerts only, we promise) please fill in the enclosed slip and leave it at the ticket desk.