

CHANTRY QUIRE

A Meditation in Words and Music for Passiontide

Conducted by Peter Allwood



Saviour of the World

Programme - £1

Tuesday 9th 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

Iustorum 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

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a starkness after all has been withdrawn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 9th 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.

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 22nd 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.