

ST MATTHEW-IN-THE-CITY

3 APRIL, 5PM

**IN THE
SHADOW
OF THE
CROSS**



MUSIC FOR GOOD FRIDAY

Please refrain from applauding until the very end
of the concert.
There will be no interval.

Miserere mei, Deus (Psalm 51, vv. 1-2)

William Byrd (c.1540–1623)

Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam
misericordiam tuam.

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum,
dele iniquitatem meam.

*Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy
great mercy.*

*And according to the multitude of thy
compassions blot out my iniquity.*

Civitas sancti tui

**(second part of Ne irascaris, Domine -
Isaiah 64: 9-10)**

William Byrd

Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta.

Sion deserta facta est, Jerusalem desolata est.

The holy cities are a wilderness.

Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation.

**O Lord, whose mercies numberless (from
'Saul' HWV53)**

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

*O Lord, whose mercies numberless
o'er all thy works prevail;
though daily man thy laws transgress,
thy patience cannot fail.*

Remember not, Lord, our offences

Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

*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.*

Lord, let me know mine end (Psalm 39, excerpts)

Maurice Greene (1696-1755)

*Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of
my days,
that I may be certified how long I have to live.
Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span
long,
and mine age is even as nothing in respect of
thee;
And verily every man living is altogether vanity.
For man walketh in a vain shadow, and
disquieteth himself in vain;
he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall
gather them.
And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope
is even in thee.
Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears
consider my calling;
hold not thy peace at my tears.
O spare me a little, that I may recover my
strength,
before I go hence, and be no more seen.*

Mein teurer Heiland (from 'Johannes-Passion' BWV 245)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Mein teurer Heiland, laß dich fragen,
Da du nunmehr ans Kreuz geschlagen
Und selbst gesagt: Es ist vollbracht,
Bin ich vom Sterben frei gemacht?
Kann ich durch deine Pein und Sterben
Das Himmelreich ererben?
Ist aller Welt Erlösung da?
Du kannst vor Schmerzen zwar nichts sagen;
Doch neigest du das Haupt
Und sprichst stillschweigend: ja.

Jesu, der du warest tot,
Lebest nun ohn Ende,
In der letzten Todesnot
Nirgend mich hinwende
Als zu dir, der mich versühnt,
O du lieber Herr!
Gib mir nur, was du verdient,
Mehr ich nicht begehre!

*My precious Savior, let me ask,
Now that you have been nailed to the Cross
and have said yourself: It is finished,
Am I made free from death?
Can I, through your pain and death
inherit the kingdom of heaven?
Has the redemption of the whole world arrived?
You cannot say a single thing out of pain;*

*yet you bow your head
and say silently: yes.*

*Jesus, you, who were dead,
live now unendingly,
in the last pangs of death
I will turn nowhere else
but to you, who has absolved me,
O beloved Lord!
Only give me what you earned,
more I do not desire!*

O vos omnes (Lamentations 1:12)

Tomás Luis de Victoria (c.1548-1611)

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte:

Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus. Attendite, universi populi, et videte dolorem meum.

Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.

O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see:

If there be any sorrow like to my sorrow. Attend, all ye people, and see my sorrow:

If there be any sorrow like to my sorrow.

**Komm, süßes Kreuz (From
'Matthäuspassion' BWV 244)**

Johann Sebastian Bach

Komm, süßes Kreuz, so will ich sagen,
mein Jesus, gib es immer her!

Wird mir mein Leiden einst zu schwer,
so hilf mir es selbst tragen.

*Come, sweet cross, so will I say:
my Jesus, grant it always to me.*

*If my suffering should one day become too great,
then help me to bear it myself.*

Maria durch ein Dornwald ging

Peter Lamprecht

Funeral Sentences

William Croft (1678-1727) and Henry Purcell

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

(John 11: 25-26)

I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

(Job 19: 25-27)

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

(1 Timothy 6: 7, Job 1: 21)

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears unto our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee. Amen. (The Book of Common Prayer 1549)

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours. Amen. (Revelation 14: 13)

Bist du bei mir

Johann Sebastian Bach

Bist du bei mir, geh ich mit Freuden
zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh.
Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,
es drückten deine schönen Hände
mir die getreuen Augen zu.

*If you are with me, then I will go gladly
unto death and to my rest.*

*Ah, how pleasing were my end,
if your dear hands then
shut my faithful eyes!*

Ecce quomodo moritur justis

Jacobus Gallus (1550 - 1591)

Ecce quomodo moritur justus
et nemo percipit corde:
et viri justis tolluntur
et nemo considerat.

A facie iniquitatis sublatus est justus
et erit in pace memoria eius.

*Behold how the Just One dies,
and no one takes it to heart:*

*and just men are taken away,
and no one considers it:*

*the Just One is taken away from the face of
iniquity,*

And his memory shall be in peace.

Evening Hymn

Henry Purcell

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light,
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days. Hallelujah!

Ave Verum

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine,
vere passum, immolatum
in cruce pro homine
cuius latus perforatum fluxit aqua et sanguine:
esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine.
*Hail, true Body, born of the Virgin Mary,
having truly suffered, sacrificed
on the cross for mankind,
from whose pierced side water and blood flowed:
Be for us a sweet foretaste in the trial of death!*

The Ground

Ola Gjelio

Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua. Osana in excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domina. Benedictus qui venit. Osana in excelsis. Agnus Dei, qui tolis peccata mundi. Dona nobis pacem. *Heaven and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord. Blessed is he who comes. Hosanna in the highest. Lamb of God, Who take away the sins of the world. Grant us peace.*

St Matthew's Voices

Celia Aspey-Gordon

Alanah Jones

Nathan Hauraki

Gregory Camp

Blake Scanlen (Leader)

Dr Polly Sussex (viola da gamba and
Baroque cello)

Nicholas Forbes (chamber organ)

With thanks to University of Auckland
School of Music
and Paul Downie

In order to help defray expenses,
we ask each of you to make a voluntary donation
as you leave at the end.

We suggest that a donation of \$20 per person
would be an appropriate amount
to help us to cover the costs of this performance.

Ushers will be at the doors as you leave
to receive your offerings.

Thank you for your support.