

5th March 1974

HEAR MY PRAYER

Hear my prayer, O God, incline Thine ear!
Thyself from my petition do not hide;
Take heed to me!
Hear how in prayer I mourn to Thee.
Without Thee all is dark, I have no guide.
The enemy shouteth, the godless come fast,
Iniquity, hatred upon me they cast!
The wicked oppress me,
Ah, where shall I fly?
Perplexed and bewildered,
O God hear my cry.

My heart is sorely pained within my breast,
My soul with deathly terror is oppressed,
Trembling and fearfulness upon me fall,
With horror overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call.

O for the wings of a dove!
Far away would I rove!
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there for ever at rest.

FIVE MYSTICAL SONGS

No 1 - Easter

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him may'st rise;
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more, Just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The cross taught all wood to resound his name
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long;
Or since all music is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

No 2 - I got me Flowers

I got me flowers to strew thy way
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and the East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss;
There is but one, and that one ever.

No 3 - Love Bids me Welcome

ve bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back, A guest, I answered, worthy to be here:
Guilty of dust and sin. Love said, You shall be he.
t quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
From my first entrance in, I cannot look on thee.
ew nearer to me, sweetly questioning, Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
If I lack'd any thing. Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

No 4 - The Call

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life: Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength;
Such a Way, as gives us breath: Such a Light, as shows a feast;
Such a Truth, as ends all strife: Such a Feast, as mends in length;
Such a Life, as killeth death. Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

No 5 - Antiphon

Let all the world in every corner sing, Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King. My God and King.
The heavens are not too high, The Church with Psalms must shout,
His praise may thither fly: No door can keep them out:
The earth is not too low, But above all, the heart
His praises there may grow. Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

GERMAN REQUIEM

I CHORUS

Blessed are they that mourn,
for they shall be comforted.
They that sow in tears
shall reap in joy.
They that go forth and weep,
bearing precious seed,
shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,
bringing their sheaves with them.

II CHORUS

For all flesh is as grass
and all the glory of man
as the flower of grass.
The grass withereth,
and the flower thereof falleth away.
Be patient therefore, brethren,
unto the coming of the Lord.
Behold, the husbandman waiteth
for the precious fruit of the earth,
and hath long patience for it,
until he receive the early and latter rain.

Be ye also patient;
for all flesh is as grass
and all the glory of man
as the flower of the grass.
The grass withereth,
and the flower thereof falleth away.
But the word of the Lord endureth for ever.
And the redeemed of the Lord shall return,
and come to Zion with songs
and eternal joy
upon their heads:
they shall obtain joy and gladness,
and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

I CHOR

Selig sind, die da Leid tragen
denn sie sollen getröstet werden.
Die mit Tränen säen,
werden mit Freuden ernten.
Sie gehen hin und weinen
und tragen edlen Samen,
und kommen mit Freuden
und bringen ihre Garben.

II CHOR

Denn alles Fleisch es ist wie Gras
und alle Herrlichkeit des Menschen
wie des Grases Blumen.
Das Gras ist verdorret
und die Blume abgefallen.
So seio nun geduldig, liebe Brüder,
bis auf die Zukunft des Herrn.
Siehe, ein Ackermann wartet
auf die köstliche Frucht der Erde
und ist geduldig darüber,
bis er empfahe den Morgenregen und
Abendregen
So seid geduldig.
Denn alles Fleisch es ist wie Gras
und alle Herrlichkeit des Menschen
wie des Grases Blumen.
Das Gras is verdorret
und die Blume abgefallen.
Aber des Herrn Wort bleibet in Ewigkeit.
Die Erlösten des Herrn werden wiederkommen,
und gen Zion kommen mit Jauchzen;
Freude, ewige Freude
wird über ihrem Haupte sein;
Freude und Wonne werden sie ergreifen,
und Schmerz und Seufzen wird weg müssen.

III CHORUS WITH BARITONE SOLO

Lord, make me to know mine end,
and the measure of my days,
what it is; that I may know
how frail I am.

Behold, Thou has made my days
as an handbreadth:
and mine age is as nothing before Thee;
vanity every man at his best state
is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain shew;
surely they are disquieted in vain:
he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not
who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for?
My hope is in Thee.

But the souls of the righteous are in the
hand of God

and no torment shall touch them.

III CHOR MIT BARITON-SOLO

Herr, lehre doch mich,
dass ein Ende mit mir haben muss,
und mein Leben ein Ziel hat,
und ich davon muss.

Siehe, meine Tage sind
einer Hand breit vor Dir,
und mein Leben ist wie nichts vor Dir.
Ach, wie gar nichts sind all Menschen,
die doch so sicher leben.

Sie gehen daher wie ein Schemen,
und machen ihnen viel vergebliche Unruhe;
sie sammeln und wissen nicht,
wer es kriegen wird.

Nun, Herr, was soll ich mich trösten?
Ich hoffe auf Dich.

Der Gerechten Seelen sind in Gottes Hand

und keine Qual rühret sie an.

IV CHORUS

How lovely are Thy tabernacles
O Lord of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth
for the courts of the Lord:
my heart and my flesh crieth out
for the living God.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house:
they will be still praising Thee.

IV CHOR

Wie lieblich sind Deine Wohnungen,
Herr Zebaoth!

Meine Seele verlanget und sehnet sich
nach den Vorhöfen des Herrn;
Mein Leib und Seele freuen sich
in dem Lebendigen Gott.

Wohl denen, die in Deinem Hause wohnen,
die loben Dich immerdar.

V CHORUS WITH SOPRANO SOLO

And yet now therefore have sorrow:
but I will see you again,
and your heart shall rejoice,
and your joy no man taketh from you.
As one whom his mother comforteth,
so will I comfort you.
Ye see how for a little while
I labour and toil,
yet have I found much rest.

VI CHORUS WITH BARITONE SOLO

For here have we no continuing city,
but we seek one to come.
Behold, I shew you a mystery:
we shall not all sleep,
but we shall all be changed,
in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,
at the last trump:
for the trumpet shall sound
and the dead shall be raised incorruptible,
and we shall be changed.
Then shall be brought to pass the saying
that is written,
death is swallowed up in victory.
O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?
Thou art worthy, O Lord
to receive glory and honour and power:
for Thou has created all things
and for Thy pleasure they are
and were created.

V CHOR MIT SOPRAN-SOLO

Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit;
aber ich will euch wiedersehen,
und euer Herz soll sich freuen,
und eure Freude soll niemand von euch
nehmen.
Ich will euch trösten,
wie einen seine Mutter tröstet.
Ich habe eine kleine Zeit
Mühe und Arbeit gehabt
und habe grossen Trost gefunden.

VI CHOR MIT BARITON-SOLO

Denn wir haben hier keine bleibende Statt,
sondern die zukünftige suchen wir.
Siehe, ich sage euch ein Geheimnis:
Wir werden nicht alle entschlafen,
wir werden aber alle verwandelt werden;
und dasselbige plötzlich in einem Augenblick,
zu der Zeit der letzten Posaune.
Denn es wird die Posaune schallen
und die Toten werden auferstehen
unverweslich;
und wir werden verwandelt werden.
Dann wird erfüllet werden das Wort,
das geschrieben steht.
Der Tod ist verschlungen in den Sieg,
Tod, wo ist dein Stachel?
Hölle, wo ist dein Sieg?
Herr, Du bist würdig
zu nehmen Preis und Ehre und Kraft,
denn Du hast alle Dinge erschaffen,
und durch Deinen Willen haben sie das Wesen
und sind geschaffen.

VII CHORUS

Blessed are the dead
which die in the Lord
from henceforth;
yea, saith the Spirit,
that they rest from their labours;
and their works do follow them.

VII CHOR

Selig sind die Toten,
die in dem Herrn sterben,
von nun an.
Ja der Geist spricht,
dass sie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit;
denn ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach.