



**MUSIC FOR LENT with the FARINGDON SINGERS**  
**Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> March 2006 at 3.00pm**  
**St. Denys' Church, Stanford-in-the-Vale**

**Motets**

The crown of roses  
Drop, drop, slow tears  
God so loved the world  
O sacred head, sore wounded

Tchaikovsky  
Gibbons  
Stainer  
Bach

**1. Audience**

O sacred head, sore wounded,  
Defiled and put to scorn;  
O kingly head, surrounded  
With mocking crown of thorn:  
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?  
Can death thy bloom deflower?  
O countenance whose splendour  
The hosts of heaven adore.

**2. Audience**

Thy beauty. Long-desired,  
hath vanished from our sight;  
Thy power is all expired,  
And quenched the light of light.  
Ah me! For whom thou diest,  
Hide not so far thy grace:  
Show me, O Love most highest,  
The brightness of thy face.

**3. Choir only**

In thy most bitter passion  
My heart to share doth cry,  
With thee for my salvation  
Upon the Cross to die.  
Ah, Keep my heart thus moved  
To stand thy Cross beneath,  
To mourn thee, well-beloved,  
Yet thank thee for thy death.

Ave verum corpus

Byrd

**Instrumental pieces**

**St. Peter's Denial of Christ**

Charpentier

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Short Interval  
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## **Jesu, Priceless Treasure**

Bach

- |                                     |        |
|-------------------------------------|--------|
| 1. Jesu, priceless treasure         | Choral |
| 2. So there is now                  | Chorus |
| 3. In thine arm I rest me           | Choral |
| 4. Thus, then, the law              | Trio   |
| 5. Death, I do not fear thee        | Verse  |
| 6. Ye are not of the flesh          | Chorus |
| 7. Hence with earthly treasure      | Choral |
| 8. If therefore Christ abide in you | Trio   |
| 9. Fare thee well                   | Verse  |
| 10. If by His Spirit                | Chorus |
| 11. Hence, all fears and sadness    | Choral |

## **Instrumental pieces**

### **Spirituals**

- |                             |                        |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| Were you there?             | Arr. Brian Trant       |
| Swing low, sweet chariot    | Arr. David Sanger      |
| Let us break bread together | Arr. Robert de Cormier |

### **A Hymne to God the Father**

Pelham Humfrey

### **The Litany for Lent**

#### Soloists:

Rebekah Callow (Soprano), Dinah Loasby (Soprano), Heather Nisbet (Soprano), Debra Warner (Contralto), Sjoerd Vogt (Tenor), Steve Munday (Bass)

Conductor - Terence Carter  
Cellist - Liz Parkin  
Keyboard - John Ridgway

## **ST. PETER'S DENIAL OF CHRIST**

### **(NARRATOR) CHORUS:**

When Jesus had supped and had given to his disciples his body to eat and his blood to drink, they went out together into the mount of Olives. Then Jesus said to them:

### **JESUS:**

All ye shall be offended because of me this night: for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.

### **(NARRATOR) CHORUS:**

Peter answered and said unto him:

### **PETER:**

Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.

### **JESUS:**

Verily I say unto thee, Peter, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.

### **PETER:**

Ah, Lord! Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.

### **(NARRATOR) CHORUS:**

Likewise also said all the disciples: We will not deny thee. Though we should die with thee, yet will we not deny thee.

### **NARRATOR:**

Lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves. They rushed up to Jesus and took him, seeing which his disciples fled. And Peter, stretching out his hand, drew his sword and, striking a servant of the high priest, cut off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him:

### **JESUS:**

Put back, Peter, thy sword in its place. The cup which my Father hath given me, dost thou not wish me to drink it?

### **NARRATOR:**

Then the officers of the Jews took Jesus and bound him and led him to the chief priest, and Peter followed him afar off unto the high priest's palace. And when the portress saw him she said to him:

**PORTRESS:**

Art not thou also one of this man's disciples?

**PETER:**

O woman, I am not; I do not know the man.

**(NARRATOR) CHORUS:**

And Peter went into the house, and sat before the fire, with the servants and officers, to warm himself. Another maidservant spoke thus to him:

**MAIDSERVANT:**

And wast thou also with Jesus of Nazareth?

**PETER:**

O woman, I wast not; I do not know the man.

**NARRATOR:**

Then questioned him a relative of him whose ear Peter had cut off, saying:

**TRIO:**

**MALCHUS'S RELATIVE:**

Did not I see thee in the garden with him? Wast it not thou who struck Machus? Verily it wast thou. Art thou not a Galilean? For thy speech also betrayeth thee. Thou art one of the disciples of that man.

**PORTRESS:**

Art not thou a Galilean? Did I not see thee in the garden with him? Verily thou art, thou wast. For thy speech also betrayeth thee. Thou art one of the disciples of that man.

**MAIDSERVANT:**

Art not thou a Galilean? Did I not see thee in the garden with him? Verily thou art, thou wast. For thy speech also betrayeth thee. Thou art one of the disciples of that man.

**PETER:**

No I am not, verily I wast not. I know not what thou sayest; I do not know the man. I am not; I have not been; I wast not.

**NARRATOR:**

And immediately the cock crew.

**(NARRATOR) CHORUS:**

Then Jesus looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the work of Jesus, and he went out, and wept bitterly.