

MUSIC 12 *from Easter Wings* by Philip Wilby,
performed by Mary Wiegold and the Composers Ensemble

For 30 years the soprano Mary Wiegold has collected a songbook of new music, sung in more than 200 premiers. Philip Wilby is a Yorkshire composer specialising in religious music, and brass bands. This is his setting of the verse from George Herbert's poem.

READING TWELVE

Sabbaths: 1979 II by *Wendell Berry*

Another Sunday morning comes
And I resume the standing Sabbath
Of the woods, where the finest blooms
Of time return, and where no path

Is work but wears its makers out
At last, and disappears in leaves
Of fallen seasons. The tracked rut
Fills and levels; here nothing grieves

In the risen season. Past life
Lives in the living. Resurrection
Is in the ways each maple leaf
Commemorates its kind, by connection

Outreaching understanding. What rises
Rises into comprehension
And beyond. Even falling rises
In praise of light....

MUSIC 13 *O Domine Jesus Christe Oh Lord Jesus Christ*
by Tomás Luis de Victoria, sung by Nordic Voices

This sequence finishes with a short Easter motet from the greatest Spanish composer of his time, published in Rome in 1585. Victoria was also a priest.



In Holy Week



*A sequence of words and music
from Palm Sunday to Easter
planned for St Peter De Beauvoir Town
Palm Sunday 5th April 2020*

READING TEN

from Good Friday 1613. Riding Westward by John Donne

...Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West
This day, when my Soul's form bends toward the East.
There I should see a Sun, by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget;
But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self life, must dye;
What a death were it then to see God dye?
...If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnished thus
Half of that Sacrifice, which ransomed us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards me,
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
Burne off my rusts, and my deformity,
Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.

**MUSIC 11 Vineaelecta by Francis Poulenc sung by The Sixteen
conducted by Harry Christophers** *O chosen vineyard, I planted thee. How is thy
sweetness turned to bitterness, to crucify me and take Barabbas in my place?*

READING ELEVEN

from Easter Wings by George Herbert

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

**MUSIC 9 Opening Prayer from *Dusk Songs* by Kerry Andrew
sung by the Ebor Singers**

Kerry Andrew is a very versatile London-based composer, performer and author who studied at York University. Her first novel was published two years ago.

READING NINE

Ecce Homo by *Andrew Hudgins*

Christ bends, protects his groin. Thorns gouge
his forehead, and his legs
are stippled with dried blood. The part of us
that's Pilate says, *Behold the man.*
We glare at that bound, lashed,
and bloody part of us that's Christ. We laugh, we howl,
we shout. *Give us Barabbas,*
not knowing who Barabbas is, not caring.
A thief? We'll take him anyway. A drunk?
A murderer? Who cares? It's better him
Than this pale ravaged thing, this god. Bosch knows.
His humans waver, laugh, then change to demons
as if they're seized by epilepsy. It spreads
from eye to eye, from laugh to laugh until,
incited by the ease of going mad,
they go. How easy evil is! Dark voices sing,
*You can be evil or you can be good,
but good is dull, my darling, good is dull.*
And we're convinced: How lovely evil is!
How lovely hell must be! *Give us Barabbas!*

Lord Pilate clears his throat and tries again:
I find no fault in this just man.
It's more than we can bear. In gothic script
our answer floats above our upturned eyes.
O crucify, we sing. O crucify him!

**MUSIC 10 Lux Aeterna (*Eternal Light*) from *Requiem for a Friend* by
Zbigniew Preisner sung by a group of Polish soloists in 1997.**

This was Preisner's first non film music, written in memory of the director with whom he worked most closely in the 1990s.

In Holy Week *A Sequence of Music and Words*

WELCOME

**MUSIC 1 Antiphonal Fanfare for Three Brass Choirs
by Sir Arthur Bliss played by the Phillip Jones Brass Ensemble**
*Sir Arthur Bliss was Master of the Queen's Music from 1953
until his death in 1975.*



READING ONE

Evening, Palm Sunday by *Brent McCauley* — Mar 21, 2017

Small dust devils go spinning down the empty street.
Wind rattles the dry leaves
Of palm branches tossed in careless heaps.
Today crowds packed the street.
We cheered, we sang, we danced, waved palm branches,
A hero's welcome for the one who comes,
The one who changes lives,
Some say the promised one, the one we have waited for.
We laid our branches down before him,
A royal carpet for his feet.
Now his friends and he are off somewhere,
The street is quiet, the crowds have all gone home.
So, what happens now?

MUSIC 2 *from Jerusalem Surge Arise Jerusalem!* by Carlo Gesualdo
sung by Tenebrae conducted by Nigel Short

*Gesualdo was a violent and discordant 16th century Italian composer.
Jerusalem Surge is one of the Holy Week Responsories, chants for Matins.*

READING TWO

from East Coker, one of the Four Quarters by TS Eliot

I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope
For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without love
For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.
.....

 You say I am repeating
Something I have said before. I shall say it again,
Shall I say it again? In order to arrive there,
To arrive where you are, to get from where you are not,
 You must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy.
In order to arrive at what you do not know
 You must go by a way which is the way of ignorance.
In order to possess what you do not possess
 You must go by the way of dispossession.
In order to arrive at what you are not
 You must go through the way in which you are not.
And what you do not know is the only thing you know
And what you own is what you do not own
And where you are is where you are not.

MUSIC 3 *O Lamm Gottes, Unschuldig O Lamb of God, Innocent*
by J S Bach played on the accordion by Denis Patkovic

READING THREE

Two poems by *R S Thomas*

Eternity is More Than Enough

I think that maybe
I will be a little surer
of being a little nearer.
That's all. Eternity
is in the understanding
that that little is more than enough.

>

READING EIGHT

from The Dream of the Rood,

*The earliest Christian poem in (Anglo-Saxon) English, 8th century,
translated by Richard Hammer. Some of it is inscribed on the Ruthwell Cross.*

The Rood (the cross of Christ) speaks:

“It was long past – I still remember it –
That I was cut down at the copse’s end,
Moved from my root. Strong enemies there took me,
Told me to hold aloft their criminals,
Made me a spectacle. Men carried me
Upon their shoulders, set me on a hill,
A host of enemies there fastened me.

“And then I saw the Lord of all mankind
Hasten with eager zeal that He might mount
Upon me. I durst not against God’s word
Bend down or break, when I saw tremble all
The surface of the earth. Although I might
Have struck down all the foes, yet stood I fast.

“Then the young hero (who was God almighty)
Got ready, resolute and strong in heart.
He climbed onto the lofty gallows-tree,
Bold in the sight of many watching men,
When He intended to redeem mankind.
I trembled as the warrior embraced me.
But still I dared not bend down to the earth,
Fall to the ground. Upright I had to stand.

...“ All creation wept,
Bewailed the King’s death; Christ was on the cross....



MUSIC 8 Lamentations for Maundy Thursday *Jerusalem*
by Tomás Luis de Victoria sung by the Tallis Scholars



*Mary
Magdalene
washing the
feet of Christ:
a detail from
the Ruthwell
Cross,
Dumfriesshire*

The Uninvited Guest to an Inadequate Table

When we are weak, we are
strong. When our eyes close
on the world, then somewhere
within us the bush

burns. When we are poor
and aware of the inadequacy
of our table, it is to that
uninvited the guest comes.

MUSIC 4 The Dress from the movie *Mary Magdalene*
by Hildur Guðnadóttir and Jóhann Jóhannsson

*Two Icelandic composers worked on the 2018 film score. It was the last one
that Jóhannsson would compose.*

READING FOUR

A Short Story of Falling by *Alice Oswald*

It is the story of the falling rain
to turn into a leaf and fall again

it is the secret of a summer shower
to steal the light and hide it in a flower

and every flower a tiny tributary
that from the ground flows green and momentary

is one of water's wishes and this tale
hangs in a seed-head smaller than my thumbnail

if only I a passerby could pass
as clear as water through a plume of grass

to find the sunlight hidden at the tip
turning to seed a kind of lifting rain drip

then I might know like water how to balance
the weight of hope against the light of patience

water which is so raw so earthy-strong
and lurks in cast-iron tanks and leaks along

drawn under gravity towards my tongue
to cool and fill the pipe-work of this song

which is the story of the falling rain
that rises to the light and falls again

**MUSIC 5 Quant ien congneu a ma pensée As far as I know
composed and played by the Tarkovsky Quartet 1.45"**

This French-German group has developed a dream-like style of composition and performance inspired by the late Russian film-maker Andrej Tarkovsky

READING FIVE

The Peace of Wild Things by Wendell Berry

When despair grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting for their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

**MUSIC 6 Sanctus from a Worcester Ladymass
sung by Trio Mediaeval**

15th and 16th century anonymous music from Worcester Cathedral rescued in the 20th century from manuscripts used as book bindings

READING SIX

Vermeer by Wislawa Szymborska



As long as the woman from Rijksmuseum
in painted silence and concentration
day after day pours milk
from the jug to the bowl,
the World does not deserve
the end of the world.



**MUSIC 7 The Last Supper from Oscar Peterson's Easter Suite,
played by Olaf Kordes and Karl Godejohann**

Commissioned from the veteran jazz pianist Oscar Peterson by the South Bank Show on ITV and first broadcast on Good Friday 1984

READING SEVEN

The Look by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

The Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word,
No gesture of reproach; the Heavens serene
Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean
Their thunders that way: the forsaken Lord
Looked only, on the traitor. None record
What that look was, none guess; for those who have seen
Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang keen,
Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,
Have missed Jehovah at the judgment-call.
And Peter, from the height of blasphemy--
'I never knew this man'--did quail and fall
As knowing straight THAT GOD; and turned free
And went out speechless from the face of all
And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.