



MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST
WITH HYMNS AND ANTHEMS

THE SECOND SUNDAY OF LENT
MARCH 8, 2009 AT
4:00 P.M.

*Welcome to St. Paul's. We invite you to join us as an active participant in the worship of God.
Hymns are found in The Hymnal 1982, the blue book in the pew racks.*

Prelude, From deepest woe I cry to thee (Hymn 151) Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)
O man, lament your great sin
O Lamb of God, most holy

Invitatory Anthem, Remember not, Lord, our offences Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)
Remember not, Lord, our offences nor the offences of our forefathers; but spare us, good Lord,
neither take thou vengeance of our sins, but spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast
redeem'd with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever. Spare us, good Lord.

The people stand for the hymns and collects and remain seated for the anthems and lessons.
The Procession, Hymn 455, O love of God, how strong and true *Dunedin*

I. Gethsemane

Officiant Burnt offerings and sacrifice for sin you have not required: then I said, "Lo, I come, in the
volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfill your will, O my God."

What shall I give to the Lord, for all the benefits God has given to me?

People I will receive the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

Anthem, Man that is born of a woman Henry Purcell
from *Funeral Music for Queen Mary*

Man that is born of a woman
hath but a short time to live,
and is full of misery.
He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower;
he fleeth as it were a shadow,
and ne'er continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death:
of whom may we seek for succour,
but of thee, O Lord,
who for our sins art justly displeas'd?

Yet, O Lord, O Lord most mighty,
O holy and most merciful Saviour,
deliver us not into the bitter pains
of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts;
shut not thy merciful ears unto our pray'rs;
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.

Prophecy Jeremiah 15:15-21

O Lord, you know; remember me and visit me, and bring down retribution for me on my persecutors. In your forbearance do not take me away and know that on your account I suffer insult. Your words were found, and I ate them, and your words became to me a joy and the delight of my heart; for I am called by your name, O LORD, God of hosts. I did not sit in the company of merry-makers, nor did I rejoice; under the weight of your hand I sat alone, for you had filled me with indignation. Why is my pain unceasing, my wound incurable, refusing to be healed? Truly, you are to me like a deceitful brook, like waters that fail. Therefore thus says the LORD: If you turn back, I will take you back, and you shall stand before me. If you utter what is precious, and not what is worthless, you shall serve as my mouth. It is they who will turn to you, not you who will turn to them. And I will make you to this people a fortified wall of bronze; they will fight against you, but they shall not prevail over you, for I am with you to save you and deliver you, says the LORD. I will deliver you out of the hand of the wicked, and redeem you from the grasp of the ruthless.

The Word of the Lord.

People Thanks be to God.

The people remain seated.

The Lamentation

Translation by Eric Milner-White

Edward Bairstow
(1874-1946)

How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people: how is she become as a widow. She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces; how is she become tributary. She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her. The ways of Zion do mourn: because none come to the solemn assembly. All her gates are desolate: and she herself is in bitterness. The Lord hath afflicted her for the multitude of her transgressions: Her children are gone into captivity before the enemy. All they that go by clap their hands at her: they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem saying: 'Is this the city that men called the perfection of beauty: the joy of the whole earth?'

Refrain: Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

For these things I weep: mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water. From on high hath the Lord sent fire into my bones and it prevaieth against them: he hath made me desolate and faint all the day. My flesh and my skin hath he made old: he hath broken my bones. He hath builded against me: and compass'd me with gall and travail. He hath made me to dwell in dark places: as those that have been long dead. I am become a derision to all my people: and their song all the day. Let him give his cheek to him that smiteth him: Let him be filled full with reproach. Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by: behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow. Remember mine affliction and my misery: the worm-wood and the gall.

Refrain: Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

Remember O Lord what is come upon us: behold and see our reproach. The joy of our heart is ceas'd; our dance is turn'd into mourning. The crown is fallen from our head: woe unto us for we have sinn'd. For this our heart is faint: for these things our eyes are dim. Let us search and try our ways: and turn again unto the Lord. Turn thou us unto thee O Lord and we shall be turn'd: renew our days as of old. It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consum'd: because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness. The Lord is my portion saith my soul: therefore will I hope in him. O Lord thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul: thou hast redeem'd my life.

Refrain: Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

Gospel

Mark 14:32-46

They went to a place called Gethsemane; and he said to his disciples, 'Sit here while I pray.' He took with him Peter and James and John, and began to be distressed and agitated. And said to them, 'I am deeply grieved, even to death; remain here, and keep awake.' And going a little farther, he threw himself on the ground and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. He said, 'Abba, Father, for you all things are possible; remove this cup from me; yet, not what I want, but what you want.' He came and found them sleeping; and he said to Peter, 'Simon, are you asleep?' Could you not keep awake one hour? Keep awake and pray that you may not come into the time of trial; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' And again he went away and prayed, saying the same words. And once more he came and found them sleeping, for their eyes were very heavy; and they did not know what to say to him. He came a third time and said to them, 'Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? Enough! The hour has come; the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Get up, let us be going. See, my betrayer is at hand.' Immediately, while he was still speaking, Judas, one of the twelve, arrived; and with him there was a crowd with swords and clubs, from the chief priests, the scribes, and the elders. Now the betrayer had given them a sign, saying, 'The one I will kiss is the man; arrest him and lead him away under guard.' So when he came, he went up to him at once and said, 'Rabbi!' and kissed him. Then they laid hands on him and arrested him.

The Word of the Lord.

People Thanks be to God.

Hymn 168, O sacred head, sore wounded (*Stanzas 1, 2, & 3*)

Herzlich tut mich verlangen

Collect

Officiant Let us pray.

O Lord Jesus, who in the Garden of Gethsemane with agony and bloody sweat that thy Father's will be done; grant that the same mind be formed in us, that dying to sin and selfishness we may rise to life with thee: who lives and reigns with the same Father and the Holy Ghost, one God world without end. *Amen.*

II. The Trial

Officiant I went before you in a pillar of cloud and you have led me to the judgment hall of Pilate. I gave you the water of salvation from the rock, but you have given me vinegar and left me to thirst, and you have prepared a cross for your Savior.

Deliver me, my God, from the hand of the wicked.

People For you are my hope, O Lord God, my confidence since I was young.

Prophecy Jeremiah 20:7-11

O Lord, you have enticed me, and I was enticed; you have overpowered me, and you have prevailed. I have become a laughingstock all day long; everyone mocks me. For whenever I speak, I must cry out, I must shout, "Violence and destruction!" For the word of the LORD has become for me a reproach and derision all day long. If I say, "I will not mention him, or speak any more in his name," then within me there is something like a burning fire shut up in my bones; I am weary with holding it in, and I cannot. For I hear many whispering: "Terror is all around! Denounce him! Let us denounce him!" All my close friends are watching for me to stumble. "Perhaps he can be enticed, and we can prevail against him, and take our revenge on him." But the LORD is with me like a dread warrior; therefore my persecutors will stumble, and they will not prevail. They will be greatly shamed, for they will not succeed. Their eternal dishonor will never be forgotten. O LORD of hosts, you test the righteous, you see the heart and the mind; to you I have committed my cause.

The Word of the Lord.

People Thanks be to God.

Anthem, Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes

Henry Purcell

Lord, how many adversaries I have! How many there are who rise up against me! How many there are who say of me, "There is no help for him in his God." But you, O Lord, are a shield about me; you are my glory, the one who lifts up my head. I call aloud upon the Lord, and he answers me from his holy hill; I lie down and go to sleep; I wake again, because the Lord sustains me. I do not fear the multitudes of people who set themselves against me all around. Rise up, O Lord; set me free, O my God; surely, you will strike all my enemies across the face, you will break the teeth of the wicked. Deliverance belongs to the Lord. Your blessing be upon your people! Psalm 3

Gospel

Matthew 27:11-26

Now Jesus stood before the governor; and the governor asked him, "Are you the King of the Jews?" Jesus said, "You say so." But when he was accused by the chief priests and elders, he did not answer. Then Pilate said to him, "Do you not hear how many accusations they make against you?" But he gave him no answer, not even to a single charge, so that the governor was greatly amazed. Now at the festival the governor was accustomed to release a prisoner for the crowd, anyone whom they wanted. At that time they had a notorious prisoner, called Jesus Barabbas. So after they had gathered, Pilate said to them, "Whom do you want me to release for you, Jesus Barabbas or Jesus who is called the Messiah?" For he realized that it was out of jealousy that they had handed him over. While he was sitting on the judgment seat, his wife sent word to him, "Have nothing to do with that innocent man, for today I have suffered a great deal because of a dream about him." Now the chief priests and the elders persuaded the crowds to ask for Barabbas and to have Jesus killed. The governor again said to them, "Which of the two do you want me to release for you?" And they said, "Barabbas." Pilate said to them, "Then what should I do with Jesus who is called the Messiah?" All of them said, "Let him be crucified!" Then he asked, "Why, what evil has he done?" But they shouted all the more, "Let him be crucified!" So when Pilate saw that he could do nothing, but rather that a riot was beginning, he took some water and washed his hands before the crowd, saying, I am innocent of this man's blood; see to it yourselves." Then the people as a whole answered, "His blood be on us and on our children!" So he released Barabbas for them; and after flogging Jesus, he handed him over to be crucified.

After the reading the reader says

The Word of the Lord.

People Thanks be to God.

Anthems

Hear, my prayer, O Lord

Henry Purcell

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my crying come unto thee. Psalm 102:1

Look down, O Lord, on my poor soul

William Byrd
(1543-1623)

Look down, O Lord, on my poor soul, In thee I live, I move and am, O clear my soul, and conscience, That I in thee my peace may find, Rest to my heart, Joy to my mind, Freed from my sin, and mine offence.

Hymn 458, My song is love unknown (stanzas 1, 2, 3 & 7)

Love Unknown

The people remain standing

Collect

Officiant Let us pray.

Almighty and everliving God, in your tender love for the human race you sent your Son our Savior Jesus Christ to take upon him our nature, and to suffer death upon the cross, giving us the example of his great humility: Mercifully grant that we may walk in the way of his suffering, and also share in his resurrection; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

III. The Crucifixion

Officiant My peace I gave which the world cannot give, and washed your feet as a sign of my love, but you draw the sword to strike in my name. I offered you my body and blood, but you scatter and deny and abandon me, and you have prepared a cross for your Savior.

My God, my God, look upon me;

People Why have you forsaken me and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?

Anthem, Hear my prayer

Moses Hogan
(1957-2003)

O Lord, please hear my prayer, In the mornin' when I rise. It's Your servant bound for glory. O dear Lord, please hear my prayer. O Lord, please hear my prayer, Keep me safe within Your arms. It's your servant bound for glory. When my work on earth is done, And You come to take me home. Just to know I'm bound for glory. And to hear You say well done. Done with sin and sorrow, have mercy, mercy. Amen.

Prophecy Lamentations 1:12; 3:2-21

Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by? Look and see if there is any sorrow like my sorrow, which was brought upon me, which the LORD inflicted on the day of his fierce anger. He has driven and brought me into darkness without any light; against me alone he turns his hand, again and again, all day long. He has made my flesh and my skin waste away, and broken my bones; he has besieged and enveloped me with bitterness and tribulation; he has made me sit in darkness like the dead of long ago. He has walled me about so that I cannot escape; he has put heavy chains on me; though I call and cry for help, he shuts out my prayer; he has blocked my ways with hewn stones, he has made my paths crooked. He is a bear lying in wait for me, a lion in hiding; he led me off my way and tore me to pieces; he has made me desolate; he bent his bow and set me as a mark for his arrow. He shot into my vitals the arrows of his quiver; I have become the laughingstock of all my people, the object of their taunt-songs all day long. He has filled me with bitterness; he has sated me with wormwood. He has made my teeth grind on gravel, and made me cower in ashes; my soul is bereft of peace; I have forgotten what happiness is; so I say, "Gone is my glory, and all that I had hoped for from the LORD." The thought of my affliction and my homelessness is wormwood and gall! My soul continually thinks of it and is bowed down within me. But this I call to mind, and therefore I have hope.

The Word of the Lord.

People Thanks be to God.

Anthem, Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry

Henry Purcell

Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry: shall thy jealousy burn like fire for ever? O remember not our old sins, but have mercy upon us, and that soon: for we are come to great misery. Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy Name: O deliver us, and be merciful unto our sins, for thy Name's sake. So we, that are thy people, and the sheep of thy pasture, shall give thee thanks for ever: and will alway be shewing forth thy praise from one generation to another. Psalm 79, vv. 5,8,9,14

Gospel John 19:16-29

Then Pilate handed him over to them to be crucified. So they took Jesus; and carrying the cross by himself, he went out to what is called The Place of the Skull, which in Hebrew is called Golgotha. There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus between them. Pilate also had an inscription written and put on the cross. It read, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Many of the Jews read this inscription, because the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city; and it was written in Hebrew, in Latin, and in Greek. Then the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, "Do not write, 'The King of the Jews,' but, 'This man said, I am King of the Jews.'" Pilate answered, "What I have written I have written." When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one

piece from the top. So they said to one another, "Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it." This was to fulfill what the scripture says, "They divided my clothes among themselves, and for my clothing they cast lots." And that is what the soldiers did. Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, "Woman, here is your son." Then he said to the disciple, "Here is your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home. After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill the scripture), "I am thirsty." A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the wine, he said, "It is finished." Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

The Word of the Lord.

People Thanks be to God.

Anthem, Civitas Sancti tui

William Byrd

Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta.
Sion deserta facta est,
Jerusalem desolata est.

Your holy city has become a wilderness.
Zion has become a wilderness,
Jerusalem has been made desolate.

Hymn 170, To mock your reign

The Third Tune

Collect

Officiant Let us pray.

Almighty God, we pray you graciously to behold this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed, and given into the hands of sinners, and to suffer death upon the cross; who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Anthem, Salve Regina

Herbert Howells
(1892-1983)

Salve Regina, mater misericordiae:
vita dulcedo, spes nostra, salve.
Ad te clamamus, exsules, filii Hevae,
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes
In hac lacrimarum valle.
Eia ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos
Misericordes oculos ad nos converte
Et Iesum benedictum fructum ventris tui
Nobis post hoc exilium ostende:
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis virgo semper
Maria.

Hail, queen of mercy,
Our life, our sweetness and our hope, hail!
To you we cry, exiled children of Eve,
To you we sigh, groaning and weeping
In this vale of tears.
Therefore as our advocate
Turn your merciful eyes towards us
And after this exile show us Jesus,
The blessed fruit of your womb.
O clement, O loving, O sweet Mary,
For ever virgin.

Gospel Mark 16:1-8

When the Sabbath was over, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome bought spices, so that they might go and anoint him. And very early on the first day of the week, when the sun had risen, they went to the tomb. They had been saying to one another, "Who will roll away the stone for us from the entrance to the tomb?" When they looked up, they saw that the stone, which was very large, had already been rolled back. As they entered the tomb, they saw a young man, dressed in a white robe, sitting on the right side; and they were alarmed. But he said to them, "Do not be alarmed; you are looking for Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He has been raised; he is not here. Look, there is the place they laid him. But go, tell his disciples and Peter that he is going ahead of you to Galilee; there you will see him, just as he told you." So they went out and fled from the tomb, for terror and amazement had seized them; and they said nothing to anyone, for they were afraid.

The Word of the Lord.

People Thanks be to God.

Collect

Officiant Let us pray.

Grant, Most Holy God, that as we are baptized into the death of your blessed Son our Savior Jesus Christ, we may be buried with him, and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, your Son Jesus Christ our Savior. *Amen.*

V. By the baptism of Christ's death and resurrection, he set us free from bondage to sin and death.

R. *And opened to us the joy and freedom of everlasting life.*

V. As he suffered for us, the piercing of his side brought forth water and blood.

R. *Glory to you, O God, for ever and ever.*

Anthem, Nunc dimittis

Herbert Howells

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine,
secundum verbum tuum in pace:
Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum
Quod parasti ante faciem omnium populorum:
Lumen ad revelationem gentium, et gloriam plebis tuae Israel.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

The ministers and choir depart in silence.

All depart in silence. You are welcome to remain for prayer and meditation.

Officiant: The Reverend Jean Denton, *Senior Associate Rector*

Frank W. Boles: *Organist and Associate for Music*

Edie Johnson: *Assistant Organist/Choir Director*



Promotions for this service are thanks
in part to WFYI Public Radio, Indianapolis.

Indianapolis Pro Musica

Sopranos

Bethany Fales
Judith Gustafson
Sara Haisley
Susan Haisley
Candis Lang
Marcia Larson
Mary Beth Wott

Altos

Pam Douglas
Marian Fales
Joyce Krauser
Jessica Moland
Becky Stoner
Marilyn Vargo

Tenors

Elwood Black
Victor Chen
Tom Honderich
Brandon Lowe

Basses

Rick Adams
John Carvey
Pat Havens
Harry Mamlin
John Wright

Program Notes – Today’s service honors the 350th anniversary of the birth of Henry Purcell. Henry Purcell was born in 1659. Clear documentation of his parentage is lacking, but there were two musicians named Purcell at Westminster at the time of his birth, Henry (d. 1664), Master of the Choristers at Westminster Abbey, and Thomas (d. 1682). Both the elder Henry and Thomas were Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal and could have been brothers; they sang at the Coronation of Charles II.

Henry (the younger) was thus born at the beginning of the renaissance of the arts in England fostered by the Restoration. As a boy he was a chorister in the Chapel Royal, and displayed great talent at an early age; a three-part song that was included in a collection published in 1667 was attributed to him. After his voice changed (1673), Henry became apprenticed to the keeper of the King’s keyboard and wind instruments. In this capacity he was engaged to tune the organ in Westminster Abbey over the period 1674-1678; he studied simultaneously with the organist, John Blow, and in 1679, at twenty, he succeeded Dr. Blow as organist of Westminster Abbey. The position brought a salary and a house, and Purcell’s career was launched.

In addition to being a prolific composer, Purcell eventually added the simultaneous post of organist of the Chapel Royal and the occupation of organ builder to his responsibilities. He wrote compositions for the theatre, for the Church, and for the Court. He wrote music and provided an additional organ for the coronations of both James II and William and Mary. His star burned bright but briefly; Purcell died in November, 1695 at the age of 36, possibly of tuberculosis. He was given a spectacular funeral at Westminster Abbey, with the choirs of the Abbey and the Chapel Royal performing. He was buried in the north aisle of the Abbey, the spot marked by a marble tablet donated by Lady Elizabeth Howard. Following Purcell’s death, Dr. John Blow returned to the position of Abbey organist, and in tribute to his former pupil composed “Ode on the Death of Purcell” with the text by John Dryden.

Purcell produced a large output of music; the earliest remaining pieces (with very few exceptions) date from around 1680. The early works are judged to be of superb compositional quality, and doubtless Purcell had been polishing his abilities from an early age. Purcell’s music reflects the circumstances of his time. When the Stuarts regained the throne in 1660, theatres that had been closed under Cromwell were reopened, creating a demand for musical accompaniment to plays and masques. During Purcell’s short period of maturity, he had the opportunity to write for two coronations, in 1685 and 1689, and he benefited from the patronage of the sovereign by supplying odes, songs, and other music for royal occasions.

Sacred music at the Restoration initially looked to pre-Commonwealth composers (Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons), and as a boy Purcell studied them. His own work incorporated influences from the Continent and shows much individuality. Purcell wrote anthems and some service music. He wrote a very large quantity of secular vocal and instrumental music. A two-volume collection of his songs was published after his death under the title “Orpheus Britannicus”. Henry Purcell is considered one of the greatest of the English composers and one of the greatest composers of the Baroque period. He achieved distinction in each of the many musical genres he attempted, and is both celebrated and a cultural influence up to the present day. *Chuck Roemer*

PLEASE JOIN US FOR MASTERWORKS OF FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

St. Paul’s Choir with orchestra commemorating the 200th anniversary of Franz Joseph Haydn’s death (1732-1809).
March 22, Sunday at 4:00 p.m.; Admission is Free. *Concerto for Trumpet and Orchestra in E Flat Major* featuring Robert Wood, trumpet and *Mass in B Flat Major (Harmoniemesse)*.