ORDER OF SERVICE

Hymn

Let all mortal flesh keep silence
And with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly-minded,
For with blessing in his hand
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
Our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary,
As of old on earth he stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture,
In the body and the blood:
He will give to all the faithful
His own self for heavenly food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven
Spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of light descendeth
From the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish
As the darkness clears away.

At his feet the six-winged seraph;
Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence,
As with ceaseless voice they cry,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord most high!

Tune: Picardy
Text: Liturgy of St James, trans. Gerard Moultrie (1829 – 1885)

Recorded 20th June 2019
Introduction & Opening Prayer

the Dean of Divinity

Thanks be to you, Lord Jesus Christ,
for all the benefits you have given me,
for all the pains and insults you have borne for me.
Since I cannot partake of your feast,
I pray you will dwell in my heart,
and enfold me in to your body here on earth
O most merciful redeemer, friend and brother,
may I know you more clearly,
love you more dearly,
and follow you more nearly, day by day. Amen.

*Adapted from the Prayer of St Richard of Chichester*

‘Fonte’, by St John of the Cross, translated by Seamus Heaney, read by Rev Dr Daniel Muñoz,
Protestant Faculty of Theology SEUT, Madrid. I read the English translation.

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Qué bien sé yo la fonte que mane y corre,
aunque es de noche.

Aquella eterna fonte está escondida,
que bien sé yo do tiene su manida,
aunque es de noche.

Su origen no lo sé, pues no le tiene,
mas sé que todo origen de ella tiene,
aunque es de noche.

Sé que no puede ser cosa tan bella,
y que cielos y tierra beben de ella,
aunque es de noche.

Bien sé que suelo en ella no se halla,
y que ninguno puede vadealla,
aunque es de noche.

Su claridad nunca es oscurecida,
y sé que toda luz de ella es venida,
aunque es de noche.

How well I know that fountain, filling,
running, although it is the night.

That eternal fountain, hidden away,
I know its haven and its secrecy
although it is the night.

But not its source because it does not have one,
which is all sources' source and original
though it is the night.

No other thing can be so beautiful.
Here the earth and heaven drink their fill
although it is the night.

I know no sounding-line can find its bottom,
nobody ford or plumb its deepest fathom
although it is the night.

So pellucid it never can be muddied,
and I know that all light radiates from it
although it is the night.
Sé ser tan caudalosos sus corrientes que infiernos, cielos riegan y las gentes, aunque es de noche.

And its current so in flood it overspills to water hell and heaven and all peoples although it is the night.

El corriente que nace de esta fuente bien sé que es tan capaz y omnipotente, aunque es de noche.

And the current that is generated there, as far as it wills to, it can flow that far although it is the night.

El corriente que de estos dos procede sé que ninguna de ellas le precede, aunque es de noche.

And from these two a third current proceeds which neither of these two, I know, precedes although it is the night.

Aquesta eterna fonte está escondida en este vivo pan por darnos vida, aunque es de noche.

This eternal fountain hides and splashes within this living bread that is life to us although it is the night.

Aquí se está llamando a las criaturas, y de esta agua se hartan, aunque a oscuras porque es de noche.

Hear it calling out to every creature. And they drink these waters, although it is dark here because it is the night.

Aquesta viva fuente que deseo, en este pan de vida yo la veo, aunque es de noche.

I am repining for this living fountain. Within this bread of life I see it plain although it is the night.

**Lauda Sion salvatorem**

Lauda Sion salvatorem, 
Lauda ducem et pastorem, 
In hymnis et canticis.

Quantum potes, tantum aude: 
Quia maior omni laude, 
Nec laudare sufficis.

Sit laus plena, sit sonora, 
Sit iucunda, sit decora 
Mentis iubilatio.

Quod non capis, quod non vides, 
Animosa firmat fides, 
Praeter rerum ordinem.

**Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548–1611)**

Sion, praise thy saviour; 
give praises to thy guide and pastor 
in hymns and songs.

Praise him as strongly and boldly as you can 
since he is greater than all praise 
which can never be sufficient.

Let praise be full, let it be sonorous; 
let it be joyful, let it be graceful; 
let our souls rejoice.

What thou canst not see or understand 
must eagerly be affirmed by faith 
outside the natural order of things.
Bone pastor, panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium.

O good shepherd, true bread,
O Jesus, have mercy on us:
O thou support us and guard us;
make us see good things
in the land of the living.

St Thomas Aquinas (1225 – 1274); translation: Jon Dixon
Sequence for the Feast of Corpus Christi

Recorded 20th June 2019

‘The Holy Communion’ by Henry Vaughan
Former Headmaster, New College School

Welcome sweet, and sacred feast; welcome life!
Dead I was, and deep in trouble;
But grace, and blessings came with thee so rife,
That they have quicken'd even drie stubble;
Thus soules their bodies animate,
And thus, at first, when things were rude,
Dark, void, and Crude
They, by thy Word, their beauty had, and date;
All were by thee,
And stil must be,
Nothing that is, or lives,
But hath his Quicknings, and reprieves
As thy hand opes, or shuts;
Healings, and Cuts,
Darkness, and day-light, life, and death
Are but meer leaves turn'd by thy breath.
Spirits without thee die,
And blackness sits
On the divinest wits,
As on the Sun Ecclipses lie.
But that great darkness at thy death
When the veyl broke with thy last breath,
Did make us see
The way to thee;
And now by these sure, sacred ties,
After thy blood
(Our sov'rain good,)
Had clear'd our eies,
And given us sight;
Thou dost unto thy self betroth
Our souls, and bodies both
In everlasting light.

Was't not enough that thou hadst paid the price
And given us eies
When we had none, but thou must also take
Us by the hand
And keep us still awake,
   When we would sleep,
   Or from thee creep,
Who without thee cannot stand?

Was't not enough to lose thy breath
And blood by an accursed death,
   But thou must also leave
   To us that did bereave
Thee of them both, these seals the means
   That should both cleanse
   And keep us so,
   Who wrought thy wo?
O rose of Sharon! O the Lilly
   Of the valley!
How art thou now, thy flock to keep,
Become both food, and Shepheard to thy sheep!

_Missa brevis (Gloria)  Benjamin Britten (1913 –1976)_

_Gloria in excelsis deo_
et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te, benedicimus te,
adoramus te, glorificamus te,
gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam,
Domine deus, rex coelestis,
Deus pater omnipotens.
Domine fili unigenite, Jesu Christe,
Domine deus, agnus dei, filius patris,
qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis;
qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram patris, miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus dominus, tu solus altissimus,
Glory be to God on high, 
and in earth peace, good will towards men. 
We praise thee, we bless thee, 
we worship thee, we glorify thee, 
we give thanks to thee for thy great glory. 
O Lord God, heavenly King, 
God the Father Almighty. 
O Lord, the only-begotten Son Jesus Christ. 
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, 
that takest away the sins of the world, 
have mercy upon us. 
Thou that takest away the sins of the world, 
receive our prayer: 
Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, 
have mercy upon us. For thou only art holy; 
thou only art the Lord. (Amen) 
Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, 
art most high in the glory of God the Father. 
Amen.

Recorded 16th May 2019

I Corinthians 11. 23-26, 33, 
read by Ms. Hannah Barr, 
ordinand on placement

In spiritu humilitatis 

In spiritu humilitatis et in animo contrito, suscipiamur a te Domine: et sic fiat sacrificium nostrum in conspectu tuo hodie, ut placeat tibi, Domine Deus. 

Humble in spirit and contrite of soul, may we be accepted by you, O Lord: and may our sacrifice be thus offered in your sight today, that it may please you, O Lord God.

Antiphon at Lauds, First Sunday of Lent

Recorded 21st October 2019

‘Oh my black Soul!’, by John Donne 
read by Mr Alexander Armstrong

Oh my black Soul! now thou art summoned 
By sickness, deaths herald, and champion; 
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done 
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled, 
Or like a thief, which till deaths doom be read, 
Wisheth himself delivered from prison; 
but damn’d and hail’d to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.  
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;  
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?  
Oh make thy self with holy mourning black,  
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;  
Or wash thee in Christ’s blood, which hath this might  
That being red, it dies red souls to white.

*Missa Surge propera (Sanctus)*  
*Thomás Luis de Victoria*

*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.*  
*Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.*  
*Hosanna in excelsis.*

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of power and might,  
heaven and earth are full of your glory.  
Hosanna in the highest.

*Recorded 9th May 2019*

*John 6. 51 – 58*  
*read by Revd Susan Bridge  
Associate Chaplain*

A reading from the gospel of John.

Jesus said, ‘I am the living bread that came down from heaven.  
Whoever eats of this bread will live for ever; and the bread that I will  
give for the life of the world is my flesh.’  
52 The Jews then disputed among themselves, saying, ‘How can this man give us his flesh to eat?’ 53So Jesus said to them, ‘Very truly, I tell you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, you have no life in you. 54 Those who eat my flesh and drink my blood have eternal life, and I will raise them up on the last day; 55 for my flesh is true food and my blood is true drink. 56 Those who eat my flesh and drink my blood abide in me, and I in them. 57 Just as the living Father sent me, and I live because of the Father, so whoever eats me will live because of me. 58 This is the bread that came down from heaven, not like that which your ancestors ate, and they died. But the one who eats this bread will live for ever.’
Love bade me welcome. Yet my soul drew back
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lacked any thing.

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marred 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.

Love III, 1633: George Herbert (1593 – 1632)

Recorded in 2017; from The Gate of Heaven (NCR 1391)

‘A revelation of Divine Love’, by Julian of Norwich ready by Prof. Elisabeth Dutton
University of Fribourg

The mother’s service is nearest, readiest, and surest, because it is the truest. This office neither might nor could be done to the full except by him alone. We know that all our mother’s bearing of us is to pain and to dying; and what is that unless our true mother Jesus, he, all love, bears us to joy and to endless living, blessed may he be! Thus he sustains us within himself in love, and travailed until the time was ripe that he would suffer the sharpest throes and the most grievous pains that ever were, or ever shall be, and died at the last. And when he had done this, and so borne us to bliss, yet all this might not make satisfaction to his marvellous love; and that he showed in these high, surpassing words of love: ‘If I might suffer more, I would suffer more.’

He might not die more, but he would not stint working. Therefore he must feed us, for the dear-worthy love of motherhood has made him debtor to us. The mother may give her child suck of her milk, but our
precious mother Jesus may feed us with himself; and does so very courteously and tenderly with the blessed sacrament that is precious food of true life. And with all the sweet sacraments he sustains us very mercifully and graciously. And so he meant in this blessed word where he said: ‘I it am that holy Church preaches and teaches you’: that is to say, ‘All the health and life of the sacraments, all the virtue and grace of my word, all the goodness that is ordained in holy Church for you, I it am.’

The mother may lay the child tenderly to her breast, but our tender mother Jesus may, homely, lead us into his blessed breast by his sweet open side, and show therein part of the divinity and the joys of heaven, with ghostly sureness of endless bliss; and that he showed in this sweet word where he says ‘Lo, how I love you’, beholding in his side, rejoicing.

_Missa in semplicitate (Agnus)._  
_Jean Langlais (1907 – 1991)_

_Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem._  
_Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem._  
_Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam._  

Lamb of God, you take away the sin of the world:  
grant them rest.  
Lamb of God, you take away the sin of the world:  
grant them rest everlasting.  

_Recorded 23rd May 2019_

_Voluntary_

_Le Dieu caché from Livre du Saint Sacrement_  
_Olivier Messiaen (1902 – 1986)_

‘I could not endure to gaze on you in the full glory of your divinity. Therefore you bear with my frailty and conceal yourself in this holy sacrament.’

_Thomas a Kempis, The Imitation of Christ, Book IV, Chapter 11_

‘On the cross only your Godhead was hidden, here even your humanity. Yet I confess and believe in both, and I direct the same prayer to you as the penitent thief.’

_from St Thomas Aquinas, Adoro te devote_
Prayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,  
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,  
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
The Christian plummet sounding heav’n and earth;

Engine against th’Almightie, sinners towre,  
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,  
The six-daies world transposing in an houre,  
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear;

Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,  
Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,  
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,  
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the souls bloud,  
The land of spices; something understood.

The land of spices

Gabriel Jackson (b. 1962)

The anthem sets the text of Prayer I by George Herbert.

Recorded 26th February 2019

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Erica Longfellow, Dean of Divinity  
Susan Bridge, Associate Chaplain

Robert Quinney, Director  
Hamish Fraser, Charles Maxtone-Smith  
& Timothy Wakerell, Organists  
Choir of New College, Oxford