

Requiem mozart

THE SACRED WING

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ALL HALLOWS LEEDS 14TH DECEMBER 2003

requiem aeternam

Give them eternal rest, lord, and let light always shine on them. People praise you in Sion, God, and will make a vow you in Jerusalem. Hear my prayer. All flesh will come to you.

kyrie

Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, lord have mercy.

dies irae

When ashes consume the world, as David and the sibyl prophesied, it will be a day of anger. When the strict judge tries everybody, they will tremble.

tuba mirum

The wonderful trumpet, scattering its sound across the graves of all lands, will call everybody in front of the throne. Death and nature will be stunned when mankind rises to answer to the judge. The book with everything to judge the world by will be brought. When the judge sits, everything hidden will appear and nothing will stay unavenged. What will I, a wretch, say then? To which protector will I appeal when even a righteous person is hardly safe?

rex tremendae

King of great majesty who freely saves those worthy of salvation, source of piety – save me.

recordare

Remember, merciful Jesus, that I was the reason for your journey. Remember, do not forget me on that day. Looking for me, you sat wearily. You saved me by suffering on the cross. Do not waste so much labour. Just judge of vengeance, free me before the day of judgement. I groan as if I were guilty, my face blushes with guilt; spare this suppliant, O God. You, who absolved Mary Magdalene and heard the thief's prayer, have given hope to me as well. My prayers are not worthy, good one, but show mercy so I don't burn in everlasting fire.

Give me a place among the sheep, separate from the goats, and put me at your right hand.

confutatis maledictis

When the damned are at a loss and are sent to piercing flames, call me to join the blessed. Suppliant, kneeling, and with a heart as contrite as ashes, I pray you to care for me at the end.

lacrymosa

When mankind rises from the ashes for judgement it will be a day of tears. So, God, merciful Jesus, and lord, be sparing in this and give them eternal rest.

domine jesu

Lord Jesus Christ, king of glory, free the souls of the faithful from the punishment of hell and from the deep lake. Deliver them from the mouth of the lion so hell does not swallow them. Do not let them fall into darkness but let your messenger Michael lead them into the holy light, as you once promised Abraham and his descendants.

hostias

Lord of praise, we offer you sacrifices and prayers. Receive them for the spirits who we remember today. Lord, let them pass from death into life.

sanctus

Holy, lord God of hosts, the heavens and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest.

benedictus

Blessed is whoever comes in the name of the lord.

agnus dei

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, give them rest forever. Since you are merciful, let eternal light shine on them with your saints for eternity.

Carols & Readings

Once in Royal David's City

Once in Royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from Heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall seem him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
Where like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.



O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in the dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessing of his heav'n.
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th'angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as one with us to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that we no more may die,
Born to raise us from the earth,
Born to give us second birth.
Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.



Ding Dong! Merrily on High

Ding dong! Merrily on high
In heaven the bells are ringing:

Ding dong! Verily the sky
Is riven with angels singing.
Gloria Hosanna in Excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And *i-o, i-o, i-o,*
By priest and people sungen.
Gloria Hosanna in Excelsis!

Pray you dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rhyme
Your eve time song, ye singers.
Gloria Hosanna in Excelsis!



Oh Come All Ye Faithful

Oh come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh come ye, Oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the King of Angels:
Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him,
Christ, the Lord!

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him,
Christ, the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God
In the highest:
Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him,
Christ, the Lord!

Sacred Wing has held annual events like this since 1999, and we welcome soloists from Leeds College of Music tonight. Please give generously to the collection on your way out as profits go to local AIDS charities.
