

JOHN RUTTER
Requiem



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Requiem Aeternam

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine: et lux perpetua, luceat eis.
Te decet hymnus, Deus in Sion: et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.
Exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis caro veniet.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

Give them eternal rest, Lord: and let light always shine on them. You, God, are praised in Sion: and a vow will be made to you in Jerusalem. Hear my prayer, all flesh will come to you. Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy.

– *Mass for the Dead*

Out of the Deep

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice.

O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

For there is mercy with thee; therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him: in his word is my trust.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord; before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

O Israel, trust in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins.

– *psalm 130, translated by William Coverdale*

Pie Jesu

Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem.

Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis sempiternam requiem.

Merciful Jesus, Lord, give them rest. Merciful Jesus, Lord, give them eternal rest.

– *Mass for the Dead*

Sanctus

Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth,

Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.

Hosanna in excelsis.

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domine.

Holy, Lord God of hosts, the heavens and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is whoever comes in the name of the Lord.

– *Mass for the Dead*

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, give them rest forever.

– *Mass for the Dead*

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.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succour?

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

– *Book of Common Prayer*

The Lord is my Shepherd

The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. He shall convert my soul, and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me; thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full. But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

– *psalm 23, translated by William Coverdale*

Lux Aeterna

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours: even so saith the Spirit:

– *Book of Common Prayer*

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine: cum sanctus tuis in aeternam, quia pius es.

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine: et lux perpetua, luceat eis.

Let eternal light shine on them, Lord, with your saints for eternity for you are merciful. Give them eternal rest, Lord, and let light always shine on them.

– *Mass for the Dead*

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.



○ 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!

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