

suffering his agony now, but the day will come when his agony and ours will be ended, and we shall sing our praise to the triumphant God of love".

### In Paradisum

In Paradisum deducant Angeli: in tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres, et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem. Chorus Angelorum te suscipiat, et cum Lazaro quondam pauper aeternam habeas requiem.

*May the angels receive them in Paradise, at thy coming may the martyrs receive thee and bring thee into the holy city Jerusalem. There may the chorus of angels receive thee, and with Lazarus, once a beggar, may thou have eternal rest.*

The last word goes to Father Geoffrey: "It's funny how it is always Christ upon the Cross that comforts, never God upon a throne. One needs a Father and a Father must suffer in His children's suffering. I could not worship the passionless potentate."

As you leave church there will be a retiring collection for Church funds. Please use a Gift Aid envelope.

Director of Music - John Gratton  
Organist - Geoff Howell

Soloists - Alison Gratton and Edd Cunliffe  
The choirs of St Matthew's, Darley Abbey,  
St Edmund's, Allestree, and friends.



The Parish of St Matthew  
Darley Abbey



*Crosses in Flanders Fields, World War 1*

## Requiem *Gabriel Fauré*



with the writings of  
Geoffrey Studdert  
Kennedy



Good Friday 2017, 7.30 pm

## Welcome

### Opening prayer

Almighty Father, look with mercy on this your family for which our Lord Jesus Christ was content to be betrayed and given up into the hands of sinners and to suffer death upon the cross; who is alive and glorified with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

### Luke 23.26-47

#### What sort of cross?

The children of Walter Evans School have made crosses, and brought them to church when they came for their Easter service last week. Use the cross as a focus for meditation as we listen to the *Requiem* (and you are welcome to take the cross home with you afterwards).

Gabriel Fauré served in the Franco-Prussian war. He was part of the French army's defence of Paris during the siege of 1870. Later his youngest son served in the First World War, and his Cello Sonata no. 1 in D Minor, opus 109 carries some of the anxiety that a father must feel when his son is at war.

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy was a Yorkshire priest who joined the army as a Chaplain on 21 December 1915. Within four days, he was conducting a Christmas Day

## Libera me

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna in die illa tremenda.  
Quando coeli movendi sunt et terra:  
Dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.  
Tremens factus sum ego et timeo  
dum discussio venerit, atque ventura ira.  
Dies illa, dies irae, calamitatis et miseriae,  
dies illa, dies magna et amara valde.  
Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

*Deliver me, O Lord, from everlasting death on that dreadful day when the heavens and the earth shall be moved, when thou shalt come to judge the world by fire. I quake with fear and I tremble awaiting the day of account and the wrath to come. That day, the day of anger, of calamity, of misery, that day, the great day, and most bitter. Grant them eternal rest, o Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon them.*

After the War, Father Geoffrey wrote about what he had seen and learned, and how it affected his faith. "I want to win the world to the worship of the patient, suffering Father God revealed in Jesus Christ." Today is Good Friday, so should we finish this Act of Worship with the *In Paradisum*? I quote Father Geoffrey again: "I can still stand facing East whence comes the Dawn, and say 'I believe in God the Father Almighty,' and in those glorious words confess my faith that the final Victory of God is as sure, nay, surer than the rising of tomorrow's sun. God is

## **Pie Jesu**

Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem, sempiternam requiem.

*Lord Jesus Christ, grant them everlasting rest.*

"On June 7th 1917 I was running to our lines half mad with fright, though running in the right direction, thank God, through what had been once a wooded copse. It was being heavily shelled. As I ran I stumbled and fell over something. I stopped to see what it was. It was an undersized, underfed German boy, with a wound in his stomach and a hole in his head. I remember muttering, 'You poor little devil, what had you got to do with it? Not much great blonde Prussian about you.' Then there came light. ... It seemed to me that the boy disappeared and in his place there lay the Christ upon His Cross, and he cried 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my little ones ye have done to unto me.' From that moment I never saw a battlefield as anything but a Crucifix. From that moment I have never seen the world as anything but a Crucifix".

## **Agnus Dei**

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi dona eis requiem, sempiternam requiem. Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine; Cum sanctis tuis in aeternam, quia pius es. Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

*O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world: grant them rest, everlasting rest. May eternal light shine on them, O Lord, with Thy saints for ever, because Thou art merciful. Grant them eternal rest, o Lord, and may perpetual light shine on them.*

service in a village square in France. The rain poured down on 400 soldiers, but it did not dampen the singing of the carols. Writing to a Worcester newspaper, Father Geoffrey wrote: "Then the glorious part came ... I went to a shed in the farmyard and the communicants came to me. There were not many, but they meant it. No lights, no ritual, nothing to help but the rain and the far-off roll of guns, and Christ was born in a cattle shed on Christmas Day".

## **The Introit and Kyrie**

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

*Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord: and let light perpetual shine on them. Thou, O God, art to be praised in Sion: unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem. Hearken unto my prayer: that unto thee all flesh shall come. Lord have mercy. Christ have mercy. Lord have mercy.*

The Battle of the Somme began on 1 July 1916. The guns could be heard in southern England. The men waited in flooded trenches, then moved forward. They climbed out, weighed down by ammunition and tools, and attacked. They found that much of the barbed wire in No Man's Land had not been destroyed, that enemy machine gun posts were still active, that enemy troops were concealed in holes and tunnels so, once British soldiers had passed, they would emerge and shoot them in the back. By the end of the day,

21,000 men had been killed and 35,000 injured. Father Geoffrey went with the men who were to dig a kick-off trench in front of the front line - in the pouring rain, water up to their waists. The men entered No Man's Land and started to dig. After two hours the captain in charge asked their Chaplain to move to the men to cheer them up - you probably know that he was nicknamed "Woodbine Willie" because he always carried a supply of cigarettes for the men. This is what he later wrote:

"Fear came. There was a pain underneath my belt. Of course, I had to go. It was the parish. We crept out. We could not get out into the twofoot ditch that they had made, it was crowded with men. We went along the edge. I whispered some inane remark as I passed by, and was rewarded with a grin which even darkness could not hide, and often when I had passed with the muttered comment, 'Gaw blyme me if it ain't the padre!' Vaguely I felt that this journey was worthwhile."

### **The Offertorium**

O Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae, libera animas defunctorum de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu. O Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae, libera animas defunctorum de ore leonis ne absorbeat tartarus. O Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae, ne cadant in obscurum. Hostias et preces tibi Domine laudis offerimus tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus. Fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam. Quam olim Abrahae promisistiet semini ejus. Amen.

*Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pains of hell and the bottomless pit. Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, deliver them from the lion's mouth, nor let them fall into darkness, neither the black abyss swallow them up. We offer unto thee this sacrifice of prayer and praise. Receive it for those souls whom today we commemorate. Allow them, O cross from death into the life which once thou didst promise to Abraham and his seed. Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pains of hell and the bottomless pit. Nor let them fall into darkness. Amen.*

On 15 June 1917 Father Geoffrey was in an advanced collecting post for the wounded in the Ypres Salient. A collecting post under fire. Morphine was required. There is no morphine. The Chaplain went out, under fire, to get some. For his bravery he was awarded the Military Cross. His citation reads: "He shewed the greatest courage and disregard for his own safety in attending to the wounded under heavy fire. He searched shell holes for our own, and enemy wounded, assisting them to the Dressing Station, and his cheerfulness and endurance had a splendid effect upon all the ranks in the front line trenches, which he constantly visited"

### **The Sanctus**

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.  
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis.  
*Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of hosts,  
heaven and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest.*