

CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL



MUSIC AND READINGS FOR  
PASSIONTIDE  
Third Sunday of Lent

Sunday 12 March 2023  
6.00 p.m.

Voluntary      *Da Jesus am dem Kreuze stund*, BWV 621

*Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)*

*All stand as the choir and clergy enter*

Welcome      The Dean

*All sit or kneel*

Bidding Prayer

Then Jesus called the crowd to him along with his disciples and said: ‘Whoever wants to be my disciple must deny themselves and take up their cross and follow me’. (Mark 8: 34)

Once we were far off, but now in union with Christ Jesus we have been brought near, through the shedding of Christ’s blood; for he is our peace. (Ephesians 2: 13, 14)

Almighty and eternal God,  
who in your great love gave your only Son  
to die for our sins,  
and for the sins of the whole world:  
Enable us, we pray, by your Holy Spirit,  
to worship you with reverence,  
and to meditate with humility upon those mighty acts  
by which you brought redemption to your people;  
through the same Jesus Christ our Lord.

All

**Amen.**

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you;

All

**Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.**

Poem

The Agony

Philosophers have measur’d mountains,  
Fathom’d the depths of seas, of states and kings;  
Walk’d with a staff to heav’n and traced fountains:  
But there are two vast, spacious things,  
The which to measure it doth more behove;  
Yet few there are that sound them, – Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair  
Unto Mount Olivet; there shall he see  
A Man so wrung with pains, that all His hair,  
His skin, His garments bloody be.  
Sin is that press and vice, which forceth pain  
To hunt his cruel food through ev’ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay  
And taste that juice which, on the cross, a pike  
Did set again abroach; then let him say  
If ever he did taste the like,  
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,  
Which my God feels as blood, but I as wine.

*George Herbert (1593–1633)*

*All stand*

Hymn 93  
*Choir only*

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
O— sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

*All*

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?  
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?  
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

*Choir only*

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

*All*

Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?  
Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?

Words *Spiritual*  
Music *American Spiritual Melody*

*All sit*

Reading

As they went out, they came upon a man from Cyrene named Simon; they compelled this man to carry his cross. And when they came to a place called Golgotha (which means Place of a Skull), they offered him wine to drink, mixed with gall; but when he tasted it, he would not drink it.

And when they had crucified him, they divided his clothes among themselves by casting lots; then they sat down there and kept watch over him. Over his head they put the charge against him, which read, ‘This is Jesus, the King of the Jews.’

Then two bandits were crucified with him, one on his right and one on his left. Those who passed by derided him, shaking their heads and saying, ‘You who would destroy the temple and build it in three days, save yourself! If you are the Son of God, come down from the cross.’

In the same way the chief priests also, along with the scribes and elders, were mocking him, saying, ‘He saved others; he cannot save himself. He is the King of Israel; let him come down from the cross now, and we will believe in him. He trusts in God; let God deliver him now, if he wants to; for he said, “I am God’s Son.”’

The bandits who were crucified with him also taunted him in the same way.

*Matthew 27: 32–44*

Poem

Redemption

Having been tenant long to a rich lord,  
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,  
And make a suit unto him, to afford  
A new small-rented lease, and cancel th' old.

In heaven at his manor I him sought;  
They told me there that he was lately gone  
About some land, which he had dearly bought  
Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight returned, and knowing his great birth,  
Sought him accordingly in great resorts;  
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:  
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth

Of thieves and murderers; there I him espied,  
Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died.

*George Herbert*

Anthem

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato: passus et sepultus est.

*He was crucified [even] for us, under Pontius Pilate: he suffered and was buried.*

Words *Nicene Creed*

Music *Antonio Lotti (1667–1740)*

Poem

Jesus of the Scars

If we have never sought, we seek Thee now;  
Thine eyes burn through the dark, our only stars;  
We must have sight of thorn-pricks on Thy brow,  
We must have Thee, O Jesus of the Scars.

The heavens frighten us; they are too calm;  
In all the universe we have no place.  
Our wounds are hurting us; where is the balm?  
Lord Jesus, by Thy Scars, we claim Thy grace.

If, when the doors are shut, Thou drawest near,  
Only reveal those hands, that side of Thine;  
We know to-day what wounds are, have no fear,  
Show us Thy Scars, we know the countersign.

The other gods were strong; but Thou wast weak;  
They rode, but Thou didst stumble to a throne;  
But to our wounds only God's wounds can speak,  
And not a god has wounds, but Thou alone.

*Edward Shillito (1872–1948)*

Anthem

Eja, Mater, fons amoris  
me sentire vim doloris  
fac, ut tecum lugeam.

*O thou Mother! fount of love!  
Touch my spirit from above,  
make my heart with thine accord:*

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum  
in amando Christum Deum  
ut sibi complaceam.

*Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
make my soul to glow and melt  
with the love of Christ my Lord.*

Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
crucifixi fige plagas  
cordi meo valide.

*Holy Mother! pierce me through,  
in my heart each wound renew  
of my Saviour crucified:*

Tui Nati vulnerati,  
tam dignati pro me pati,  
pœnas mecum divide.

*Let me share with thee His pain,  
who for all my sins was slain,  
who for me in torments died.*

Fac me tecum pie flere,  
crucifixo condolere,  
donec ego vixero.

*Let me mingle tears with thee,  
mourning Him who mourned for me,  
all the days that I may live.*

Words *Stabat Mater*, attributed to *Jacopone da Todu* (c. 1230–1306)

Translated by *Edward Caswall* (1814–78)

Music *Josephine Stephenson* (Clare 2008)\*

*\*This anthem was commissioned by Graham Ross and the Choir as part of the Clare's 50 Years of Co-Education celebrations and receives its first performance today.*

Poem

Jesus Dies on the Cross

The dark nails pierce him and the sky turns black  
We watch him as he labours to draw breath  
He takes our breath away to give it back,  
Return it to its birth through his slow death.  
We hear him struggle breathing through the pain  
Who once breathed out his spirit on the deep,  
Who formed us when he mixed the dust with rain  
And drew us into consciousness from sleep.  
His spirit and his life he breathes in all  
Mantles his world in his one atmosphere  
And now he comes to breathe beneath the pall  
Of our pollutions, draw our injured air  
To cleanse it and renew. His final breath  
Breathes us, and bears us through the gates of death.

*Malcolm Guite* (1957–)

Anthem

Take him, earth, for cherishing;  
To thy tender breast receive him.  
Body of a man I bring thee,  
Noble even in its ruin.

Once was this a spirit's dwelling  
By the breath of God created.  
High the heart that here was beating.  
Christ the prince of all its living.

Guard him well, the dead I give thee,  
Not unmindful of his creature  
Shall he ask it: he who made it  
Symbol of his mystery.

Comes the hour God hath appointed  
To fulfil the hope of men.  
Then must thou, in very fashion,  
What I give, return again.

Not though ancient time decaying  
Wear away these bones to sand,  
Ashes that a man might measure  
In the hollow of his hand:

Not though wandering winds and idle,  
Drifting through the empty sky,  
Scatter dust was nerve and sinew,  
Is it given to man to die.

Once again the shining road  
Leads to ample Paradise;  
Open are the woods again  
That the serpent lost for men.

Take, O take him, mighty leader  
Take again thy servant's soul,  
Grave his name, and pour the fragrant  
Balm upon the icy stone.

Words *Helen Jane Waddell (1889–1965)*  
Music *Herbert Howells (1892–1983)*

Reading

From noon on, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon.

And about three o'clock Jesus cried with a loud voice, 'Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?' that is, 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?'

When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, 'This man is calling for Elijah.' At once one of them ran and got a sponge, filled it with sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink. But the others said, 'Wait, let us see whether Elijah will come to save him.'

Then Jesus cried again with a loud voice and breathed his last.

At that moment the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. The earth shook, and the rocks were split. The tombs also were opened, and many bodies of the saints who had fallen asleep were raised. After his resurrection they came out of the tombs and entered the holy city and appeared to many.

Now when the centurion and those with him, who were keeping watch over Jesus, saw the earthquake and what took place, they were terrified and said, 'Truly this man was God's Son!'

*Matthew 27: 45–54*

## Cantata

### i. Sinfonia

### ii. Chorus: Nach dir, Herr, verlanget mich

Nach dir, Herr, verlanget mich.	<i>Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.</i>
Mein Gott, ich hoffe auf dich.	<i>O my God, I trust in Thee.</i>
Lass mich nicht zuschanden werden,	<i>Let me not be ashamed,</i>
dass sich meine Feinde nicht freuen über mich.	<i>let not mine enemies triumph over me.</i>

*Psalm 25: 1–2*

### iii. Aria (soprano): Doch bin und bleibe ich vergnügt

Doch bin und bleibe ich vergnügt,	<i>Yet I am and shall remain content,</i>
obgleich hier zeitlich toben	<i>though cross, storm and other trials</i>
Kreuz, Sturm und andre Proben,	<i>may rage here on earth,</i>
Tod, Höll und was sich fügt.	<i>death, hell, and what must be.</i>
Ob Unfall schlägt den treuen Knecht,	<i>Though mishap strike Thy faithful servant,</i>
Recht ist und bleibet ewig Recht.	<i>right is and remains ever right.</i>

### iv. Chorus: Leite mich in deiner Wahrheit

Leite mich in deiner Wahrheit und lehre mich;	<i>Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me:</i>
den du bist der Gott, der mir hilft, täglich harre ich dein.	<i>for Thou art the God of my salvation; on Thee do I wait all the day.</i>

*Psalm 25: 5*

### v. Aria (alto, tenor, bass): Zedern müssen von den Winden

Zedern müssen von den Winden	<i>Cedars must before the tempest</i>
oft viel Ungemach empfinden,	<i>often suffer much torment,</i>
oftmals werden sie verkehrt.	<i>and are often uprooted.</i>
Rat und Tat auf Gott gestellet,	<i>Entrust to God both thought and deed,</i>
achtet nicht, was widerbellet,	<i>do not heed what howls against you,</i>
denn sein Wort ganz anders lehrt.	<i>for His word teaches us quite otherwise.</i>

vi. Chorus: Meine Augen sehen stets zu dem Herrn

Meine Augen sehen stets zu dem Herrn;     *Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord;*  
denn er wird     *for He shall pluck*  
meinen Fuß aus dem Netze ziehen.     *my feet out of the net.*

*Psalm 25: 15*

vii. Chorale (ciaccona): Meine Tage in dem Leide

Meine Tage in dem Leiden     *All my days of suffering*  
endet Gott dennoch zur Freuden;     *are ended by God in gladness;*  
Christen auf den Dornenwegen     *Christians on the thorny paths*  
führen Himmels Kraft und Segen.     *are led by heaven's power and blessing.*  
Bleibet Gott mein treuer Schatz,     *If God remains my faithful jewel,*  
achte ich nicht Menschenkreuz,     *I shall ignore human affliction;*  
Christus, der uns steht zur Seiten,     *Christ, who stands by us,*  
hilft mir täglich sieghaft streiten.     *helps me daily win the battle.*

Words *Cantata Nach dir, Herr, verlangt mich*, BWV 150  
Music *Johann Sebastian Bach*

Reflection     *The Dean*

*All stand*

Hymn 95     When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them through his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;  
Then I am dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Words *Isaac Watts (1674–1748)*

Music 'Rockingham' Adapted by *Edward Miller (1731–1807)*

Harmony chiefly from Webbe's *Collection of Psalm Tunes 1820*

v. 5 arr. *John Rutter (b. 1945)*

Blessing      Christ crucified draw you to himself,  
to find in him a sure ground for faith,  
a firm support for hope,  
and the assurance of sins forgiven;  
and the blessing of God Almighty,  
the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,  
be upon you, and remain with you always.

All              **Amen.**

*All remain standing as the choir and clergy leave the chapel*

Voluntary      *Fugue in e, BWV 548*

*Johann Sebastian Bach*

*If leaving the Chapel before the end of the Voluntary, please do so quietly and respectfully to those staying to listen.*

*Please note that the use of cameras, recording equipment, video cameras  
and mobile phones is not permitted in Chapel.*

*This term's Chapel collections are for Bede House, a local community charity in Bermondsey, south London, with which Clare has long-standing links. Bede House's work focuses on four key services: learning disabilities, youth work, domestic violence, and community engagement. You can find out more at [bedehouse.org.uk](http://bedehouse.org.uk).*

*Bede is a community charity which breaks down social barriers and brings people together to achieve their ambitions. Bede runs a friendly café and community centre in the middle of the Abbeyfield estate in Bermondsey, and its specialist teams also provide person-centred, empowering support for survivors of domestic abuse and their families, and for local people with learning disabilities. For further information about Bede's work, and ways you can get involved, please visit [www.bedehouse.org](http://www.bedehouse.org) or email [admin@bedehouse.org](mailto:admin@bedehouse.org).*

*Drinks follow the service in the ante-Chapel, to which all are warmly welcome.*

*Supper (served with wine) follows in the Buttery at 7.30pm, for those who would like to stay. Payment for supper can be made by card at the Buttery till (£6 for Clare students, £13.80 for guests).*

**SERVICES AND EVENTS THIS WEEK:**

Tuesday 14 <sup>th</sup> March	6.15 p.m.	Choral Evensong (in Chapel)
Thursday 16 <sup>th</sup> March	6.15 p.m.	Choral Evensong (in Chapel)
Friday 17 <sup>th</sup> March	6.00 p.m.	Commemoration of Benefactors ( <i>This service is not open to the public</i> )

*Choral Services will resume on Thursday 27th April 2023 at 6.15 p.m.*

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The Revd Dr Mark Smith *Dean*  
Miss Hannah Fytche *Decani Scholar*

Mr Graham Ross *Director of Music*  
Samuel Jones *Sir William McKie Senior Organ Scholar*  
Daniel Blaze *Junior Organ Scholar*  
Margaret Faultless (Clare 1980) *violin*  
Daphne Delfas (Clare 2021) *violin*  
Emily Ashton (Clare 2003) *'cello*  
Zoe Shevlin *bassoon*