

Note from the Director

“Eternal Light: A Requiem” is meant for us, the ones still here. Howard Goodall’s requiem is not just dark and heavy, it brings joy and hope. We should not simply mourn our loss but celebrate and remember. During Holy Week we are preparing for Easter, but before Christ rises, he must first sacrifice himself and that should be recognized, too. We know what awaits us after death, but there is still pain.

Goodall blends the words of a Latin Mass with the words of British poets from the 16th century to the 21st century. The listener can feel the “Day of Wrath” (Dies irae) in the 5th movement of the work as the music turns bleak, somber. “In Flanders Fields” by John McCrae is layered with the Latin text for this movement, fearsome words sung by the dead, words of war and sacrifice and loved ones lost. But most of the work is meant to encourage. We follow the “Kindly Light” out of darkness and “Close now thine eyes and rest secure; Thy soul is safe”.

The Chancel Choir hopes you are as blessed to hear our offering of somber praise as we are to sing it. Worship at Westminster is not flashy or gaudy, but it is still bold and powerful when it needs to be. Sometimes worship should be quiet and subdued, like when we mourn.

Michael P. Ginn

(No applause during or after the Requiem.)

1. Requiem: Kyrie: Close now thine eyes

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine et lux perpetua. Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie eleison.

(Grant them an everlasting peace, Lord, and perpetual light. Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy.)

Close now thine eyes and rest secure; Thy soul is safe enough, thy body sure;
He that loves thee, He that keeps and guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
The smiling conscience in a sleeping breast has only peace, has only rest;
The music and the mirth of kings are all but very discords, when she sings;
Then close thine eyes and rest secure; No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

Francis Quarles

2. Litany: Belief

I have to believe that you still exist somewhere, that you still watch me sometimes,
That you still love me somehow.

I have to believe that life has meaning somehow, that I am useful here sometimes,

That I make small differences somewhere.

I have to believe that I need to stay here for some time,
That all this teaches me something, so that I can meet you again somewhere.

Ann Thorp

3. Hymn: Lead, kindly light

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman

4. Lacrymosa: Do not stand at my grave and weep

Lacrymosa, dies illa

(That day will be one of weeping)

Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow, I am the softly falling snow.

I am the gentle showers of rain, I am the fields of ripening grain.

I am in the morning hush, I am in the graceful rush,

Of far-off birds in circling flight. I am the starshine of the night.

I am in every flower that blooms, I am in still and empty rooms.

I am the child that yearns to sing, I am in each lovely thing.

Do not stand at my grave and cry, I am not there – I did not die.

Mary Elizabeth Frye

5. Dies Irae: In Flanders field

Dies irae, dies illa. Calamitatis et miseriae, dies magna et amara valde.

(That day, the day of wrath, calamity and wretchedness, That great and bitter day)

In Flanders fields the poppies blow, between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky the larks, still bravely singing, fly.
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago, we lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie, in Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe: to you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high. If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow in Flanders fields.

John McCrae

6. Recordare: Drop, drop slow tears

Recordare Jesu pie, Quod sum causa tuae viae, Ne me perdas illa die. Recordare Jesu pie
(Remember, dear Jesus, that I am the reason for your journey, do not abandon me on that
final day)

Drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace:

Cease not, wet eyes, His mercy to entreat: to cry for vengeance sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears: nor let his eye see sin, but through my
tears.

Phineas Fletcher

7. Angus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem

(Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us
Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant them rest)

8. In Paradisum: Lux aeterna

In paradisum deducant te angeli, in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres, et perducant te in
civitatem sanctam Jerusalem. Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine, Cum sanctis tuis in
aeternum, quia pius es. Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

(Into paradise may angels lead you, on your arrival may the martyrs greet you and bring you to the holy city of Jerusalem, May everlasting light shine upon them, Lord, together with the saints throughout eternity, for you are merciful. Grant them everlasting peace and an eternal light.)

HOWARD GOODALL

Eternal Light

A REQUIEM

Michael P. Ginn, conductor

Kay Guiles, organ

Randall Harris, piano

Kassidy Chandler, soloist

Derek Meler, soloist

Westminster Presbyterian Church

Good Friday

March 29, 2024