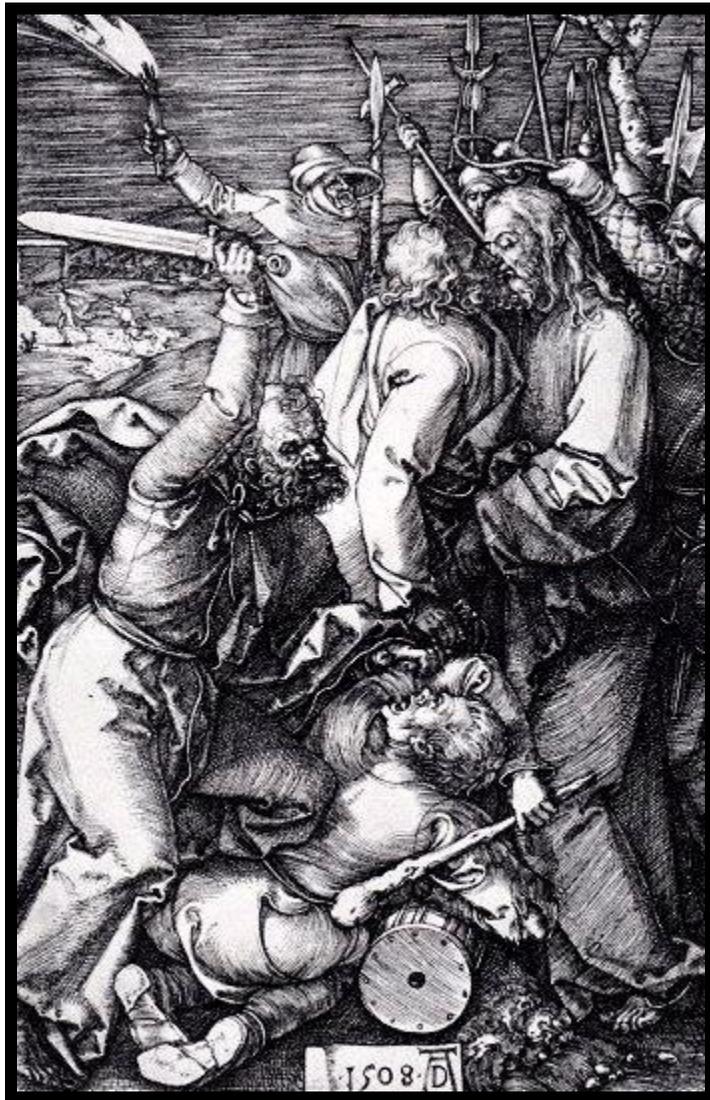


Hymns for Maundy Thursday
With the Washing of Feet, the Stripping of the Altars
and the Vigil in the Garden



PROCESSIONAL HYMN

Deck Thyself, My Soul, With Gladness,

English Hymnal 280, Tune: SCHMUCKE DICH

Melody from J. Cruger's Geistliche Kirchen-Melodien 1649

Harmony by R. Vaughan Williams

Sung by the Collegiate Church of Saint Mary, Warwick, Directed by Christopher Betts

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness;
Come into the daylight's splendor,
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him Whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous banquet founded.
Higher o'er all the heavens He reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

Now I sink before thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On thy mighty works I ponder;
How, by mystery surrounded,
Depth no man hath ever sounded,
None may dare to pierce unbidden
Secrets that with thee are hidden.

Sun, Who all my life dost brighten,
Light, Who dost my soul enlighten;
Joy the sweetest man e'er knoweth;
Fount, whence all my being floweth;
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessèd food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee.
By Thy love I am invited,
Be Thy love with love requited;
From this supper let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure.
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me
As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

German, Johann Franck 1618-1677

Translated, Catherine Winkworth 1827-1878

ANTHEM FOR THE WASHING OF THE FEET

Ubi Caritas

*English Hymnal 513, Tune: UBI CARITAS by Dom Gregory Murray b 1905
Sung by the Choir of All Saints, Margaret Street, London, Directed by Harry Bramma*

God is love, and where true love is
God himself is there.

Here in Christ we gather, love of Christ our calling.
Christ, our love, is with us, gladness be his greeting.
Let us fear and love him, holy God eternal.
Loving him, let each love Christ in one another.
God is love, and where true love is
God himself is there.

When we Christians gather, members of one Body,
let there be in us no discord but one spirit.
Banished now be anger, strife and every quarrel.
Christ, our God, be always present here among us.
God is love, and where true love is
God himself is there.

Grant us love's fulfillment, joy with all the blessed,
when we see your face, O Savior, in its glory.
Shine on us, O purest Light of all creation,
be our bliss while endless ages sing your praises.
God is love, and where true love is
God himself is there.

*From the Latin Liturgy of Maundy Thursday
Translated James Quinn b 1919*

OFFERTORY HYMN

O Thou, Who at Thy First Eucharist Didst Pray

*English Hymnal 302, Tune SONG 1 by Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625
Sung by the Choir of York Minister, Directed by Philip Moore*

O Thou, Who at Thy Eucharist didst pray
That all Thy Church might be forever one,
Grant us that every Eucharist to say
With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."
O may we all one bread, one body be,
One through this Sacrament of unity.

For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one bread, one body be,
One through this Sacrament of unity.

We pray Thee too for wanderers from Thy fold;
O bring them back, good Shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the faith which saints believed of old,
Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one bread, one body be,
One through this Sacrament of unity.

So, Lord, at length when sacraments shall cease,
May we be one with all Thy Church above,
One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace,
One with Thy saints in one unbounded love;
More blessèd still, in peace and love to be
One with the Trinity in Unity.

William Turton 1856-1938

FIRST COMMUNION HYMN

Adoro te Devote

*English Hymnal 308, Tune ADORO TE, Mode V
Sung by the Choir of Saint Edmundsbury Cathedral, Directed by James Thomas*

Thee we adore, O hidden Savior, Thee,
Who in Thy Sacrament art pleased to be;
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

O blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!
O may our souls forever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, forever precious be.

Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleans us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

O Christ, Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace.

*Saint Thomas Aquinas 1227-1274
Translated James Woodford 1820-1885*

POST COMMUNION HYMN

A Hymn to Christ in His Sacramental Presence

*English Hymnal 307, Tune DIVINE MYSTERIES by F. Stanfield 1835-1914
Sung by the Choir of Ely Cathedral, Directed by Paul Trepte*

Sweet Sacrament divine,
Hid in thine earthly home;
Lo! round thy lowly shrine,
With suppliant hearts we come;
Jesus, to thee our voice we raise
In songs of love and heartfelt praise
Sweet Sacrament divine.
Sweet Sacrament divine.

Sweet Sacrament of peace,
Dear home for every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease,
And sorrows all depart.
There in thine ear, all trustfully,
We tell our tale of misery,
Sweet Sacrament of peace.
Sweet Sacrament of peace.

Sweet Sacrament of rest,
Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within thy shelter blest
Soon may we reach the shore;
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves:
Sweet Sacrament of rest.
Sweet Sacrament of rest.

Sweet Sacrament divine,
Earth's light and jubilee,
In thy far depths doth shine

The Godhead's majesty;
Sweet light, so shine on us, we pray
That earthly joys may fade away:
Sweet Sacrament divine.
Sweet Sacrament divine.

Francis Stanfield 1835-1914

PSALM FOR THE STRIPPING OF THE ALTAR

Psalm 22: Tone II.i

“They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.”

My God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me: and art so far from my health and from the word of my complaint?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not: and in the night-season also I take no rest.

And thou continuest holy: O thou worship of Israel.

Our fathers hoped in thee: they trusted in thee and thou didst deliver them.

They called upon thee and were holpen: they put their trust in thee and were not confounded.

But as for me, I am a worm and no man: a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

He trusted in God that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, if he will have him.

But thou art he that took me out of my mother's womb: thou wast my hope, when I hanged yet upon my mother's breasts.

I have been left unto thee ever since I was born: thou art my God, even from my mother's womb.

O go not from me, for trouble is hard at hand: and there is none to help me.

Many oxen are come about me: fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side.

They gape upon me with their mouths: as it were a ramping and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart also in the midst of my body is even like melting wax.

My strength is dried up like a pot-shard, and my tongue cleaveth to my gums: and thou shalt bring me into the dust of death.

For many dogs are come about me: and the council of the wicked layeth siege against me.

They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones: they stand staring and looking upon me.

They part my garments among them: and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O Lord: thou art my succour, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword: my darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth: thou hast heard me also from among the horns of the unicorns.

I will declare thy Name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

O praise the Lord, ye that fear him: magnify him, all ye of the seed of Jacob, and fear him, all ye seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the low estate of the poor: he hath not hid his face from him, but when he called unto him he heard him.

My praise is of thee in the great congregation: my vows will I perform in the sight of them that fear him.

The poor shall eat, and be satisfied: they that seek after the Lord shall praise him; your heart shall live for ever.

All the ends of the world shall remember themselves, and be turned unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him.

For the kingdom is the Lord's: and he is the Governor among the people.

All such as be fat upon earth: have eaten, and worshipped.

All they that go down into the dust shall kneel before him: and no man hath quickened his own soul.

My seed shall serve him: they shall be counted unto the Lord for a generation.

They shall come, and the heavens shall declare his righteousness: unto a people that shall be born, whom the Lord hath made.

“They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.”

ANTHEM FOR THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN

Drop, Drop, Slow Tears

*English Hymnal 82, Tune SONG 46 by Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625
Sung by the Choir of Marborough College Chapel, Directed by Robin Nelson*

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from Heav'n
The news and Prince of Peace.

Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies 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 1582-1650