

St Mary, Storrington

Music for reflection to accompany Compline during Holy Week.

Music for reflection will be played at the beginning and at the end of Compline. During this time you might like to light a candle or trace your finger along the words of the music. At the end of the service, we shall depart in silence.

Monday of Holy Week

Said Judas to Mary,

"Now what will you do with your ointment so rich and so rare?"

"I'll pour it all over the feet of the Lord and I'll wipe it away with my hair," she said, "wipe it away with my hair."

"Oh Mary, Oh Mary, oh think of the poor - this ointment, it could have been sold, and think of the blankets and think of the bread you could buy with the silver and gold," he said, "buy with the silver and gold."

"Tomorrow, tomorrow I'll think of the poor tomorrow," she said, "not today; for dearer than all of the poor in the world is my love who is going away," she said, "my love who is going away."

Said Jesus to Mary,

"Your love is so deep today you may do as you will.

Tomorrow you say I am going away, but my body I leave with you still," he said, "my body I leave with you still."

"The poor of the world are my body," he said,

"to the end of the world they shall be, the bread and the blankets you give to the poor you'll know you have given to me," he said, "you'll know you have given to me."

"My body will hang on the cross of the world tomorrow," he said, "not today, and Martha and Mary will find me again and wash all the sorrow away," he said, "wash all the sorrow away."

O Love that will not let me go,

I rest my weary soul in thee.
I give thee back the life I owe,
that in thine ocean depths its flow
may richer, fuller be.

O Light that follows all my way,
I yield my flick'ring torch to thee.
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
that in thy sunshine's blaze its day
may brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee.
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain,
that morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee.
I lay in dust, life's glory dead,
and from the ground there blossoms red,
life that shall endless be.

Words: George Matheson
Tune: St Margaret - Albert Lister
A&M 752

Tuesday of Holy Week

Unless a grain of wheat

shall fall upon the ground and die,
it remains but a single grain with no life.

If we have died with him
then we shall live with him;
if we hold firm,
we shall reign with him.

Those who love me
are loved by my Father;
we shall be with them
and dwell in them.

Words and Music Bernadette Farrell
© 1983 Oregon Catholic Press
A&M 155

Morning glory, starlit sky,

Soaring music, scholar's truth,
Flight of swallows, autumn leaves,
Memory's treasure, grace of youth:

Open are the gifts of God,
Gifts of love to mind and sense;
Hidden is love's agony,
Love's endeavour, love's expense.

Love that gives, gives evermore,
Gives with zeal, with eager hands,
Spares not, keeps not, all outpours,
Ventures all, its all expends.

Drained is love in making full,
Bound in setting others free,
Poor in making many rich,
Weak in giving power to be.

Therefore he who shows us God
Helpless hangs upon the tree;
And the nails and crown of thorns
Tell of what God's love must be.

Here is God, no monarch he,
Throned in easy state to reign;
Here is God, whose arms of love,
Aching, spent, the world sustain.

Words: W. H. Vanstone (1923–1999)
Music: Barry Rose (b.1934)
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Chichester, West Sussex.
A&M 544

Wednesday of Holy Week

Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended,
That man to judge thee hath in hate
pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty?
Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

For me, kind Jesus, was thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

Therefore, kind Jesus,
since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee,
Think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

Words: Translated Robert Bridges (1844-1935)
Johann Heermann (1585-1647)
Based on an 11th Century Latin meditation
Tune: HERZLEIBSTER JESU J. Crüger, (1598-1662)
NEH 62

We cannot measure how you heal
or answer every sufferer's prayer,
yet we believe your grace responds
where faith and doubt unite to care.
Your hands, though bloodied on the cross,
survive to hold and heal and warn,
to carry all through death to life
and cradle children yet unborn.

The pain that will not go away,
the guilt that clings from things long past,
the fear of what the future holds,
are present as if meant to last.
But present too is love which tends
the hurt we never hoped to find,
the private agonies inside,
the memories that haunt the mind.

So some have come who need your help
and some have come to make amends,
as hands which shaped and saved the
world are present in the touch of friends.
Lord, let your Spirit meet us here
to mend the body, mind and soul,
to disentangle peace from pain,
and make your broken people whole.

Words: John Bell and Graham Maule
Tune: Ye banks and braes
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A&M 522

Maundy Thursday

This is my body, broken for you,
bringing you wholeness, making you free.
Take it and eat it, and as you do,
do it in love for me.

This is my blood poured out for you,
bringing forgiveness, making you free.
Take it and drink it, and as you do,
do it in love for me.

Back to my Father soon I shall go.
Do not forget me; then you will see
I am still with you, and you will know
you're very close to me.

Filled with my Spirit, how you will grow!
You are my branches; I am the tree.
If you are faithful, others will know
you are alive in me.

Love one another: I have loved you,
and I have shown you how to be free;
serve one another, and when you do,
do it in love for me.

Words & Music : vs1-2 Jimmy Owens
vs3-5 Damian Lundy, FSC
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Hailsham, East Sussex.
HON 674

Stay with me,
remain here with me.
Watch and pray,
watch and pray.

Stay here and keep watch with me.
Watch and pray, watch and pray.

Watch and pray not to give way to
temptation.

The spirit is eager, but the flesh is weak.

My heart is nearly broken with sorrow.
Remain here with me, stay awake and pray.

Father, if it is possible,
let this cup pass me by.

Father, if this cannot pass me by without my
drinking it, your will be done.

Words: Taizé Community (Mt.26:36-42)
Music: Jacques Berthier
A&M 172