

FAITH & HOPE & LOVE ABIDE: *Meditations on Resurrection*



Sunday, April 11, 2021, 4:00 p.m.



O Mensch, beweine deine Sünde groß
performed by Robert Parkins

Johann Sebastian Bach

O Mensch, beweine deine Sünde groß,
Darum Christus seines Vaters Schoß
Äußert und kam auf Erden;
Von einer Jungfrau rein und zart
Für uns er hie geboren ward,
Er wollt der Mittler werden,
Den Toten er das Leben gab
Und legt dabei all Krankheit ab
Bis sich die Zeit herdrange,
Daß er für uns geopfert würd,
Trüg unser Sünden schwere Bürd
Wohl an dem Kreuze lange.

O mankind, mourn your great sins,
for which Christ left the Father's bosom
and came to earth;
from a virgin pure and tender
he was born here for us,
he wished to become our intercessor,
he gave life to the dead
and laid aside all sickness
until the time approached
that he would be offered for us,
bearing the heavy burden of our sins
indeed for a long time on the cross.

– Sebald Heyden

Drop, Drop, Slow Tears
sung by the Evensong Singers

Orlando Gibbons

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beautiful 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

Triptych

read by the poet

Margot Armbruster

I

there is still beauty here. in the town
where I grew up, earth feathers snow
into water, my kid brother running skateboard
tricks in the road. everything changes –
nations burn, ash trees stand in the full heady shock
of early bloom. a fox limps across my path to water.
the wind skates in and with warm lips it speaks
the word *longing*. how long, o Lord?
death laces this false spring but its sun tastes,
still, so sweet.

II

I have cried gazing at You through hushed
candle-breath in the dark. I have called to You
in a foreign city, from my bitter bed. I have
looked on the pattern of Your stars while limp
in cool water, sky splayed out like a blue and endless drum.
*where can I go from Your spirit? or where can I flee
from Your presence? and yet –*
You look, sometimes, like gloss on the abyssal wound.

grief is love's flower. on my knees in a
feeble body I feel all this life passing away – wheat
shriveled in the field, swollen fish glazing the shore.
children singing in little boats with a fire's red hiss
at their backs – how fresh the world's evil tastes
every morning on this weary tongue. in dust and in ashes
I choke love's name. *eli, eli, lama sabachthani?*

III

there is still beauty here. accepting a quiet touch
I feel some knot inside me unfurl, *maybe,*
maybe, this body is a safe dwelling. or I am known
and tears spring sharply to my eyes. she looks
so lovely as green light dances through
the window. sunflowers turn their faces to the sky;
there is – still – beauty here.

Weib, was weinest du? (Easter Dialogue)
sung by the Bach Ensemble

Heinrich Schütz

Weib, was weinest du?
Wen suchest du?

Sie haben mein Herren weggenommen,
Und ich weiß nicht, wo sie ihn
hingelegt haben.

Maria!

Rabboni!

Rühre mich nicht an;
denn ich bin noch nicht aufgefahren
zu meinem Vater.
Ich fahre auf zu meinem Vater und
zu eurem Vater,
zu meinem Gott und zu eurem Gott.

– John 20:13–17

*Woman, why are you crying?
Whom do you seek?*

*They have taken away my Lord,
and I do not know where
they have laid him.*

Mary!

Teacher!

*Do not touch me;
for I have not yet journeyed
to my Father.
I am going to my Father and
to your Father,
to my God and to your God.*

Suffering

read by Luke A. Powery

Susan Palo Cherwien

We think that suffering
means misery,
the bearing down upon us
of pain
the crushing weight
of tragedy.
But suffering,
if we look closely at the word itself,
means “to bear up under.”
To bear up under.
Suffering is not what happens to us.
There is an aspect of ascension to suffering:
it means not to be crushed.
There is an aspect of resurrection to suffering:
it means not to be defeated.
There is an aspect of eternity to suffering:
it means not to be destroyed.
But to bear up under.
To bear up under.
It is as St. Paul said,
so mysteriously:
“When I am weak –
then I am strong.”

Praise to The Lord, The Almighty
premiere performance

arr. Dan Forrest

stanza 1: all stanzas 2 & 3: choir stanza 4: all



1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a - tion!
 2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won - drous - ly reign - eth,
 3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work and de - fend thee!
 4. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a - dore him!



Oh, my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and sal - va - tion!
 shel - ters thee un - der his wings, yea, so gent - ly sus - tain - eth!
 Sure - ly his good - ness and mer - cy shall dail - y at - tend thee.
 All that hath life and breath, come now with prais - es be - fore him!



All ye who hear now to his tem - ple draw near,
 Hast thou not seen how thy de - sires e'er have been
 Pon - der a - new what the al - might - y can do,
 Let the a - men sound from his peo - ple a - gain,



join me in glad a - dor - a - tion!
 grant - ed in what he or - dain - eth?
 if with his love he be - friend thee.
 glad - ly for - ev - er a - dore him!

Text: Joachim Neander, 1650–1680; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.
 Music: *Erneuertem Gesangbuch*, Part II, Stralsund, 1665

LOBE DEN HERREN
 14.14.4.7.8

the Maker, the Lover, the Keeper
read by Jovita Byemerwa

Julian of Norwich

Then God showed me a little thing, the size of a hazelnut, lying in the palm of my hand.
It was round as any ball, as it seemed to me.

I looked at it with the eyes of my understanding and thought, "What can this be?"

My question was answered in general terms in this fashion:

"It is everything that is made."

I marveled how this could be,
for it seemed that it might suddenly fall into nothingness, it was so small.

An answer for this was given to my understanding:

"It lasts, and ever shall last, because God loves it.

And in this fashion all things have their being by the grace of God."

In this little thing I saw three properties. The first is that God made it.

The second is that God loves it. The third is that God keeps it.

And what did I see in this? Truly, the Maker, the Lover, and the Keeper.

The 23rd Psalm

sung by the staff singers

Bobby McFerrin

The Lord is my shepherd, I have all I need,
she makes me lie down in green meadows
beside the still waters she will lead.
She restores my soul, she rights my wrongs,
she leads me in a path of good things,
and fills my heart with songs.
Even though I walk through a dry and dreary land,
there is nothing that can shake me,
she has said she won't forsake me, I'm in her hand.
She sets a table before me, in the presence of my foes,
she anoints my head with oil and my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and kindness will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in her house forever and ever.

Glory be to our mother and daughter
and to the holy of holies,
as it was in the beginning,
is now and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen

– Psalm 23, adapt. McFerrin

God would kneel down
read by Wesley Hardin

Francis of Assisi

I think God might be a little prejudiced.

For once God asked me to come along
on a walk through this world,
and we gazed into every heart on the earth,
and I noticed
God lingered a bit longer
before any face that was weeping,
and before any eyes that were laughing.
And sometimes
when we passed a soul in worship
God too would kneel down.

I have come to learn:
God adores God's creation.

Easter Dawn
sung by the Chapel Choir

Zebulon M. Highben

He blesses every love that weeps and grieves
And now he blesses hers who stood and wept
And would not be consoled, or leave her love's
Last touching place, but watched as low light crept
Up from the east. A sound behind her stirs
A scatter of bright birdsong through the air,
She turns, but cannot focus through her tears,
Or recognise the Gardener standing there.
She hardly hears his gentle question 'Why,
Why are you weeping?', or sees the play of light
That brightens as she chokes out her reply,
'They took my love away, my day is night.'
And then she hears her name, she hears Love say
The Word that turns her night, and ours, to Day.

—Malcolm Guite

Mary Magdalene, remembering:
read by Junette Yu

Madeleine L'Engle

All time is holy.
We move through the dark
following his footprints by touch.
He walked the lonesome valley.
His time is holy.

We will break bread together.
We will move through the dark.
He has gone away from us.
The wine is poured out.
We will eat broken bread.

That Friday was good.
We will move through the dark.
Death died on Friday.
The blood-stained cross bore hope.
His Friday is good.

We will hold hands
as we move through the dark.
Saturday he walked through hell,
making all things new.
We will hold hands.

This is the meaning
of our walk through the dark.
Love's light will lead us
through the stone at the tomb.
He is the meaning.

He called me by name
as I stood in the dark.
Suddenly I knew him.
He came. Then he left us,
he will come again.

Surrexit Christus Hodie

Samuel Scheidt

sung by the Vespers Ensemble

Surrexit Christus hodie, Alleluia!
Humano pro solamine, Alleluia!
In hoc Paschali gaudio, Alleluia!
Benedicamus Domino, Alleluia!

*Christ is risen today, Alleluia!
For the comfort of all people, Alleluia!
In this paschal joy, Alleluia!
Let us bless the Lord, Alleluia!*

—anonymous, 14th c.

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

arr. Terre Johnson

sung by members of the Duke Chapel community



1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia!
3. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King, Al - le - lu - ia!
4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - le - lu - ia!



Earth and heaven in cho - rus say, Al - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won, Al - le - lu - ia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia!
Fol - lowing our ex - alt - ed head, Al - le - lu - ia!



Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!
Death in vain for - bids him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
Once he died our souls to save, Al - le - lu - ia!
Made like him, like him we rise, Al - le - lu - ia!



Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia!
Christ has o - pened par - a - dise, Al - le - lu - ia!
Where's thy vic - tory, boast - ing grave? Al - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788
Music: *Lyra Davidica*, London, 1708

EASTER HYMN
7.7.7.7. & alleluias

Life Goes On (*excerpt*)
read by Amanda Hughes

Howard Thurman

During these turbulent times we must remind ourselves repeatedly that life goes on.
This we are apt to forget.
The wisdom of life transcends our wisdoms; the purpose of life outlasts our purposes;
the process of life cushions our processes.
The mass attack of disillusion and despair, distilled out of the collapse of hope,
has so invaded our thoughts that what we know to be true and valid
seems unreal and ephemeral.
There seems to be little energy left for aught but futility.
This is the great deception.
By it whole peoples have gone down to oblivion without the will to affirm
the great and permanent strength of the clean and the commonplace.
Let us not be deceived.
It is just as important as ever to attend to the little graces
by which the dignity of our lives is maintained and sustained.

Birds still sing;
the stars continue to cast their gentle gleam over the desolation of the battlefields,
and the heart is still inspired by the kind word and the gracious deed.
There is no need to fear evil.



To drink in the beauty that is within reach,
to clothe one's life with simple deeds of kindness,
to keep alive a sensitiveness to the movement of the spirit of God
in the quietness of the human heart
and in the workings of the human mind —
this is as always
the ultimate answer to the great deception.

May You Abound in Hope
premiere performance

Anne Krentz Organ

May the God of hope fill you with joy.
May the God of hope fill you with peace,
with peace in believing.

By the power of the Holy Spirit may you abound in hope,
may you abound in hope.
Amen.

—Romans 15:13, alt.

Little Gidding (*excerpt*)
read by Malcolm Guite

T. S. Eliot

What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from. And every phrase
And sentence that is right (where every word is at home,
Taking its place to support the others,
The word neither diffident nor ostentatious,
An easy commerce of the old and the new,
The common word exact without vulgarity,
The formal word precise but not pedantic,
The complete consort dancing together)
Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning,
Every poem an epitaph. And any action
Is a step to the block, to the fire, down the sea's throat
Or to an illegible stone: and that is where we start.
We die with the dying:
See, they depart, and we go with them.
We are born with the dead:
See, they return, and bring us with them.



With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this Calling

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
Through the unknown, unremembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree

Not known, because not looked for
But heard, half-heard, in the stillness
Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, now, always—
A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flames are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

O God, Beyond All Praising

arr. Richard Proulx

performed in memory of J. Samuel Hammond, Duke University Carillonneur Emeritus



1. O God, be - yond all prais - ing, we wor - ship you to - day and
2. The flow'r of earth - ly splen - dor in time must sure - ly die, its
3. Then hear, O gra - cious Sav - ior, ac - cept the love we bring, that



sing your love a - maz - ing that songs can - not re - pay; for we can on - ly
frag - ile bloom sur - ren - der to you, the Lord most high; but hid - den from all
we who know your fa - vor may serve you as our King; and — wheth - er our to -



won - der at ev - 'ry gift you send, at bless - ings with - out num - ber and
na - ture the e - ter - nal seed is sown: though small in mor - tal sta - ture, to
mor - rows be filled with good or ill, we'll tri - umph through our sor - rows, and



mer - cies with - out end: we lift our hearts be - fore you and wait u - pon your
heav - en's gar - den grown: for Christ the man from heav - en from death has set us
rise to bless you still: to mar - vel at your beau - ty and glo - ry in your



word, we hon - or and a - dore you, our great and might - y Lord.
free, and we through him are giv - en the fi - nal vic - to - ry.
ways, and make a joy - ful du - ty our sac - ri - fice of praise.

Text: Michael Perry, 1942–1996
Music: Gustav Holst, 1874–1934

THAXTED
13.13.13.13.13



FAITH & HOPE & LOVE ABIDE:

Meditations on Resurrection



Acknowledgments

MUSICIANS

Duke University Chapel Choir, Zebulon Highben, *conductor*

Duke Chapel Vespers Ensemble, Philip Cave, *conductor*

Duke Chapel Evensong Singers, Christopher Jacobson, *conductor*

Duke Chapel Bach Ensemble, Philip Cave, *conductor*

Duke Chapel Staff Singers

Henry Branson, David Faircloth, Kathleen Jasinskas, Catherine Kelly, Fran Newark, Kirsten Overdahl, Molly Quinn, Christopher Short, Michael Smith, Monica Szabo-Nyeste

Amalgam Brass

Don Eagle, Paul Neebe, *trumpet*; Chris Caudill, *horn*; Mike Kris, Jonathan Randazzo, *trombone*; Tony Granados, *tuba*; John Hanks, *percussion*

Carillon

Joseph Fala

Cello

Stephanie Vial

Organ

Robert Brewer, Christopher Jacobson, Robert Parkins

READERS *(in order of appearance)*

Margot Armbruster, Trinity '22, is a Chapel Scholar and member of the Chapel Choir.

Luke A. Powery is Dean of Duke University Chapel and Associate Professor of Homiletics at Duke Divinity School.

Jovita Byemerwa, Medical '22, is a member of Duke Lutherans campus ministry.

Wesley Hardin, Trinity '22, is a Chapel Scholar and member of Presbyterian Campus Ministry.

Junette Yu, Trinity '20, is a Duke Chapel PathWays Fellow.

Amanda Millay Hughes is Director of Development & Strategy at Duke University Chapel.

Malcolm Guite is a poet, priest, and singer-songwriter, and was the inaugural Visiting Artist-in-Residence at Duke Divinity School.

PROGRAM DESIGN & DIRECTION

Zebulon Highben

AUDIO & VIDEO PRODUCTION

James Todd & Kevin Goldfarb, Duke University Chapel

Pablo Vega, The Workshop, Durham, NC

Michael Smith

IMAGES

The images in today's program were provided by and are used through the courtesy of Duke University Chapel, Duke Communications, the Sarah P. Duke Gardens, and Ms. Joni Harris.

THANK YOU

A special thank you to the following leaders, collaborators, staff, and colleagues who helped make this performance possible: Michael Schoenfeld, Kyle Cavanaugh, Marcy Edenfield, Matthew Stiegel and the Duke Occupational & Environmental Safety Office, Orla Swift, Carole Klove, Bruce Puckett, Joni Harris, John Santoianni, Lauren Scarborough, Mark King, and the entire Duke Chapel staff.

This concert is made possible through financial support from:

The Mary Duke Biddle Chapel Oratorio Endowment
The John O. Blackburn Chapel Oratorio Fund
The Charles B. Wade Oratorio Endowment
C. B. Richardson Chapel Endowment Fund
The Duke Chapel Choir and Chapel Music Endowment

...and the friends of Duke University Chapel. We extend our gratitude to all who continue to support Chapel Music and the many other ministry areas of the Chapel.

SOURCES OF TEXTS & MUSIC

O Mensch beweine deine Sünde groß, BWV 622. Music by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750). Chorale text by Sebald Heyden (1499–1561).

Drop, Drop, Slow Tears. Text by Phineas Fletcher (1582–1650). Music by Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625).

Triptych. Margot Armbruster (b. 2000). © 2020 by the poet; reprinted by permission. *Winner of the 2020 Anne Flexner Award for Poetry from the Duke University English Department*.

Weib, was weinest du? (Easter Dialogue), SWV 443. Text adapted from John 20:13–17. Music by Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672).

Suffering. Susan Palo Cherwien (b. 1953). From *Crossings: Meditations for Worship*, © 2003 MorningStar Music.

Praise to The Lord, The Almighty / LOBE DEN HERREN. Text by Joachim Neander (1650–1680), tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878). Tune from *Ernewerten Gesangbuch*, Stralsund, 1665. Arrangement by Dan Forrest, © 2021 Beckenhorst Press. *Commissioned by the Congregation at Duke University Chapel in honor of Dr. Rodney Wynkoop and his tenure as Director of Chapel Music at Duke Chapel (1989–2018)*.

the Maker, the Lover, the Keeper. Julian of Norwich (1342–c.1416).

The 23rd Psalm. Text adaptation and music by Bobby McFerrin (b. 1950). © 2003 ProbNoblem Music (BMI).

God would kneel down. Francis of Assisi (c.1181–1226).

Easter Dawn. Text by Malcolm Guite (b. 1957). From *Sounding the Seasons: Seventy Sonnets for the Christian Year*, © 2012 Canterbury Press Norwich. Music by Zebulon M. Highben (b. 1979), © 2021 MorningStar Music/Birnamwood Publications. *Composed for the Duke University Chapel Choir*.

Mary Magdalene, remembering: Madeleine L'Engle (1918–2007). From *A Cry Like a Bell* © 1987/2000 Crosswicks/Shaw Books.

Surrexit Christus Hodie. Anonymous Latin hymn, 14th century. Music by Samuel Scheidt (1587–1654).

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today / **EASTER HYMN**. Text by Charles Wesley (1707–1788), after a 14th century Latin hymn. Tune from *Lyra Davidica*, London, 1708. Arrangement by Terre Johnson, © 2013 MorningStar Music/Birnamwood Publications.

Life Goes On. Howard Thurman (1899–1981). From *Meditations of the Heart*, © 1999 Beacon Press.

May You Abound in Hope. Text adapted from Romans 15:13. Music by Anne Krentz Organ (b. 1960), © 2021 MorningStar Music/Birnamwood Publications. *Commissioned for the Duke University Chapel Choir*.

Little Gidding. T. S. Eliot (1888–1965), no. 4 from *Four Quartets*.

O God, Beyond All Praising / **THAXTED**. Text by Michael Perry (1942–1996), © 1982/1987 Jubilate Hymns, admin. Hope Publishing Company. Tune by Gustav Holst (1874–1934). Arrangement by Richard Proulx, © 1988 GIA Publications.

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