

Night Song: Office of Compline

Monday, June 23, 2014, 10:00 p.m.
Saint Cecilia Parish, Boston

Beneficia lucis

Aaron Sheehan, *cantor*

James Busby, *director*

Ben Schwendener, *piano*

Dan Shaud, *French horn*

Louis Verdelotti, *thurifer*

Tonight you will experience the office of Compline exactly as offered on Sundays at First Church in Cambridge, Congregational under the name Night Song. Your participation is encouraged by being still and experiencing the Divine through listening and engaging in silent prayer. May your inner journey be one of transformation and peace.

Chant Dirigatur oratio mea

Liber Usualis

*Dirigatur oratio mea sicut
incensum in conspectu tuo; elevatio
manuum mearum sacrificium
vesperinum.*

Let my prayer ascend like
incense in your presence, O
Lord. May the lifting up of
my hands be an evening
sacrifice.

– Psalm 140:2

Motet Tribulatio proxima

William Byrd
(c. 1540–1623)

*Tribulatio proxima est et non est
qui adjuvet. Sed tu, Domine,
defensor vitae meae, vindica me.
Contumelias et terrores passus
sum ab eis. Adjutor et protector
meus es tu : Domine, ne moreris.*

Tribulation is very near: for
there is none to help me. But
thou, O Lord, defender of
my life, do thou deliver me.
Reproaches and terrors have
I suffered from them. Thou
art my helper and my
deliverer: O Lord, make no
delay.

Opening Versicles

Daryl Bichel
(b. 1950)

Psalm 4 Cum invocarem

Tone IV.1

Alternating with Anglican chant by Daryl Bichel

Answer me when I call, O God, defender of my cause; you set me free when I am hard-pressed; have mercy on me and hear my prayer.

You mortals, how long will you dishonor my glory? How long will you worship dumb idols and run after false gods?

Know that the Lord does wonders for the faithful; when I call upon the Lord, he will hear me.

Tremble, then, and do not sin; speak to your heart in silence upon your bed.

Offer the appointed sacrifices and put your trust in the Lord.

Many are saying, “Oh, that we might see better times!” Lift up the light of your countenance upon us, O Lord.

You have put gladness in my heart, more than when grain and wine and oil increase.

I lie down in peace; at once I fall asleep; for only you, Lord, make me dwell in safety.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.

Chant **Domine Deus meus, in te speravi**

Liber Usualis

*Domine Deus meus, in te speravi;
salvum me fac ex omnibus
persequentibus me, et libera me.*

O Lord my God, in thee
have I put my trust. Save me
from all that persecute me,
and deliver me.

—Psalm 7:2

Lesson: I Peter 5:8–9a

Office Hymn

Verses 2 and 4 set by Patricia Van Ness

CARDARR
Daryl Bichel

Jesus, Redeemer of the world, Word of the Father throned on high, light from the light invisible, and watchful guardian over all.

The whole creation’s architect, you set the bounds of night and day, give to our wearied bodies rest in night’s enfolding quietness.

You broke the chains of death and hell; Lord, free us from our ancient foe and let him never lead astray those you have ransomed by your blood.

Lord, while we live for this short time as mortals clothed in earthbound frame, refresh us now with restful sleep that waking we may watch with you.

All glory be to you, Lord Christ, who conquering death reign gloriously with God, Creator of all things, and with the Spirit, Comforter. Amen.

—Tenth century; Stanza 5 by Anne LeCroy (b. 1930)

Responsory **Into your hands**

Kyrie from **Plainsong Mass for a Mean**

John Sheppard
(c. 1515–1558)

Lord’s Prayer and Collect

Canticle **Guide us waking O Lord**

Motet

Salve Regina

Cristóbal de Morales

(1500–1553)

*Salve, Regina, Mater
misericordiæ, vita, dulcedo, et spes
nostra, salve. Ad te clamamus
exsules filii Hevæ, Ad te
suspiramus, gementes et flentes in
hac lacrimarum valle. Eia, ergo,
advocata nostra, illos tuos
misericordes oculos ad nos converte;
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum
ventris tui, nobis post hoc exsilium
ostende. O clemens, O pia, O
dulcis Virgo Maria. Amen.*

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of
Mercy, our life, our sweetness
and our hope. To thee do we
cry, poor banished children
of Eve; to thee do we send
up our sighs, mourning and
weeping in this valley of
tears. Turn then, most
gracious advocate, thine eyes
of mercy toward us; and
after this our exile, show
unto us the blessed fruit of
thy womb, Jesus. O clement,
O loving, O sweet Virgin
Mary. Amen.

—Marian antiphon

Blessing and Collect

Chant

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