

LUTON PARISH CHURCH

Wednesday, March 22nd

at 7.30 p.m.

★ ★ ★

Music of  
The Passion

★ ★ ★

THE CHOIR OF THE PARISH CHURCH

THE PHILODORIAN ORCHESTRA

*Leader :*

DAVID RICHARDSON

*Conductor :*

DAVID BAKEMAN

---

PRICE ONE SHILLING

MOTET

*(To be sung from the Wenlock Chapel)*

*The Congregation will stand during the procession of the Choir  
to the Chancel*

HYMN ... .. When I survey the wondrous Cross  
(S.P. 133)

PRAYERS - COLLECTS - LORD'S PRAYER

CONCERTO IN B MAJOR FOR ORGAN & ORCHESTRA

Solo Organ : KENNETH J. D. ABBOTT

Conductor : DONALD I. BURROWS

HYMN ... .. We sing the praise of Him Who died  
(S.P. 132)

*During the singing of this Hymn a  
Silver Collection will be taken*

THE PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE

*Attributed to J. S. Bach*

Solo Sopranos . MASTERS TREVOR ALLEN, GRAHAME PRICE  
Evangelist (*Tenor*) . . . . . E. DALTON  
Jesus (*Bass*) . . . . . BERNARD BROWNE  
Pilate (*Bass*) } . . . CHARLES WISE  
Penitent Malefactor }  
Impenitent Malefactor (*Bass*) . . . GORDON HENDEN  
Continuo . . . . . HENRY ELLCOCK  
Organ . . . . . DONALD BURROWS  
Conductor . . . . . KENNETH J. D. ABBOTT

THE BLESSING

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

*The Congregation will stand while the Choir leaves the Chancel*

KENNETH J. D. ABBOTT, MUS.B. F.R.C.O., A.R.C.M.  
Organist and Master of the Music  
WM. DAVISON, Vicar of Luton



## Bach's "Passion" (St. Luke)

### CHORALES FOR CONGREGATION.

#### I

To save our souls from bitter shame and mourning,  
Thou bearest, Lord, base treachery and scorning,  
From lure of gain or gold save us, we pray Thee,  
Lest we betray Thee.

#### II

Jesus, who for our salvation,  
Bearest hate and mockery,  
By Thine unjust condemnation,  
From dread judgment set us free:  
By Thine agony and wee  
Teach us Thy great love to know,  
By Thy bitter cross and passion  
Lead us to Thy full salvation.

#### III

Foul wrong, by hate engendered!  
The Lamb is now surrendered  
And to the slaughter led.  
Yet this unjust oblation  
Procures the world's salvation;  
For man the Paschal Blood is shed.

#### IV

O Sacred Head, sore wounded,  
Defiled and put to scorn;  
O Kingly Head, surrounded  
With mocking crown of thorn;  
What sorrow mars Thy grandeur;  
Can death Thy bloom deflower?  
O Countenance whose splendour  
The hosts of Heaven adore.

#### V

It is finished, Lord of Mercy:  
Thou hast suffered, Thou hast died,  
To the cross Thy love hath brought Thee  
For Thy people crucified.  
Thou dost for our sins atone,  
Trust we in Thy cross alone,  
Strive we never more to grieve Thee,  
In our hearts we now receive Thee.

It is finished, Lord of Spirits,  
Death must now yield up his prize:  
Thou hast conquered, nought can hold Thee  
From the grave in triumph rise;  
To Thy Father's Throne ascend  
There Thy loved ones to befriend;  
Here with food eternal feed us,  
To the Heavenly pastures lead us.

It is finished, Lord of Glory,  
Joy doth fill our hearts again,  
For blest Saviour, Thou dost call us  
Up to Heaven with Thee to reign.  
Leaving things of earth and time  
Seek we heavenly joys sublime,  
Joys, all human thought transcending,  
Joys supernal and unending. Amen