

BRAHMS REQUIEM

2 I. BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Who goeth forth and weepeth and beareth precious seed shall doubtless return with rejoicing and bring his sheaves with him.

(Matthew v. 4; Ps. cxxv. 5; Ps. cxxvi 7)

3 II. BEHOLD, ALL FLESH IS AS THE GRASS

Behold, all flesh is as the grass and all the goodliness of man is as the flower of grass. For lo, the grass withereth, and the flower thereof decayeth. Now therefore, be patient, O my brethren, unto the coming of Christ. See how the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. But the word of the Lord endureth forever. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow, and sighing shall flee away.

(Peter i. 24; James v. 7; Isaiah xxxv. 10)

4 III. LORD, TEACH ME

Lord, teach me that there must be an end of me, that my life has a term and I must hence. Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long; and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee. Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what is my hope? My hope is in Thee. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment shall come nigh unto them.

(Text from Psalm xxxix)

5 IV. HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS

How lovely are thy dwellings: thou Lord of Hosts! My soul hath a desire and a longing to enter into the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they praise thy name evermore.

(Psalm lxxxiv. 1, 2 and 4)

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6 V. AND YE NOW THEREFORE HAVE SORROW

Soprano: And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

Chorus: As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.

Soprano: Look upon me. A little while I have had tribulation and labour, and have found great comfort.

(John xvi.; Isaiah lxi. 13)

7 VI. FOR HERE WE HAVE NO CONTINUING CITY

Chorus: For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

Baritone: Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump.

Chorus: For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

Baritone: Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written —

Chorus: Death is swallowed up in victory— Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory? Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

(Hebrews xiii; I Corinthians xv. 51, 52; Revelation iv. 11)

8 VII. BLESSED ARE THE DEAD

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth.

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them.

(Revelations xiv. 13)