



'Tenebrae'

**The King's Counterpoint chamber ensemble Vox Regis
present a Candlelight Reflection of Music and Readings,
with motets, anthems and chants for Good Friday.**

**Composers include, Byrd, Farrant, Victoria, Morales,
Hassler, Bruckner, Sibelius, Ireland,
Casals and Chilcott**

with narration by Dr. Adam F. McCune

Old St. Andrew's Parish Church

Friday 3rd April 2026 - 7.00pm

The service of *Tenebrae*, meaning darkness or shadows, has been practiced by the church since medieval times. Once a service for the monastic community, *Tenebrae* later became an important part of the worship of everyday people during Holy Week. We join Christians of many generations throughout the world in recognizing the purpose of observing *Tenebrae* to bring us closer to an understanding of Christ's passion and sacrifice.

Tenebrae is a meditation on Christ's suffering. Readings trace the story of Christ's passion, music portrays his pathos, and the power of silence and darkness suggests the drama of this momentous day. As lights are extinguished, we ponder the depth of Christ's suffering and death; we remember the cataclysmic nature of his sacrifice as we hear the overwhelming sound of the *Strepitus* - this is usually observed by a loud noise - the slamming of a door, stamping or drumming. It symbolizes the earthquake, the chaotic uproar of creation, and the closing of the tomb upon Christ's death.

Through the return of the small but persistent flame of the Christ candle at the conclusion of the service, we then can anticipate the joy of ultimate victory.

Our journey this evening is designed to broaden and enhance our understanding of Jesus Christ's ultimate sacrifice. We follow his path from Gethsemane to Pilate's Court, and then on to Golgotha and finally to the tomb. We hope that this music, these readings and the dramatic portrayal of Good Friday will lead us all to a deeper understanding and comprehension of the implications and consequences of the death of our Lord, and the experiences and joy of that first Easter Morning.

David Acres - Monday, 30th March 2026

www.thekingscounterpoint.com

SINGERS

Soprano

**Judith Acres
Emily Bohl
Kristina Hill-Spanik
Margaret Quardokus**

Alto

**Lauryn Kay
Abriana Pemberton
Kylie Smoak
Timmi Winston**

Tenor

**Wayne French
Jonathan Gragg
Andrew York**

Bass

**Quinton Busch
Danny Fogle
Samuel Smoak
Josh Wald**

Directed by

David Acres

Readings

Dr. Adam McCune

*For more information on the Members and Directors of
King's Counterpoint or Vox Regis, or to join our mailing list,
please visit www.TheKingsCounterpoint.com*

PROGRAMME

1. Locus iste - Anton Bruckner (1824-1896)
2. O Sacred Head - Tune: Leo Hassler (1564-1612)
First Reading: St Matthew 26 verses 17-25
3. Psalm 130 - Tune: Hylton Stewart (1884-1932)
4. Ave verum - William Byrd (1540-1623)
5. My Song is Love Unknown - Tune: John Ireland (1879-1962)
6. Call to Remembrance - Richard Farrant (c.1525-1580)
Second Reading: St. Matthew 26 verses 36-50
7. Peccantem me quotidie - Cristóbal de Morales (c.1500-1553)
8. Hide not thou thy face - Farrant (c.1525-1580)
9. O vos omnes - Pablo Casals (1876-1973)
Third Reading: St. Matthew 27 verses 11-14, 20-29
10. Pange Lingua - Aquinas (1225-1274)
11. Popule meus - Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)
12. Stand wel Moder - Anonymous (early 1200s)
Fourth Reading: St Matthew 27 verses 45-54
13. Be still my soul - Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)
14. Vexilla Regis - Fortunatus (569AD)
15. Were you there - Robert Chilcott (b.1955)
Fifth Reading: St. Matthew 27 verses 57-66
16. Round me falls the night - Tune: Adam Drese (1620-1701)

N.B. Please be aware, after 'Round me falls the night' there will be a loud noise from the back of the church. The Strepitus, symbolizing the earthquake, and the chaotic uproar of creation, and the closing of the tomb upon Christ's death.

1. Locus iste – Anton Bruckner (1824-1896)

*Locus iste a Deo factus est,
inaestimabile sacramentum,
irreprehensibilis est.*

This place was made by God,
a priceless sacrament;
it is without reproach.

2. O sacred head sore wounded - Tune: Leo Hassler (1564-1612)

O sacred head, sore wounded,
defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head surrounded
with mocking crown of thorns:
what sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendor
the host of heaven adore!

In thy most bitter passion
my heart to share doth cry
with thee for my salvation
upon the cross to die.

Ah, keep my heart thus moved
to stand thy cross beneath,
to mourn thee, well-beloved,
yet thank thee for thy death.

What language shall I borrow
to thank thee, dearest friend,
for thus thy dying sorrow,
thy pity without end?

Oh, make me thine forever!
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
outlive my love for thee.

First Reading – St Matthew Chapter 26, verses 17-25

¹⁷ Now the first *day* of the *feast of* unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the passover? ¹⁸ And he said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples. ¹⁹ And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them; and they made ready the passover.

²⁰ Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve. ²¹ And as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. ²² And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him,

Lord, is it I? ²³ And he answered and said, He that dippeth *his* hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me. ²⁴ The Son of man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born. ²⁵ Then Judas, which betrayed him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said.



3. Psalm 130 – Tune: Charles Hylton Stewart (1884-1932)

1. Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord : Lord, hear my voice.
2. O let thine ears consider well : the voice of my complaint.
3. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss : O Lord, who may abide it?
4. For there is mercy with thee : therefore shalt thou be feared.
5. I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him : in his word is my trust.
6. My soul fleeth unto the Lord : before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.
7. O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy : and with him is plenteous redemption.
8. And he shall redeem Israel : from all his sins.

4. Ave Verum – William Byrd (1540-1623)

*Ave, verum corpus natum
de Maria Virgine:
vere passum, immolatum
in cruce pro homine:
cuius latus perforatum
fluxit aqua et sanguine:
esto nobis praegustatum,
in mortis examine.
O Jesu dulcis, O Jesu pie,
O Jesu Fili Mariae.
Miserere mei. Amen.*

Hail the true body, born
of the Virgin Mary:
You who truly suffered and were sacrificed
on the cross for the sake of man.
From whose pierced flank
flowed water and blood:
Be a foretaste for us
in the trial of death.
O sweet, O merciful,
O Jesus, Son of Mary.
Have mercy on me. Amen.

5. My song is love unknown - Tune: John Ireland (1879-1962)

My song is love unknown, my saviour's love for me;
love to the loveless shown that they might lovely be:
but who am I, that for my sake
my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

Christ came from heaven's throne salvation to bestow;
but people scorned, and none the longed-for Christ would know:
But, O my friend, my friend indeed,
who at my need his life did spend.

Sometimes they strew his way and his sweet praises sing,
resounding all the day hosannas to their king:
Then 'crucify' is all their breath,
and for his death they thirst and cry.



They rise and needs will have my dear Lord made away;
a murderer they save, the prince of life they slay!
Yet steadfast He, to suffering goes
that he his foes, from thence might free.

Here might I stay and sing no story so divine;
never was love, dear King, never was grief like thine!
This is my friend in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.

6. Call to remembrance – Richard Farrant (c.1525-1580)

Call to remembrance, O Lord thy tender mercies
And Thy loving kindness,
Which hath been ever of old
O remember not the sins and offences of my youth:
But according to Thy mercy
Think Thou on me, O Lord
For Thy goodness.



Second Reading: St. Matthew Chapter 26, verses 36-50

³⁶Then cometh Jesus with the disciples unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder. ³⁷And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. ³⁸Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me. ³⁹And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.

⁴⁰And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour? ⁴¹Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. ⁴²He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done. ⁴³And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy. ⁴⁴And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words.

⁴⁵Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

⁴⁶Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me. ⁴⁷And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. ⁴⁸Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast. ⁴⁹And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, master; and kissed him. ⁵⁰And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus and took him.

7. Peccantem me quotidie - Cristóbal de Morales (c. 1500-1553)

*Peccantem me quotidie
et non penitentem,
Timor mortis conturbat me.
Quia in inferno nulla est redemptio.
Miserere mei, Deus, et salva me.*

I who sin every day
and am not penitent
the fear of death troubles me:
For in hell there is no redemption.
Have mercy upon me, O God, and save me.



8. Hide not thou thy face - Richard Farrant (c.1525-1580)

Hide not thou thy face from us, O Lord,
and cast not off thy servant in thy displeasure;
for we confess our sins unto thee
and hide not our unrighteousness.
For thy mercy's sake,
deliver us from all our sins.

9. O vos omnes - Pablo Casals (1876-1973)

*O vos omnes, qui transitis per viam,
Attendite, et videte
Si est dolor sicut dolor meus.
O vos omnes, qui transitis per viam,
Attendite, et videte
Si est dolor sicut dolor meus*

*O all you who pass by the way, attend and see:
If there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.
Attend, all you people, and see my sorrow:
If there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow*



Third Reading: St. Matthew Chapter 27, verses 1-14, 20-29

¹¹ And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest. ¹² And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing. ¹³ Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? ¹⁴ And he answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly.

²⁰ Then the chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus. ²¹ The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas. ²² Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? *They* all say unto him, Let him be crucified. ²³ And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.

²⁴ When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but *that* rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed *his* hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye *to it*. ²⁵ Then answered all the people, and said, His blood *be* on us, and on our children. ²⁶ Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered *him* to be crucified.

²⁷ Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band *of soldiers*. ²⁸ And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. ²⁹ And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put *it* upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews!

10. Pange Lingua - St. Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274)

1. Sing my song the glorious battle, sing the winning of the fray;
Now above the cross, the trophy, sound the high triumphant lay:
Tell how Christ, the world's Redeemer, as a victim won the day.
2. Thirty years he dwelt amongst us, his appointed time fulfilled;
Born for this, he met his passion, this the Saviour freely willed:
On the cross the Lamb was lifted, where his precious blood was spilled.
3. Faithful cross! Above all other, one and only noble tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit thy peer may be:
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron! Sweetest weight is hung on thee.
4. Bend thy boughs, O tree of glory! Thy relaxing sinews bend;
For awhile the ancient rigor that thy birth bestowed, suspend;
And the King of heav'nly beauty on thy bosom gently tend.

11. Popule meus - Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

Popule meus, quid feci tibi?

Aut in quo contristavi te? Responde mihi.

Hagios o Theos. Sanctus Deus. Hagios Ischyros. Sanctus fortis.

Hagios Athanatos, eleison imas. Sanctus immortalis, miserere nobis.

O my people, what have I done to thee?

O, how have I offended you? Answer me.

O holy God! O holy strong one!

O holy and immortal have mercy upon us.

12. Stand wel Moder - Anon English (mid 1200s)

*stand wel moder under rode
bihalt þi child wyth glede mode;
bliþe moder mai þu be.*

*Sune, hu mai blyþe stonde?
I fe þi fot and þine honden
nailed to þe harde trie.*

*Do wai, moder, þi wepinge.
I thole is deð for mankende;
for mine gelte tholi non.*

*Sune, i felle dede wunde,
þe fwerde if hat min herte grunde
þat me bihet simeon.*

*Moder, rew upon þi beren!
þu wipe awei þi blodi teref
þat do me werse þan mi deð.*

*Sune, hu mai terefswernen?
I fe þi blodi flodes erne
from þi herte onto mi fot.*

*Moder, nu hi mai þe sai,
beter if þat it one deie
þan mankene to helle go.*

*Sune, i fi þi bodi swingen,
Brest and hand and fot þurstung;
ne sali þat me ifwoe.*

*Moder, if i mai þe telle,
bot i deie þu goft to helle;
i tholie deð for þine sake.*



Stand well, mother, under the cross,
behold thy child with glad spirit;
a happy mother may you be.

Son, how may I happily stand?
I see thy feet and thy hands
nailed to the hard tree.

Put away, mother, thy weeping.
I suffer this death for mankind;
for my own guilt I suffer none.

Son, I feel the wounds of death,
the sword is at the bottom of my heart
that Simon promised me.

Mother, have pity on your child!
Wipe away thy bloody tears
that wound me worse than my death.

Son, how can I from tears refrain?
I see these bloody floods flow
from thy heart onto my feet.
Mother, now I may say to you,
better it is that one die
than all mankind go to hell.
Son, I see thy body beaten,
breast and hand and foot pierced through;
no wonder that I am grieved.
Mother, if I may thee tell,
but that I die thou goest to hell;
I suffer death for thy sake.

Fourth Reading: St. Matthew Chapter 27 verses 45-54

⁴⁵ Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour. ⁴⁶ And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? ⁴⁷ Some of them that stood there, when they heard *that*, said, This *man* calleth for Elias. ⁴⁸ And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled *it* with vinegar, and put *it* on a reed, and gave him to drink. ⁴⁹ The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him.

⁵⁰ Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost. ⁵¹ And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; ⁵² and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, ⁵³ and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many. ⁵⁴ Now when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God.

13. Be still my soul - Tune: Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain.
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change, He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end
Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord
When disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

14. Vexilla Regis – Venantius Fortunatus (530-609)

*Vexilla Regis prodeunt;
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quae vita mortem per tulit,
Et morte vitam protulit*

(Abroad the Regal banners flow
Now shines the Cross's mystery:
Upon it life did death endure
And yet by death did life procure.)

Fulfilled is all that David told,
in true prophetic song of old;
Amidst the nations, God, saith he,
hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree.

O Tree of beauty, Tree of light,
O Tree with royal purple dight;
Elect, on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest.

To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done,
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve, and govern evermore. Amen



15. Were you there? (Robert Chilcott (b.1955))

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Oh! Sometimes it cause me to tremble.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble.

Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Fifth Reading: St. Matthew Chapter 27, verses 57-66

⁵⁷When it was evening, there came a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, who also was a disciple of Jesus. ⁵⁸He went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then Pilate ordered it to be given to him. ⁵⁹And Joseph took the body and wrapped it in a clean linen shroud ⁶⁰and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had cut in the rock. And he rolled a great stone to the entrance of the tomb and went away. ⁶¹Mary Magdalene and the other Mary were there, sitting opposite the tomb.

⁶²The next day, that is, after the day of Preparation, the chief priests and the Pharisees gathered before Pilate ⁶³and said, "Sir, we remember how that impostor said, while he was still alive, 'After three days I will rise.' ⁶⁴Therefore order the tomb to be made secure until the third day, lest his disciples go and steal him away and tell the people, 'He has risen from the dead,' and the last fraud will be worse than the first." ⁶⁵Pilate said to them, "You have a guard of soldiers. Go, make it as secure as you can." ⁶⁶So they went and made the tomb secure by sealing the stone and setting a guard.

16. Round me falls the night - Adam Drese (1620-1701)

Round me falls the night; Saviour, be my light;
Through the hours in darkness shrouded,
let me see thy face unclouded;
Let thy glory shine In this heart of mine.
Earthly work is done, Earthly sounds are none;
Rest in sleep and silence seeking,
let me hear thee softly speaking;
In my spirit's ear Whisper, 'I am near.'
Blessèd, heavenly Light, Shining through earth's night;
Voice, that oft of love hast told me;
arms, so strong to clasp and hold me;
Thou thy watch wilt keep, Saviour, o'er my sleep.

The Strepitus

☞ A loud noise is made from the rear of the church ☛

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**Our gathering has now ended.
Please do not feel obliged to leave the church immediately.
When departing, please leave quietly, with consideration.**

We hope you will plan to join King's Counterpoint again in May



Nature's Exultation

From storms & starlight to cuckoos & crickets, across the centuries composers have musically celebrated & imitated Nature's glorious gifts. Join us as we ring in the Spring by sharing some of these fun & fabulous musical offerings!

Sunday, May 3, 2:00pm

The Tudors' Sacred Songs

Join VOX REGIS for 15th & 16th-century motets & anthems, including selections from the Eton and Royal Choirbooks

Sunday, May 31, 2:00pm



We look forward to seeing you again soon

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Mark your calendars now for our incredible 2026-27 Season!

Choral Evensong *with* the Regis Homines Men's Ensemble - Aug 23

FALL FESTIVAL Season Launch Event - Sept 19

Vox Regis Chamber Ensemble *presents* 'Tallis ys Dead, Music Dies' - Oct 20

Christmas Through the Ages, Vol. 13 - Dec 12 & 13

Celebrating Epiphany *with* Cantores Charleston, 'Lumen de Lumine' - Jan 17

'Lux Aeterna' - the Eternal Light *with* Regis Homines - Mar 14

Tenebrae *with* Vox Regis - Good Friday, Mar 26

Take a 'Journey from Medieval to Renaissance' *with* Vox Regis - Apr 25

Mozart's REQUIEM - May 30

Wells Cathedral Choral Residency - July 5-11

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Thank you for spending Good Friday with us and allowing us to be part of your Holy Week observances.

If you are so moved tonight or in the coming days, we hope you might consider making a donation on your way out or by using the QR code provided. You can also visit us online at any time to print & mail our donor form. *Our donors play an absolutely vital role in our ability to continue our community outreach and present events both locally and around the world. KCP is a Registered 501(c)3 Non-Profit Organization, and we simply cannot be successful without your support. Thank you.*



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