



John Rutter
and the
Cambridge Singers
A Double
Celebration

John Rutter writes . . .

When I formed the Cambridge Singers in the early 1980s as a professional mixed chamber choir with recording rather than public performance as its principal focus, the idea was a new one, and I never dreamed that we would still be recording – albeit with changing though still Cambridge-leaning membership – thirty years later.

The seeds of the idea were sown during my days in the late 1970s as Director of Music at Clare College, Cambridge. It was an exciting period of change in the choral life of Cambridge University: in 1972 three of our 25 or so men's colleges, including Clare, began to admit women students for the first time in the university's 750-year history. This transformed the whole nature of many Cambridge chapel choirs as more and more men's colleges became mixed during the 1970s, and choirs such as Clare's, which had been male-voice groups, were now mixed choirs with soaring female soprano sections, and alto sections no longer consisting just of counter-tenors.

Suddenly we were able to perform the same repertoire as the renowned boys-and-men choirs of King's and St John's Colleges, and to branch out in directions of our own. I never saw the new mixed chapel choirs as being in competition with King's and St John's, but rather as enriching the choral life of what was already a celebrated city of choirs. An adult mixed student choir (quite rightly) does not sound the same as a boys-and-men choir, but it offers a valid and valuable alternative, having sopranos who can bring their adult sensibilities and experience to the interpretation of the music they sing, often with voices that still have the purity and focus of boy sopranos. For those few critics who questioned whether a mixed choir should be singing literature intended for boys and men, it was fair for us to point out that William Byrd's towering masses and motets were very likely first performed by small *ad hoc* mixed choirs made up of the families and servants residing in Catholic country houses.

I relished my four years directing Clare Choir, but with a day job as composer in danger of becoming neglected, I reluctantly stepped down in 1979 to concentrate on composition. I soon realised how much I missed having a choir to make music with, and when I was asked in 1982 to create a choir specially for a Christmas television programme, I naturally turned mainly to my former Clare Choir members – many of them by now working as freelance singers in London. We needed a name, and 'The Cambridge Singers' seemed the obvious one. I was

impressed by the ease with which we came together musically, and by coincidence I was shortly afterwards asked by a US-based record company to make an album of my church music with the *Gloria* as the centrepiece, so the group was assembled once again to make the recording.

The *Gloria* album, released in 1984, marked the recording début of the Cambridge Singers. Its unexpected success encouraged us to continue, and the Fauré Requiem, in its hitherto little-known chamber version which I had edited from the composer's manuscript, soon followed; it won a *Gramophone* magazine award. Through no one's fault, there were constraints and obstacles with both the labels to which these two recordings were contracted, and it seemed like the right moment to start a new record label as a permanent home for me and the Cambridge Singers. The name 'Collegium' was the result of a brainstorming session my wife and I had over dinner; many names were written down on our notepad, Collegium was the one chosen. Fortunately the two labels who held the rights to the *Gloria* and Fauré albums amicably relinquished them, and the Collegium label was born.

So – I now had my own choir, and my own record label, both the result of pure chance. With regret, I decided that the Cambridge Singers would be purely a recording choir. Some tempting offers of live appearances came our way, but it seemed to me that if I had to conduct and manage concerts as well as recordings, composition would once again risk neglect.

Our artistic policy was set, in a way, by our first two recordings – namely, that we would record fine choral music, sacred or secular, of any period, provided it was suited to a mixed chamber choir of flexible size but generally of about 26 voices – and we would also, from time to time, record my own music so I could, literally, leave a record of it.

To celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the Cambridge Singers and the Collegium label we have compiled this 2-CD set, which reflects our two-pronged policy: one CD contains thirty pieces by different composers to mark thirty years, the other CD contains music which I have composed or arranged. We hope you enjoy both.

In conclusion I want to express my gratitude to our producers, engineers, designers and all others who have contributed so ably and imaginatively to the recordings we have made; a deep and grateful bow to the City of London Sinfonia and our other orchestral partners; and the deepest bow of all to the Cambridge Singers, whose dedication to the highest standards of choral singing has remained unwavering and ever-inspiring.

**JOHN RUTTER AND THE CAMBRIDGE SINGERS:
A DOUBLE CELEBRATION**

The Cambridge Singers
City of London Sinfonia
directed by John Rutter

Total playing time: 158' 04" Note: Words credits are given at the end of each text.

DISC 1: THE CAMBRIDGE SINGERS – 30 TRACKS FOR 30 YEARS (79' 27")

Sacred music

- 1 Come, let's rejoice (1' 40") John Amner (1579–1641)
- 2 Alma Redemptoris Mater (1' 50") Gregorian chant
- 3 If ye love me (2' 12") Thomas Tallis (c.1505–1585)
- 4 Hosanna to the Son of David (2' 33") Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)
- 5 Haec dies (2' 23") William Byrd (1543–1623)
- 6 This joyful Eastertide (2' 17") Dutch carol, arranged by Charles Wood (1866–1926)
- 7 O glad some light (1' 54") Louis Bourgeois (c.1510–1559)
- 8 Remember not, Lord, our offences (2' 25") Henry Purcell (1659–95)
- 9 Ave Virgo gloriosa (1' 58") Richard Dering (c.1580–1630)
- 10 Ave verum Corpus (4' 09") Orlande de Lassus (1532–94)
- 11 Laudate Dominum (2' 49") J. P. Sweelinck (1562–1621)
- 12 Bogoroditsye Dyevo (*Ave Maria*) (2' 38") Sergei Rachmaninov (1873–1943)
- 13 Ave Maria (3' 10") Anton Bruckner (1824–96)
- * 14 In paradisum (*from the Requiem*) (3' 41") Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Secular music

- 15 The blue bird (3' 52") C. V. Stanford (1852–1924)
- 16 My sweetheart's like Venus (1' 51") Welsh folk-song, arranged by G. Holst (1874–1934)
- 17 To be sung of a summer night on the water II (2' 18") Frederick Delius (1862–1934)
Tenor solo: Mark Padmore
- 18 The silver swan (1' 45") Orlando Gibbons

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- 19 Round about in a fair ring (0' 55") John Bennet (*fl.* c.1600)
 - 20 Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis (*from Trois Chansons*) (2' 21") Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)
 - * 21 The bold grenadier (*from The Sprig of Thyme*) (2' 56") English folk-song, arranged by John Rutter
 - 22 Quick! we have but a second (0' 41") Irish air, arranged by C. V. Stanford
 - 23 Lay a garland (2' 31") R. L. Pearsall (1795–1856)
 - * 24 I know where I'm going (*from The Sprig of Thyme*) (3' 01")
Irish folk-song, arranged by John Rutter
Oboe: Christopher Hooker

Christmas music

- 25 There is a flower (4' 04") John Rutter
Soprano solo: Ruth Holton
- * 26 Sans Day Carol (3' 07") Cornish traditional carol, arranged by John Rutter
- 27 I wonder as I wander (2' 52") Appalachian carol, collected by John Jacob Niles
(*G. Schirmer, Inc.*), arranged by John Rutter
Baritone solo: Gerald Finley
- * 28 Candlelight Carol (4' 06") John Rutter
- 29 Away in a manger (2' 12") W. J. Kirkpatrick (1832–1921), arranged by John Rutter
- * 30 Mary's Lullaby (3' 27") John Rutter

DISC 2: MUSIC OF JOHN RUTTER (78' 37")

Sacred music

- * 1 For the beauty of the earth (3' 39")
- * 2 A Gaelic Blessing (1' 48")
- * 3 The Lord is my shepherd (5' 12")
Oboe: Quentin Poole
- * 4 O clap your hands (3' 12")
- * 5 Be thou my vision (4' 13")
- * 6 Thy perfect love (2' 44")

- † **7** Lord of the Dance (3' 15") American Shaker song, arranged by John Rutter
- * **8** Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace (2' 55")
- 9** Open thou mine eyes (2' 37")
- * **10** Pie Jesu (from *Requiem*) (4' 11")
Soprano solo: Caroline Ashton
- * **11** All things bright and beautiful (2' 43")
- * **12** Christ the Lord is risen again (2' 48")
- * **13** I believe in springtime (3' 02")
- 14** I my Best-Beloved's am (6' 40")
Tenor solo: Simon Wall
- 15** God be in my head (1' 29")
- 16** A Choral Amen (1' 08")

Secular music

- 17** O waly, waly (2' 47") Somerset folk-song, arranged by John Rutter
- * **18** Blow, blow, thou winter wind (from *When Icicles Hang*) (3' 52")
- * **19** Riddle Song (from *Fancies*) (3' 13")
- † **20** Down by the riverside (4' 03") American folk-song, arranged by John Rutter
- 21** The Owl and the Pussy-Cat (from *Five Childhood Lyrics*) (1' 42")
- * **22** Good Ale (from *When Icicles Hang*) (2' 43")
- 23** Sing a song of sixpence (from *Five Childhood Lyrics*) (1' 42") Nursery song, arranged by John Rutter
- 24** Dashing away with the smoothing iron (from *Five Traditional Songs*) (2' 23")
English traditional song, arranged by John Rutter
- 25** Waltz (from *Suite Antique*) (3' 06")
Flute: Andrew Nicholson Harpsichord: John Birch
with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

* with the City of London Sinfonia † with the BBC Concert Orchestra

Publishing information

Disc 1

Tracks 3, 5, and 8 are included in the Oxford University Press anthology *English Church Music, Vol. I*, edited by Robert King.

Track 6 is included in the OUP anthology *100 Carols for Choirs*, edited by David Willcocks and John Rutter. Tracks 10, 11, 12, and 13 are included in the OUP anthology *European Sacred Music*, edited by John Rutter. Tracks 15, 17, 18, and 23 are included in the OUP anthology *Madrigals and Partsongs*, edited by Clifford Bartlett. Track 14 is taken from the complete Fauré Requiem, edited by John Rutter (© Hinshaw Music for USA, published by OUP in UK and certain other countries).

Tracks 21 and 24 are taken from *The Sprig of Thyme*, a cycle of folk-song settings by John Rutter, published worldwide by OUP.

Tracks 25, 26, and 30 are published worldwide by OUP.

Tracks 27, 28, and 29 are published by Hinshaw Music, Inc. (in USA), and by OUP (in all other countries).

Note: the music of tracks 1–13, 15–20, 22, and 23 is in the public domain and available in a number of editions.

Disc 2

Tracks 1, 5, 9, 10, 11, 13, and 14 are published by Hinshaw Music, Inc. (in USA), and by OUP (in all other countries).

Tracks 2 and 8 are published by Hinshaw Music (in USA) and by RSCM Publications (in most other countries).

Tracks 3, 4, 6, 12, 13, and 16–25 are published worldwide by OUP.

Track 7 is published worldwide by Stainer & Bell, Ltd.

Note: Many of the pieces on Disc 2 are now published in new Anniversary Editions, re-engraved, and with historical and performance notes by the composer.

Recording information

The music of this 2-CD set is taken from the following Collegium recordings:

Disc 1

Tracks 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8: from *Treasures of English Church Music* (COLCD 302, ©1988, 1991)

Tracks 2, 9, and 13: from *Hail! Queen of Heaven* (CSCD 508, ©1992)

Tracks 7 and 12: from *Lighten our Darkness* (COLCD 131, © 2006)

Tracks 10 and 11: from *The Sacred Flame* (COLCD 134, © 2009)

Track 14: from *Fauré: Requiem and other sacred music* (CSCD 520, © 2010)

Tracks 15, 16, 17, and 22: from *There is Sweet Music* (CSCD 505, © 2002)

Tracks 18 and 19: from *Flora gave me fairest flowers* (CSCD 511, © 2003)

Tracks 20 and 23: from *Cambridge Singers A Cappella* (CSCD 509, © 2002)

Tracks 21 and 24: from *The Sprig of Thyme* (CSCD 517, © 2005)

Tracks 25–28, and 30: from *The John Rutter Christmas Album* (CSCD 510, © 2002)

Track 29: from *Christmas Night* (COLCD 106, © 1987)

Disc 2

Tracks 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13, and 15: from *Be thou my vision* (CSCD 514, © 2004)

Track 3: from *Gloria, the sacred music of John Rutter* (CSCD 515, © 2005)

Track 7: from *Feel the Spirit* (CSCD 523, © 2013)

Track 10: from *Requiem & Magnificat* (CSCD 504, © 1998)

Tracks 12 and 16: from *O Praise the Lord of Heaven* (CSCD 522, © 2013)

Track 14: from *Mass of the Children and other sacred music by John Rutter* (COLCD 129, © 2003)

Tracks 17 and 24: from *The Sprig of Thyme* (CSCD 517, © 2005)

Tracks 18, 19, 21, 22, and 23, from *Fancies* (CSCD 516, © 2005)

Track 25: from *Distant Land* (on the UCJ label, 9866876, © 2004)

Track 20 is previously unreleased (© 2014).

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(Photo © Nick Rutter)

Disc 1: THE CAMBRIDGE SINGERS – 30 Tracks for 30 Years

Sacred music

1 Come, let's rejoice (John Amner, 1579–1641)

Come, let's rejoice unto the Lord our God, let us make joy to God our Saviour. Let us approach to his presence in confession, and in psalms let us make joy to him. Alleluia.

(Paraphrase of Psalm 95, vv. 1, 2)

2 Alma Redemptoris Mater (Gregorian chant)

Alma Redemptoris Mater, quae pervia caeli porta manes et stella maris, succurre cadenti surgere qui curat populo: Tu quae genuisti, natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem: Virgo prius et posterius Gabrielis ab ore sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere.

(Antiphon of the Blessed Virgin Mary)

(Kind Mother of the Redeemer, our open gateway to heaven and star of the sea, help your people and keep them from falling: you who gave birth to your holy Son, all creation marvelling: ever Virgin Mother, first hailed from the lips of Gabriel, have mercy on us sinners.)

3 If ye love me (Thomas Tallis, c.1505–1585)

If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth.

(John 14, vv. 15–17)

4 Hosanna to the Son of David (Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625)

Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed be the King of Israel. Blessed be the King(dom) that cometh in the name of the Lord. Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest places. Hosanna in the highest heavens.

(based on Matthew 21, v. 9, Mark 11, v. 10)

5 Haec dies (William Byrd, 1543–1623)

Haec dies quam fecit Dominus; exultemus et laetemur in ea. Alleluia.

(Vesper Antiphon for Easter Day: Psalm 118, v. 24)

(This is the day which the Lord has made: let us rejoice and be glad in it. Alleluia.)

6 This joyful Eastertide (Dutch carol, arranged by Charles Wood, 1866–1926)

This joyful Eastertide,
Away with sin and sorrow!
My Love, the Crucified,
Hath sprung to life this morrow.

My flesh in hope shall rest,
And for a season slumber;
Till trump from east to west
Shall wake the dead in number.

*Had Christ, that once was slain
Ne'er burst his three-day prison,
Our faith had been in vain,
But now hath Christ arisen.*

Death's flood hath lost his chill,
Since Jesus crossed the river;
Lover of souls, from ill
My passing soul deliver.

(G. R. Woodward, 1848–1934)

7 O gladsome light (Louis Bourgeois, c.1510–1559)

O gladsome light, O grace
Of God the Father's face,
The eternal splendour wearing;
Celestial, holy, blest,
Our Saviour Jesus Christ,
Joyful in thine appearing.

To thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, life-giver;
Thee, therefore, O most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt for ever.

(3rd century (?) Greek hymn, tr. R. Bridges)

Now, ere day fadeth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring;
Father of might unknown,
Thee, his incarnate Son,
And Holy Ghost adoring.

8 Remember not, Lord, our offences (Henry Purcell, 1659–95)

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins, but spare us, good Lord, spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever. Spare us, good Lord.

(from the Litany, 1662 Book of Common Prayer)

9 Ave Virgo gloriosa (Richard Dering, c.1580–1630)

Ave Virgo gloriosa,
Favo mellis dulcior,
Mater Dei gloriosa,
Stella sole clarior;
Tu es illa speciosa,
Qua nulla est pulchrior,
Rubicunda plus quam rosa,
Lilio candidior.

*(Hail glorious Virgin,
Sweeter than honey in the comb;
Glorious Mother of God,
Brighter than the sun;
You are the fair one,
None more beautiful,
Redder than the rose,
Whiter than the lily.)*

(Anonymous medieval poem)

10 Ave verum Corpus (Orlande de Lassus, 1532–94)

Ave verum Corpus, natum
de Maria Virgine:
Vere passum, immolatum
in cruce pro homine:
Cujus latus perforatum
unda fluxit sanguine.
Esto nobis praegustatum.
in mortis examine.
O dulcis, O pie,
O Jesu, Fili Mariae:
Miserere mei. Amen.

*(All hail, true Body, of the blessed Virgin born,
Which in anguish to redeem us did'st suffer
upon the Cross;
From whose side, when pierced by spear, there
came forth water and blood:
Be to us at our last hour the source of
consolation.
O loving, O holy, O Jesu, thou Son of Mary,
Have mercy on me. Amen.)*

(14th-century Eucharistic hymn of unknown authorship)

11 Laudate Dominum (J. P. Sweelinck, 1562–1621)

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes: laudate eum omnes populi.
Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus:
et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

(Psalm 117)

*(O praise the Lord our God, all ye heathen: praise him, all ye nations.
For his merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us: and the truth of the Lord endureth
for ever.)*

12 Bogoroditsye Dyevo (Ave Maria) (Sergei Rachmaninov, 1873–1943)

Bogoroditsye Dyevo, raduissya,
Blagodatnaya Mariye,
Gospod Toboyu.
Blagoslovyenna Tyivzhenakh,
I blagoslovyen
Plod chryeva Tvoyego,
Yako Spassa rodila
Yessi dush nashikh.

(The Angelic Salutation)

*(Hail Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with thee: blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is
the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour
of our death. Amen.)*

13 Ave Maria (Anton Bruckner, 1824–96)

Ave Maria, gratia plena; Dominus tecum: Benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus
ventris tui Jesus. Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis
nostrae. Amen.

(The Angelic Salutation)

*(Hail Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with thee: blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is
the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of
our death. Amen.)*

14 In paradisum (from the Requiem) (Gabriel Fauré, 1845–1924)

In paradisum deducant angeli: in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres, et perducant te in
civitatem sanctam Jerusalem. Chorus angelorum te suscipiat, et cum Lazaro quondam
paupere aeternam habeas requiem.

(from the Burial Service)

*(God's holy angels lead you to paradise: may saints in their glory receive you at your journey's
end, guiding your footsteps into the Holy City Jerusalem. Choirs of angels sing you to your rest:
and with Lazarus raised to eternal life, may you for evermore rest in peace.)*

Secular music

15 The blue bird (C. V. Stanford, 1852–1924)

The lake lay blue below the hill,
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.

(Mary Coleridge, 1861–1907)

16 My sweetheart's like Venus (Welsh folk-song, arranged by G. Holst, 1874–1934)

My sweetheart's like Venus, she's lovely and light,
She's fairer than blackthorn, she's slim and she's white,
There's no one is like her, from far or from near,
It's truth I am telling for all men to hear.

Her form has the splendour of straight-growing trees;
Her hair like ripe corn that is stirr'd in the breeze,
Her eyebrows like gossamer that hangs by the door;
If only she'd love me I'd ask nothing more.

My sweetheart she loves like a shower of rain,
Now clouded, now weeping, now smiling again,
But she who loves many is left without one,
A faithful true lover has one love alone.

17 To be sung of a summer night on the water II (Frederick Delius, 1862–1934)

(This item is wordless.)

18 The silver swan (Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625)

The silver swan, who living had no note
When death approached unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
Farewell, all joys; O death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

(Words of unknown authorship)

19 Round about in a fair ring (John Bennet, fl. c.1600)

Round about, round about
In a fair ring-a,
Thus we dance, thus we dance
And thus we sing-a,
Trip and go, to and fro
Over this green-a,
All about, in and out
Over this green-a.

(Words of unknown authorship)

20 Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis (Maurice Ravel, 1875–1937)

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ont passé par ici.
Le premier était plus bleu que ciel,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Le second était couleur de neige,
Le troisième rouge vermeil.
“Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,

qu'apportez par ici?"
"J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur".
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)
"Et moi, sur beau front couleur de neige,
Un baiser dois mettre, encor plus pur".
"Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)

Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
que portez-vous ainsi?"
"Un joli cœur tout cramoisi
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)" . . .
"Ah! je sens mon cœur qui froidit . . .
Emportez-le aussi."

(Words by the composer)

(Three lovely birds of paradise (my love has gone to the wars!), three lovely birds of paradise passed this way. The first was bluer than the sky (my love has gone to the wars), the second was white as snow, the third vermilion red. 'Lovely birds of paradise, what do you bring?' 'I bring a fond look of azure blue,' 'And I must bestow on your snowy-white brow a kiss that is purer yet.' 'Red bird of paradise, what do you bring?' 'A true heart of crimson red . . .' 'Ah! a chill grips my heart . . . I yield it to you.)

21 The bold grenadier (English folk-song, arranged by John Rutter)

As I was a-walking one morning in May,
I spied a young couple a-making of hay.
O one was a fair maid and her beauty shone clear,
And the other was a soldier, a bold grenadier.

'Good morning, good morning, good morning,' said he:
'O where are you going, my pretty lady?'
'I am going a-walking by the clear crystal stream,
To see cool waters glide and hear nightingales sing.'

'O soldier, O soldier, will you marry me?'
'Oh, no my sweet lady, that never can be:
For I've got a wife at home in my own country;
Two wives and the army's too many for me.'

As I was a-walking one morning in May
I spied a young couple a-making of hay.

O one was a fair maid and her beauty shone clear,
And the other was a soldier, a bold grenadier.

22 Quick! we have but a second (Irish air, arranged by C. V. Stanford)

Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying
For oh! not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying
Or charm them to life again.
Then quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou should'st delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame unto thee
If e'er thou see'st that day
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away.
Then quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

(Thomas Moore, 1780–1852)

23 Lay a garland (R. L. Pearsall, 1795–1856)

Lay a garland on her hearse
Of dismal yew;
Maidens willow branches wear;
Say she died true,
Her love was false, but she was firm.
Upon her buried body lie lightly,
Thou gentle earth.

(Beaumont and Fletcher)

24 I know where I'm going (Irish folk-song, arranged by John Rutter)

I know where I'm going,
And I know who's going with me,
I know who I love
But the dear knows who I'll marry!

I have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair,
And a ring for every finger.

Some say he's black*,
But I say he's bonny,
The fairest of them all
My handsome, winsome Johnny.

Christmas music

[25] There is a flower (John Rutter)

*There is a flower sprung of a tree,
The root thereof is called Jesse,
A flower of price;
There is none such in paradise.*

This flower is fair and fresh of hue,
It fadeth never, but ever is new;
The blessed branch this flower on grew
Was Mary mild that bare Jesu,
A flower of grace;
Against all sorrow it is solace.

The seed hereof was Goddes sand*,
That God himself sowed with his hand,
In Nazareth that holy land,
Amidst her arbour a maiden found;
This blessed flower
Sprang never but in Mary's bower.

Feather beds are soft,
And painted rooms are bonny,
But I would leave them all
To go with my love Johnny.

I know where I'm going,
And I know who's going with me,
I know who I love
But the dear knows who I'll marry!

* black: dour, ungracious

When Gabriel this maid did meet
With "Ave Maria" he did her greet,
Between them two this flower was set
And safe was kept, no man should wit,
Till on a day
In Bethlem it could spread and spray.

When that fair flower began to spread,
And his sweet blossom began to bed†,
Then rich and poor of every land
They marvelled how this flower might spread,
Till kinges three
That blessed flower came to see.

*sand = gift †bed = bud

Angels there came from heaven's tower.
To look upon this freshele flower,
How fair he was in his colour,
And how sweet in his savour,
And to behold
How such a flower might spring in gold,

*There is a flower sprung of a tree,
The root thereof is called Jesse,
A flower of price;
There is none such in paradise.*

(John Audelay, 15th century)

[26] Sans Day Carol (Cornish traditional carol, arranged by John Rutter)

Now the holly bears a berry as white as the milk,
And Mary bore Jesus, who was wrapped up in silk.
*And Mary bore Jesus Christ our Saviour for to be,
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly!*

Now the holly bears a berry as green as the grass,
And Mary bore Jesus, who died on the cross.

Now the holly bears a berry as black as the coal,
And Mary bore Jesus, who died for us all.

Now the holly bears a berry, as blood is it red,
The trust we our Saviour, who rose from the dead.

[27] I wonder as I wander (Appalachian carol, collected by John Jacob Niles, arranged by John Rutter)

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
How Jesus, the Saviour, did come for to die.
For poor ornery people like you and like I:
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus, 'twas in a cows' stall,
With wise-men and farmers and shepherds and all.
But high from God's heaven a star's light did fall,
And the promise of ages it then did recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing:
A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing;
Or all of God's angels in heaven to sing,
He surely could have had it, 'cause he was the King.

(The first verse is repeated.)

28 Candlelight Carol (John Rutter)

How do you capture the wind on the water?
How do you count all the stars in the sky?
How can you measure the love of a mother,
Or how can you write down a baby's first cry?

*Candlelight, angel light, firelight and starglow
Shine on his cradle till breaking of dawn.
Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo!
Angels are singing; the Christ child is born.*

Shepherds and wise men will kneel and adore him,
Seraphim round him their vigil will keep;
Nations proclaim him their Lord and their Saviour,
But Mary will hold him and sing him to sleep.

Find him at Bethlehem laid in a manger:
Christ our Redeemer asleep in the hay.
Godhead incarnate and hope of salvation:
A child with his mother that first Christmas Day.

(John Rutter)

29 Away in a manger (W. J. Kirkpatrick, 1832–1921, arranged by John Rutter)

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.

The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

(Anon., American, 1885)

30 Mary's Lullaby (John Rutter)

See the child that Mary bore
On her lap so softly sleeping:
In a stable cold and poor,
Ox and ass their vigil keeping.

*Sing lullaby, sing lullaby,
My own dear son, my child,
Lullaby, sing lullaby;
Lullaby, my little baby.*

Flights of angels round his head
Sing him joyful hymns of greeting:
'Peace on earth, goodwill to men.'
Each to each the song repeating.
Shepherds kneeling by his bed
Offer homage without measure;
Wise men, by a bright star led,
Bring him gifts of richest treasure.

(John Rutter)

DISC 2: MUSIC OF JOHN RUTTER

Sacred music

1 For the beauty of the earth

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:

For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:

(F. S. Pierpoint, 1835–1917, slightly altered)

2 A Gaelic Blessing

Deep peace of the running wave to you,
Deep peace of the flowing air to you,
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,
Deep peace of the shining stars to you,
Deep peace of the gentle night to you,
Moon and stars pour their healing light on you,
Deep peace of Christ the light of the world to you.

(William Sharp, 1855–1905)

3 The Lord is my shepherd

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

(Psalm 23)

4 O clap your hands

O clap your hands together, all ye people: O sing unto God with the voice of melody.
For the Lord is high, and to be feared: he is the great King upon all the earth.
He shall subdue the people under us: and the nations under our feet.
He shall choose out an heritage for us: even the worship of Jacob, whom he loved.
God is gone up with a merry noise: and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet.
O sing praises, sing praises unto our God: O sing praises, sing praises unto our King.
For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.
(O clap your hands together, all ye people.)

(Psalm 47, vv. 1–7)

5 Be thou my vision

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
Be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;
Be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
Both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
Be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord;
Be thou my great Father, and I thy true son;
Be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
Be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;

Be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower:
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise;
Be thou mine inheritance now and always;
Be thou and thou only the first in my heart:
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant me its joys after vict'ry is won;
Great heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

(Irish, c.8th century, tr. Mary Byrne, versified Eleanor Hull, 1860–1935)

6 Thy perfect love

Jesu, my love, my joy, my rest,
Thy perfect love close in my breast
That I thee love and never rest;
And make me love thee of all things best,
And wounde my heart in thy love free,
That I may reign in joy evermore with thee.

(15th century English)

7 Lord of the Dance (American Shaker song, arranged by John Rutter)

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth;
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.*

I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me;
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;
They came with me and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame:
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high,
And they left me there on a cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black;
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone;
But I am the dance and I still go on:

They cut me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me:
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

(Sydney Carter, 1915–2004)

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8 Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light;
where there is sadness, joy; and all for thy mercy's sake.
O divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love;
for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

(Text of unknown 19th-century authorship; formerly ascribed to St Francis of Assisi, 1181–1226)

9 Open thou mine eyes

Open thou mine eyes and I shall see:
Incline my heart and I shall desire:
Order my steps and I shall walk
In the ways of thy commandments.

O Lord God, be thou to me a God,
And beside thee let there be none else,
No other, naught else with thee.

Vouchsafe to me to worship thee and serve thee
According to thy commandments
In truth of spirit, in reverence of body,
In blessing of lips,
In private and in public.

(Lancelot Andrewes, 1555–1626, from Preces Privatae)

10 Pie Jesu (from Requiem)

Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem.
Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis sempiternam requiem.

(from the Dies Irae of the Requiem Mass)

(Blessed Lord Jesus, grant them rest. Blessed Lord Jesus, grant them eternal rest.)

11 All things bright and beautiful

All things bright and beautiful.
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,

He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

12 Christ the Lord is risen again

Christ the Lord is risen again!
Christ hath broken every chain!
Hark, the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluya!

He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb today!
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluya!

He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry.
Alleluya!

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

(Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1818–95)

Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluya!

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, today thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Alleluya!

(M. Weisse, c.1480–1534; tr. C. Winkworth, 1827–78)

13 I believe in springtime

I believe in springtime: fresh and new and bright;
I believe in morning dew and shining morning light.
I believe in sunbeams, melting all the snow;
And I believe when winter's done
The streams will run and rivers flow.
I believe in eagles soaring up so high;
I believe in trees and mountains reaching to the sky.
I believe in green things; all the gifts of earth;
Growing up from tiny seeds that spring has brought to birth.
I believe in summer; I believe in fall:
But most of all I believe in God
Who made it and blessed it all.

I believe in people, living all as one;
Sharing all their songs and laughter, happiness and fun;
I believe in friendship: taking time to care;
And feeling sure of someone else,
And someone feeling glad you're there.
Then I start to wonder how it all might be
If the world could live together just like you and me.
I believe in hoping; I believe in prayer;
I believe in trying hard and learning how to share.
I believe in dreaming; and, when dreams are through,
Then I believe in trusting God
To help me make dreams come true.

14 I my Best-Beloved's am

Confirma hoc, Deus,
Quod operatus es in nobis.

(John Rutter)

A templo sancto tuo quod est in Jerusalem.
Kyrie eleison.
(Establish, O God, what you have wrought in us.
For your temple's sake, which is in Jerusalem.
Lord, have mercy.)

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death
Can bow my least desires unto the least
remove;
He's firmly mine by oath, I his by vow;
He's mine by faith, and I am his by love;
He's mine by water, I am his by wine;
Thus I my Best Beloved's am,
Thus he is mine.

Salvos fac servos tuos.
Deus meus, sperantes in te.
Mitte eis, Domine, auxilium de sancto:
Et de Sion tuere eos.
(Save your servants, God, whose hope is in you.
Send them help, Lord, from your sanctuary:
And strengthen them out of Sion.)

(Latin text: Nuptial responses (Tridentine rite), English text: Francis Quarles, 1592–1644)

15 God be in my head

God be in my head and in my understanding.
God be in mine eyes and in my looking.
God be in my mouth and in my speaking.
God be in my heart and in my thinking.
God be at mine end and in my departing.

He is my altar, I his holy place;
I am his guest, and he my living food;
I'm his by penitence, he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchase, he is mine by blood;
He's my supporting elm, and I his vine:
Thus I my Best Beloved's am, thus he is mine.

Esto eis, Domine, turris fortitudinis:
A facie inimici.
Domine, exaudi orationem meam:
Et clamor meus ad te veniat.
(Be unto them a tower of strength, Lord,
In the face of their enemy.
Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry come unto you.)

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows;
I give him songs, he gives me length of days;
With wreaths of grace he crowns my
conquering brows;
And I his temples with a crown of praise,
Which he accepts as an everlasting sign,
That I my Best-Beloved's am, that he is mine.
Amen.

(from the Sarum Primer, 1514)

16 A Choral Amen

Amen.

Secular music

17 O waly, waly (Somerset folk-song, arranged by John Rutter)

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly;
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

A ship there is and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O down in the meadows the other day
A-gath'ring flow'rs both fine and gay,
A-gath'ring flow'rs both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

O love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me.

18 Blow, blow, thou winter wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.*

*Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

19 Riddle Song

I have a young sister
Far beyond the sea:
Many be the dowries
That she sent me.

She sent me the cherry
Withouten any stone;
And so she did the dove
Withouten any bone;

She sent me the briar
Withouten any rind;
She bade me love my lemman*
Withoute longing.

How should any cherry
Be withoute stone?
And how should any dove
Been withoute bone?

(William Shakespeare, from As You Like It)

How should any briar
Been withoute rind?
How should love mine lemman
Without longing?

When the cherry was a flower
Then had it no stone;
When the dove was an egg
Then had it no bone;

When the briar was onbred†
Then had it no rind;
When the maiden hath that she loveth
She is without longing.

*lemman = lover †onbred = in the seed
(15th-century English)

20 Down by the riverside (American folk-song, arranged by John Rutter)

I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load
Down by the riverside,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

I'm goin' to lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

I'm goin' to put on my trav'lin' shoes

Down by the riverside,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

I'm goin' to put on my long white robe
Down by the riverside,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

I'm goin' to put on my starry crown
Down by the riverside,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

21 The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,

And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

(Edward Lear, 1812–88)

22 Good Ale

*Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.*

Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran;
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no game,
But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that go'th down at once,
And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that,
And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lean,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clean,
But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells,
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else,
And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all goat's blood;
Nor bring us in no venison, for that is not for our good:
But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere,
But bring us in good ale.

(15th-century English)

23 Sing a song of sixpence (Nursery song, arranged by John Rutter)

Sing a song of sixpence
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird
And snapped off her nose.

(Traditional)

24 Dashing away with the smoothing iron (English traditional song, arranged by John Rutter)

'Twas on a Monday morning
And there I saw my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In ev'ry high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble O
A-washing of her linen O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Thursday morning...
... A-ironing of her linen O ...

'Twas on a Friday morning...
... A-folding of her linen O ...

'Twas on a Saturday morning...
... A-airing of her linen O ...

'Twas on a Sunday morning...
... A-wearing of her linen O ...

'Twas on a Tuesday morning ...
... A-hanging out her linen O ...

'Twas on a Wednesday morning ...
... A-starching of her linen O ...

(Traditional)

25 Waltz (from *Suite Antique*)
(This track is instrumental.)



The Cambridge Singers and John Rutter at Cadogan Hall, London.

(Photo © Nick Rutter)

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Recorded in the Lady Chapel of Ely Cathedral:
Disc 1, tracks 1–9, 12, 13

Recorded in the Great Hall of University College School, London:
Disc 1, tracks 10, 11, 14–17, 20–30; Disc 2, tracks 1–5, 9–11, 15, 17, 24

Recorded in Henry Wood Hall, London:
Disc 1, tracks 18, 19; Disc 2, tracks 5–8, 12–14, 20

Recorded in the Seldon Hall, Haberdashers' Aske's School:
Disc 2, tracks 18, 19, 21–23

Recorded in Watford Colosseum:
Disc 2, track 25

Produced by Jillian White except for:
Disc 1, tracks 10 and 11, disc 2, tracks 7, 14, 20, and 25 – produced by Simon Eadon
Disc 1, tracks 18 and 19 – produced by Tony Faulkner
Disc 1, tracks 7 and 12 – produced by David Millinger

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