

Sing, ye Heavens



HYMNS FOR ALL TIME E CAMBRIDGE SINGERS

DIRECTED BY JOHN RUTTER

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HYMNS FOR ALL TIME

The Cambridge Singers
Thelma Owen (harp)
John Scott (organ)
The City of London Sinfonia Brass
directed by John Rutter

The Cambridge Singers

Sopranos: Emily Benson, Claire Booth, Katy Cooper, Elizabeth Cragg,

Angharad Gruffydd-Jones, Charlotte Mobbs, Cecilia Osmond, Emma Preston-Dunlop, Madeleine Shaw, Elin Manahan Thomas

Altos: Ian Aitkenhead, Susan Atherton, David Bates, Elinor Carter,

Ruth Massey, Clare Wilkinson

Tenors: Jeremy Budd, Andrew Hewitt, Adrian Kelly, Dan Ludford-Thomas,

Nicholas Mulroy, Tom Roach, Simon Wall

Basses: Neil Bellingham, Francis Brett, Rodney Clarke, Malcolm Green,

Ian Jervis, Daniel Jordan, Ed Price, David Soar

The hymns heard on this recording span over fifteen centuries of the history of Christian Europe. They have been chosen not with the aim of representing every possible strand in the rich and complex history of hymnody, but simply to make up a varied programme which can be listened to for pleasure. Some items are accompanied by organ, some by harp where this lighter and more transparent sound seems appropriate; some, notably the ancient and inspiring Gregorian hymns, are left unaccompanied; and five of the grandest hymns are given festival arrangements with brass, timpani, percussion and organ. Every denomination and every country has its own special repertoire of hymns: there are remarkably few which are universally sung throughout Christendom, partly because of the difficulty of making satisfactory translations, partly because every congregation loves the hymns it feels are especially its own. The perspective of this album is Anglican; but the Anglican hymn tradition, since the appearance of Hymns Ancient and Modern in 1861 and that greatest of all hymn-books in English, The English Hymnal of 1906, has been notably eclectic. Gregorian chants rub shoulders with eighteenth-century London street songs, German chorales, Celtic folk melodies and the other prolific outpourings of Trad. and Anon. Medieval Catholic monks bear poetic witness to their faith alongside reformed slave traders, metaphysical poets, evangelical preachers of the time of the Industrial Revolution, and all manner of clergy, high, low and in between. Hymnody is forever changing. This album does not attempt to reflect the most recent changes-—the emergence of pop- and folk-influenced worship songs and choruses; this has been well taken care of elsewhere, and time alone will tell whether any words or music of lasting worth have been produced in the wake of this most drastic upheaval of worship style for over a century. Perhaps it is timely to reflect on the immense riches of hymnody built up over so many centuries, and to be reminded of them at a time when they are at risk of neglect.

JOHN RUTTER

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Sing, ye Heavens

HYMNS FOR ALL TIME

Total playing time: 76' 45"

Note: Words credits are given at the end of each text.

Hymns from the psalms

- *O God, our help in ages past from Psalm 90 (4' 35") William Croft (1678–1727)
- 2 *The King of love my Shepherd is from Psalm 23 (4' 08") Irish traditional melody
- 3 *A mighty fortress from Psalm 46 (4' 48") Martin Luther (1483–1546)

Invocations

- 4 Veni, Creator Spiritus (3' 35") Gregorian chant
- 5 *Lo! he comes with clouds descending (4' 11") 18th-century English melody
- 6 *Love Divine, all loves excelling (3' 40") R. H. Prichard (1811–87)

The Eucharist

- 7 Pange lingua (3' 52") Gregorian chant
- 8 *Let all mortal flesh keep silence (3' 31") French carol melody

Passiontide and Easter

- 9 Vexilla Regis (3' 23") Gregorian chant
- 10 **Drop, drop, slow tears** (1' 46") Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)
- 11 *When I survey the wondrous Cross (3' 20") E. Miller (1731–1807)
- *Christ the Lord is risen today (4' 12")
 Melody from Lyra Davidica (1708)

Folk hymns

- 13 *Be thou my vision (4' 39") Irish
- 14 *All things bright and beautiful (2' 20") English
- *Morning has broken (1' 41") Gaelic
- 16 *Amazing grace (4' 16") American
- *We plough the fields, and scatter (2' 38") German (J. A. P. Schulz)

Evening hymns

- Glory to thee, my God, this night (2' 42") Thomas Tallis (c.1505–85)
- 19 *The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended (3' 18") C. C. Scholefield (1839–1904)

Thanksgiving and dedication

- [20] **Eternal God** (3' 07") Words and music: John Rutter
- 21 *Christ is made the sure Foundation (5' 30")Henry Purcell (1659–95)

^{*}These hymns are arranged by John Rutter and published by Hinshaw Music, Inc. (in USA) and by Collegium Music Publications (in other countries). Tracks 4, 7, and 9 are included in *Gems of Gregorian Chant* (USA, Collegium Music Publications) and in *Eleven Gregorian Chants* (worldwide excluding USA, Oxford University Press). Track 20 is published by Hinshaw Music, Inc. (in USA) and by Collegium Music Publications (in other countries).



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Hymns from the psalms

Hymn-singing being a direct descendant of psalm-singing, it is not surprising that so many hymn texts are based on the psalms. The three examples here are among the finest and best-known. Isaac Watts, who wrote O God, our help in ages past and over a thousand other hymn texts, was a Nonconformist minister in London and later tutor and chaplain to the Abney family of Cheshunt. The hymn was published in his 1719 collection The Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament. The tune is almost certainly by William Croft, chorister and later organist of the Chapel Royal in London, and organist at St. Anne's Church in Soho (whence the tune takes its name), although no composer is credited in the 1708 collection in which it first appeared. Surprisingly, text and tune do not appear to have been wedded until 1861, in the first edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern. H. W. Baker, the Anglican clergyman who wrote The King of love my Shepherd is, was an editor of this significant hymnal, and his muchloved Psalm 23 paraphrase (with its startlingly anachronistic line 'thy Cross before to guide me') first appeared in it. The lovely Irish tune St Columba was first put to Baker's words in The English Hymnal of 1906, just one of many inspired matches made by the hymnal's music editor, Ralph Vaughan Williams. The melody came from the Petrie Collection of Irish folk tunes, published in 1855; it was doubtless drawn to RVW's attention by his old composition professor Stanford, who was responsible for the distinctive triplet in the melody which is not there in the original. Martin Luther's Ein' feste Burg (he seems to have written the tune as well as the words) was described by Heinrich Heine as 'the Marseillaise of the Reformation'. Its text, notably belligerent in tone, was inspired by Psalm 46 rather than paraphrased from it, eventually becoming so popular in Protestant countries that over a hundred translations were made. In Britain, Thomas Carlyle's version (A safe stronghold) is standard, but in the United States the 19th-century version by F. H. Hedge is perhaps the best-known. An impressive array of composers including Bach, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer have used this hymn in compositions of their own: Bach was possibly the first to iron out the original irregular metre of the hymn into the four-square version sung today.

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1 O God, our help in ages past (William Croft, 1678–1727)

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast. And our eternal home;

Under the shadow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood. Or earth received her frame. From everlasting thou art God, To endless years the same.

The King of love my Shepherd is

The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never; I nothing lack if I am his And he is mine for ever.

(Irish traditional melody)

Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul he leadeth, And where the verdant pastures grow With food celestial feedeth.

A thousand ages in thy sight Are like an evening gone, Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Be thou our guard while troubles last, And our eternal home. (Isaac Watts, based on Psalm 90)

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, But yet in love he sought me, And on his shoulder gently laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill With thee, dear Lord, beside me; Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight, Thy unction grace bestoweth: And O what transport of delight From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days Thy goodness faileth never; Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise Within thy house for ever.

(H. W. Baker, based on Psalm 23)

3 A mighty fortress is our God (Martin Luther, 1483-1546)

A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing: Our helper he amid the flood Of mortal ills prevailing. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe: His craft and power are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing; Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choosing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he; Lord Sabaoth his name. From age to age the same, And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us. We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us. The Prince of Darkness grim, We tremble not for him: His rage we can endure, For lo, his doom is sure; One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers, No thanks to them, abideth; The Spirit and the gifts are ours, Through him who with us sideth. Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life also: The body they may kill; God's truth abideth still; His kingdom is forever.

(Martin Luther, tr. F. H. Hedge)

Invocations

Veni, Creator Spiritus—one of only two hymns to have the honour of inclusion in the 1662 Book of Common Prayer—is among the earliest heard on this album. The words are believed to be the work of Rhabanus Maurus, Archbishop of Mainz in the ninth century, and the tune is probably even older. It is the office hymn for Terce at Pentecost, and has also been used at ordinations since the eleventh century. Lo! he comes with clouds descending invokes the Second Coming rather than the Holy Spirit. The text, published in 1760, is a conflation made by the English evangelical clergyman and editor Martin Madan of two related texts by Charles Wesley and John Cennick. Madan was the first to print the tune, which is of unknown, probably secular English origin, in anything like its present form. Now generally sung at Advent, Lo! he comes remains one of the most sweeping and powerful hymns of its kind. Also one of the great eighteenth-century English evangelical hymns, Love Divine, all loves excelling was inspired by the form and metre of Dryden's patriotic poem Fairest isle, all isles excelling (set by Purcell). It became associated with the Welsh tune Hyfrydol in the twentieth century. This was composed by R. H. Prichard, a Welsh mill-worker and chapel precentor, and published in 1855.

4 Veni, Creator Spiritus

(Gregorian chant)

Veni, Creator Spiritus, Mentes tuorum visita: Imple superna gratia Quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus, Altissimi donum Dei, Fons vivus, ignis, caritas, Et spiritalis unctio. Come, O Creator Spirit, come, And make within our hearts thy home; To us thy grace celestial give, Who of thy breathing move and live.

O Comforter, that name is thine, Of God most high the gift divine; The well of life, the fire of love, Our souls' anointing from above. Tu septiformis munere, Digitus paternae dexterae, Tu rite promissum Patris, Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus, Infunde amorem cordibus, Infirma nostri corporis Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius, Pacemque dones protinus: Ductore sic te praevio, Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem, Noscamus atque Filium, Teque utriusque Spiritum Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria, Et Filio, qui a mortuis Surrexit, ac Paraclito, In saeculorum saecula. Amen. (?Rhabanus Maurus, c.776-856) Thou dost appear in sevenfold dower The sign of God's almighty power; The Father's promise, making rich With saving truth our earthly speech.

Our senses with thy light inflame, Our hearts to heavenly love reclaim; Our bodies' poor infirmity With strength perpetual fortify.

Our mortal foe afar repel, Grant us henceforth in peace to dwell; And so to us, with thee for guide, No ill shall come, no harm betide.

May we by thee the Father learn, And know the Son, and thee discern, Who art of both; and thus adore In perfect faith for evermore.

To God the Father glory be, All praise, O risen Son, to thee And Holy Ghost, whom we adore, For ever and for evermore. Amen.

(Translation from The Yattendon Hymnal)

5 Lo! he comes with clouds descending

(18th-century English melody)

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia! (3 times)
God appears, on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him Robed in dreadful majesty; Those who set at nought and sold him, Pierced and nailed him to the tree, Deeply wailing *(3 times)* Shall the true Messiah see.

6 Love Divine, all loves excelling (R. H. Prichard, 1811–87)

Love Divine, all loves excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesu, thou art all compassion, Pure unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation, Enter ev'ry trembling heart. Yea, amen! let all adore thee, High on thine eternal throne; Saviour, take the power and glory: Claim the kingdom for thine own: O come quickly! (3 times) Alleluia! Come, Lord, come! (Charles Wesley and J. Cennick)

Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all thy life receive; Suddenly return, and never, Never more thy temples leave. Thee we would be always blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love. Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

(Charles Wesley)

The Eucharist

The eucharistic text of *Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium* was written in 1263 by the Italian scholar-priest St Thomas Aquinas at the request of the Pope to fit the melody of *Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis*, Venantius Fortunatus's famous sixth-century hymn in honour of the Cross. The melody was used by Holst in *The Hymn of Jesus* and by Charles Wood (to its original text) in his *St Mark Passion*. The text of *Let all mortal flesh keep silence* is even earlier in date, taken from the fourth-century Orthodox Liturgy of St James of Jerusalem; Gerard Moultrie's verse translation was published in 1864 when there was renewed interest in early Christian rites, awakened doubtless by the Oxford Movement. Vaughan Williams included it in *The English Hymnal*, set to the French carol melody *Jésus Christ s'habille en pauvre*, an unlikely but inspired union.

7 Pange lingua

(Gregorian chant)

Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium, Sanguinisque pretiosi, Quem in mundi pretium Fructus ventris generosi Rex effudit gentium. Of the glorious Body telling,
O my tongue, its mysteries sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the world's eternal King,
In a noble womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

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Nobis datus, nobis natus Ex intacta Virgine, Et in mundo conversatus Sparso verbi semine, Sui moras incolatus Miro clausit ordine.

In supremae nocte cenae Recumbens cum fratribus, Observata lege plene Cibis in legalibus, Cibum turbae duodenae Se dat suis manibus.

Verbum caro, panem verum Verbo carnem efficit: Fitque sanguis Christi merum, Et si sensus deficit: Ad firmandum cor sincerum Sola fides sufficit.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum Veneremur cernui, Et antiquum documentum Novo cedat ritui; Praestet fides supplementum Sensuum defectui. Given for us, for us descending,
Of a Virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending,
Scattered he the Gospel seed,
Till his sojourn drew to ending,
Which he closed in wondrous deed.

At the last great Supper lying, Circled by his brethren's band, Meekly with the law complying, First he finished its command, Then, immortal Food supplying, Gave himself with his own hand.

Word made Flesh, by word he maketh Very bread his flesh to be; Man in wine Christ's Blood partaketh: And if senses fail to see, Faith alone the true heart waketh To behold the mystery.

Therefore we, before him bending, This great Sacrament revere; Types and shadows have their ending, For the newer rite is here; Faith, our outward sense befriending, Makes the outward vision clear Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.
(St Thomas Aguinas)

Glory let us give, and blessing
To the Father and the Son;
Honour, might and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too his love confessing,
Who, from both, with both is one. Amen.
(Translation by
J. M. Neale and others)

8 Let all mortal flesh keep silence

(French carol melody)
Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
And with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly-minded,
For with blessing in his hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
Our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary, As of old on earth he stood, Lord of lords, in human vesture— In the Body and the Blood— He will give to all the faithful His own Self for heavenly Food. Rank on rank the host of heaven Spreads its vanguard on the way, As the Light of light descendeth From the realms of endless day, That the powers of hell may vanish As the darkness clears away.

At his feet the six-winged Seraph; Cherubim with sleepless eye, Veil their faces to the Presence, As with ceaseless voice they cry, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Lord most high. (Liturgy of St James, tr. G. Moultrie)

Passiontide and Easter

Vexilla Regis has always been one of the most renowned of early hymns, its imperial imagery a vivid reminder of the Christianizing of the Roman empire (a *vexilla* is the banner at the head of a Roman legion). Reputedly this hymn was

written in 569 to welcome a procession bringing a fragment of the 'true Cross' to the convent of Poitiers. In contrast to its triumphant tone, *Drop, drop, slow tears* is a devotional reflection, sung at Passiontide but not specific to that season. Like *The* King of love and Let all mortal flesh, it was a Vaughan Williams 'marriage': in The English Hymnal he joined a poignant text by the Jacobean poet and clergyman Phineas Fletcher to one of Orlando Gibbons's hymn tunes (Song 46, published in 1623). Interestingly, poet and composer are linked by their connection with King's College, Cambridge, where Gibbons was a chorister and Fletcher a student. By common consent, When I survey the wondrous Cross is one of the finest hymns to spring from the evangelical movement in eighteenth-century England. The gory imagery of Isaac Watts' text of 1707 is remote from present-day religious thought (if not from present-day Hollywood films) but was common currency to Protestants of the time: Bach set similarly bloodstained texts to music in his cantatas and Passions without complaint. The tune, an adaptation of a melody called *Tunbridge* made by Edward Miller, organist of Doncaster Parish Church and a former flautist in Handel's orchestra, was published in 1790 and soon became the standard one for these words. It was aptly harmonized by the glee composer Samuel Webbe in 1820; his version is sung here for the first verse. The agreeably florid tune of Christ the Lord is risen today has a similarly convoluted history: it was first published, with no composer credited, in an English collection called Lyra Davidica in 1708, but that version is much different from the one sung today, which seems to have finally crystallized, after various intervening alterations, in Hymns Ancient and Modern in 1861. Wesley's text (originally of 11 stanzas) is finer than the anonymous Jesus Christ is risen today, to which text the tune is more often sung in England.

9 Vexilla Regis

(Gregorian chant)

Vexilla Regis prodeunt: Fulget crucis mysterium, Quo carne carnis Conditor Suspensus est patibulo. The royal banners forward go; The Cross shines forth in mystic glow; Where he in flesh, our flesh who made, Our sentence bore, our ransom paid. Impleta sunt quae concinit David fidelis carmine, Dicendo nationibus Regnavit a ligno Deus.

Arbor decora et fulgida Ornata Regis purpura, Electa digno stipite Tam sancta membra tangere.

O crux ave, spes unica Hoc Passionis tempore, Auge piis justiciam Reisque dona veniam.

Te summa Deus Trinitas Collaudet omnis spiritus: Quos per crucis mysterium Salvas, rege per saecula. Amen. (Venantius Fortunatus)

[10] Drop, drop, slow tears (Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625)

Drop, drop, slow tears, And bathe those beauteous feet, Which brought from heaven The news and Prince of peace.

Cease not, wet eyes, His mercies to entreat; To cry for vengeance Sin doth never cease. 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.

O Cross, our one reliance, hail! So may thy power with us avail To give new virtue to the saint, And pardon to the penitent.

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. (Translation by J. M. Neale)

In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See sin, but through my tears.

(Phineas Fletcher)

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11 When I survey the wondrous Cross

(E. Miller, 1731–1807)

When I survey the wondrous Cross, On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his Blood

See from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

12 Christ the Lord is risen today (Lyra Davidica, 1708)

Christ the Lord is ris'n today, *Alleluia!*Sons of men and angels say, Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply,

Lives again our glorious King; Where, O death, is now thy sting? Dying once he all doth save, Where thy victory, O grave? His dying crimson like a robe, Spreads o'er his body on the Tree; Then am I dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. (Isaac Watts)

Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won. Death in vain forbids him rise; Christ hath opened Paradise.

Soar we now where Christ hath led, Following our exalted Head; Made like him, like him we rise, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. (Charles Wesley)

Folk hymns

Many hymns are drawn from, or inspired by, the tradition of folk song and/or folk poetry. Be thou my vision is a translation of an eighth-century Irish verse prayer, wedded by the editors of *The Church Hymnal* (an Irish hymnal of 1919) to the now famous melody Slane, taken from Old Irish Folk Music and Songs, a collection of 1909. The text of All things bright and beautiful is likewise Irish, perhaps the best-known of a number of children's hymns written by Cecil Frances Alexander, who was born in Derry in 1818. Perhaps disapproving of W. H. Monk's Victorian tune to which the hymn was originally sung, in 1915 Martin Shaw (friend and collaborator of Vaughan Williams) fitted the text to a sturdy English folk-tune he called *Royal Oak*, which is the tune sung here. *Morning has broken* (unexpectedly given a boost to its fortunes by becoming a pop hit in the 1960s) dates back to 1931. While compiling Songs of Praise Percy Dearmer—clergyman, writer, and Vaughan Williams's co-editor of The English Hymnal and Songs of Praise—asked Eleanor Farjeon, a children's author, to write a text to fit the old Gaelic melody Bunessan, which came from an 1888 collection called Songs and Hymns of the Gael. The result remains one of the best-loved of children's hymns. *Amazing grace* was similarly elevated to prominence by pop versions, the first of them made by Judy Collins in 1970, but both its tune and its text were written long before then. John Newton (1725–1807), the author of the somewhat autobiographical text, had been master of an English slave ship but became an ardent evangelical and abolitionist after coming in contact with Wesley and Whitefield. Following ordination, he was appointed curate of the village of Olney, where he and William Cowper produced their collection *Olney Hymns* in 1779. The tune (a typically pentatonic shape-note melody) first appeared in an American collection of 1829, Columbian Harmony, and by 1835 was associated with Newton's text to which it has been wedded ever since. We plough the fields, and scatter can fairly be looked upon as a folk hymn even though the identity of poet and composer are known, because it was deliberately written in folk style. The text, by the German writer and poet Matthias Claudius, originally came from a short humorous play depicting harvest festivities in

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a north German village. The poem was later set to music by J. A. P. Schulz, a minor composer born in Berlin who eventually became Capellmeister to the Danish court; it was published in *Lieder für Volksschulen* (Songs for Elementary Schools) in 1800. From there it passed to England, where it appeared in Jane Campbell's translation in *The Bible Class Magazine* in 1854, soon becoming a firm favourite for the distinctively English church festival of Harvest Thanksgiving. The pastoral tone of both words and music reflect the love of nature found in such works of its period as Haydn's *The Seasons*

13 Be thou my vision

(Irish folk-tune)

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 8th century, tr. M Byrne, versified E. Hull) Reprinted by permission of Chatto and Windus Ltd.

All things bright and beautiful (English folk-tune)

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;

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

15 Morning has broken

(Gaelic folk-tune)
Morning has broken
Like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
Fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall Sunlit from heaven, Like the first dewfall On the first grass. Praise for the sweetness Of the wet garden, Sprung in completeness Where his feet pass. Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning Born of the one light Eden saw play! Praise with elation, Praise every morning, God's re-creation Of the new day!

(Eleanor Farjeon) Reprinted by permission of David Higham Associates

16 Amazing grace

(Early American tune)

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come; 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my shield and portion be, As long as life endures. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's
praise
Than when we'd first begun.

(John Newton; v. 6 added by unknown author)

We plough the fields, and scatter (I. A. P. Schulz, 1747–1800)

We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and watered By God's almighty hand; He sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sunshine, And soft refreshing rain:

All good gifts around us

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far,
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star.
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank thee then, O Father, For all things bright and good; The seed-time and the harvest, Our life, our health, our food. No gifts have we to offer For all thy love imparts, But that which thou desirest, Our humble, thankful hearts. (Matthias Claudius, tr. J. Campbell)

Evening hymns

Glory to thee, my God, this night must be numbered among the very finest of English hymns in its inspired combination of simplicity and dignity. The author of its text, Thomas Ken, probably wrote it during the 1670s when he was a Canon of Winchester Cathedral. It was included in his Manual of Prayers for the use of the scholars of Winchester College, together with the

morning hymn Awake my soul. The serenely beautiful tune, known as Tallis's Canon, was first published in Matthew Parker's English Psalter in the 1560s. Tune and text were wedded in the eighteenth century or possibly earlier. The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended represents (at its best) the formerly much-despised tradition of Victorian hymnody. The composer, C. C. Scholefield, was an amateur—a clergyman who was Chaplain of Eton in the 1880s—vet who could resist his mellifluous and slightly waltz-like melody? And Ellerton's text, if less than Miltonic, nevertheless painted its images memorably on a global canvas extending as widely as the British Empire itself. The hymn first became popular when it was used at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, and only began to pass away, like earth's proud empires, when the institution of Anglican Evensong began to fade in the 1960s.

18 Glory to thee, my God, this night

(Thomas Tallis, c.1505-85)

Glory to thee, my God, this night For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done, That with the world, myself, and thee, Praise him, all creatures here below, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on thee repose, And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close, Sleep that may me more vigorous make To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. (Thomas Ken)

19 The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended

(C. C. Scholefield, 1839-1904)

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The darkness falls at thy behest; To thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping, While earth rolls onward into light, Through all the world her watch is keeping,

And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island The dawn leads on another day. The voice of prayer is never silent, Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking Our brethren 'neath the western sky. And hour by hour fresh lips are making Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never, Like earth's proud empires, pass away; Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever.

Till all thy creatures own thy sway. (I. Ellerton)

Thanksgiving and dedication

The words and music of *Eternal God* were written in 1999, with the aim of augmenting the meagre stock of hymns which make mention of music, or indeed any of the arts, as gifts of God. The lack of hymns on this theme could be because hymn texts tend to have been written by the clergy, whose relationship over the centuries with the musicians who serve alongside them could charitably be described as wary. Christ is made the sure Foundation was composed by Purcell (who ultimately found the theatre more congenial than the Church), as the closing section of his verse-anthem O God, thou art my God where it is set as an Alleluia. It was not wedded to its early medieval text (the second part of Blessed city, heavenly Salem) until the 1939 edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

20 Eternal God

(Words and music by John Rutter)

Eternal God, we give you thanks for music, Blest gift from heaven to all your servants here on earth: In time of joy a crown, in sorrow consolation; Companion through our days of tears and mirth.

We give you thanks for every sound of beauty: For sweetest harmony that echoes in our hearts, For melodies that soar on high like birds at morning, For voice and instrument in all their parts.

As we are blest, so may our gift bless others: May hearts be touched and spirits lifted up anew. Let music draw together those who live as strangers, Bring joy to those we love, in thankfulness true.

And when at last we come into your kingdom, All discord over and all earthly labour done, Then sound and silence yield before one equal music, And with the Giver shall our souls be one.

21 Christ is made the sure Foundation (Henry Purcell, 1659–95)

Christ is made the sure Foundation, Christ the Head and Corner-stone, Chosen of the Lord, and precious, Binding all the Church in one, Holy Sion's help for ever, And her confidence alone. All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

To this temple, where we call thee, Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day; With thy wonted loving-kindness Hear thy servants as they pray, And thy fullest benediction Shed within its walls alway.

Here vouchsafe to all thy servants What they ask of thee to gain, What they gain from thee for ever With the blessèd to retain, And hereafter in thy glory Evermore with thee to reign.

Praise and honour to the Father, Praise and honour to the Son, Praise and honour to the Spirit, Ever Three, and ever One, Consubstantial, co-eternal, While unending ages run. Amen.

(6th or 7th century, tr. J. M. Neale)







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