

The Choir of The King's Consort

A Voice from Heaven

programma

Vox dicentis: clama Edward Woodall Naylor (1867-1934)

Three Latin Motets Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)
Justorum animae
Coelos ascendit hodie
Beati quorum via

I heard a voice from heaven Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Set me as a seal William Walton (1902-83)

Where does the uttered music go William Walton (1902-83)

Faire is the Heaven William Harris (1883-1973)

interval

A Hymn to St Cecilia Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

Drop, drop, slow tears Kenneth Leighton (1929-88)

The souls of the righteous Herbert Murrill (1909-52)

Drop, drop, slow tears Kenneth Leighton

I heard a voice from heaven Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

Bring us O Lord God William Harris (1883-1973)

Take him earth for cherishing
(Motet on the death of President
Kennedy) Herbert Howells

uitvoerenden

Dirigent Robert King

The Choir of The King's Consort

soprano

Helen Ashby

Kate Ashby

Lisa Beckley

Eleanor Bowers-Jolley

Hannah Dienes-Williams

Kirsty Hopkins

Elizabeth Humphries

Gwendolen Martin

alto

Cara Curran

David Gould

Sian Menna

Charlotte Sleet

Elena Stamp

tenor

Jonathan Hanley

Graham Neal

Roy Rashbrook

Tom Phillips

Hugo Williamson

bass

James Arthur

Henry Montgomery

Charles Pott

Andrew Rupp

Stuart Young

Samuel Travis

liedteksten

Vox dicentis: clama

Vox dicentis: Clama.
Et dixit: Quid clamabo?
Omnis caro foenum,
Et omnis gloria eius quasi flos agri.
Vere foenum est populus;
Exsiccatum est foenum, et cecidit flos;
Verbum autem Domini nostri manet in aeternum.

Super montem excelsum ascende,
Tu qui evangelizas Sion;
Exalta in fortitudine vocem tuam,
Qui evangelizas Ierusalem;
Exalta, noli timere.
Dic civitatibus Iuda:

Ecce Deus vester:
Ecce Dominus Deus in fortitudine veniet,
Et brachium eius dominabitur,
Ecce merces eius cum eo,
Et opus illius coram illo.

Sicut pastor gregem suum pascet;
In brachio suo congregabit agnos,
Et in sinu suo levabit;
Foetas ipse portabit.
Isaiah 40: 6-11

[English translation from Latin]

The voice said, Cry.
And he said, What shall I cry?
All flesh is grass,
and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field.
Surely the people is grass;
the grass withereth, the flower fadeth:
but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings,
get thee up into the high mountain;
O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings,
lift up thy voice with strength;
lift it up, be not afraid;

say unto the cities of Judah,

Behold your God!

Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand,
and his arm shall rule for him:
behold, his reward is with him,
and his work before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd:
he shall gather the lambs with his arm,
and carry them in his bosom,
and shall gently lead those that are with young.

Three Latin Motets

Justorum animae

Justorum animae in manu Dei sunt,
et non tanget illos tormentum mortis.
Visi sunt oculis insipientium mori,
illi autem sunt in pace.

Wisdom 3: 1-3

[English translation from Latin]

The souls of the just are in the hand of God,
and the torment of death shall not touch them.
In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die;
but they are in peace.

Coelos ascendit hodie

Coelos ascendit hodie
Jesus Christus Rex Gloriam:
Sedet ad Patris dexteram,
Gubernat coelum et terram.
Iam finem habent omnia
Patris Davidis carmina.
Iam Dominus cum Domino
Sedet in Dei solio:
In hoc triumpho maximo
Benedicamus Domino.
Laudetur Sancta Trinitas,
Deo dicamus gratias,
Alleluia. Amen.

Mediaeval Ascension Hymn

[English translation from Latin]

Today into the heavens has ascended
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, Alleluia!
He sits at the Father's right hand,
and rules heaven and earth, Alleluia!
Now have been fulfilled all of
Father David's songs,
Now God is with God, Alleluia!
He sits upon the royal throne of God,
in this his greatest triumph, Alleluia!
Let us bless the Lord:
Let the Holy Trinity be praised,
let us give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluia! Amen.

Beati quorum via integra est

Beati quorum via integra est,
qui ambulant in lege Domini.
Psalm 119: 1

[English translation from Latin]

Blessed are the undefiled in the way,
who walk in the law of the Lord.

I heard a voice from heaven

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me:
Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead
which die in the Lord:
Even so saith the Spirit;
for they rest from their labours.
Revelation 14: 13

Set me as a seal

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal
upon thy arm; for love is strong as death.
Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can the floods drown it.
adapted from the Song of Solomon 8: 6-7

Where does the uttered music go

Where does the uttered music go?
When well-tempered mind and hand
Have made the mortal clay to glow
And separate spirits understand?

Ah, whither, whither does the boon,
The joy that sweeps the wilful sense
Into the planetary tune
Of sun-directed influence?

What is this creature, Music, the Art,
The Rhythm that the planets journey by?
The living Sun-Ray entering the heart,
Touching the Life with that which cannot die?

This Man with Music touched our minds
With rapture from the shining ranks;
The Loves and Laws of unknown kinds
Who utter everlasting thanks.

All that he uttered, may remain
As Light, as Order, cleaving space
Within the emptiness again,
Within the solitude, a grace.

O mortals, praise him, for his hand
Brought to his brothers many a ray
From Light perceived, though never scanned
From Law unknown, which all obey.

John Masefield (1878-1967)

Faire is the Heaven

Faire is the heaven, where happy soules have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Majestie;
Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternall burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;

Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On God's owne Person, without rest or end.
These then in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the rest which there appear,
Though all their beauties joynd together were;
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?
Edmund Spenser (1552-1599)

A Hymn to St Cecilia

In a garden shady this holy lady
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,
Like a black swan as death came on
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,
And notes tremendous from her great engine
Thundered out on the Roman air.
Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,
Moved to delight by the melody,
White as an orchid she rode quite naked
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing
Came out of their trance into time again,
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

I cannot grow;
I have no shadow
To run away from,
I only play.
I cannot err;
There is no creature
Whom I belong to,
Whom I could wrong.

I am defeat
When it knows it
Can now do nothing
By suffering.
All you lived through,
Dancing because you
No longer need it
For any deed.
I shall never be
Different. Love me.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,
Where Hope within the altogether strange
From every outworn image is released,
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast
Into a world of truths that never change:
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.
O dear white children casual as birds,
Playing among the ruined languages,
So small beside their large confusing words,
So gay against the greater silences
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.
O cry created as the bow of sin
Is drawn across our trembling violin.
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.
O law drummed out by hearts against the still
Long winter of our intellectual will.
That what has been may never be again.
O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath
Of convalescents on the shores of death.
O bless the freedom that you never chose.
O trumpets that unguarded children blow

About the fortress of their inner foe.
O wear your tribulation like a rose.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

W H Auden (1907-1973)

Drop, drop, slow tears

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beautiful feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and prince of peace.
Cease not, cease not, wet eyes,
His mercy to entreat
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
Drop, drop, slow tears,
In your deep flood
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye see sin,
But through my tears.
Phineas Fletcher (1582-1650)

The souls of the righteous

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,
and there shall no torment touch them.
In the sight of the unwise they seem to die,
and their departure is taken for misery,
and their going from us to be utter destruction:
but they are in peace.
Wisdom 3: 1-3

Drop, drop, slow tears

[see text above]

I heard a voice from heaven

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me:
Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead
which die in the Lord:
Even so saith the Spirit;
for they rest from their labours,
and their works follow them.
Revelation 14: 13

Bring us O Lord God

Bring us, O Lord God,
at our last awakening into the house and gate of heaven,
to enter into that gate and dwell in that house,
where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling,
but one equal light;
no noise nor silence, but one equal music;
no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession;
no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity;
in the habitations of thy glory and dominion,
world without end. Amen.
John Donne (1572 – 1631)

Take him earth for cherishing

Take him, earth, for cherishing;
To thy tender breast receive him.
Body of a man I bring thee,
Noble even in its ruin.

Once was this a spirit's dwelling
By the breath of God created.
High the heart that here was beating.
Christ the prince of all its living.

Guard him well, the dead I give thee,
Not unmindful of his creature
Shall he ask it: he who made it
Symbol of his mystery.

Comes the hour God hath appointed
To fulfil the hope of men.
Then must thou, in very fashion,
What I give, return again.

Not though ancient time decaying
Wear away these bones to sand,
Ashes that a man might measure
In the hollow of his hand:

Not though wandering winds and idle,
Drifting through the empty sky,
Scatter dust was nerve and sinew,
Is it given to man to die.

Once again the shining road
Leads to ample Paradise;
Open are the woods again
That the serpent lost for men.

Take, O take him, mighty leader
Take again thy servant's soul,
Grave his name, and pour the fragrant
Balm upon the icy stone.

Helen Jane Waddell (1889-1965)

translated from Aurelius Prudentius Clemens 'Hymnus circa Exsequias Defuncti'