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Lead Kindly Light

Classic Hymns – A Choral Collection

VOX ECCLESIAE – CANTILLATION

Arranged and conducted by Paul Terracini



Lead Kindly Light

	John Bacchus Dykes 1823-1876 Melody: Nicaea Text: Reginald Heber 1783-1826	
1	Holy, Holy, Holy Traditional English, adapted Edward Miller 1735-1807 Melody: Rockingham Text: Isaac Watts 1674-1748	3'41
2	When I Survey the Wondrous Cross Jessie S. Irvine 1836-1887 Melody: Crimond Text: Scottish Psalter (23rd Psalm)	5'25
3	The Lord's My Shepherd Thomas Hastings 1784-1872 Text: Augustus M. Toplady 1740-1778	3'32
4	Rock of Ages Charles H. Purday 1799-1885 Melody: Sandon Text: John H. Newman 1801-1890	4'45
5	Lead, Kindly Light Melody: Plainsong Text: Thomas Aquinas 1225-1274	6'12
6	Pange Lingua Melody: Plainsong Text translated: John M. Neale 1818-1866 and Thomas A. Lacey 1853-1931	4'45
7	O Come, O Come Emmanuel (Veni, veni Emmanuel) Attributed to William Croft 1678-1727 Melody: St Anne Text: Isaac Watts 1674-1748	4'53
8	O God, Our Help in Ages Past	4'45

	Traditional Irish Melody: St Columba Text: Sir Henry William Baker 1821-1877	
9	The King of Love	4'37
	Lowell Mason 1792-1872 Melody: Bethany Text: Sarah F. Adams 1805-1848	
10	Nearer, My God, to Thee	4'31
	Clement Cotterill Scholefield 1839-1904 Melody: St Clement Text: John Ellerton 1826-1893	
11	The Day Thou Gavest	4'17
	William Henry Monk 1823-1889 Melody: Eventide Text: Henry Francis Lyte 1793-1847	
12	Abide with Me	4'26
	Total Playing Time	56'16

Vox Ecclesiae (all tracks except **1**, **2**, **8**)

Sopranos Nina Fischer, Katrine Mølsted, Helle Petersen, Mette Sandahl Christensen

Altos Rebecca Forsberg, Karen-Maria Baun, Rikke Lender, Ulla Jørholt

Tenors Morten S. Sørensen, Hans-Henrik Storskov, Adam Riis, Valdemar Villadsen

Basses Thomas Kiørbye, Claus Hansen, Kristian Flor, Asger Lynge Petersen

Cantillation (**1**, **2**, **8**)

Sopranos Miriam Allan, Belinda Montgomery, Alison Morgan, Jane Sheldon

Altos Jo Burton, Timothy Chung, Jenny Duck-Chong, Kerith Fowles

Tenors Philip Chu, Ben Loomes, Brett Weymark, Raff Wilson

Basses Peter Alexander, Daniel Beer, Corin Bone, Craig Everingham

Paul Terracini *conductor*

Singing has been a part of the Christian Church since its very earliest days, predating both organ and other instrumental music. There is a perception throughout Christendom that our great church organs are representative of an ancient form of Christian worship, but while they have been with us for hundreds of years, they, and the music written for them, are a relatively recent addition to the treasury of Christian music, first coming into their own in the second half of the second millennium of Christianity. More than one thousand years before J.S. Bach, the most widely used plainsong chants were catalogued during the papacy of Pope Gregory the Great and came to bear his name; Gregorian Chant. Two pieces from this great tradition are included on this CD: Pange Lingua, sung here in the original Latin, and Veni, veni Emmanuel, sung in its English translation as O Come, O Come Emmanuel. The text of Pange Lingua was written in the 13th century by one of the most influential theologians in Christian history, Thomas Aquinas. Classic hymns from the 19th-century tradition such as The Lord's My Shepherd, Nearer, My God, to Thee, Lead, Kindly Light, Abide with Me, etc, with texts from the Psalms, Sarah Adams, Cardinal John Henry Newman, Henry Lyte, and others, are also included.

It has been particularly rewarding for me to record these hymns in their pristine beauty, a cappella, (on opposite sides of the world!) with two superb choirs, Vox Ecclesiae and Cantillation, and I thank them deeply not only for their formidable talents, but also for their co-operation in the making of these recordings.

The ineffable mystery of faith has been, and continues to be, brought home to human beings in various ways, i.e. the beauty of the earth, the birth of a child, the written word, through music, etc. Music, in this case, singing, has been with the Christian church since the beginning of its journey and the contribution that singing has made to that journey has been immeasurable. We hope you will enjoy these recordings.

Paul Terracini
Arranger and Conductor

Holy, Holy, Holy

Reginald Heber, whose final clerical appointment took him to India as the Bishop of Calcutta, wrote the text to this hymn for Trinity Sunday while he was Vicar of Hodnet in Shropshire. The Holy Trinity is represented as the three 'holies', signifying God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The organist and clergyman John Bacchus Dykes was one of the most prolific composers in the English hymn tradition. The melody of this hymn is known as Nicaea, after the Council of Nicaea in 325, chaired by the first Christian emperor of Rome, Constantine, and at which the doctrine of the trinity was first defined. The Nicene Creed, which is still held in common by the majority of Christians, was also proposed at this council, then revised and confirmed at the Council of Constantinople in 381.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee;
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee;
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts was one of the principal figures in English hymnody, writing over 600 hymn texts. Being nonconformist in his religious affiliations, Watts was precluded from attending Oxford or Cambridge, studying at an independent institution instead. Apart from his hymns, he published over 50 books on other subjects, including his textbook on logic, which was used in universities for many years.

The melody to this hymn, a traditional one known as Rockingham, owes its present form to Edward Miller, the organist in Doncaster for fifty years.

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?

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.

The Lord's My Shepherd

Jessie Irvine was born in Dunottar, Scotland, the daughter of the parish minister. She accompanied her father in succeeding appointments at Peterhead and Crimond, where she died in 1887. This hymn tune, known as Crimond, was first credited to a businessman named David Grant but years after its first publication, Jessie's sister, Anna Irvine, came forward to claim that her sister had composed the tune, and that Grant had only provided the harmony. It has, since the Scottish Psalter in 1929, been solely attributed to Jessie Irvine.

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou has furnished
In presence of my foes,
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Rock of Ages

Augustus Toplady was ordained as an Anglican priest in 1762 but left the Anglican Church in 1775. After moving to London he preached at the French Calvinist church in Leicester Fields. According to legend, he wrote the text to Rock of Ages on a playing card while taking refuge in a cave from a fierce and terrific storm. The American composer and music educator Thomas Hastings was a highly influential figure in American hymnody, writing over 1000 melodies and 600 texts.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman was one of the great figures in the Oxford Movement within the Anglican Church in the first half of the 19th century. His searching finally led him to the Church of Rome in which he ended his life as a cardinal. The text of Lead, Kindly Light was penned on board ship en route to Marseilles from Sicily after Newman had endured a long illness. Apart from being a musician, Charles Purday, the composer of this hymn tune known as Sandon, was a publisher who was heavily involved in the reform of the copyright laws.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on,
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on,
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on,
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on,
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



Pange Lingua

Pange Lingua is a Latin hymn, composed by St Thomas Aquinas in the 13th century. Aquinas, through his *Summa Theologiae*, became one of the most influential figures in the history of Christian theology. He wrote this hymn for the feast of Corpus Christi, which is observed on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. The melody is Gregorian plainsong. Its date of composition is unknown.

Pange lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium,
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

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

In supremæ nocte coenæ
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibus in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
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:
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.
Amen.

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.

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 inward vision clear.

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.

Translated English Lyrics
by J.M. Neale, E. Caswall & others

O Come, O Come Emmanuel (Veni, veni Emmanuel)

Thomas Alexander Lacey served with Ralph Vaughan Williams on the committee that compiled the *English Hymnal* of 1906. John Mason Neale was ordained as an Anglican priest in 1842 and was very active in the Catholic revival within the established church. He was a celebrated opponent of the doctrinal direction exemplified by the texts of Isaac Watts and is best remembered for his translations of medieval texts and his work in preserving English church architecture. The melody is plainsong, probably from the 14th century, originating in France.



O come, O come Emmanuel,
Redeem Thy captive Israel
That into exile drear is gone
Far from the face of God's dear Son.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou branch of Jesse, draw
The quarry from the lion's claw,
From the dread caverns of the grave,
From nether hell Thy people save.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come thou day spring bright,
Pour on our souls Thy healing light,
Dispel the long night's lingering gloom
And pierce the shadows of the tomb.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Lord of David's key
The royal door fling wide and free,
Safeguard for us the heavenward road
And bar the way to death's abode.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come Adonai,
Who in Thy glorious majesty
From that high mountain clothed with awe
Gavest Thy folk the elder law.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

Originally titled Our God, Our Help in Ages Past, this hymn is one of many for which Isaac Watts took his inspiration from the Psalms of David. The melody, known as St Anne, was published in 1708, probably composed by Dr William Croft, organist at the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey. Croft was composer to Queen Anne and one of the towering figures in the history of English church music.

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
Still may we dwell secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

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

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 guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

The King of Love

This hymn appeared in the highly influential *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for which its author, the Anglican vicar, Sir Henry William Baker, was a prolific contributor and editor-in-chief. The melody, known as St Columba, is of ancient Irish origin.

The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

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

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.

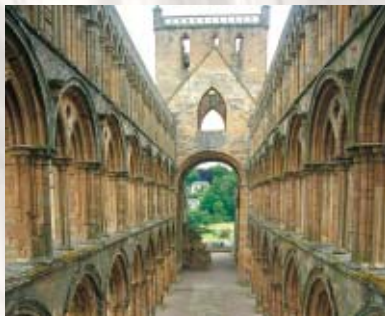
Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Nearer, My God, to Thee was written by Sarah Flower Adams. Born in Harlow, England in 1805, she was, for a time, an actress on the London stage, but ill health plagued her short life. This hymn was introduced to the USA in 1844, but it wasn't until 12 years later, when Lowell Mason wrote the tune we know today as Bethany, that it gained popularity. Lowell Mason was a musician who made his living as a clerk for some time. But he went on to found the Boston Academy of Music and through his work as a composer and arranger became known as the father of American church and school music.

Nearer my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song would be, nearer, my God, to Thee



Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone
Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to Thee.

There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest to me, in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to Thee.

Then, with my waking thought bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise
So by my woes to be nearer, my God, to Thee.

Or, if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I'll fly,
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee.

There in my Father's home, safe and at rest,
There in my Saviour's love, perfectly blest,
Age after age to be, nearer, my God, to Thee.

The Day Thou Gavest

John Ellerton was ordained into the Anglican ministry in 1850, serving as Vicar of St Nicholas', Brighton, and Crewe Green, Cheshire. He was a prodigious author of hymn texts and contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. This hymn was chosen by Queen Victoria to be sung at her jubilee celebrations in 1897.

Clement Cotterill Scholefield whose melody, St Clement, is used on this recording, became an Anglican priest in 1869. St Clement met stiff opposition from the Anglican establishment but has gradually won acceptance as being forever married to Ellerton's text.

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 peace 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 forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Abide with Me

Henry Francis Lyte was the vicar at Brixham, Devon, for 23 years. It appears he wrote the words of this hymn in 1847, while dying of tuberculosis, finishing them on the Sunday that he gave his farewell sermon in the parish he had served for so many years. He later left for Italy in an attempt to regain his health but died en route, in Nice. William H. Monk, composer of many English hymn tunes, wrote this melody in 1861 after watching a glorious sunset. Hence its title, Eventide.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my Guide and Stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Annotations by Paul Terracini

For ABC Classics
Executive Producers Robert Patterson, Lyle Chan
Editorial and Production Manager Hilary Shrubb
Producer Virginia Read (tracks [1](#), [2](#), [8](#))

For Breton Hill Music
Executive Producer Peter Beveridge
Producers Peter Beveridge, Paul Terracini and Hans Nielsen
Recording Engineer Hans Nielsen/Focus Recording Copenhagen (all tracks except [1](#), [2](#), [8](#))
[1](#), [2](#), [8](#) mixed at Scope Studios by Jeremy Reynolds

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