

signum
CLASSICS

THE HYMNS ALBUM

HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY

JOSEPH CULLEN - CONDUCTOR DARIUS BATTIWALLA - ORGAN

Love Divine • Thine be the glory • And did those feet • Morning has broken • Christ is made the sure foundation
Hills of the North • O Jesus, I have promised • Dear Lord and Father of mankind • Praise to the Holiest

THE HYMNS ALBUM

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|--------------------------------------|--------|--|---------|
| 1. And did those feet | [2.32] | 15. Thine be the glory | [3.07] |
| 2. For all the saints | [3.15] | 16. Lord for the years | [3.48] |
| 3. Dear Lord and Father of mankind | [3.25] | 17. O Jesus, I have promised | [2.51] |
| 4. Jesus Christ is risen today | [3.01] | 18. This joyful Eastertide | [2.40] |
| 5. We have a gospel to proclaim | [3.12] | 19. Be still, for the presence of the Lord | [2.25] |
| 6. Be thou my vision | [2.49] | 20. Glorious things of thee are spoken | [3.15] |
| 7. O for a thousand tongues | [3.21] | 21. Praise to the Holiest | [3.38] |
| 8. Tell out, my soul | [2.20] | 22. O Lord my God | [3.40] |
| 9. Crown him with many crowns | [3.04] | 23. How shall I sing that Majesty | [2.40] |
| 10. And can it be | [4.22] | 24. O thou who camest from above | [2.31] |
| 11. Now thank we all our God | [2.57] | 25. Christ is made the sure foundation | [3.59] |
| 12. Morning has broken | [1.54] | | |
| 13. Hills of the North | [3.11] | | |
| 14. Love divine, all loves excelling | [3.01] | Total time | [77.00] |

THE HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY
JOSEPH CULLEN – CONDUCTOR

ORGAN - DARIUS BATTIWALLA
MEMBERS OF THE HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY JUNIOR CHOIRS
TRUMPETS - MURRAY GREIG, JAMIE PROPHET, MICHAEL WOODHEAD
TROMBONES - ROBERT HOLLIDAY, ROBERT BURTENSHAW, PAUL MILNER
HORN - ROBERT ASHWORTH
TIMPANI - MARNEY O'SULLIVAN

HYMNS

Hymns have been around in one form or another for as long as people have gathered together in a formal manner to worship, praise, marry or mourn. The modern hymn text can boast a lineage that harks back to some of humanity's most ancient surviving documents. The earliest known individual who may be called an author, Enheduana, was writing hymns around 2300 BC. The Hindu *Vedas*, a huge collection of religious texts, contain thousands of mantras and hymns praising a pantheon of gods. Akhenaten's *Great Hymn to the Aten* from around 1400 BC is one of the few surviving examples from ancient Egypt, while the Greeks are well known to have propitiated the Gods and honoured heroes with hymns, dance, libation and sacrifice. Songs and hymns of praise that explicitly employ words or ideas from what we now know as Biblical sources date back well over two millennia to the Hebrews and early Christians. In the Old Testament, King David organized the singers and musicians in the Temple to 'sing and play joyful music', while in the New Testament St Mark tells us that Jesus Christ and his disciples sang together at the last supper before going out into the night.

In terms of hymns as we now regard them, the Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Anglican and Methodist churches have each enriched the tradition by contributing a mass of texts, melodies and arrangements. The hymn has therefore known an ever-changing myriad of music and textual sources from simple church chants (plainsong) through polyphonic settings and Lutheran chorales to the great English Wesleyan revival. The hymn continues to avoid absolute pigeon-holing, even in the last century, by taking on different guises - from negro spirituals and Gospel choirs to so-called 'charismatic' songs and the contemporary rock-based sound. The thread that binds these forms and styles, straddling thousands of years, whether performed by a solo celebrant, voice and guitar, Lutheran choir or an electric band, is the congregational nature of the hymn. Everybody present is intimately involved with the performance. With a single song and its text in mind the congregation becomes as one.

Just as Northern Germany had Martin Luther to clearly define its hymnody as a congregational practice, so England had Charles Wesley to spark a new revival. Known as 'the Poet of Methodism', Wesley completed more than 5,000 examples and

almost single-handedly raised the profile of the hymn in England, and eventually, worldwide. Charles Wesley (and his brother, Methodism's guiding light, John) are in no small measure responsible for the hymns we know, love and sing from week to week. The hymns on the present CD are thus part of a living, breathing tradition, built on by succeeding generations to suit the prevailing style and taste.

Evocative names such as *Blaenwern (Love divine all loves excelling)*, *Woodlands (Tell out, my soul)*, or *Nun danket (Now thank we all our God)* refer to the actual hymn tune itself, independent of whatever text is sung and arrangement employed. The reason for this dislocation is simple expediency as texts and tunes may be interchanged when the metre allows. Some of these names are blurred by the mists of time while others refer to place names, family names, persons or even a word relating to the original text for which the tune was composed. *Diademata* refers directly to the text with which it is most often associated, *Crown Him with many crowns*, while German names, such as *Nun Danket*, will often refer to Lutheran hymn tunes appropriated for use with English translations or newly minted texts.

The hymn tunes can be old folk songs adopted and adapted for church use, utilising new texts to suit their new purpose or they might be melodies from popular music, oratorios or other quasi-religious works. A further sub-set comprises those tunes composed afresh with a particular text in mind. All of these melodies, in turn, may be arranged and harmonised, for whatever forces are available, by anybody from a keen amateur, the local choirmaster and collegiate choral specialists to the very greatest of composers.

The arrangements as sung by the Huddersfield Choral Society range from the simplest of unison verses with organ accompaniment to sophisticated multi-part writing with descants, full organ, brass and timpani. As ever, the descants, those spine-tingling, high soprano parts that are set high above the rest of the choir, are kept for special moments in numbers such as *Now thank we all Our God*, and *Lord, for the years*. These soaring counter-melodies, while reflecting the style of the hymn tune, flavour the final verses with greater musical interest and help create tensions that drive the music of an increasingly complex hymn tune arrangement to a satisfying and thrilling close. Counter-melodies emanating from the brass section bring a truly impressive grandeur to *Jesus Christ is risen today*, in which the final verse is

made resplendent with full organ, timpani and flourish after flourish from the trumpets. *Hills of the North, rejoice* is an impressive example of how the arranger's art continues in a modern vein whilst retaining the essential 'Englishness' of the hymn tune. The organ and brass evoke the very same inner strength and distant power that characterise the orchestral works of the Czech composer, Leos Janáček, but Martin Shaw's simple and affecting hymn tune remains as English as its name, *Little Cornard*.

No better expression of the joy engendered by a goodly number of voices singing these hymns may be found than in the grand forces of the Huddersfield Choral Society. Their range covers an unaffected, pure lyricism through to a vast, full-throated sound that might shake the rafters of the sturdiest church.

TEXTS

And did those feet

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Tune: Jerusalem

Music: C. H. H. Parry (1848 - 1918) arr. G. T. Thalben-Ball (1896 - 1987)

Words: William Blake (1757 - 1827)

For all the saints

For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Tune: Sine Nomine

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 - 1958)

Words: Bishop W. W. How (1823 - 1897)

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;

Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm.

Tune: Repton

Music: C. H. H. Parry (1848 - 1918)

Words: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807 - 1892)

Jesus Christ is risen today

Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

But the pains which he endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured, Alleluia!
Now above the sky he's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!

Tune: Easter Hymn

Music & words: Easter Hymn (Lyra Davidica, 1708), arr. D. Battiwalla

We have a gospel to proclaim

We have a gospel to proclaim,
Good news for men in all the earth,
The gospel of a Saviour's name:
We sing his glory, tell his worth.

Tell of his birth at Bethlehem,
Not in a royal house or hall,
But in a stable dark and dim:
The Word made flesh, a light for all.

Tell of his death at Calvary,
Hated by those he came to save,
In lonely suffering on the cross:
For all he loved his life he gave.

Tell of that glorious Easter morn,
Empty the tomb, for he was free:
He broke the power of death and hell
That we might share His victory.

Tell of his reign at God's right hand,
By all creation glorified:
He sends his Spirit on his Church
To live for him, the Lamb who died.

Now we rejoice to name him King:
Jesus is Lord of all the earth.

This gospel message we proclaim;
We sing his glory, tell his worth.

Tune: Fulda

Music: William Gardiner (1770 - 1853)

Words: Edward Burns (b. 1938)

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Be thou my Vision

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

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word;
Be thou 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 hear, whatever befall,
Still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Tune: Slane

Music: Irish c. 8th century

Tr. Mary Byrne (1880 - 1931)

Versified: Eleanor Hull (1860 - 1935)

O for a thousand tongues to sing

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,

And leap, ye lame, for joy!

In Christ, Our Head, you then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven,
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Tune: Lyngham

Music: Thomas Jarman (1782 - 1862)

Words: Charles Wesley (1707 - 1788)

Tell out, my soul

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord:
Unnumbered blessings give my spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of his word;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name:
Make known his might, the deeds his arm has
done;
his mercy sure, from age to age to same;
his holy name, the Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might:
Powers and dominions lay their glory by;
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word:
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore.

Tune: Woodlands

Music: Walter Greatorex

Words: Timothy Dudley-Smith, based on Luke 1:46-56

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Crown him with many crowns

Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon
his throne;

Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns all music but
its own.

Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King through
all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of love; behold his hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above in beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries
so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a
sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, and all be the
prayer and praise:

His reign shall know no end, and round his
pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend their fragrance
ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years, the Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres, ineffably sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail! for thou has died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity.

Tune: Diademata

Music: G. J. Elvey (1816 - 1893)

Words: Matthew Bridges (1800 - 1894)

And can it be

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
Amazing love! How can it be,
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all: the Immortal dies:
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,

Let angel minds enquire no more.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;
Let angel minds enquire no more.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray-
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Tune: Sagina

Music: Thomas Campbell (1777 - 1844)

Words: Charles Wesley (1707 - 1788)

Now thank we all our God

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,

Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills,
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven;
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tune: Nun Danket

Music: J. Cruger (1598 - 1662), arr. D. Battiwalla

Descant: C. S Lang (1891 - 1971)

Words: M. Rinckart (1586 - 1649)

Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827 - 1878)

Morning has broken

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.

Tune: Bunessan

Music: Old Gaelic Melody

Words: Eleanor Farjeon (1881 - 1965)

Permission granted by David Higham Associates

Hills of the North

Hills of the North, rejoice;
River and mountain-spring,
Hark to the advent voice;
Valley and lowland, sing.
Christ comes in righteousness and love,
He brings salvation from above.

Isles of the southern seas,
Sing to the list'ning earth,
Carry on eve'ry breeze
hope of a world's new birth;
In Christ shall all be made anew;
His word is sure, his promise true.

Lands of the East, arise,
He is your brightest morn,
greet him with joyous eyes,
praise shall his path adorn;
the God whom you have longed to know
in Christ draws near, and calls you now.

Shores of the utmost West,
Lands of the setting sun,
Welcome the heav'nly guest
In whom the dawn has come;
He brings a never-ending light,
Who triumphed o'er our darkest night.

Shout as you journey home;
Songs be in every mouth!
Lo, from the North they come,
From East and West and South;
In Jesus all shall find their rest,
In him the universe be blest.

Music: Martin Shaw (1875 - 1958) arr. J.G. Cullen
Words: Charles E. Oakley (1832 - 1865) and editors of the New English Hymnal (1986)

Love divine, all loves excelling

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, 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 every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace 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.

Tune: Blaenwern
Music: W. P. Rowlands (1860 - 1937)
Words: Charles Wesley (1707 - 1788)

Thine be the glory

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of Life;
Life is naught without thee; aid us in our strife,
Make us more than conquerors through thy
deathless love:
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*

Tune: Maccabaeus

Music: G. F. Handel (1685 - 1759), arr. D. Battiwalla

Words: Edmond Budry (1854 - 1932)

Tr. Richard Hoyle (1875 - 1939)

Lord, for the years

Lord, for the years your love has kept and guided,
Urged and inspired us, cheered us on our way,
Sought us and saved us, pardoned and provided:
Lord of the years, we bring our thanks today.

Lord, for that word, the word of life which fires us,
Speaks to our hearts and sets our souls ablaze,
Teaches and trains, rebukes us and inspires us:
Lord of the word, receive your people's praise.

Lord, for our land in this our generation,
Spirits oppressed by pleasure, wealth and care:
For young and old, for commonwealth and nation,
Lord of our land, be pleased to hear our prayer.

Lord, for our world; when we disown and doubt him,
Loveless in strength, and comfortless in pain,
Hungry and helpless, lost indeed without him:
Lord of the world, we pray that Christ may reign.

Lord for ourselves; in living power remake us-
Self on the cross, and Christ upon the throne,
Past put behind us, for the future take us:
Lord of our lives, to live for Christ alone.

Tune: Lord Of The Years

Music: Michael Baughen (b. 1930)

Descant: John Barnard (b. 1948), arr. D. Battiwalla

Words: Timothy Dudley-Smith (b. 1926)

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O Jesus, I have promised

O Jesus, I have promised to serve thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me, my master and my friend;
I shall not fear the battle if thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway if thou wilt be
my guide.

O let me feel thee near me; the world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle, the tempting sounds
I hear;
My foes are ever near me, around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer, and shield my soul
from sin.

O let me hear thee speaking in accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion, the murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me, to hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen, thou guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, thou hast promised to all who follow thee
That where thou art in glory there shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised to serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow my master and my friend.

Tune: Day of Rest

Music: James William Elliot (1833 - 1915)

Words: J. E. Bode (1816 - 1874)

This joyful Eastertide

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

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

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,
Arisen, arisen, arisen!*

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

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

Music: Trad. Dutch Carol, arr. J. G. Cullen

Words: George R. Woodward (1848 - 1934)

Be still, for the presence of the Lord

Be still, for the presence of the Lord, The Holy One,
is here.
Come, bow before him now, with reverence and fear.
In him no sin is found, we stand on holy ground.
Be still, for the presence of the Lord, The Holy
One, is here.

Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around.
He burns with holy fire, with splendour he is crowned.
How awesome is the sight, our radiant King of light!
Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around

Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in
this place.
He comes to cleanse and heal, to minister his grace.
No work too hard for him, in faith receive from him.
Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in
this place.

Music & words: David J. Evans (b. 1957)
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Glorious things of thee are spoken

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage:
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

Tune: Abbot's Leigh
Music: Cyril Taylor (1907 - 1991)
Words: John Newton (1725 - 1807)

Praise to the Holiest

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine:
God's presence and his very self,
And essence all-divine.

O generous love! that he who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo.

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways!

Tune: Gerontius
Music: John Bacchus Dykes (1823 - 1876), arr. J.G. Cullen
Words: John Henry Newman (1801 - 1890)

O Lord my God

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!*

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die - I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!*

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home—what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!*

Tune: How Great Thou Art
Music & words: Stuart K. Hine (1899 - 1989)

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How shall I sing that Majesty

How shall I sing that Majesty
Which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise; but who am I?

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Inflame it with love's fire;
Then shall I sing and take my part
With that celestial choir.
They sing, because thou art their sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;
For where heav'n is but once begun,
There alleluias be.

How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore,
A sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

Tune: Coe Fen
Music: Ken Naylor (1931 - 1991)
Words: John Mason (1646 - 1694)

O thou who camest from above

O thou who camest from above
The fire celestial to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire
And still stir up the gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Tune: Hereford

Music: S. S. Wesley (1810 - 1876)

Words: Charles Wesley (1707 - 1788)

Christ is made the sure foundation

Christ is made the sure foundation,
And the precious corner-stone,
Who, the two walls underlying,
Bound in each, binds both in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, today;
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy people as they pray.
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for ay.

Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
Gifts of grace by prayer to gain;
Here to have and hold for ever,
These good things their prayers obtain,
And hereafter, in thy glory,
With they blessed ones to reign.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in love, and One in splendour,
While unending ages run.

Tune: Westminster Abbey

*Music: Adapted from the Alleuyas in Purcell's 'O God, Thou art my God',
arr. J.G. Cullen*

Words: Latin c. 7th century, Tr. J. M. Neale (1818 - 1866)

BIOGRAPHIES

THE HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY

The Society was founded in 1836, and under a succession of distinguished principal conductors and chorus masters has developed an international reputation as the UK's leading choral society. The present chorus master is Joseph Cullen, with Darius Battiwalla as deputy chorus master.

The choir's special quality is the unique 'Huddersfield Sound' – a thrilling full-bodied and firm blended tone, flexible enough for both the most shattering climaxes and for the softest but focused pianissimos.

The Society promotes its own professional subscription concert season in Huddersfield Town Hall, its home since 1881. The choir also visits other major concert halls in the UK and abroad, regularly broadcasts for BBC radio and television, and has a long history of pioneering recordings. Recent repertoire includes established works such as Verdi's *Requiem*, Brahms's *German Requiem*, Elgar's three great oratorios *Gerontius*, *Apostles* and *The Kingdom* and Britten's *War Requiem*.

Under the leadership of principal conductor Martyn Brabbins the choir has also explored repertoire such as Rachmaninov's unaccompanied *Vespers* – performed at the Flâneries musicales d'été de Reims in 2004 and the Cheltenham Music Festival in 2005 – and choral music by Arnold Bax.

But Handel's *Messiah* remains the work most closely associated with the Huddersfield Choral Society – performed at least annually since 1864, and still attracting capacity audiences at the two Christmas performances in Huddersfield. Lightness and flexibility combine with awesome grandeur to bring this choral masterpiece to life for modern audiences.

The Society supports two junior choirs – the Youth Choir and Young Voices – which are directed by professional musicians and have their own independent concert programmes.

Details of all concerts and events, how to join the choir and how to become a subscriber can be found on the website at www.huddersfieldchoral.com

HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY

DARIUS BATTIWALLA

Darius Battiwalla has given organ recitals at cathedrals and concert halls including Leeds Town Hall, Westminster Abbey, York Minster and Bath Abbey. Recent highlights include a complete performance of Messiaen's *L'Ascension* at the Bridgewater Hall, Manchester, the solo part in Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass* with the Hallé and Mark Elder, and a recital from the St. Magnus Festival broadcast on Radio 3. He is a regular organist for the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra and has played on many of their recordings for Chandos Records. He was the organist for Simon Rattle's recent recording of Mahler's Eighth Symphony.

Darius has been music director of the Sheffield Philharmonic Chorus for six years, preparing them for visiting orchestras and conductors, and conducting the occasional concert himself. He is also a visiting chorus master for Huddersfield Choral Society, CBSO chorus and the Netherlands Radio Choir, and an occasional conductor of the BBC Daily Service singers.

Darius teaches organ improvisation and continuo at the Royal Northern College of Music, enjoys arranging for both choir and instruments and has had arrangements broadcast on radio and

television; he also improvises accompaniments for silent films.

JOSEPH CULLEN

Joseph Cullen was appointed Chorus Master of the Huddersfield Choral Society in 1999 and conducted the 2006 Christmas Concert in Huddersfield Town Hall, and a concert of British Choral music during the Society's tour to Brno in April 2007.

Joseph Cullen is also Director of the London Symphony Chorus whose recording of Verdi *Falstaff* with the London Symphony Orchestra was awarded a Grammy for Best Opera Recording of 2006. Their performance of Verdi *Requiem* in New York was voted Critic's Best Performance of the Year by the *New Yorker* magazine. Joseph Cullen's commissions for symphonic chorus include a full-scale choral and orchestral work by the American composer, Nora Kroll-Rosenbaum to mark the LSC's 40th anniversary.

Future conducting engagements include Bach *St Matthew Passion* at the Barbican on Easter Day 2007 with the London Symphony Chorus and City of London Sinfonia, Baroque programmes with his own group, London Chamber Players, at the City of London and Brighton Festivals, *Messiah* with

l'Orchestre National de Lille and Rossini *Petite Messe Solennelle* in Ravenna Cathedral, Italy with the LSC.



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The Society would like to thank Celsius for their sponsorship and support which has made this project possible.

Hymn

And did those feet
Hills of the North
Dear Lord and Father of mankind
Jesus Christ is risen today
Love divine, all loves excelling
Christ is made the sure foundation
Be still, for the presence of the Lord
For all the saints
Praise to the Holiest
We have a gospel to proclaim
Be thou my vision
How shall I sing that Majesty
O Jesus, I have promised
O for a thousand tongues
Glorious things of thee are spoken
Now thank we all our God
O thou who camest from above
Tell out, my soul
This joyful Eastertide

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