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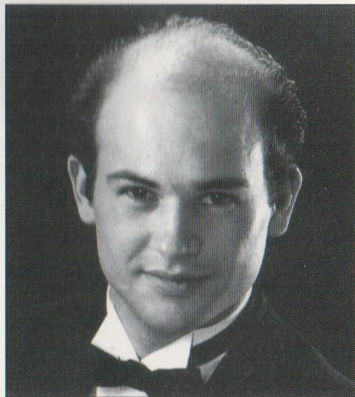
The Canticles

Benjamin Britten

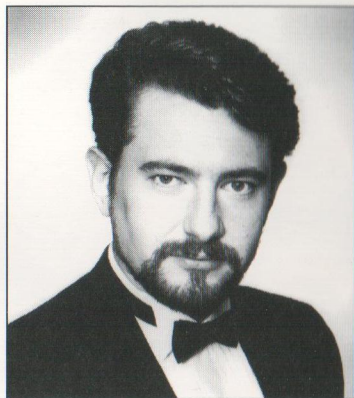
The Aldeburgh Connection

Benjamin Butterfield tenor
Daniel Taylor countertenor
Brett Polegato baritone
James Sommerville horn, Judy Loman harp
Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata piano

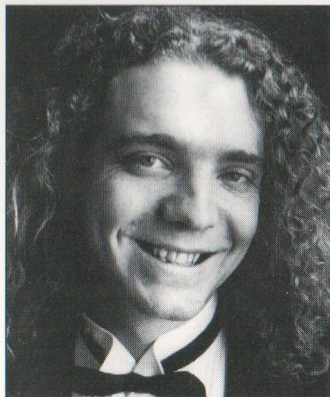
MARQUIS
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Benjamin Butterfield tenor



Brett Polegato baritone



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THE ALDEBURGH CONNECTION

Benjamin Butterfield *tenor*, Daniel Taylor *countertenor*, Brett Polegato *baritone*
James Sommerville *horn*, Judy Loman *harp*
Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata *piano*

THE CANTICLES

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

- Canticle I: My beloved is mine (*Francis Quarles*) Op. 40
Benjamin Butterfield *tenor*, Bruce Ubukata *piano*
- Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac (*Chester Miracle Play*) Op. 51
Daniel Taylor *countertenor*, Benjamin Butterfield *tenor*,
Bruce Ubukata *piano*
- Canticle III: Still falls the Rain (*Edith Sitwell*) Op. 55
Benjamin Butterfield *tenor*, James Sommerville *horn*,
Stephen Ralls *piano*
- Canticle IV: Journey of the Magi (*T.S. Eliot*) Op. 86
Daniel Taylor *countertenor*, Benjamin Butterfield *tenor*,
Brett Polegato *baritone*, Stephen Ralls *piano*
- Canticle V: The Death of Saint Narcissus (*T.S. Eliot*) Op. 89
Benjamin Butterfield *tenor*, Judy Loman *harp*

THREE DIVINE HYMNS

Henry Purcell (1659-95)
realised by Benjamin Britten

- Lord, what is man (*William Fuller*) Brett Polegato *baritone*, Stephen Ralls *piano*
- We sing to him (*Nathaniel Ingelo*) Daniel Taylor *countertenor*, Stephen Ralls *piano*
- Evening Hymn (*William Fuller*) Benjamin Butterfield *tenor*, Stephen Ralls *piano*

With this recording, we mark the tenth anniversary of the death of Sir Peter Pears, who gave the first performances of all the music included here. He was Honorary Patron of The Aldeburgh Connection at its foundation in 1982, and also our teacher and inspiration.

Cover picture: detail from *Tobias and the Angel* (Gian Antonio Guardi), church of Angelo Raffaele, Venice; this was a favourite picture of Sir Peter Pears.

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The Britten Estate Limited
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The J.P. Bickell Foundation
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The Recording Angels (our many individual supporters)

For more information on the **The Aldeburgh Connection**, write to:

The Aldeburgh Connection
74 Follis Avenue
Toronto, Canada, M6G 1S6

Production Credits:

Recorded at Glenn Gould Studio, Toronto, March 27 - April 8, 1996
Executive Producers: Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata
Producer: Neil Crory
Recording Engineer: David Burnham
Production Coordinator: Carol Anderson
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Canticle II, a setting of a scene from one of the medieval Chester Miracle Plays, was written early in 1952 for the touring concerts of Britten's English Opera Group. Its première was given in Nottingham by Kathleen Ferrier, Pears and the composer. It is a masterly fusion of play, cantata and operatic *scena*. At the opening, the voice of God is depicted by two voices not quite in unison. (Sir Michael Tippett calls this 'one of the wonderful things in Ben's music.') God tells Abraham to sacrifice his son. As father and son set out on their journey, they sing a duet which Britten later used in the *War Requiem* (in the setting of Wilfred Owen's bitter rewriting of the Bible story). Abraham is forced to admit what the boy must undergo; after Isaac's tranquil acceptance of his fate, dramatic tension rises almost unbearably over a slow funeral march until God intervenes with a tremendous thunder crash. Because of Abraham's piety, Isaac is reprieved; the two voices sing a joyful *Envoi* — 'Such obedience grant us, O Lord!'

The third *Canticle*, composed in 1954, was performed by Pears, the composer and Dennis Brain at a concert in memory of the brilliant pianist and accompanist, Noel Mewton-Wood, who had recently committed suicide. Sitwell's poem (from the *Canticle of the Rose*) is subtitled 'The Raids, 1940. Night and Dawn'. Britten himself wrote that 'at last one could get away from the immediate impacts of the war and write about it'. His setting, with its strict adherence to verse form and its use of plainsong elements in the vocal line, results in a piece whose style most nearly approaches that of a liturgical canticle. Six variations for horn and piano, on a theme heard at the opening, alternate with the poem's verses. The central metaphor, of course, depicts the bombing of cities during the darkest days of the Second World War. There are also images drawn from the Passion and other biblical sources. In the penultimate verse, a spoken quotation of Doctor Faustus's anguished cry from Marlowe's play leads to redemption — against all the odds. In the

Benjamin Butterfield's masterful performances of music ranging from Purcell and Handel to Britten and Tippett have won this young tenor glowing praise from audience and critics alike. The recipient of several prestigious awards, including the 1994 Oratorio Society of New York International Voice Competition, he is much in demand as a concert artist with leading orchestras and choirs all across Canada. Recent highlights include *Carmina Burana* at Carnegie Hall, a concert at the Festival de Otoño in Madrid, and Britten's *War Requiem* in Montreal and at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa. Purcell and Britten have also figured prominently in his frequent recital performances. Operatic credits include major roles with all the leading opera companies in Canada, including the Canadian Opera Company and Opera Atelier, and internationally with the New York City Opera, the Glimmerglass Opera Festival and Les Musiciens du Louvre.

Daniel Taylor has established himself as an outstanding interpreter of the baroque repertoire, in concert and on recordings, and is especially well-known for his performances of the major works of Bach and Handel. He performs regularly in Europe, and has toured major European centres with Ton Koopman and the Radio-Chamber Orchestra of the Netherlands, has appeared in Stuttgart and Halle with the Kammerchor Stuttgart, and has sung at the Göttingen and Stuttgart Festivals. He made his British operatic début in the lead role of Bertarido in the recent Kraemer/Miller production of Handel's *Rodelinda*. In North America, he performs regularly with the American Bach Soloists, has appeared in recital at the Carmel Bach Festival, and has been heard in concert and oratorio with all the leading symphony orchestras and choirs across Canada, including Tafelmusik, the Vancouver Bach Choir and the Elmer Iseler Singers.

Brett Polegato won international recognition as a finalist in the 1995 Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. His operatic roles, range from Rossini's *Figaro* with New York City Opera, to Monteverdi's *Orfeo* with Opéra d'Avignon, and Ubalde in Gluck's *Armide* with Opéra de Nice. He appears regularly on operatic stages across Canada, and sang the title role in Opera Atelier's *Dido and Aeneas* on tour in Houston, London and at Versailles. As a concert artist, Mr Polegato is especially noted for his sensitive interpretations of the French repertoire. Recent highlights include a tour of Russia, Ukraine, Lithuania, Poland and the Czech Republic with Les Musiciens du Louvre, and his New York début in 1995, in a highly-praised recital at the Tisch Centre for the Arts.

early in Eliot's career (from about 1912) but was unpublished until 1967, two years after his death. His conflation of the Greek legend of Narcissus with the story of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian (who 'was in love with the burning arrows') has various possible interpretations, some or all of which may have recommended themselves to the composer. The first five lines reappear, virtually unchanged, in Eliot's *The Waste Land*, where they lead to the famous line: 'I will show you fear in a handful of dust.' The poem obviously resonated in the mind of the ailing composer, whose previous *opus* was *Death in Venice*. Britten's pervasive theme of lost innocence is, here, given a more subjective cast than usual. But, musically, the climactic moments are those where the 'dancer before God' is surrounded by ecstatic C major arpeggios — the artist achieves expression at last, despite his sense of isolation, exclusion and painful self-awareness.

Britten's enthusiasm for the works of Purcell, whom he regarded as the greatest English composer, blossomed during the anniversary celebrations in 1945. He embarked on a series of realisations of Purcell's music which were often included in the recitals he gave with Peter Pears. These *Three Divine Hymns* originally appeared in *Harmonia Sacra*, a late seventeenth-century collection of devotional music by various composers. They were published in Britten's versions in 1947. The first, *Lord what is man*, was first performed by Pears and Britten in the Wigmore Hall, on 21 November, 1945 — the 250th anniversary of Purcell's death. The third, *Evening Hymn*, was premièred in the National Gallery two days later. The song was very popular in the seventeenth century and remains one of the best-loved of Purcell's output. The increasingly rhapsodic vocal line is placed above one of Purcell's favourite devices, a recurring ground bass.

Stephen Ralls

consolatory ending (at Dawn), voice, horn and piano combine for the first and only time.

Seventeen years elapsed between the composition of the third *Canticle* and *Canticle IV*, first performed in 1971 at the Aldeburgh Festival by James Bowman, Pears, John Shirley-Quirk and the composer. During the poet's lifetime, Britten had set nothing by T.S. Eliot. It is, perhaps, significant that the composer had been awarded the Order of Merit in 1965, two months after the death of Eliot, who had belonged to the Order (limited to 24 members at a time); he may have regarded himself as, in a sense, taking on the mantle of the older man. *Journey of the Magi* is suffused with doubt and equivocation in its depiction of the Three Kings' journey to Bethlehem. The opening lines are taken from a sermon of the early seventeenth century divine, Lancelot Andrewes; later, we hear of the distractions and disillusionments that might cause the Kings to abandon their quest. An exotic texture is created by the combination of countertenor, tenor and baritone, speaking with one voice, as it were, or completing one another's sentences. When, against all expectations, they find the Child, at Eliot's resonant word 'satisfactory', Britten introduces in the piano the plainsong antiphon *Magi videntes stellam* — a sudden vision of divine grace. The Kings cannot recapture the radiance of that moment; indeed, they are altogether unsure as to what they found at the end of their journey. But, when they have finished singing, the piano postlude raises the possibility of hope.

By 1974, the date of *Canticle V*, Britten was no longer able to play the piano, having suffered severe heart disease and a stroke. Peter Pears was now giving recitals with the brilliant harpist, Osian Ellis, and it was for this combination that the composer set another Eliot poem, the most complex text he had ever chosen. The *Canticle* was written 'in loving memory of William Plomer', librettist of *Gloriana* and the three *Church Parables*. The poem dates from

James Sommerville was the recipient of the highest prize ever awarded at the Munich International Music competition, and received first prize by unanimous vote at the Concours International du Festival de Musique de Toulon, France. He has appeared as an acclaimed soloist with the Radio Orchestras of Bavaria and Berlin. As a chamber musician, he performs with Les Chambristes de Montreal and with Millenium, and is heard frequently in concert on CBC Radio. He is a member of the faculty at McGill University, and is Associate Principal Horn with the Montreal Symphony.

Judy Loman is one of Canada's foremost harpists, appearing frequently as soloist in recital, concert and orchestral performances in Canada, the United States and Europe. She is heard regularly on CBC Radio and has been featured in films by Rhombus Media. She is a recipient of both the Juno Award and the Canada Council's Grand Prix du Disc. Since 1960 she has been principal harpist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Ms. Loman is Professor of Harp at both the University of Toronto and McGill University in Montreal.

What began as a programming idea in 1982 has now grown into a much respected ensemble, **The Aldeburgh Connection**. Under the patronage of Sir Peter Pears, pianists **Stephen Ralls** and **Bruce Ubukata** gathered the nucleus of the group from the many talented young Canadian singers who have studied in Aldeburgh, England. In addition to vocal recitals, they present programs which combine solos, part songs, piano duo repertoire and selected readings in an innovative, entertaining and thematic way. Over the years The Aldeburgh Connection has presented more than 70 original concert programs based on historical or literary themes, and on the lives of composers or writers. It has commissioned and performed many Canadian works, and also specializes in the music of Benjamin Britten. Both Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata maintain close associations with Aldeburgh, having, for many years, been on the staff of the Britten-Pears School for Advanced Musical Studies. They teach at the University of Toronto and at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto and, as accompanists, have worked with most of Canada's leading singers.

Within the *oeuvre* of Benjamin Britten, the five *Canticles* comprise one of the most coherent single groups, rich in musical detail and in emotional content. They provide a marvellous compendium of the composer's vocal writing throughout the post-war period. Stylistic parallels can be traced, in each piece, with his song-writing and also with his operas; but there is always a devotional element in the texts which finds ready reflection in the music. Some of Britten's most profound spiritual utterances are to be found here.

The initial impulse for the first *Canticle* came from the composer's love of the music of Purcell (as it had, a few years earlier, for Tippett in the writing of his *Boyhood's End*). 'A new invention in a sense, although modelled on the Purcell *Divine Hymns*', was Britten's own description of *My beloved is mine*. Peter Pears and the composer gave the first performance in 1947 at a memorial concert for Dick Sheppard, the founder of the Peace Pledge Union. There are indeed similarities to the style of Purcell — the division of the piece into various sections of 'recitative' and 'aria', a vocal line frequently laden with coloratura, even certain rhythmic characteristics (especially the dotted rhythms in the final section). The choice of a seventeenth century text is also appropriate. Britten uses the term 'Canticle' as a title for the first time, and there is nothing too mysterious about it. Quarles's poem, from his *Emblemes* of 1635, is in fact based on lines from the biblical *Canticles* (or *Song of Solomon*). In the succeeding works, Britten broadened the meaning of 'Canticle' to include settings of poetry in various styles but always with a spiritual content. In *Canticle I*, the soul speaks of its relationship with God in quasi-amorous terms, familiar from much seventeenth and eighteenth century writing and from the cantatas of J.S. Bach. Also, as Humphrey Carpenter says, '*Canticle I* seems to be, as no other work had yet been, a happy celebration of the composer's relationship with Pears.'

Canticle V: The Death of Saint Narcissus

Come under the shadow of this gray rock -
Come in under the shadow of this gray
rock,
And I will show you something different
from either
Your shadow sprawling over the sand at
daybreak, or
Your shadow leaping behind the fire
against the red rock:
I will show you his bloody cloth and limbs
And the grey shadow on his lips.

He walked once between the sea and the
high cliffs
When the wind made him aware of his
limbs smoothly passing each other
And of his arms crossed over his breast.
When he walked over the meadows
He was stifled and soothed by his own
rhythm.
By the river
His eyes were aware of the pointed corners
of his eyes
And his hands aware of the pointed tips of
his fingers.

Struck down by such knowledge
He could not live men's ways, but became a
dancer before God.
If he walked in city streets
He seemed to tread on faces, convulsive
thighs and knees.
So he came out under the rock.

First he was sure that he had been a tree,
Twisting its branches among each other
And tangling its roots among each other.

Then he knew that he had been a fish
With slippery white belly held tight in his
own fingers,
Writhing in his own clutch, his ancient
beauty
Caught fast in the pink tips of his new
beauty.

Then he had been a young girl
Caught in the woods by a drunken old
man
Knowing at the end the taste of his own
whiteness,
The horror of his own smoothness,
And he felt drunken and old.

So he became a dancer to God.
Because his flesh was in love with the
burning arrows
He danced on the hot sand
Until the arrows came.
As he embraced them his white skin
surrendered itself to the redness of
blood, and satisfied him.
Now he is green, dry and stained
With the shadow in his mouth.

T.S. Eliot, from *Poems written in Early Youth*, 1967
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Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac

God speaketh:

Abraham! my servant, Abraham,
Take Isaac, thy son by name,
That thou lovest the best of all,
And in sacrifice offer him to me
Upon that hill there besides thee.
Abraham, I will that so it be,
For aught that may befall.

Abraham riseth and saith:

My Lord, to Thee is mine intent
Ever to be obedient.
That son that Thou to me has sent
Offer I will to Thee;
Thy bidding done shall be.

Here Abraham, turning to his son Isaac, saith:

Make thee ready, my dear darling,
For we must do a little thing.
This woode do on thy back it bring,
We may no longer abide.
A sword and fire that I will take,
For sacrifice behoves me to make;
God's bidding I will not forsake,
But ever obedient be.

Here Isaac speaketh to his father, and taketh a bundle of sticks and beareth after his father:

Isaac

Father, I am all ready
To do your bidding most meekely,
And to bear this wood full bayn am I,

As you commanded me.

Here they both go to the place to do sacrifice:

Abraham

Now, Isaac, son, go we our way
To yonder mount if that we may.

Isaac

My dear father, I will essay
To follow you full fain.

Abraham being minded to slay his son Isaac, lifts up his hands and saith the following:

O! My heart will break in three,
To hear thy words I have pitye;
As thou wilt, Lord, so must it be,
To thee I will be bayn.
Lay down thy faggot, my own son dear.

Isaac

All ready father, lo, it is here.
But why make you such heavy cheer.
Are you anything adread?

Abraham

Ah! Dear God! That me is woe!

Isaac

Father, if it be your will,
Where is the beast that we shall kill?

Abraham

Thereof, son, is none upon this hill.

Canticle III: Still falls the Rain (The Raids, 1940. Night and Dawn)

Still falls the Rain –

Dark as the world of man, black as our
loss –
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty
nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain

With a sound like the pulse of the heart
that is changed to the hammer-beat
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of
the impious feet

On the Tomb:

Still falls the Rain

In the Field of Blood where the small
hopes breed and the human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the
brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain

At the feet of the Starved Man hung
upon the Cross.

Christ that each day, each night, nails
there, have mercy on us –

On Dives and on Lazarus:

Under the Rain the sore and the gold are
as one.

Still falls the Rain –

Still falls the Blood from the Starved
Man's wounded Side:

He bears in His Heart all wounds –

those of the light that died,

The last faint spark
In the self-murdered heart, the wounds
of the sad uncomprehending dark,
The wounds of the baited bear –
The blind and weeping bear whom the
keepers beat
On his helpless flesh . . . the tears of the
hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain –

Then – O Ile leape up to my God: who
pulls me doune – ? –

See, see where Christ's blood streames in
the firmament:

It flows from the Brow we nailed upon
the tree

Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart
That holds the fires of the world – dark-
smirched with pain

As Caesar's laurel crown.

Then sounds the voice of One who like
the heart of man

Was once a child who among beasts has
lain –

'Still do I love, still shed my innocent
light, my Blood, for thee.'

Edith Sitwell, from *The Canticle of the Rose*, 1949

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Abraham
Isaac, Isaac, blessed must thou be.

Isaac
Father, greet well my brethren ying,
And pray my mother of her blessing,
I come no more under her wing,
Farewell for ever and aye.

Abraham
Farewell, my sweete son of grace!

Here Abraham doth kiss his son Isaac, and binds a kerchief about his head.

Isaac
I pray you, father, turn down my face,
For I am sore adread.

Abraham
Lord, full of loth were I him to kill!

Isaac
Ah, mercy, father, why tarry you so?

Abraham
Jesu! On me have pity,
That I have most in my mind.

Isaac
Now, father, I see that I shall die:
Almighty God in majesty!
My soul I offer unto Thee!

Abraham
To do this deed I am sorrye.

Here let Abraham make a sign as though he would cut off his son Isaac's head with his sword; then God speaketh:

Abraham! my servant dear, Abraham!
Lay not thy sword in no manner
On Isaac, thy dear darling.
For thou dreatest me, well wot I,
That of thy son has no mercy,
To fulfil my bidding.

Abraham riseth and saith:
Ah, Lord of Heav'n and King of bliss.
Thy bidding shall be done, i-wiss!
A horned wether here I see,
Among the briars tied is he,
To thee offered shall he be
Anon right in this place.

Then let Abraham take the lamb and kill him.

Abraham
Sacrifice here sent me is,
And all, Lord, through Thy grace.

Envoi
Such obedience grant us, O Lord!
Ever to Thy most holy word.
That in the same we may accord
As this Abraham was bayn;
And then altogether shall we
That worthy king in heaven see,
And dwell with him in great glorye
For ever and ever, Amen.

Isaac
Father, I am full sore affeared
To see you bear that drawne sword.

Abraham
Isaac, son, peace, I pray thee,
Thou breakest my heart even in three.

Isaac
I pray you, father,
Layn nothing from me,
But tell me what you think.

Abraham
Ah! Isaac, Isaac, I must thee kill!

Isaac
Alas! Father is that your will,
Your owne child for to spill
Upon this hilles brink?
If I have trespassed in any degree
With a yard you may beat me;
Put up your sword, if your will be,
For I am but a child.
Would God my mother were here with
me!
She would kneel down upon her knee,
Praying you, father, if it may be,
For to save my life.

Abraham
O Isaac, son, to thee I say
God hath commanded me today
Sacrifice, this is no nay,
To make of thy bodye.

Isaac
Is it God's will I shall be slain?

Abraham
Yea, son, it is not for to layn.

Here Isaac asketh his father's blessing on his knees and saith:

Father, seeing you muste needs do so,
Let it pass lightly and over go;
Kneeling on my knees two,
Your blessing on me spread.

Abraham
My blessing, dear son, give I thee
And thy mother's with heart free;
The blessing of the Trinity,
My dear Son, on thee light.

Here Isaac riseth and cometh to his father, and he taketh him, and bindeth and layeth him on the altar to sacrifice him, and saith:

Abraham
Come hither, my child,
Thou art so sweet,
Thou must be bound
Both hands and feet.

Isaac
Father, do with me as you will,
I must obey, and that is skill,
Godes commandment to fulfil,
For needs so it must be.

Canticle IV: Journey of the Magi

'A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.'
And the camels galled, sore-footed,
refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the
terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and
grumbling
And running away, and wanting their
liquor and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the
lack of shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns
unfriendly
And the villages dirty and charging
high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all
night.
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears,
saying
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a
temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of
vegetation,
With a running stream and a water-mill
beating the darkness,

And three trees on the low sky.
And an old white horse galloped away
in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-
leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for
pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so
we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment
too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say)
satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I
remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth,
certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had
seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different;
this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like
Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these
Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old
dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their
gods.
I should be glad of another death.

T.S. Eliot, from *Ariel Poems*, 1927
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Canticle I: My beloved is mine

Ev'n like two little bank-divided brooks
That wash the pebbles with their wanton
streams,
And having ranged and searched a
thousand nooks
Meet both at length at silver-breasted
Thames
Where in a greater current they conjoin.
So I my best beloved's am, so he is mine!

Ev'n so we met and after long pursuit
Ev'n so we joined. We both became
entire.
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.
Our firm united souls did more than
twine.
So I my best beloved's am, so he is mine.

If all those glittering monarchs, that
command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball
Should tender in exchange their shares of
land
I would not change my fortunes for
them all;
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's
mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor
death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove.
He's firmly mine by oath, I his by vow.
He's mine by faith and I am his by love.
He's mine by water, I am his by wine:
Thus I my best beloved's am, thus he is
mine.

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

He gives me wealth: I give him all my
vows:
I give him songs, he gives me length of
days.
With wreaths of grace he crowns my
longing brows
And I his temples with a crown of praise
Which he accepts: an everlasting sign
That I my best beloved's am, that he is
mine.

Frances Quarles, *Emblemes*, 1635

Lord, what is man

Lord, what is man, lost man, that thou
should'st be
So mindful of him, that the Son of God
Forsook his glory, his abode,
To become a poor tormented man?
The Deity was shrunk into a span,
And that for me, O wondrous love, for
me.
Reveal, ye glorious spirits, when ye
knew
The way the Son of God took to renew
Lost man, your vacant places to supply,
Blest spirits, tell,
Which did excel,
Which was more prevalent,
Your joy or your astonishment,
That man should be assum'd into the
Deity,
That for a worm a God should die?
Oh! for a quill drawn from your wing
To write the praises of eternal love;
Oh! for a voice like yours to sing
That anthem here which once you sung
above.
Hallelujah.

William Fuller

We sing to him

We sing to him, whose wisdom formed
the ear,
Our songs let him who gave us voices
hear;
We joy in God, who is the spring of
mirth,
Who loves the harmony of heav'n and
earth;
Our humble sonnets shall that praise
rehearse,
Who is the music of the universe.
And whilst we sing we consecrate our
art,
And offer up with ev'ry tongue a heart.

Nathaniel Ingelo

Evening Hymn

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light,
And bid the world goodnight,
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy arms, and can
there be
Any so sweet security?
Then to thy rest, O my soul! and
singing, praise
The mercy, that prolongs thy days.
Hallelujah.

William Fuller

Stephen Ralls and
Bruce Ubukata piano



Judy Loman harp



James Sommerville horn