

JOHN PADLEY
THE CATHEDRAL SINGERS OF
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

— A SELECTION OF HYMNS —

HOW SHALL I SING THAT MAJESTY?

CONVIVIUM
RECORDS



JOHN
PADLEY



CATHEDRAL SINGERS OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

The Cathedral Singers of Christ Church, Oxford are the voluntary choir which sings the daily services when the Cathedral Choir is not in residence.

The Singers are musicians from all walks of life who maintain an excellent musical standard, with repertoire extending from early Renaissance polyphony to twenty-first century composers.

They perform other services and concerts in Oxford and beyond, with recent engagements including Westminster Abbey and Exeter Cathedral and weekend tours to Paris and Brussels.

The choir are always pleased to welcome new singers, in all voice parts. Details at cathedralsingers.org.uk

SOPRANOS

Rachel Beardmore
Jo Church
Laura Corner
Laurence Goodwin
Tara O'Connor
Michele Winter

ALTOS

Sue Beardmore
Elizabeth Boardman
Gillian Hargreaves
Jane Jefferis
Sarah McKeown
Sally Prime

TENORS

Bertie Baigent
Mark Jordan
Matthew Vine

BASSES

Charlie Baigent
Michael Howell
Dean Jobin-Bevans
Robert Saunders

JOHN PADLEY CONDUCTOR

JOHN PADLEY WAS BORN IN Shrewsbury and received his early musical training as a chorister at Hereford Cathedral where he was also taught the organ by Dr Roy Massey. On leaving school, he was appointed organist of St. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem with its magnificent Reiger organ. Following this, he continued his training at Cardiff and London Universities. He moved to Sherborne in 1987 as Assistant Organist of Sherborne Abbey and was appointed Organist and Choirmaster in 1999, a post he held until 2002. At the same time, John worked at Sherborne School and ran the well-known Chapel Choir with whom he toured widely including singing in St. Mark's, Venice and St. Peter's, Rome. He is well-known in the South West as an accompanist, conductor and recitalist especially for trumpet and organ. He was appointed Musical Director of the Cathedral Singers in September 2003. He is also currently the Director of Music at Queen Anne's School, Caversham.

DAVID BANNISTER ORGANIST

DAVID BANNISTER, BA, ARCO BEGAN STUDYING THE organ while a pupil at Magdalen College School, Oxford. Here, he was School Organist and, during his Upper-Sixth year, studied with David Goode. This was followed by a year as Organ Scholar at Sherborne Abbey before continuing study at Exeter and Bristol Universities. While at Bristol he was fortunate enough to be awarded the Organ Scholarship at St Mary Redcliffe, where he accompanied the choir as well as giving recitals on its wonderful Harrison and Harrison organ.

David is currently Organist of the Cathedral Singers of Christ Church, Oxford, where he plays for services in the absence of the Cathedral Choir, as well as Director of Music at St Peter's Church, Wolvercote. During 2012–2013 he assumed the role of Assisting Organist at St John's College, Oxford, accompanying the College Choir on their fine Aubertin Organ (2008). David studies organ with Steven Grahl (New College, Oxford).

He is also a keen continuo player and harpsichordist, and has studied with Dr Kah-Ming Ng of Charivari Agréable with whom he recorded a CD of concerti by Giuseppe Torelli as well as movements from Vespers by Pachelbel with The King's Singers.

David also finds time to conduct the Oxford-based vocal ensemble Vespri Segreti, regularly collaborating with a number of instrumentalists, most recently with the London-based Consortium5 and Spiritato! He is also Director of the Duomo Singers who are an Ensemble in Residence at St John's Church, Notting Hill. Here, they sing for services as well as giving concerts and performing at weddings and other events.

KING OF GLORY, KING OF PEACE

WORDS GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633)
MUSIC BALLARDS, ADRIAN LUCAS (b.1962)

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee;
And that love will never cease,
I will move thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
and the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
Thou my sins against me cried,
thou didst clear me;
And, alone, when they replied,
Thou did'st hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
Small it is in this poor sort
to enrol thee;
E'en eternity's too short
to extol thee.

SOUL OF MY SAVIOUR

WORDS LATIN, 14TH CENTURY
MUSIC ANIMA CHRISTI
WILLIAM MAHER (1823–1877)
DESCANT DAVID WILLCOCKS (b.1919)

Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast,
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest,
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,
wash me with water flowing from thy side

Strength and protection may thy passion be,
O blessed Jesu, hear and answer me;
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me,
so shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign,
in death's dread moments make me only thine;
Call me and bid me come to thee on high,
where I may praise thee with thy saints for ay.

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES EXCELLING

WORDS CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788)
MUSIC BLAENWERN, WILLIAM ROWLANDS
(1860–1937) DESCANT JOHN PADLEY (b.1966)

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 life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above,
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation,
perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

O THOU WHO CAMEST FROM ABOVE

WORDS CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788)
MUSIC HEREFORD,
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876)

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

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.

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

Still let me prove thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat;
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

YE HOLY ANGELS BRIGHT

WORDS RICHARD BAXTER (1615–1691)
MUSIC DARWALL'S 148TH, JOHN DARWALL (1731–1789)
DESCANT SYDNEY NICHOLSON (1875–1947)

Ye holy angels bright,
who wait at God's right hand,
or through the realms of light
fly at your Lord's command,
assist our song,
for else the theme
too high doth seem
for mortal tongue.

Ye blessed souls at rest,
who ran this earthly race,
and now, from sin released,
behold the Saviour's face,
his praises sound,
as in his light
with sweet delight
ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,
adore your heavenly King,
and onward as ye go
some joyful anthem sing;
take what he gives
and praise him still,
through good and ill,
who ever lives!

My soul bear thou thy part,
triumph in God above,
and with a well-tuned heart
sing thou the songs of love;
let all thy days
till life shall end,
what'er he send,
be filled with praise!

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL

WORDS CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788) MUSIC ABERYSTWYTH, JOSEPH PARRY (1841–1903)
DESCANT AND ARRANGEMENT GEOFFREY SHAW (1879–1943)

Jesu, lover of my soul,
let me to thy bosom fly,
while the nearer waters roll,
while the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
all my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
with the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
freely let me take of thee,
spring thou up within my heart,
rise to all eternity.

JERUSALEM ON HIGH

WORDS SAMUEL CROSSMAN (1623–1683)
MUSIC SIR FREDERICK OUSELEY (1825–1889)

Jerusalem on high, my song that city is,
my home whene'er I die, the centre of my bliss.
Oh happy place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

The patriarchs of old there from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold their longed for Prince of peace;
Oh happy place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

Ah me! Ah me! that I in Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like that on high; Lord thither guide the way;
Oh happy place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, to see Thy face.

ANGEL-VOICES EVER SINGING

WORDS FRANCIS POTT (1832–1909) *MUSIC* ANGEL VOICES, EDWIN MONK
(1819–1900) *DESCANT* JOHN COOKE (1930–1995)

Angel-voices ever singing
round thy throne of light,
angel-harps for ever ringing,
rest not day nor night;
thousands only live to bless thee
and confess thee
Lord of might.

Yea, we know that thou rejoicest
o'er each work of thine;
thou didst ears and hands and voices
for thy praise design;
craftman's art and music's measure
for thy pleasure
all combine.

Thou who art beyond the farthest
mortal eye can scan,
can it be that thou regardest
songs of sinful man?
can we know that thou art near us,
and wilt hear us?
yea, we can.

In thy house, great God, we offer
of thine own to thee;
and for thine acceptance proffer
all unworthily
hearts and minds and hands and voices
in our choicest
psalmody.

Honour, glory, might, and merit
thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit
blessed Trinity.
Of the best that thou hast given
earth and heaven
render thee.

VIRGIN-BORN WE BOW BEFORE THEE

WORDS REGINALD HEBER (1783–1826)
TUNE GERMAN MEDIEVAL MELODY
ARRANGED JULIAN DAMS (b.1940)

Virgin-born we bow before thee:
blessed was the womb that bore thee;
Mary, mother meek and mild,
blessed was she in her child.

Blessed she by all creation,
who brought forth the world's Salvation;
and blessed they, for ever blest,
who love thee most and serve the best.

Blessed was the breast that fed thee;
blessed was the hand that led thee;
blessed was the parent's eye
that watched thy slumbering infancy.

Virgin-born we bow before thee;
blessed was the womb that bore thee;
Mary, mother meek and mild,
blessed was she in her child.



THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY

WORDS FREDERICK FABER (1814–1863)

MUSIC COVERDALE, MAURICE BEVAN (1921–2006)

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's
sorrows are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
than the measure of men's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
by false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
with a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption
in the blood that has been shed:
There is joy for all the members
in the sorrows of the Head.
There is grace enough for thousands
of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
in that upper home of bliss.

If our love were but more simple,
we should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be more gladness
in the joy of Christ our Lord.

O THE DEEP, DEEP LOVE OF JESUS

WORDS SAMUEL FRANCIS (1834–1925)

MUSIC THOMAS WILLIAMS (1869–1944)

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
vast, unmeasured, boundless, free,
rolling as a mighty ocean
in its fulness over me!
Underneath me, all around me,
is the current of his love;
leading onward, leading homeward
to that glorious rest above.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus
spread his praise from shore to shore!
he who loves us, ever loves us,
changes never, nevermore:
he who died to save his loved ones
intercedes for them above;
he who called them his own people
watches over them in love.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
love of every love the best;
vast the ocean of his blessing,
sweet the haven of his rest!
O the deep, deep love of Jesus
for my Heaven of heavens is he;
this my everlasting glory

COME DOWN, O LOVE DIVINE

WORDS BIANCO DA SIENA (d.1434),

tr. RICHARD LITLEDAL (1833–1890)

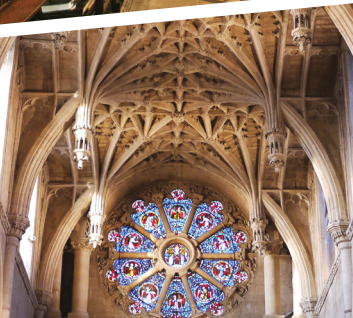
MUSIC WILLIAM HARRIS (1883–1973)

Come down, O love divine,
seek thou this soul of mine,
and visit it with thine own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
within my heart appear,
and kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,
till earthly passions turn
to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
and let thy glorious light
shine ever on my sight,
and clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity
mine outward vesture be,
and lowliness become mine inner clothing:
true lowliness of heart,
which takes the humbler part,
and o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,
with which the soul will long,
shall far outpass the power of human telling;
for none can guess its grace,
till he become the place



LONG SINCE IN EGYPT'S PLENTEOUS LAND

WORDS SCRIPTURE

MUSIC CHARLES HUBERT PARRY (1848–1918)

Long since in Egypt's plenteous land,
our fathers were oppressed.
But God, whose chosen folk they were,
smote those who long enslaved them there,
and all their woes redressed.

In deserts wild they wandered long,
they sinned and went astray;
But yet His arm to help was strong,
He pardoned them tho' they did wrong,
and brought them on their way.

At last to this good land they came,
with fruitful plenty blest;
Here glorious men won endless fame,
here God made holy Zion's name,
and here he gave them rest.

The Red Sea stayed them not at all,
nor depths of liquid green;
On either hand a mighty wall
of waters clear rose high at His call,
and they passed through between.

Oh may we ne'er forget what he hath done,
nor prove unmindful of his love,
that, like the constant sun,
on Israel hath shone,
and sent down blessings from above.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

WORDS ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748)

MUSIC ROCKINGHAM,
EDWARD MILLER (1731–1807)

When I survey the wondrous Cross
on which the Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the Cross 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?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

ABIDE WITH ME

WORDS HENRY LYTE (1793–1847)

MUSIC EVENTIDE, WILLIAM MONK (1823–1889)

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 every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, 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 through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

HOW SHALL I SING THAT MAJESTY?

WORDS JOHN MASON (c.1645–1694)

MUSIC COE FEN, KEN NAYLOR (b.1931–1991)

DESCANT MARK JORDAN (b.1971)

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?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
whilst I thy footsteps trace;
a sound of God comes to my ears,
but they behold thy face.
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 praise is everywhere.

— HYMNS AND HYMN SETTINGS —

The tradition of hymn singing is one of the central parts of Christian heritage and liturgy. The singing of hymns has had, and continues to have, a significant importance in the Church today whether that be in the form of plainsong, chorales or the contribution of the Protestant traditions of Western Europe. This recording seeks to capture some of the finest of these hymns as well as to introduce some contemporary tunes and illustrate how composers have adapted them as settings for choirs.

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— A SELECTION OF HYMNS —
**HOW SHALL I SING
THAT MAJESTY?**

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TRUMPETS RICHARD POWELL · KEVIN RANSOM

WITH THE CATHEDRAL SINGERS OF
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

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